Boston Public Library
3 9999 10514 156 6

AP2
.A8

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

051
A75-112

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

MAR 1914

VOLUME CXII

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1913

COPYRIGHT, 1913
BY THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY.

23365

Printed at The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

CONTENTS

Index by Titles

Prose

	PAGE
Abusing the Instrument, *Francis E. Leupp*	227
America, The Riddle of, *Guglielmo Ferrero*	702
At the Feet of my Teachers, *Abraham Mitrie Rihbany*	791
Babylon, A Day at, *Lewis R. Freeman*	671
Boundaries of Truth, The, *Katharine Fullerton Gerould*	454
Business is Business, *Henry Seidel Canby*	414
Cain, the Key, *Margaret Prescott Montague*	219
Call of the Job, The, *Richard C. Cabot*	599
Capital Punishments, *Amy Wentworth Stone*	665
Case for the Single Tax, The, *F. W. Garrison*	737
Causation of Crime, The, *H. Fielding-Hall*	198
Christmas, the Meaning of, *George A. Gordon*	848
Cities, The Problem of:	
The Drift to the Cities, *G. S. Dickerman*	349
A Hopeful View of the Urban Problem, *Mark Jefferson*	353
Classics Again, The, *Henry Dwight Sedgwick*	34
Common Sense in Pronunciation, *Robert J. Menner*	255
Confederate Portraits, *Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.*	
Alexander H. Stephens	62
Robert Toombs	208
Raphael Semmes	469
Confession in Prose, A,	20
Contented Heart, The, *Lucy Elliot Keeler*	842
Cycle of the North, The, *Alan Sullivan*	205
Day at Babylon, A, *Lewis R. Freeman.*	671
Democracy, A Practical Organization of, *J. N. Larned*	610
Design in East and West, Ideas of, *Laurence Binyon*	643
Drift to the Cities, The, *G. S. Dickerman*	349
Education for Motherhood, *Ellen Key*	48, 191
England and Ireland, *H. Fielding-Hall*	837
Equality, The Goal of, *William Jewett Tucker*	480
Equality before the Law, *Adelbert Lathrop Hudson*	679
Eugenics and Militarism, *Vernon L. Kellogg*	99
Evening in July, An, *Rabindranath Tagore*	58
Feminist Intentions, *W. L. George*	721
Financing the Rural Church, *Joseph Woodbury Strout*	366
From the Threshold of the Mind, *M. E. Haggerty*	245
Futurist Manners	421
Gentleman with the Green Tie, The, *Lucy Pratt*	812
German Side of Medical Education, The, *Abraham Flexner*	654
Goal of Equality, The, *William J. Tucker*	480
Hay-Barn Idyl, A, *John Burroughs*	530
Hopeful View of the Urban Problem, A, *Mark Jefferson*	353
Ideas of Design in East and West, *Laurence Binyon*	643
In Belshazzar Court, *Simeon Strunsky*	787
India, Living, *H. Fielding-Hall*	328
India and Self-Government, *H. Fielding-Hall*	494
Intensive Living, *Cornelia A. P. Comer*	1
Jean Louis, *A. Hugh Fisher*	120

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Labor, The Monopoly of, *J. Laurence Laughlin* 444
Law, Equality before the, *Adelbert Lathrop Hudson* 679
Legacy of Richard Hughes, The, *Margaret Lynn* 82
Letters of a Woman Homesteader, *Elinore Rupert* 433, 589, 820
Letters of William Vaughn Moody, *Daniel Gregory Mason, Ed.* 167, 404
Letters to Mr. Bradford 286
Lie, The, *Mary Antin* 177
Living India, *H. Fielding-Hall* 328
'Looking Literary,' *Alexander Black* . . 274

Magic Formula, The, *L. P. Jacks* . . . 308
Man and the Militant, The, *Alice Brown* . 145
Manchu Court, Secret Annals of the, *E. Backhouse* and *J. O. P. Bland*
The Story of Precious Pearl 629
The Sack of Yang Chou-Fu 767
Materialism, A Plea for, *Ellwood Hendrick* . 342
Meaning of Christmas, The, *George A. Gordon* 848
Medical Education, The German Side of, *Abraham Flexner* 654
Mexico as It Is, *Louis C. Simonds* . . . 564
Militarism, Eugenics and, *Vernon L. Kellogg* 99
Minimum Wage, The, *John Bates Clark* . 289
Monopoly of Labor, The, *J. Laurence Laughlin* 444
Moody, William Vaughn, Letters of, *Daniel Gregory Mason* 167, 404
My Father's House, *Abraham Mitrie Rihbany* 577
My Garden Beasts, *Lucy Elliot Keeler* . . 134

Naïve Psychology, *Hugo Münsterberg* . . 802
Noble Army, The, *Winifred Kirkland* . . 27

Our Loss of Nerve, *Agnes Repplier* . . . 298

Paris, *Samuel P. Orth* 385
Pepys at Church, *George Hodges* 73
Plea for Materialism, A, *Ellwood Hendrick* 342
Practical Organization of Democracy, A, *J. N. Larned* 610
Problem of Cities, The:
The Drift to the Cities, *G. S. Dickerman* 349
A Hopeful View of the Urban Problem, *Mark Jefferson* 353
Pronunciation, Common Sense in, *Robert J. Menner* 255

Railroad Accidents; Wanted: A Commission on, *Samuel O. Dunn* 12
Recent Reflections of a Novel Reader. [Reviews] 689
Red Bird, He can See, *Margaret Prescott Montague* 617
Religion: A Function or a Phase of Human Life, *William Miller Gamble* 123
Riddle of America, The, *Guglielmo Ferrero* . 702
Roman Citizen, A, *Anne C. E. Allinson* . 263
Rural Church, Financing the, *Joseph Woodbury Strout* 366

Sack of Yang Chou-Fu, The, *E. Backhouse* and *J. O. P. Bland* 767
Science and Mystery, *Harry Emerson Fosdick* 520
Secret Annals of the Manchu Court, *E. Backhouse* and *J. O. P. Bland*
The Story of Precious Pearl 629
The Sack of Yang Chou-Fu 767
Self-Government, India and, *H. Fielding-Hall* 494
Semmes, Raphael, *Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.* . 469
Shepherd of Arcadia, A, *Julia D. Dragoumis* 551
Single Tax, The Case for the, *F. W. Garrison* 737
Some Allies of Love, *Richard C. Cabot* . . 747
Some Novelists and the Business Man, *William Arthur Gill*
In England 374
In America 506
Stephens, Alexander H., *Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.* 62

Titanic, The Unlearned Lesson of the, *Atlanticus* 157
Toombs, Robert, *Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.* . 208
Tribulations of an Amateur Book-Buyer, The, *John L. Hervey* 319

Uncle Joel's Funeral, *Mary B. Hedges* . 461
Unlearned Lesson of the Titanic, The, *Atlanticus* 157

Van Cleve and his Friends, *Mary S. Watts* 109, 230, 393, 535
Vision of Things to Come, A, *Charles Johnston* 830

Wanted: a Commission on Railroad Accidents, *Samuel O. Dunn* 12
War, *Bernard Iddings Bell* 625
Wedding Ring, The, *Alice Brown* . . . 758
Who shall ascend into the Hill of the Lord? *Frederick Lewis Allen* 516
Wild Mother, The, *Dallas Lore Sharp* . . 92
Woman Homesteader, Letters of a, *Elinore Rupert* 433, 589, 820

Youngest Daughter of Zelophehad, The, *Margaret Lynn* 359

Poetry

Absence, *Amy Lowell* 699

Crack o' Dawn, *Fannie Stearns Davis* . . 663

Evoe! *Edith M. Thomas* 549

Her Hair, *James E. Richardson* 57

Lament of Yasmini, *Grace Fallow Norton* . 327

Margarita Singing Ballads, *Sarah N. Cleghorn* 819

On a Pot of Tulips, *Jefferson B. Fletcher* . 207

Panama Hymn, *Wendell Phillips Stafford* 790

Præterita, *Lee Wilson Dodd* 254

Solway Ford, *Wilfrid Wilson Gibson* . . 491

Soul of the Little Room, The, *Margaret Prescott Montagu* 373

Thy Table, *Margaret Sherwood* 122

INDEX BY AUTHORS

Allen, Frederick Lewis, Who shall Ascend into the Hill of the Lord? 516
Allinson, Anne C. E., A Roman Citizen . 263
Anonymous
A Confession in Prose 20
The Unlearned Lesson of the Titanic . 157
Futurist Manners 421
Recent Reflections of a Novel Reader . 688
Antin, Mary, The Lie 177

Backhouse, E. and *Bland, J. O. P.,* Secret Annals of the Manchu Court:
The Story of Precious Pearl 629
The Sack of Yang Chou-Fu 767
Bell, Bernard Iddings, War 625
Binyon, Laurence, Ideas of Design in East and West 643
Black, Alexander, 'Looking Literary,' . . 274
Bland, J. O. P. See *Backhouse, E.*
Bradford, Gamaliel, Jr., Confederate Portraits:
Alexander H. Stephens 62
Robert Toombs 208
Raphael Semmes 469
Brown, Alice
The Man and the Militant 135
The Wedding Ring 758
Burroughs, John, A Hay-Barn Idyl . . 530

Cabot, Richard C.
The Call of the Job 599
Some Allies of Love 747
Canby, Henry Seidel, Business is Business 414
Clark, John Bates, The Minimum Wage . 289
Cleghorn, Sarah N., Margarita Singing Ballads 819
Comer, Cornelia A. P., Intensive Living . 1

Davis, Fannie Stearns, Crack o' Dawn . . 663
Dickerman, G. S., The Drift to the Cities . 349
Dodd, Lee Wilson, Præterita 254
Dragoumis, Julia D., A Shepherd of Arcadia 551
Dunn, Samuel O., Wanted: a Commission on Railroad Accidents 12

Ferrero, Guglielmo, The Riddle of America 702
Fielding-Hall, H.
The Causation of Crime 198
Living India 328
India and Self-Government 494
England and Ireland 837
Fisher, A. Hugh, Jean Louis 120
Fletcher, Jefferson B., On a Pot of Tulips . 207
Flexner, Abraham, The German Side of Medical Education 654
Fosdick, Harry Emerson, Science and Mystery 520
Freeman, Lewis R., A Day in Babylon . 671

Gamble, William Miller, Religion: a Function or a Phase of Human Life . . . 123
Garrison, F. W., The Case for the Single Tax 737
George, W. L., Feminist Intentions . . . 721
Gerould, Katharine Fullerton, The Boundaries of Truth 454
Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson, Solway Ford . . 491
Gill, William Arthur, Some Novelists and the Business Man:
I. In England 374
II. In America 506
Gordon, George A., The Meaning of Christmas 848

Haggerty, M. E., Upon the Threshold of the Mind 245
Hedges, Mary B., Uncle Joel's Funeral . 461
Hendrick, Ellwood, A Plea for Materialism 343
Hervey, John L., The Tribulations of an Amateur Book-Buyer 319
Hodges, George, Pepys at Church . . . 73

Hudson, Adelbert Lathrop, Equality before the Law 679

Jacks, L. P., The Magic Formula . . . 305
Jefferson, Mark, A Hopeful View of the Urban Problem 353
Johnston, Charles, A Vision of Things to Come 830

Keeler, Lucy Elliot
My Garden Beasts 134
The Contented Heart 842
Kellogg, Vernon L., Eugenics and Militarism 99
Key, Ellen, Education for Motherhood 48, 191
Kirkland, Winifred, The Noble Army . . 27

Larned, J. N., A Practical Organization of Democracy 610
Laughlin, J. Laurence, Monopoly of Labor 444
Leupp, Francis E., Abusing the Instrument 227
Lowell, Amy, Absence 699
Lynn, Margaret
The Legacy of Richard Hughes . . . 82
The Youngest Daugher of Zelophehad 359

Mason, Daniel Gregory, Ed., Letters of William Vaughn Moody 167, 404
Menner, Robert J., Common Sense in Pronunciation 255
Montague, Margaret Prescott
Cain, the Key 219
The Soul of the Little Room 373
Red Bird, He can See 617
Münsterberg, Hugo, Naïve Psychology . 802

Norton, Grace Fallow, Lament of Yasmini 327

Orth, Samuel P., Paris 385

Pratt, Lucy, The Gentleman with the Green Tie 812

Repplier, Agnes, Our Loss of Nerve . . 298
Rihbany, Abraham Mitrie
My Father's House 577
At the Feet of my Teachers 791
Richardson, James E., Her Hair 57
Rupert, Elinore, Letters of a Woman Homesteader 433, 589, 820

Sedgwick, Henry Dwight, The Classics Again 34
Sharp, Dallas Lore, The Wild Mother . . 92
Sherwood, Margaret, Thy Table 122
Simonds, Louis C., Mexico as It Is . . . 564
Stafford, Wendell P., Panama Hymn . . 790
Stewart, Elinore Rupert. See *Rupert, Elinore*
Stone, Amy Wentworth, Capital Punishments 665
Strout, Joseph Woodbury, Financing the Rural Church 366
Strunsky, Simeon, In Belshazzar Court . 781
Sullivan, Alan, The Cycle of the North . 205

Tagore, Rabindranath, An Evening in July 58
Thomas, Edith M., Evoe! 549
Tucker, William Jewett, The Goal of Equality 480

Watts, Mary S., Van Cleve and his Friends 109, 230, 393, 535

The Contributors' Club

'Case of the Ministers, The' 142
Cat and the Bell-Collar, The 282

Dorinda's Joy 713

Frozen Thoughts and Frigid Phrases . . 719

German Solution of the Servant Problem, A 716

Hand-Made Poetry 852
Hero of my Dreams, The 854
Hot-Weather Reflections 281
Human Saturation-Point, The 424

'Last Ride Together, The' 576
Lines to an Editor 432

Little Things 856

Music ex Machina 714

Philosophy of Tea-Cakes, The 284
Problem in Favoritism, A, ... 431

Ravelings 429
Romance and the Budget 426

Straining at the Tether 574

Twenty Years Ago 857

Value of Sentiment, The 279

Why Declined? 144

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1913

INTENSIVE LIVING

REFLECTIONS ON THE WELL-TO-DO WOMAN'S PROBLEM

BY CORNELIA A. P. COMER

SAID Honoria casually, —

'When I was in town yesterday, I went to see Adelaide in her new house.'

The others looked up alertly, Martha from her darning, Grace from her Irish crochet.

'Oh, really? And how did you like the house?'

Honoria hesitated, looking to the wide view for clarification. The three sat on a cottage-verandah in the foothills of Southern California, one February day. In front of them the landscape ran, laughing, down-hill to the sea. Spread beneath them like a map were thirty miles of town and country: orange orchards brave with fruit; eucalyptus groves appealing to the sky; friendly roofs inclosed in deep-sheltering trees; great open spaces where the wind moved free; round-topped hills, green near at hand (for the rains had come and gone thus early), changing to a dusky blue out yonder where the bright Pacific flashed at the end of the long, delightful view. For love of this prospect Martha had lately left steep, sturdy hills, brown brooks, elm-shaded streets and old friends, girding at herself as she did so. Honoria had lived here many years, while Grace was but a winter's guest in Honoria's home, whose hospitable brown gables, low and wide-spreading, were visible beyond the cypress hedge encircling Martha's cottage.

'It is a good-looking mansion. She had a capable architect. The building is Tudor, — consistent, graceful, well-proportioned. For two people it is a very large house indeed, but it is a good house, and I see perfectly how Adelaide means it to express the idea of dignified comfortable living. The decorator was not bad of his kind, either.'

'All this sounds like praise,' said Grace, 'yet I feel that you are keeping something back. What is the matter with Adelaide's house?'

Again Honoria hesitated.

'It seems ungracious to find fault with such a perfectly worthy performance, yet I came away chilled and uncomfortable, almost unhappy, indeed. Thinking about the matter on the way home, it became clear to me at last that the house is too large for Adelaide's personality. You know how perfectly she pervaded that old house of hers. Old-fashioned, in some respects inconvenient, with far less perfect fittings, it still was thoroughly delightful, for

where the rugs failed or the draperies faltered, Adelaide's personality somehow stepped in and eked out all insufficiencies, corrected all errors. It was hers entirely. In this blameless achievement of architect and decorator, there are no insufficiencies to be eked out, and so Adelaide's personality seems to slip and slide helplessly upon a kind of glacial surface which it cannot penetrate and make its own. I may be expressing myself very poorly, but I know I have hold of something real. Adelaide's new house, good-looking as it is, is not interesting, — that is what I mean, — and even the dear woman herself seems less interesting, and less herself now that she is enfolded in it.'

'Did you know,' interposed Martha, 'that the first winter in a new house the heating actually requires more coal than is ever needed again?'

'No, I did n't know that — but I can well believe it. Why should n't it take more coal to warm it when it evidently takes more vitality to cheer it? It's a serious business, this breaking in of a large house to one's self late in life, as so many Americans do. The draughts upon their vital forces are more taxing than the coal bills.'

'We all ought to live in inherited homesteads,' suggested Grace, 'where the humanizing of the bricks and mortar has been done for us by our own people.'

'Honoria,' Martha demanded, ignoring this unpractical suggestion, 'tell me the truth! If you were in Adelaide's place and had *carte blanche* to incarnate your idea of a house for yourself and your family, would n't you over-build and over-decorate too? I should enjoy doing it! The furniture in my bungalow is altogether too sketchy at present, and I am tired of eking it out with personality. You would feel differently if you had n't brought your old mahogany when you came West!'

Honoria set a few stitches, and looked at her friends with eyes in which conviction flamed.

'I don't over-dress, and I don't over-eat, though I have abundant opportunity,' she said, 'but it may be that I would over-build and over-decorate, or at least that I would have done so until yesterday. I don't think I would do it to-day — now that I know what ails Adelaide's house. As for your bungalow, Martha, it is comfortable and it is alive. There is n't a picture on the wall nor an ornament on the mantel that has n't a reason for being exactly where it is. That is triumph, and you know it. I don't believe you would really exchange your house for Adelaide's.'

'Try me and see! I would like just for once to ignore beauty and suitability, and go in for size and sheer, luxurious comfort.'

'You would go distracted in two weeks in a place that was "sheer luxurious comfort" and nothing else,' returned Honoria decidedly. 'You would hate it as you hate everything smug and fat and complacent. I have known you too long, Martha, not to know the ways of you with a house. To satisfy you, a domicile has to be livable. If you consider all the houses, little and big, of your friends, you will see that there are fixed limits to the amount of space in them that is truly and pleasantly habitable. You can't get the lovable "lived-in look" in rooms where you do not actually live, and you can't live all over a house that is bigger than your needs. Why! life is n't long enough, especially if you seldom stay at home! Think how dreary are most of the great houses we know. Consider Mrs. King's new marble palace with its commanding site and its ninety rooms. There is n't a single spot in it

except her own bed-room and sitting-room that would n't give your spirit a congestive chill if you sat there for an hour. I know a woman in Colorado who so loathed her big new house as it left the hands of a New York decorator, that she would have moved back into the old one if she had n't been afraid of her friends' laughter. And, Grace, even inherited homesteads are sometimes as difficult as uncongenial kin. Old houses have ways and wills of their own.'

'Houses *are* curious things,' said Grace. 'We take a morsel of illimitable space and wall it in and roof it over. Suddenly it ceases to be part of God's out-of-doors and becomes an entity with an atmosphere of its own. We warm it with our fires, we animate it with our affections, we furnish it with such things as seem good in our eyes. We do this to get shelter for our bodies, but we acquire as well an instrument for our spirits that reacts on us in its turn.'

'In other words,' returned Honoria, warming to her subject, 'as we live our way into a house, adapting it to our need, the bricks and mortar, the paint and plaster, cease to be inert matter and become alive. Superficial sociologists have taunted woman with being "more anabolic or plant-like" than man, but I count it her second glory. The plant is an organism that "slowly turns lifeless into living matter," and this is the thing that woman has done from the beginning with her shelter! In our houses we achieve almost an organic extension of our very selves. That is part of what I was trying to say. But, obviously, there should exist some reasonable ratio between the self and its extensions. I take it, the modern multitude of over-grown mansions, like the Kings' or the Clays' or even Adelaide's smaller dwelling, — all these places whose owners never find out why they are not at home in them, — are symptoms of our modern disease of materialism. The essence of that disease is the desire to grasp more matter than the spirit can fully animate. That the infection can lay hold on Adelaide shows how all pervading it is, gripping the just as well as the unjust. When I saw her tired and dissatisfied; when I felt the lack of charm and quality in the house, and remembered how full of both her old house and garden had been, I tried to think it out. It all works around to just this: you can't have quality, you can't have charm in your material environment unless you put them into it yourself. It is a plain question of your ability to choose, arrange and vitalize things. And the latter requisite is by far the most important of the three. For I have really seen, with these eyes, poor, mean rooms where absolutely nothing was beautiful or noteworthy, so charged with a gracious and comforting personality that you forgot their shabbiness and said, "What a home-like place!" Please note that that is the adjective we always use of places that draw us by their personality — as if personality and nothing else were the essence of home.

'Now Adelaide's old house had personality; it was completely vitalized. It was all under her hand, and as high as her heart. But Adelaide's big new house is as yet barren and chilly, for it is not vitalized at all. Of course I know that after she has lived in it longer, it is bound to improve, because it is her nature to humanize and modify all her surroundings. But the crucial question is — *how big a house can she humanize?* Something bigger than a cottage probably — but certainly something much smaller than a hotel. The longer I looked at this question, the more it seemed to me that unconsciously I had put my finger on the vital query that, in the ideal state, should underlie all property, all education, all privilege.

'I have been talking about houses, — they are the most intimate, the most organic of a woman's possessions, — but the argument applies to all we own. It is the mark of our era to want more of everything than we can use, yet when we get the Too-Much we demand, we are crushed by it, as Tarpeia was crushed by the shields.'

'I have often thought,' said Grace, 'that the sheer, brute mass of life — of people to know, of books to read, of plays to hear, of pictures to see, of things to do, buy, learn, enjoy — within reach of the well-to-do person in the modern world, far outruns the capacity of any human being to take it in and make of it the sane whole that a life should be.'

'Yes — yet we go crazily on, trying to expand to illimitable possibilities, thinking we shall be happier so soon as we have discarded all our present belongings and opportunities for bigger, newer, richer ones. How many people do you know who have not met a substantial increase of income with a corresponding enlargement of their whole scale of living, a senseless expansion sometimes out-running their increased ability to provide for it? There is no future but chaos for a society with such ambitions. They are centrifugal and can only lead to disintegration.

'The truth is, we have no notion of the value and necessity of a doctrine of limitations. Just as an illustration — not once in all the mass of matter printed in the last twenty years about the gyro-car, the aeroplane or other inventions capable of enormous swiftness, have I seen the faintest intimation that human beings could not intelligently direct a speed of two hundred miles an hour — yet the railroads are now tardily discovering that the capacity of engineers is seriously taxed by sixty miles!

'Don't mistake my meaning. I am not preaching the moral value of poverty. I am no convert to asceticism. That method of ridding one's self of the over-weight of the material life is too extreme to be the correct solution. I am simply calling attention with all my might to the æsthetic and vital value of Not-Too-Much. I am not afraid of Enough. I am greatly afraid of Too-Much. And the reason I am afraid is this: —

'Just as the capacity of the human stomach is limited to a certain quantity of food, so also is limited the capacity of the human spirit for appropriating and assimilating property in its different forms. Beyond a certain somewhat variable point, material possessions *do the holder no more good.* The common saying, "All you get in this world is your board and clothes," is the popular acknowledgment of this restricted capacity. The affirmation of bounds to our capacity holds good as regards the property of the mind — education, cultivation, æsthetic satisfactions — just as it does of material goods. There is a definite limit to what we can effectively make our own. Beyond that limit, possession is a detriment.

'The direct result of helping ourselves to too much of anything is to coarsen and degrade. We can see this clearly as regards the primal necessity of food. Nature promptly writes it, in large letters, all over the man or woman of gross appetites.

'It is as plainly printed, if in smaller type, on the faces of those who want too much of other things, — houses, notoriety, money, power, — what you will. The porcine brand is there, however disguised. Personally, I fear the Mark of the Pig as I fear nothing else on earth. Shaler says that certain lines of evolution terminate in such grotesque effects that one almost believes the guiding thought behind the process

was humorous. I never see a stye with its squealing, shouldering inhabitants, without thinking how tremendously satiric it is — a master-caricature of human greed, not over-drawn! And I say, "Brother Pig, Heaven grant that I keep my voracities better concealed than thou."'

Her companions regarded Honoria, in type thin, nervous, ardent, with a keen and vivid face. The comparison was certainly not apparent — but the heart knoweth its own gluttonies.

'You are doing fairly well at it thus far,' said Martha dryly. 'What's the next step in your argument, Honoria?'

'Since our capacity is limited, and since to glut ourselves beyond it burdens and degrades, clearly the thing for each individual with intelligence to do is to find out where, for him, lies the golden point beyond which riches turns to the poverty of burden. When even the wise and earnest Adelaides get their houses too big and don't know what is the matter, it is time to formulate the principles of First Aid to the Prosperous. I believe the point from which the women of the comfortable classes should attack the problem of a saner living is this doctrine of limitation and selection, and that we should attack it first of all in our homes.

'Now, we human beings really do something to our immediate material surroundings which I can best describe as charging them with our personality. With the revolution of the days, personality accumulates in the things we handle and love and live with, much as electricity gathers upon the accumulator of a static machine with the revolution of the plates. This idea has always been popular with the poets and artists, but people who advance it in everyday life always do so apologetically, with the air of saying, "I know this is slightly fantastic, but does n't it seem true?" Yet most housekeepers know its utter truth. I never doubted from the time I consciously began to care for old furniture, old rugs, old china — all the beautiful cast-offs of vanished lives — that a vast part of their charm was atmosphere, something imparted to them by the affection of those forgotten ones and now inhering, for the perceptive vision, in their very substance. The craftsman of those elder days is not the only creator of the beauty that has come down to us. Whoever has loved another's work has thereby added something to it. Is it not so? And I, in my turn, ought to be beautifying my belongings for those who come after me.'

Grace and Martha nodded readily enough, for this doctrine needs no long expounding to any woman who has lived her way into her material possessions, and distilled atmosphere from them for the comfort of her household. She knows what she has done, and knows, though she says little about it, that this business of turning lifeless into living things is one of her important natural functions.

'When I studied physics,' Honoria went on, 'I learned that science had been compelled to posit ether, an all-pervading, absolutely elastic, wave-bearing substance, to explain the commonest facts of our physical experience. Later yet, I learned that the passage of thought-waves through ether had found defenders among men of the exact sciences. Naturally I said to myself, "Ah, the scientists are growing 'warm.' Next, they will be demonstrating some of the things women have always known. They will show how we send out vibrations that get caught and entangled in our intimate belongings, never to be wholly freed again. The thing will be worked out and demonstrated like a problem in geometry. Doubtless they will be measuring everybody's wave-lengths and

teaching children in the Eighth Grade easy ways of charging their belongings with their personality so unmistakably that stealing will have to become a lost art." Well! They have n't done it yet. In fact, they don't seem so near doing it as they once did. The mechanism of the process by which I take a chair fresh from Grand Rapids and in the course of years make it *my* chair and no other woman's, is a secret still, but I don't have to argue with anybody who ever had a favorite chair that the thing is as I have stated it. Neither do I have to argue that I could not so appropriate and make my own the out-put of an entire factory. It must be equally obvious that the dignified, proper environment for me and my family contains what we can thus make our own, and not much more.'

'Of course there are people,' said Martha reflectively, 'the routine of whose living demands large and formal apartments, impossible to do anything with from your point of view.'

'Assuredly there are such people,' Honoria admitted, 'just as there are people whose entertaining must be in the line of banquets rather than little dinners. I am not predicating a world full of model cottages, even though I think it might prove the happiest world. Still, outside of official circles, the need of state drawing-rooms is certainly not general, and it is of the very gist of my argument — my argument is n't all developed yet, Martha, don't think it! — that for the sake of developing a finer and more individual quality in our possessions, we should cut off some superfluous ones. Please listen patiently while I carry the idea to its logical limit, even though that limit lies beyond the bounds of practicability.

'Economists profess that, in an ideal distribution of goods, each man would have as much as he could consume without waste. But this takes no account of the differing needs of men, developed through ages of the upward struggle, nor of their different capabilities of turning goods to account. If you are going to dabble at all in theories of ideal distribution, why not have one that is genuinely ideal — that is, non-material? *The true distribution would require that each man should possess what goods he could animate and vitalize.* Even so, how vastly would possessions differ in amount and quality!

'If life could be adjusted on this basis, it would automatically become simplified, charged with beauty and with character. We should slough off ugly and useless possessions, or, if we retained through affection things ugly in themselves, that very affection would impart to them a certain importance and distinction. We should then, at least, live in a world in which everything had significance. Think of the infinite satisfaction of that!'

'What do you mean when you say, "if life could be adjusted on this basis," Honoria?' Grace inquired. 'Are you implying some kind of a final socialistic state which calls for an omniscient Distributor of Goods who shall know how much each man can vitalize?'

'Really, Grace, I am not a fool, even when I am evolving a reformed society!' returned Honoria promptly. 'Most conceptions of an improved state demand God for their Chief Executive and an enormous force of government officials with the fine honor which, thus far, has only been developed in human nature by conditions entirely different from those the visionaries are forecasting. Unquestionably we have fallen into the habit of thinking that if we only pass a law, any wrong at which we aim is regulated. In fact, however, so long as that law only expresses the practice of a minority, its enforcement

will be evaded. Legislation without character is as helpless as a motor without fuel, — and my little reform, like every other effective change, must proceed from within outward.

'So I believe that if I wish to live in a world where nobody has more food, clothes, houses, wealth, power, than he can make significant and vital use of, it is up to me to remake my own life on that basis first. I am, if not the only woman whom I can reform, at least the most suitable subject for my experimentation. And I admit that I have too many possessions. Sometimes I am ridden to exhaustion by the care of my "things," modest as they are when compared to the goods of my neighbors. I know that if thousands of people did not feel as I do, the "simple life" slogan would never have acquired the popularity it had some years ago. We no longer hear much of the simple life, but we need it increasingly. Personally, I am persuaded that the method I am trying to set forth is workable.

'Why should n't a human being, seeking to get the most out of life, take lessons from the husbandman seeking to get the richest returns from the soil? It used to be thought that to cultivate many acres superficially was the way to feed the world and enrich the farmer. But the study of the soil as a science has taught us that we must resort, instead, to the intensive farming which gives greater returns from reduced acreage. What is true of the returns earth makes to our granaries, is true of the returns life makes to our spirits. We need a science of intensive living that we may get the larger crop from the smaller field. It will be worked out by women, and it must begin in their domain, which still is, in spite of the sociologists, the home.'

'The Norwegian maid who cared for my rooms at the hotel last winter had figured out something of the sort for herself,' said Grace. 'After I had put a few bits of things about, she said to me, "I like dis room. It look like Norway. Dere iss more moneys in America, but in Norway t'ings iss more pretty. Even de kitchen iss good to see. Dere iss shelves an' copper cooking-dishes all shiny, all so happy-looking. I like dem way best. It iss better not so much moneys to haf, but to be more happy wit' one's t'ings!"'

'That is the doctrine in a nutshell! In its poorer, more restricted days, the world learned that secret of the art of living, and it still lingers in corners that our blatant, crashing "civilization" passes by — so that a Norwegian peasant's daughter may know far more than an American girl "who has always had everything" about the priceless secret of being "happy wit' one's t'ings." It is the richest knowledge a woman can possess.'

'What is the real, rock-bottom reason why people go on piling up money after they have enough?' Martha demanded.

'I imagine,' said Honoria, 'that excessive accumulation is a form of egotism. Now, if public opinion, the race-ideal, or what you please, once demanded that we vitalize all our possessions; if it were once admitted to be unspeakably gross to demand more property than we can animate, as gross as it now is to over-eat, then the stress upon possession would be transferred at once from "How much" to "How," and large possessions would really become what some of the undistinguished rich now fondly imagine them to be — a direct and sensitive register of the finer qualities.'

Martha suddenly and irresistibly chuckled.

'I have a story for you, Honoria,' she said. 'A lot of ranchers over there,' she vaguely gestured toward the southwest across the hills, 'have grown sud-

denly rich, raising sugar beets, and have bought motor-cars and other paraphernalia proper to their improved condition. One of them was heard to say, "I b'lieve these college graduates that teach school 'round here really think they're as good as us rich folks." That is the real attitude of your "undistinguished rich" toward the gifts of culture and the finer qualities!'

'Honoria,' said Grace, 'have n't the sages always said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches"? Why should your propaganda succeed where Job and Socrates have failed? Job lived a long while ago! If the race were going to be converted to his view, the process ought to be more advanced. You will need very strong arguments for your doctrine of limitations.'

'Arguments are to be had for the picking up,' returned Honoria. 'What kind will you have? Reasonable limitation on the material side always brings some amazing flowering of mind or spirit like the blossoming of a root-bound plant. If you want a racial argument, consider the Irish — the poorest people in Europe and *therefore* the richest in spirit. Poverty forced them to concentrate their attention upon their neighbors; there resulted an astonishing increase in sympathy, wit, and general humanness. — If you want an argument from Art, consider the Middle Ages. Peering out of a narrow world, hemmed in by ignorance and squalor, the mediæval artist caught sight of beauty and immediately loved it with such fervent, personal passion that everything he made in its image was vital and wonderful. As his world broadened in the Renaissance, much of his art grew florid and meaningless, lacking that marvelous, intimate quality of the earlier, restricted day. — If you want an argument from literary material, there's the *Picciola* of Saintine. You can make an imperishable literary masterpiece out of a convict's love for a tiny plant struggling up between two stones in a prison-yard, but you cannot make men listen to tales of great possessions. The interest in Monte Cristo centres upon the process of *acquirement*, and it is the same in any successful money-romance. Midas is only fit to point a moral, never to adorn a tale. — If you want an argument from philology, consider that the diminutives in every language show the lesser thing to be the dearer thing, always. Remember Marie Antoinette and the Little Trianon! Consider the increasing specialization in science — science which always falls on its feet! I know a thousand arguments! The thing I am in need of is converts!'

'If you could get them,' said Martha, 'there might really be a Woman's Reformation, only it would begin at home instead of at the polls.'

'What other permanent thing is there in life but the hearthstone? Nations rise and fall, laws and institutions come and go — but that remains, the one fixed point in human society. I take it, therefore, it is the one point from which the lever can successfully be brought to bear on human society. If anything is to be moved or altered, the force must be applied there.'

'But human society *has* changed, Honoria,' urged Grace. 'Look at all our new powers and possessions! Steam and electricity have remade the world, and we are not yet adjusted to the alteration. No generation ever lived under our conditions; thus we have no traditions for handling our new environment. No heritage of ancestral wisdom tells us what of the hundreds of new opportunities to accept, what to reject. Save in so far as we are thinking beings — and that is not very far — we are as much at the mercy of our desires as babies in a toy-shop, grabbing now this and now that, heaping

up a lapful of futilities and calling it a life.'

'Yes. But why should we make steam and electricity serve our greed only? Why use them chiefly to darken the world and make life a horror? Dare you affirm that we women and our demands are not at the very centre of the tragic tangle of modern living? Is n't all this horrible speeding-up of business largely an outgrowth of our exactions? What do men do business for, anyhow, except to get us what we want! Homes are to other material possessions what souls are to the bodies — the centre from which the life moves outward. If there is no greed in the home, is there not bound to be less greed in the offices?'

'I'm not so sure, Honoria,' Grace returned. 'No amount of intensiveness in the home would eliminate man's love of power for its own sake.'

'Perhaps. Yet is n't the lust for power a secondary development? We begin by being greedy because we want things; we keep on after we have more things than we know what to do with, because greed has created the power-lust. It is the aftermath from that ugly root. If the pressure the home puts on the man for money were suddenly slackened all along the line, above the point of poverty, might not the matter of unseemly accumulations correct itself? If we women of the more favored classes avowedly undertook to give quality to our belongings, instead of demanding belongings which we hope will confer quality upon us, there would surely be both a lessening in the stress of life and an improvement in its texture. I can think of nothing else but the Golden Rule that would help to solve so many menacing problems, such as the high cost of living, the commercialization of life, and the divorce problem. Oh, it would be very far-reaching, that attitude, if we could only achieve it!'

'Why would n't plain Christianity do all your reforming, and do it better?' demanded Martha abruptly.

'Assuredly it would — if Christianity were more generally a condition instead of a theory among us. I would n't undertake to say off-hand why the sanctions of common sense seem more precious to the present generation than the sanctions of religion, when in so many points they are identical, but I must conform my theorizings to the fact. Yet with all our neglect of religion the traditions of the spirit have not changed! They are the same from everlasting to everlasting. And one of the things the nineteenth century most wonderfully made clear was that the evolution of the spirit is the thing Nature has been seeking for hundreds of millions of years. I don't suppose that age-long process with the tremendous impetus of all creation behind it is really going to be upset by the turmoil of one materialistic generation. But I do believe that if we go with the current of materialism, we and all our works shall be tossed aside as refuse, thrown into Nature's garbage-can. I tell you, I can't bear the disgrace of it.'

'Honoria, you almost persuade me to be intensive,' said Grace, 'but I am not reconciled to the doctrine at one point — the question of beauty. I admit that one cannot vitalize a lot of senseless luxury. I admit, too, that comfort and a certain amount of beauty can always be successfully domesticated and charged with personality, as you phrase it, and that the result is completely satisfying. But is one never to indulge one's self in *all the beauty money will buy*, never to have everything of an absolute perfection? You are against great houses, but there is Mountly House, at home. It is big, but so beautiful that you are at home in it all over. What of it, and others like it?'

'Big and beautiful it is, but it is on

my side of the argument, none the less. If you remember, the architect was also the decorator. It is the triumph of his imagination. He designed it as a background for a woman of opulent beauty and domestic tastes. He ransacked Europe for the furnishings, tapestries, all sorts of exquisite ancient things. He was a great artist and he created a work of art. The family fit into the picture more or less awkwardly. It is his house, not theirs at all. And I truly believe that the ultimate purpose of our houses excludes our going up and down another's stairs.

'Yet I believe in all the beauty one can vitalize. It is essentially wholesome. It does not lend itself to morbid demands. The collector's passion looks like greed, and doubtless for a time it is greed. But, sooner or later, Too-Much sickens them. Their adorable possessions teach them there is profanation in having more wonderful things than they can enter into personal relation with. Therefore the inevitable end of all overgrown collections is the museum or the auction-room. I have seen it too often not to know it is true! — If you want a perfect illustration of this in literature read Mrs. Wharton's *The Daunt Diana*. It cuts down like a knife to the essential fact that our relations with beauty must be limited enough to have the personal quality. And — don't you see? — this automatic destruction of greed that beauty finally teaches to the collector, is the same automatic destruction of it that I dare think intensive living in our homes might bring to all greed. It is a proof of the theory on another plane.'

'I think one might own a Mountly House without greed,' persisted Grace wistfully. 'Having no house at all, I naturally refuse to think of myself as ending my days in any less perfect domicile. What do you mean by the "ultimate purpose" of our houses?'

'Ah! that,' said Honoria, with a quick indrawing of her breath, 'is the very core of all my thought, and I don't know how to make you see it!'

She rose abruptly and walked to the end of the verandah. She stood there a while, looking across at the spreading gables of her own brown bungalow, with the yearning on her face that only house-mothers know. Yonder was her home. Set on a mighty shoulder of the earth, facing the sunset and the sea, it clung to the soil as the brown rocks cling. Behind it were the mighty Sierras with their crests of snow; before it, the sweetest land God ever smiled upon; within it, all the treasures of her eyes, her mind, her heart. Just as it stood there in the February sun, it was an abode compact of love, of aspiration, of desire. The ancient love of man for his shelter had gone into it, and the love of woman for the place of her appointed suffering. Desire for beauty and hope of peace were in its making. Its walls had heard the birth-cries; her children had played about its doors; out from it had been borne her dead. Inconsiderable speck on the vast hill-shoulder that it was, it could defy time and the elements, even as she defied them, for she had given it of her own immortality.

'I have not yet said it all,' she said a little thickly. 'It is hard to say, even to you. I have found an attitude of mind, a path, a way of life I call intensive, for lack of a better name, and I believe in it, not only because it increases my sane satisfaction in living, but also because it finally leads *out* — out of all this tangle of our material lives, into the eternal spaces.

'I see the world of men's business activities chiefly as a place of wrath and greed, and yet even the most grasping must be blindly seeking through their greed an ultimate satisfaction — not more houses or more automobiles,

or railroads, or mines, or even power, but something dimly apprehended as beyond all these and more than they — something that is good and that *endures*. For we all want the Enduring Thing. One man sees it here, another there. As for me, I see it in my house. I tell you, the Greeks and Romans did not make a religion of the hearthstone; they merely recognized the religion that the hearthstone *is*. Under that quiet roof I have learned that it is a woman's business to take stones and make them bread. Only she can make our surroundings live and nourish us.

'Beyond the need for bread, a woman's needs are two; deeper than all cravings save the mother's passion, firm-rooted in our endless past, is the hearth-hunger. The trees that sweep my chimney have their roots at the world's core! The flowers in my dooryard have grown there for a thousand years! What milleniums have done, shall decades undo? We are not so shallow, so plastic as that! We will go into the mills, the shops, the offices, if we must, but we know we are off the track of life. Neither our desire nor our power is there.

'I have talked glibly enough about restricting superfluous possessions for the sake of developing a finer quality in those we have; I have said only personality gives that quality to our surroundings — but I have not said the final thing. It is this: I believe that in the humble business of loving the material things that are given to us to own and love, in shaping our homes around them, in making them vital and therefore beautiful, so that they serve our spirits in their turn, we are not only making the most of our resources in this life, but are doing more than that. Somehow, I cannot tell you how, I know that we are *getting them across* — into the timeless places! In making them vital we are making them enduring.

'Christ tells us to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven. What did that mean to you when you were young? I thought it meant a procession of self-denials and charities, more or less lifeless because the offering was made slightly against the grain! I had no idea that when I loved somebody very much or pitied somebody very much, when I shared my heart or shared my roof eagerly, that I was doing the commanded thing. Still less did I realize, when I worked hard to make my home more comfortable or more beautiful, that I was sending vibrations from my everyday world right into the eternal one — every deed an actual hammer-stroke on my house not made with hands. But so sure as that our mortal shall put on immortality, I now hold it that what we first find in the eternal world will be the things into which we have unstintingly flung our vitality, our *feeling*, while we are briefly here.

'*Here we have no continuing city.* But when I am making my house live, I and no other, putting into it as I best may something of the serenity of Athens and the sacredness of Jerusalem and the beauty of Siena, then it is taking its place beside my greater loves. Then I am creating a home, not only in this world, but in the next. I have put something over into the eternal world that fire cannot burn, nor floods destroy, nor moth and rust corrupt. It is safe, even from myself, forever! No Heaven can be holy to me if I have not made this spot holy. I shall not ask, even from the mercy of the Merciful, a heavenly mansion if I have failed to make this earthly dwelling live. Eternity begins beside my hearth, shaped by my will. A woman knows!'

WANTED: A COMMISSION ON RAILROAD ACCIDENTS

BY SAMUEL O. DUNN

THE hardest and most important railway problem in the United States is that of accidents. There were 10,585 persons killed and 169,538 injured on our railways in the year ending June 30, 1912. The problem of railway discrimination is important. But unfair discrimination has been very greatly reduced in recent years. The problem of reasonable rates is important. On the whole, however, railway rates in the United States are the lowest in the world. But our railway-accident record is worse than those of most other leading countries; and while relatively to the traffic handled it is getting better, it is not improving fast enough. Compared with the problem of accidents, the problems of rates and discrimination have become unimportant.

The main force for good or ill in this country is public opinion. Public opinion regarding any matter is a composite of the sentiment of the relatively few who are most directly concerned with it and of the relatively many who are more indirectly concerned with it. To get many great public evils abolished it is necessary to unify, enlighten, and vitalize this composite opinion. Public opinion can helpfully and effectively attack the railway-accident problem. It can demand of those directly connected with railways that they adopt needed measures, and it can cause the passage of legislation to remedy conditions which those measures cannot or do not remedy. But every day adds to the evidence that the public and the press, from which the public gets its information, know very little about the causes of accidents. The public's increasing indignation about them is disposing it to adopt many measures; but its lack of knowledge leads to the adoption of measures which are unwise and futile.

Wisdom and humanity dictate that the first things done, or required to be done, shall be those which are adapted to stop the most fatalities and injuries. Those which will prevent relatively few should come later. This is especially true if the latter will cost a great deal of money, and thereby interfere with the subsequent raising of the funds necessary to stop larger numbers of accidents. This principle is being disregarded. For example, numerous legislatures have passed laws to increase the number of men employed in train crews; and a bill for this purpose is before Congress. The passage of the bill before Congress would increase the operating expenses of the railways of the United States $12,000,000 a year. This amount at five per cent is the annual interest on $240,000,000. For an investment of $240,000,000 block systems could be installed on practically our entire railway mileage. It is doubtful if the full-crew legislation will ever save a single life. Its promoters are the representatives of the railway employees' brotherhoods, and it seems a fair inference that their main object is to increase the number of railway employees. While there are few or no records of accidents caused by too small train crews, every expert knows that, in the interest of safety, block signals should

be installed on all our railways. They furnish the best means of preventing collisions; and collision accidents cause many deaths and injuries each year. This is but one of many illustrations of the fact that public indignation and misinformation are being played on to secure regulation that will cause a maximum of increase in expense and a minimum of increase in safety.

Statistics are seldom interesting and are not always instructive. But when statistics covering a long period all point to the same conclusions, it is usually safe to draw those conclusions and act on them. The statistics of railway accidents compiled by the Interstate Commerce Commission since its creation clearly indicate the existence of certain conditions, and that those conditions are the main causes of railway accidents. The official reports of the investigations of specific accidents corroborate the statistics. It would seem either that railway officers and employees and the public should make the inferences that the statistics and reports suggest and act accordingly, or that the whole subject of railway accidents should be investigated *de novo* by some competent and impartial body representing the public, as a basis of comprehensive action. Neither of these things is being done.

Let us briefly examine the statistics and find out what they, as a whole, suggest as to causes and remedies. They are seldom studied and discussed as a whole. The classes selected for discussion often depend on what the person using them wishes to prove. When they are considered as a whole and in their proper proportions, the conditions disclosed, or indicated, are apt to cause surprise to most people.

The popular notion is that most of the fatalities and injuries are caused by plant failures. The kinds of plant failures they are attributed to are accidents to trains, such as collisions, derailments and boiler explosions. But if there had not been a single accident to a train in the United States in the year ended June 30, 1912,[1] 92 per cent of the persons who were killed, and 90 per cent of those who were injured, on railways would have been killed and injured none the less. Most people think that most of the fatalities and injuries occur in collisions. If there had not been a single collision in 1912, 96.5 per cent of all who were killed and 95.3 per cent of all who were injured would have suffered none the less.[2]

Furthermore, all of the accidents occurring to trains are not due to plant failures. The Interstate Commerce Commission says in its annual report for 1912: 'The most disquieting and perplexing feature in the problem of accident prevention is the large proportion of train accidents caused by dereliction of duty by the employees involved. By far the greatest number of our serious train accidents are due to the failure of some responsible employee to perform an essential duty at a critical moment. The gravity of this problem is indicated by the fact that, of the 81 accidents investigated (by the Commission) up to September 1, 52, or more than 63 per cent of the whole number, were caused by mistakes on the part of employees. These 52 accidents comprise 48 of the 49 collisions investigated, and 4 of the 31 derailments.'

Even the block system does not stop these man-failure accidents. 'Of the 48 collisions caused by errors of employees,' the Commission adds, '33 occurred on trains operated under the train-order system, and 15 occurred

[1] For convenience I have used only the statistics for the year ended on June 30, 1912, because they are typical of those for all recent years.

[2] See *Interstate Commerce Commission Bulletin*, No. 44, p. 14.

under the block system. The most numerous failures were by trainmen and enginemen. These were disobedience of orders, disobedience of signals, failure to keep clear of superior trains, improper flagging, and failure to control speed at dangerous points.'

When a train is derailed or is struck by an engine or another train, it is technically a 'train accident.' When a train, or a car, or an engine, runs over a man on the track, it is an accident to the man, but not a 'train accident.' Let us turn from the statistics regarding 'train accidents' to those regarding other accidents.

Some of these are partly or mainly due to plant failures. The killing of almost 900 non-trespassers at highway grade-crossings doubtless was partly due to the fault of those killed; but it was mainly due to a defect in the railway plant. An entirely satisfactory plant would not have grade-crossings. The killing of 86 passengers and employees who came in contact with overhead and lateral structures was partly due to carelessness by those killed, partly to failure of the railways to provide wide enough clearances between engines and cars, and objects over and beside the track. The killing of 192 employees while coupling and uncoupling was partly due to defective couplers, but mainly to carelessness by employees; for over 99 per cent of all locomotives and cars, in compliance with federal law, are fitted with automatic couplers. The killing of 470 passengers, employees, and other non-trespassers, by falling from cars and engines was due partly to carelessness, partly to defects of safety appliances. In accordance with laws passed by Congress the Interstate Commerce Commission has prescribed, and the railways are now adopting, appliances for engines and cars, to remedy these defects.

The fatalities and injuries due to causes other than those mentioned are but slightly or not at all attributable to plant failures. Such are 'industrial' accidents at freight houses, on boats and wharves, in and around shops, and the like, occurring on railroad premises but no more connected with railway operation than similar casualties in private plants that make or repair railway equipment by contract; accidents caused by people stepping in front of moving engines and cars; accidents to trespassers, and so forth. These other accidents in 1912 included 8,075 fatalities and 120,652 injuries, or 76 per cent of the total fatalities and 71 per cent of the total injuries. Of the fatalities coming under these heads, 1,596 resulted from employees and passengers being struck or run over as a result of getting in the way of moving cars and engines. There is no improvement in plant that can stop such accidents. These fatalities included also 5,343 accidents to trespassers; and the total number of trespassers killed was 5,434. The average total number of persons killed daily was 29; and out of that number, 15 were trespassers.

This brief analysis indicates that accidents are due (1) to plant failures; (2) to combined plant failures and man failures; (3) to man failures; (4) to trespassing. Deeper analysis indicates that while these are the immediate causes, there is an underlying one out of which they all grow. This *cause of the causes* of accidents appears to be a spirit of carelessness or recklessness on the part of many who are directly or indirectly concerned with railway operation. It is a spirit that is not manifested in railway operation alone in this country. A striking illustration of it is that the number of people killed by automobiles in the streets of New York City in 1912 was 146; while the number of railway passengers killed in train accidents in the entire coun-

try was only 139. Doubtless the only real specific for railway accidents is to remove the underlying cause — this cause of all the immediate causes. To do that it would be necessary to revolutionize human nature in this country. That cannot be done in a day. How, then, can we most effectually deal with the immediate causes?

The public and the railway employees say that the owners and managers should put the railways in a condition which will reduce plant failures to the practicable minimum. The owners and managers reply that they gladly would do this, but that the earnings of most roads are too small. They estimate that it would cost $444,000,000 to widen the clearances between locomotives and cars and overhead and lateral objects, enough to keep careless people from being struck by these objects. They admit the desirability of abolishing grade-crossings, but say that the fact that track-elevation in Chicago alone has cost $70,000,000, and will cost a total of $150,000,000, indicates what grade-separation everywhere would cost. The managers estimate that it would require over $36,300,000 to replace all the rail, now in track, weighing less than 70 pounds, with 75-pound rail; and many times more to put all track in safe condition; and they call attention to the fact that they already, under requirements of law, are spending $55,000,000 to improve the safety appliances on their engines and cars.

It is sometimes said that, while many accidents are caused by misconduct of employees, most of the man-failure accidents are due to real mistakes. 'It cannot be assumed,' says the Interstate Commerce Commission, in its annual report for 1912, 'that employees deliberately ignore disciplinary measures which they know from experience are necessary for their own safety as well as for the safety of many others who for the time being are placed in their charge. . . . To prevent railroad collisions, adequate measures must be taken, first, to reduce the chances of human error to a minimum, and second, to neutralize the effects of such error when it occurs.' The railway managers deny that employees are as careful as the Commission's statements imply, and assert that one of the main things needed to reduce accidents is to make the men careful, and that the main thing needed to make them careful is better discipline. The powerful railway brotherhoods, they add, render proper discipline difficult. The grievance committees defend employees who ought to be discharged; they appeal from the superintendent to the general manager and from the general manager to the president; they threaten to strike when the managements stand firm, and sometimes execute the threat.

The main physical improvement recommended by the Commission, to prevent accidents, is more block signals; the main means recommended to neutralize the effects of accidents are steel passenger-train cars. It also insists that the railways develop means for automatically stopping trains when collision is imminent. The managers reply that no automatic train-control system has proved its value under the varying and hard conditions of steam railroad service. They admit the desirability of the installation of block signals, but say that the cost in the entire country would be $260,000,000. They admit that all steel and steel-underframe passenger-train cars further safety; but they say that they are substituting them for wooden cars as fast as is reasonable, and that legislation requiring an early and complete change would cost $632,746,000. They add that, however anxious they may be to make needed physical improvements,

these are being retarded by regulation that increases expenses and reduces earnings.[1]

Finally, they say that the statistics show that a large majority of the fatalities and injuries can be prevented only by employees and other persons taking better care of themselves. This applies to the many accidents to employees from stepping in the way of moving trains and cars, and to the many to trespassers.

It is sometimes said that trespassing could be reduced by abolishing highway crossings and fencing rights of way. Railway managers reply that accidents to trespassers should properly be charged not to the railways, but to inefficient government; because trespassers have no right to be about railway premises at all, and efficient government would keep them away. Furthermore, they say that even elevation of tracks does not stop trespassing. In Chicago, where the roads have spent so much for track-elevation, trespassing on their elevations is chronic, and the only way to stop it generally, it is contended, is for the public to pass and enforce laws prohibiting it.

Personally, after much study of railway accidents I am convinced of the need of three remedies.

I. The remedy that will reduce fatalities most is the passage and enforcement of strict laws against trespassing. This has been done in Canada, England, and on the continent of Europe, and is responsible for the most marked difference between their railway-accident statistics and ours. In only six states in this country, — New York, New Hampshire, Maine, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, — are there laws specifically prohibiting all trespassing on railway property.

II. I am convinced that the thing needed to cause the second largest reduction in fatalities, and the largest reduction in injuries, is better discipline among employees, the word discipline being used to include proper selection, training, and, in cases of culpable misconduct, punishment. The duty of administering discipline is primarily that of the management. But it would seem that the managements must be backed by public sentiment, if not by law. In some cases the railway brotherhoods do go to extremes in defending members of their organizations from needed discipline; and the managers are apt to quail before the prospect of a strike when they fear that public sentiment will be against them. When an employee culpably commits a violation of an order or rule which might or does cause an accident, he offends against the public. In England the rules of the companies, on approval by the Board of Trade, become the law, any violation of which is a criminal offense. In effect, the same thing is true in Canada and on the continent of Europe. The Interstate Commerce Commission recommends the standardizing of operating rules by legislation, adding that 'once agreed upon and adopted, they should be rigidly enforced.' If the government adopts rules, should it not punish the employee who violates them, as well as the management that disregards them?

III. I believe that as a remedy for fatalities and injuries the statistics show that improvement of the physical plants ranks third in importance. That it is needed, however, is beyond question. But installing block signals, substituting steel or steel-underframe passenger cars for wooden cars, widening clearances, strengthening track, eliminating grade crossings, and introducing

[1] The various estimates given of the cost of improvements needed for safety are based on compilations made by the Special Committee on the Relations of Railway Operation to Legislation, which is maintained by the railways.

other improvements needed for safety alone, would literally cost billions. If automatic train-control on steam railways should be successfully developed, its installation would cost other hundreds of millions. Comparisons of the accident statistics of this country and Europe often are made that are very unfavorable to our railways. Account is not always taken in them of the fact that most of our roads necessarily have been built cheaply and that their average capitalization is only about $65,000 a mile, while that of the railways of Prussia-Hesse is $111,000, that of the railways of France over $140,000, and that of the railways of the United Kingdom about $275,000. To make all the improvements in our railways needed for safety would cost an average of from $20,000 to $30,000 a mile, and I am convinced that the roads could not raise the necessary capital, or pay a return on it for an indefinite period, unless the public should permit advances in their rates and net earnings.[1]

But individual opinions count for little. It is public opinion that counts. Therefore, the great need is to enlighten and crystallize public opinion. How can this best be done? Two recent developments seem to afford valuable precedents.

For some years there had been much discussion of regulation of railway securities. Many whose opinions carried weight advocated drastic action. Others whose opinions seemed entitled to equal respect opposed any action. Congress therefore created, and President Taft appointed, a commission to study and report on the subject. It was composed of able and public-spirited citizens who commanded public confidence. It was presided over by President Hadley of Yale, and included B. H. Meyer, now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Walter L. Fisher, lately Secretary of the Interior; Frederick N. Judson, of St. Louis; and Frederick Strauss, of New York. After months of hearings it made a thorough, enlightening, and constructive report. It advocated legislation, but opposed radical legislation. Public opinion was crystallized in favor of an advanced but moderate policy. All the commission's recommendations may not be adopted, but the public confidence they inspired is sure to prevent either action or non-action greatly at variance with them.

One of our most difficult and important railway problems is that of establishing proper relations between the railways, their organized employees, and the public. The employees claim that their conditions of work are too severe and their wages too low. The managers claim that the wages paid are high enough or too high, that the power of the labor brotherhoods has become excessive, and that this power is being abused.

The public is vitally concerned. It wants the employees fairly dealt with. But the freight and passenger rates it must pay depend largely on what wages the railways must pay. The public is also deeply concerned that railway service shall not be interrupted by lockouts and strikes. There was need for a thorough investigation of the entire railway labor situation. In the spring

[1] The Block Signal and Train Control Board of the Interstate Commerce Commission said in its report for 1912: 'It may be assumed at the outset that railroad officers and employees are as anxious to do everything in their power to promote safety as the public is to have safeguards provided. . . . If all think alike and have the same desire, why are not better safeguards provided? The general answer, for most railroads, is the expense involved. . . . There is the immensely greater volume of business to be handled; the palatial passenger service, with greatly increased speeds and consequent demands on equipment and roadbed; and the general advance in wages, with resultant higher cost of construction, maintenance, and operation. All these things have added to the expenses on the one hand, with no corresponding increase of earnings on the other.'

of 1912 the relations between the roads in the territory east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac, and their locomotive engineers, came to a crisis. A great strike was imminent. It was prevented by an agreement to submit the issues to a board of arbitration composed of one representative of the railways, one of labor, and five disinterested citizens. The railways chose Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore & Ohio; the enginemen chose P. H. Morrissey, formerly president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen; the Chief Justice of the United States, the presiding judge of the Commerce Court, and the United States Commissioner of Labor chose as the other five arbitrators Oscar S. Straus, of New York City; Charles R. Van Hise, president of the University of Wisconsin; Frederick N. Judson, of St. Louis; Albert Shaw, editor of the *Review of Reviews;* and Otto M. Eidlitz, former president of the Building Trades Association of New York.

This board did not confine itself to the controversy pending. It studied the railway labor situation as a whole. It concluded that conditions rendered grave the danger of railway strikes which would cause heavy loss and much suffering to the entire nation. It therefore made a comprehensive report, describing the situation and recommending legislation to prohibit railway strikes and lockouts until after arbitration, and to create arbitration commissions to which railway employees and managers must submit their disputes; legislation which, while dealing equitably between them, should also safeguard the rights of the general public. This remarkable document has enlightened the public regarding a most important problem. It is crystallizing public opinion on how to deal with that problem. Later developments probably will show that it marked an epoch in the history of the relations between capital, labor, and the public.

The wisest and most important step that could now be taken regarding railway accidents would be to create a similar commission to investigate and report on the whole accident problem. It may be thought that this duty should be performed by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But the Commission is burdened with many and varied duties, and a report by it would not command enough confidence in some quarters where entire confidence would be desirable. Railway managers blame railway employees for many accidents, and charge that the employees' brotherhoods interfere with discipline. Now, the Commission, ever since its creation, has employed members of the brotherhoods — some of them discharged railway employees — as its inspectors of safety appliances and its investigators of railway accidents. Many railway officers resent this. They think that it shows bias, and that even if it does not, the reports made to the Commission are sure to be more or less unfair as between managements and employees and to tend to bias the Commission's mind. Again, the only member of the Commission who was ever in railway service is Chairman E. E. Clark; and he was an active brotherhood man and the head of the Order of Railway Conductors. Mr. Clark is an industrious, fair, and able public official; but there seems reason to doubt if he could consider some phases of the accident problem without bias. Furthermore, the Commission is required by Congress to enforce the rebating, safety-appliance, hours of service, and other laws for the regulation of railways. In the performance of this function it is a detective and a prosecutor; and detectives and prosecutors are not notable for their impartiality. For these reasons the Commission could hardly make an

investigation and report that would command the needed confidence in all quarters.

Therefore, the work should be done by some other body. Probably that body should contain some men having special knowledge acquired in railway service. It might be that Mr. J. W. Kendrick, formerly vice-president of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, and a distinguished railway expert, and Mr. P. H. Morrissey, formerly head of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and one of the most prominent railway labor leaders in the country, could be induced to serve. I make this suggestion without having consulted either of them, and merely as a part of the outline of what the personnel should be. A clear majority of the members should be strictly representatives of the public, and men of such eminence and well-known disinterestedness and public spirit that they would command the unreserved confidence of railway managers, employees, and the public. They might be civilians such as those who served on the Hadley Railroad Securities Commission and the enginemen's arbitration board. Better still, perhaps, they might be engineer officers of high rank in the United States army. The technical knowledge of army engineer officers would be valuable, and their position of complete detachment from politics and industry would give them a minimum of bias while inspiring a maximum of public confidence.

The investigation, report, and recommendations, to be of real value, should deal with all phases of the problem, including methods of abating the trespassing evil; what reforms should be adopted by the railway managements in the selection, training, and disciplining of employees; what legislation, if any, there should be regarding operating rules and the punishment of violations of them; what improvements should be made in the physical plants; and what should be done by the railway managements and the regulating authorities to further these improvements. A less comprehensive handling would be little better than valueless. We have had many investigations of specific accidents, and of special classes of accidents, particularly train accidents. They have advanced the solution of the problem but little, for to solve a problem it is necessary to deal with all its factors. The plan outlined would not, of course, solve the accident problem. But it would lay a broad and deep foundation for solving it.

A CONFESSION IN PROSE

UNLIKE M. Jourdain, who had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, I have been writing it nearly all of mine, quite consciously, and earning my living thereby since I was twenty-one years old. I am now thirty-four. I have been a professional writer of prose, then, for thirteen years — or shall I say a writer of professional prose? Much of this writing has been done for various American magazines; still more has been done to fill the ravenous columns of American newspapers; some, even, has been immured between covers. I have tried never to write sloppily, though I have of necessity often written hastily. I can honestly say, too, that I have tried at times to write beautifully, by which I mean rhythmically, with a conscious adjustment of sound and melody to the sense, with the charm of word-chiming further to heighten heightened thought. But I can also as honestly say that in this latter effort I have never been encouraged by a newspaper editor, and I have been not infrequently discouraged by magazine editors. Not all magazines compel you to chop up your prose into a maximum paragraph length of ten lines, as does a certain one of large circulation. Not all newspapers compel you to be 'smart,' as did one for which I worked compel us all. But the impression among editors is prevalent, none the less, that a conversational downrightness and sentence and paragraph brevity are the be-all and end-all of prose style, or at least of so much of prose style as can be grasped by the populace who read their publications; and that beautiful writing must be 'fine writing,' and therefore never too much to be avoided. So I started out from the classroom of Professor Lewis E. Gates, one of the keenest and most inspiring analysts of prose beauties this country has produced, to be a professional writer of prose, and dreamed, as youth will, of wrapping my singing robes about me and ravishing the world. I was soon enough told to doff my singing robes for the overalls of journalism, and I have become a writer of professional prose instead.

These remarks have been inspired by a long and wistful evening just spent in perusing Professor Saintsbury's new book, called *The History of English Prose Rhythm*. I shall hold no brief for the good professor's method of scansion. It matters little to me, indeed, how he chooses to scan prose. What does matter to me is that he has chosen to scan it at all, that he has brought forward the finest examples in the stately procession of English literature, and demonstrated with all the weight of his learning, his authority, his fine enthusiasm, that this prose is no less consciously wrought to pleasing numbers than is verse. We who studied under Professor Gates knew much of this before, if not in so detailed and would-be methodical a fashion. Charles Lamb knew it when he wrote, 'Even ourself, in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best measured cadences (prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman, "blessing the doors"; or the wild sweep of winds at midnight.' Sir Thomas Browne was not exactly unaware of it as he prepared his *Urn Burial* for the printer; nor the authors

of the King James Version of the Bible when they translated — or if you prefer, paraphrased — the rhapsodic chapters of Isaiah. But it is pleasant, and not unimportant, to be once more reminded, in a generation when written speech has sunk to the conversational level of the man in the street, that 'prose has her cadences'; and to me, at least, it is melancholy, also. For I would strive to write such prose, in my stumbling fashion, were I permitted.

Writing about a fine art, as I am so often called upon to do, I would endeavor with what might lay in me to write about it finely. Suppose that art chances to be the drama. Why, when some compact, weighty, and worthily performed example comes to our stage, should I be expected to toss off a description of it in a style less compact and weighty and worthily conducted? On the rare occasions when a new play chances to be poetic, am I not justified in writing of it in poetic prose? How else, indeed, can I truly render back to my readers the subtler aspects of its charm? But for such writing there is little room in our hurrying and 'conversational' press, though now and then a despised dramatic editor is found who understands. Even the drama itself strives to be 'conversational' at all costs, under the banner of 'realism,' and profanity flourishes on our stage in what we must infer to be a most lifelike manner, while we have almost forgotten that the spoken word can be melodious or imaginative. Criticism cries at its heels, and helps with flippant jest and broken syntax and cacophonous combinations of our poorest vernacular, in the general debasement. Do not tell me that men do not exist who could write differently of the stage, as men exist who can, and do, write differently for it. Every worthy dramatist can be paralleled by at least one worthy critic, and more probably by three or four, since the true creative instinct in drama is perhaps the rarest of human attributes, save only charity. But the editors appear to have determined that the public does not want such critics — and perhaps the editors are right. At least, the public does not often get them.

We are speaking now of prose, not of opinions, and we may safely introduce the name of a living critic, William Winter. For nearly half a century Mr. Winter has written prose about the theatre, and although that prose was produced for a morning newspaper it was carefully and consistently balanced and welded, and, when the subject demanded it, rose, according to its creator's ideas of beauty, into the heightened eloquence of sentence rhythm and syllabic harmony. Leisure may improve, but haste cannot prevent the rhythm of prose, provided the instinct for it resides in the writer, and the opportunity exists for practice and expression. Two examples of Mr. Winter's use of rhythm come to my memory, and I quote only phrases, not whole sentences, merely because I am sure of no more. Writing one morning of a new and very 'modern' play, presented the previous evening by a well-known actress, he said: 'Sarah Bernhardt at least made her sexual monsters interesting, wielding the lethal hatpin or the deadly hatchet with Gallic grace and sweet celerity.' Again, in reviewing Pinero's *Iris*, he took up two of Henry Arthur Jones's phrases, recently made current in a lecture, and played with them, ending with mellifluous scorn, 'Such are "the great realities of modern life," flowers of disease and blight that fringe the charnel house of the "serious drama."'

These are certainly examples of rhythmic, or cadenced prose, and they are examples taken from journalistic

reviews. They admirably express the writer's point of view toward his subject matter, but they also reveal his care for the manner of expression, they satisfy the ear; and therefore to one at all sensitive to literature they are doubly satisfying. The arrow of irony is ever more delightful when it sings on its flight. The trick, then, can be done. Mr. Winter, too often perhaps for modern ears, performed it by recourse to the Johnsonian balance of period and almost uniform, swelling roll. But that is neither here nor there. The point is that he performed it — and that it is no longer performed by the new generation, either in newspaper columns, or, we will add at once, anywhere else. Rhythmic prose, prose cadenced to charm the ear and by its melodies and harmonies properly adjusted to heighten, as with an undersong, the emotional appeal of the ideas expressed, is no longer written. It appears to be no longer wanted. We are fallen upon harsh and colloquial times.

No one with any ear at all would deny Emerson a style, even if his rhythms are often broken into the cross-chop of Carlyle. No one would deny Irving a style, or Poe, — certainly Poe at his best, — or, indeed, to hark far back, Cotton Mather in many passages of the *Magnalia*, where to a quaint iambic simplicity he added a Biblical fervor which redeems and melodizes the monotony. Mather suggests Milton, Irving suggests Addison, Emerson suggests Carlyle, Poe, shall we say, is often the too conscious workman typified by De Quincey. But thereafter, in this country, we descend rapidly into second-hand imitations, into rhythm become, in truth, mere 'fine writing,' until its death within recent memory. Yet we do not find even to-day the true cadenced prose either uninteresting or out of date. Emerson is as modern as the morning paper. Newman's description of the ideal site for a university, in the clear air of Attica beside the blue Ægean, charms us still with its perfect blend of sound and sense, its clear intellectual idea borne on a cadenced undersong, as of distant surf upon the shore; and the exquisite epilogue to the *Apologia*, with its chime of proper names, still brings a moisture to our eyes. The triumphant tramp of Gibbon, the headlong imagery and Biblical fervor of Ruskin, the languid music of Walter Pater, each holds its separate charm, and the charm is not archaic.

Is such prose impossible any more? Certainly it is not. The heritage of the language is still ours, the birthright of our noble English tongue. Simply, we do not dare to let ourselves go. We seem tortured with the modern blight of self-consciousness; and while the cheaper magazines are almost blatant in their unblushing self-puffery, they are none the less cravenly submissive to what they deem popular demand, and turn their backs on literature, on style, as something abhorrent to a race which has been fed on the English Bible for three hundred years. Their ideal of a prose style now seems to consist of a series of staccato yips. It really cannot be described in any other way. The 'triumphantly intricate' sentence celebrated by Walter Pater would give many a modern editor a shiver of terror. He would visualize it as mowing down the circulation of the magazine like a machine gun. Rhythm and beauty of style can hardly be achieved by staccato yips. The modern magazine writer, trying to be rhetorically effective, trying to rise to the demands of heightened thought or emotional appeal, reminds one of that enthusiastic German tympanist who wrote an entire symphonic poem for kettle-drums.

I read one of the autumn crop of new novels the other day. Curiously enough, it was written by a music critic who, in his reviews of music, is constantly insisting on the primal importance of melody and harmony, who is an arch foe of the modern programme school and the whole-tone scale of Debussy. But the prose of his novel was utterly devoid of these prized elements, melody and harmony. A heavy, or sometimes turgid, journalistic commonplaceness sat upon it. I will not be unfair and tear an illustration from some passage of rightly simple narration. I will take the closing sentences from one of the climactic chapters, when the mood had supposedly risen to intensity, and, if ever, the prose would have been justified in rising to reinforce the emotion.

'The house was aroused to extravagant demonstrations. Across the footlights it looked like a brilliantly realistic piece of acting, and the audience was astonished at the vigor of the hitherto cold Americano.

'But Nagy was not deceived. Crushed, dishevelled, breathless, she knew that her dominion over him was gone forever. She had tried to show him his soul and he had begun to see the light.'

Now, an ear attuned to the melodies of English prose must surely find this commonplace, and the closing sentence of all actually as harsh as the tonalities of Strauss or Debussy seem to the writer. Let us, even if a little unfairly, set it beside a passage from *Henry Esmond*, again a climactic passage, but one where the style is climactic, also, rising to the mood.

'"You will please, sir, to remember," he continued, "that our family hath ruined itself by fidelity to yours: that my grandfather spent his estate, and gave his blood and his son to die for your service; that my dear lord's grandfather (for lord you are now, Frank, by right and title too) died for the same cause; that my poor kinswoman, my father's second wife, after giving away her honor to your wicked perjured race, sent all her wealth to the King; and got in return that precious title that lies in ashes, and this inestimable yard of blue ribbon. I lay this at your feet and stamp upon it; I draw this sword, and break it and deny you; and had you completed the wrong you designed us, by Heaven I would have driven it through your heart, and no more pardoned you than your father pardoned Monmouth. Frank will do the same, won't you, cousin?"'

This justly famous passage, be it noted, is dialogue. To-day we especially do not dare to rise above a conversational level in dialogue. We should be accused of being 'unnatural.' Does no one speak beautifully any more, then, even in real life? Are the nerve-centres so shattered in the modern anatomy that no connection is established between emotions and the musical sense? Does an exquisite mood no longer reflect itself in our voice, in our vocabulary? Does no lover rise to eloquence in the presence of his Adored? If that is the case, surely we now speak unnaturally, and it should be the duty of literature to restore our health! Nor need such speech in fiction float clear away from solid ground. Notice how Thackeray in his closing sentence — 'Frank will do the same, won't you, cousin?' — anchors his rhetoric to the earth.

We are, let it be said again, in the grasp of realism, and realism but imperfectly understood. Just as our drama aims to reproduce exactly a 'solid' room upon the stage, and to set actors to talking therein the exact speech of every day, so our oratory, so-called, is the reproduction of a one-sided conversation, and our novels (when they are worthy of consideration) are repro-

ductions of patiently accumulated details, set forth in impatiently assembled sentences. But all this does not of necessity constitute realism, because its effect is not of necessity the creation of illusion, however truthful the artist's purpose. Of what avail, in the drama, for example, are solid rooms and conversational vernacular if the characters do not come to life in our imaginations, so that we share their joys and sorrows? Of what effect are the realistic details of a novel, whether of incident or language, if we do not re-live its story as we read? Surely, the answer is plain, and therefore any literary devices which heighten the mood for us are perfectly justifiable weapons of the realist, even as they are of the romanticist. One of these devices is consciously wrought prose. For the present we plead for its employment on no higher ground than this of practical expediency.

But how, you may ask, — no, not you, dear reader, who understand, but some other chap, a poor dog of an author, perhaps, — can consciously wrought prose aid in the creation of illusion? How can it be more than pretty?

Let us turn for answer to Sir Thomas Browne, to 'The Garden of Cyrus,' to the closing numbers: —

'Besides, Hippocrates hath spoke so little, and the oneirocritical masters have left such frigid interpretations from plants, that there is little encouragement to dream of paradise itself. Nor will the sweetest delight of gardens afford much comfort in sleep, wherein the dulness of that sense shakes hands with delectable odours; and though in the bed of Cleopatra, can hardly with any delight raise up the ghost of a rose.'

That is archaic, perhaps, and not without a certain taint of quaintness to modern ears. But how drowsy it is, how minor its harmonies, how subtly soothing its languid melody! It tells, surely, in what manner consciously wrought prose may aid in the creation of illusion. The mood of sleep was here to be evoked, and lo! it comes from the very music of the sentences, from the drowsy lullaby of selected syllables.

We might choose a quite different example, from a seemingly most unlikely source, from the plays of George Bernard Shaw. One hardly thinks of Mr. Shaw with a style, but rather with a stiletto. His prefaces have been too disputative, his plays too epigrammatic, for the cultivation of prose rhythms. Yet his prose is almost never without a certain crisp accuracy of conversational cadence; his ear almost never betrays him into sloppiness; and when the occasion demands, his style can rise to meet it. The truth is, Mr. Shaw is seldom emotional, so that his crisp accuracy of speech is most often the fitting garment for his thought. But in *John Bull's Other Island* his emotions are stirred, and when Larry Doyle breaks out into an impassioned description of Ireland the effect on the imagination of the heightened prose, when a good actor speaks it, is almost startling.

'No, no; the climate is different. Here, if the life is dull, you can be dull too, and no great harm done. (*Going off into a passionate dream.*) But your wits can't thicken in that soft moist air, on those white springy roads, in those misty rushes and brown bogs, on those hillsides of granite rocks and magenta heather. You've no such colors in the sky, no such lure in the distances, no such sadness in the evenings. Oh, the dreaming! the dreaming! the torturing, heart-scalding, never-satisfying dreaming, dreaming, dreaming, dreaming! (*Savagely.*) No debauchery that ever coarsened and brutalized an Englishman can take the worth and usefulness out of him like

that dreaming. An Irishman's imagination never lets him alone, never convinces him, never satisfies him; but it makes him that he can't face reality nor deal with it nor handle it nor conquer it: he can only sneer at them that do, and (*bitterly, at Broadbent*) be "agreeable to strangers," like a good-for-nothing woman on the streets.'

This, to be sure, is prose to be spoken, not prose to be read. Different laws prevail, for different effects are sought. But the principle of cadence calculated to fit the mood, and by its melodic, or, as here, its percussive character to heighten the emotional appeal, remains the same.

But beyond the argument for cadenced prose as an aid to illusion, employed in the proper places,— that is, where intensity of imagery or feeling can benefit by it, — is the higher plea for sheer lingual beauty for its own sake. Shall realism preclude all other effects of artistic creation? Because the men on our streets, the women in our homes, talk sloppily, shall all our books be written in their idiom, all our stage characters reproduce their commonplaceness, nearly all our magazines and newspapers give no attention to the graces of style? I am pleading for no Newman of the news story, nor am I seeking to arm our muck-rakers with the pen of Sir Thomas Browne. I would not send Walter Pater to report a football game (though Stevenson could doubtless improve on most of the 'sporting editors'), nor ask that Emerson write our editorials. But there is a poor way, and there is a fine way, to write everything, and inevitably the man who has an ear for the rhythms of prose, who has been trained and encouraged to write his very best, will fit his style appropriately to his subject. He will not seek to cadence his sentences in bald narration or in exposition, but he will, nevertheless, keep them capable of natural and pleasant phrasing, he will avoid monotony, jarring syllables, false stress, and ugly or tripping terminations which throw the voice as one's feet are thrown by an unseen obstacle in the path. His paragraphs, too, will group naturally, as falls his thought. But when the subject he has in hand rises to invective, to exhortation, to the dignity of any passion or the sweep of any vision, then if his ear be tuned and his courage does not fail him he must inevitably write in cadenced periods, the effectiveness of his work depending on the adjustment of these cadences to the mood of the moment, on his skill as an artist in prose.

And just now the courage of our young men fails. The unrestrained abandonment of all art to realism, of every sort of printed page to bald colloquialism, has dulled the natural ear in all of us for comely prose, and made us deaf to more stately measures. The complete democratizing of literature has put the fear of plebeian ridicule in our hearts, and the wider a magazine's circulation, it would seem, the more harm it does to English prose, because in direct ratio to its sale are its pages given over to the Philistines, and the dignity and refinement of thought which could stimulate dignity and refinement of expression are unknown to its contributors, or kept carefully undisclosed.

I have often fancied, in penitential moments, a day of judgment for us who write, when we shall stand in flushed array before the Ultimate Critic and answer the awful question, 'What have you done with your language?' There shall be searchings of soul that morning, and searchings of forgotten pages of magazines and 'best sellers' and books of every sort, for the cadence that may bring salvation. But many shall seek and few shall find, and the

goats shall be sorted out in droves, condemned to an eternity of torture, none other than the everlasting task of listening to their own prose read aloud.

'What have you done with your language?' It is a solemn question for all of us, for you who speak as well as for us who write. Our language is a priceless heritage. It has been the ladder of life up which we climbed; with it we have bridged the sundering flood that forever rolls between man and man; through its aid have come to us the treasures of the past, the world's store of experience; by means of it our poets have wrought their measures, our philosophers their dreams. Bit by bit, precious mosaic after precious mosaic, the great body of English literature has been built up, in verse and prose, the crown of that division of language we call our own. Consciously finding itself three centuries ago, our English prose blossomed at once into the solemn splendors of the King James Bible and then into the long-drawn, ornate magnificence of Sir Thomas Browne, never again till our day to lose consciousness of its power, to forget its high and holy task, the task of maintaining our language at full tide and ministering to style and beauty. There were fluxes in the fashions, naturally; little of Browne's music being found in the almost conversational fluency (but not laxness) of Addison, even as the suave Mr. Addison himself has vanished in the tempestuous torrents of Carlyle. But there always was an Addison, a Carlyle, a Newman, a Walter Pater, whose work loomed large in popular regard, whose influence was mighty in shaping a taste for prose style. Who now, we may ask, looking around us in America, looms large in popular regard as a writer of ample vision, amply and beautifully clothed in speech, and whose influence is mighty in shaping a taste for prose style? It is not enough to have the worthies of the past upon our shelves. Each age must have its own inspiration. Again we hear the solemn question, 'What have you done with your language?' Only Ireland may answer, 'We have our George Moore, and we had our Synge not long ago — but we stoned his plays.'

We have stifled our language, we have debased it, we have been afraid of it. But some day it will reassert itself, for it is stronger than we, alike our overlord and avatar. Deep in the soul of man dwells the lyric impulse, and when his song cannot be the song of the poet it will shape itself in rhythmic prose, that it may still be cadenced and modulated to change with the changing thought and sound an obligato to the moods of the author's spirit. How wonderful has been our prose, — grave and chastely rich when Hooker wrote it, striding triumphant over the pages of Gibbon on tireless feet, ringing like a trumpet from Emerson's white house in Concord, modulated like soft organ-music heard afar in Newman's lyric moods, clanging and clamorous in Carlyle, in Walter Pater but as the soft fall of water in a marble fountain while exquisite odors flood the Roman twilight and late bees are murmurous, a little of all, perhaps, in Stevenson! We, too, we little fellows of to-day, could write as they wrote, consciously, rhythmically, if we only cared, if we only dared. We ask for the opportunity, the encouragement. Alas! that also means a more liberal choice of graver subjects, and a more extensive employment of the essay form. Milton could hardly have been Miltonic on a lesser theme than the Fall of the Angels, and Walter Pater wrote of the Mona Lisa, not Lizzie Smith of Davenport, Iowa. It is doubtless of interest to learn about Lizzie, but she hardly inspires us to rhythmic prose.

THE NOBLE ARMY

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

CONVOCATION was being held at Fisher's Forks. The opening service was just over. It was nine o'clock of the June evening. The door of the little church was open and ruddy in the gloom, and the clergy were coming out in little groups, two or three with the white surplice thrown across the arm. There was a tramping of clerical feet on the side porch of the rectory, and a pushing open of the screen door, until at last all were gathered together in the rectory living-room, — all but one, and the story of his absence was such as to make one lift drawn lips of prayer to a God, who, we believe, desires men cheery.

How free they all were, here with each other, the world for which they were working shut out for a little while! Most of them had their fads, their dreams, and it was pure jollity to talk of them freely to each other, for at home, each in his little dull gossipy village had learned to guard his speech well, and to bear the loneliness. Forder, a quiet old man, shrunken and lame, told the rector's wife of his flower-beds. Forder was perhaps the greatest living authority on the book of Job, but nobody knew it, for he never told. What he loved was roses, and sometimes he shyly sent to the *Floral Journal* a treatise on the diseases of the fair things he handled so gently.

And here O'Lane could talk in the wonderful way in which he dared so rarely to indulge. His witty tongue had already cost him three parishes and he knew it, but his friends saw that he fought with all his will against his own sarcasm, fought hardest that the caustic might not turn in upon his own soul and poison his work.

They were nearly all of them frankly poor, the shoulders of more than one clerical coat turning shiny.

'Oh, yes,' — Corning's big voice commanded a pause in the conversation, — 'we can all wipe dishes. Perhaps,' he added, 'Dailey can't.'

Dailey had inherited money. He looked down sheepishly at the cameo ring on one finger, at the gleam of gold at his fob. Without doubt Dailey was a dandy, and ashamed of it. He did not say that he had been up all night doing homely offices for a dying old man because there was no other watcher and the poor old wife was worn out.

They talked proudly of their boys in college, and openly of the ways and means of keeping them there, the sharp struggle. And the lads, too, were fighting their way pluckily; one heard bits quoted from the letters they sent home. He was the proudest father who could speak of a son in the seminary, with young face set toward the same old struggle his father knew so well; only, when the father spoke of his boy, he did not seem to remember the hardship of his calling, but only the blessing of service written on its portals.

At last the rector, who had been waylaid by a crabbed sexton, entered, swinging the church keys in his hand, mine host of the evening. All turned toward him. Perhaps no man was ever

more unconscious of the love that people bore him than the rector. He walked through life and never knew the healing in his handshake, the inspiration in his merry eyes. To-night he only knew that the brethren, each one dear to his friendly heart, were all there under his roof, and that they would have a jolly evening. He marshaled them forthwith into the study, a smoky room so small that two of the ministers had to sit on the desk and a third on the stove. The rector distributed the pipes and tobacco and cigars. He had a saucebox remark for every one, poking his fun at each in his most charming manner. He pulled a skull cap out of a drawer and set it on his thick silver hair, and leaned back, pipe in mouth, to enjoy them all, himself the heart of the group. He was fifty-five and still a boy. He clasped his hands behind his head, the long slim hands that show the generations of gentlemen. There was a black splash of court-plaster on one finger, a battle-scar from the morning's wood-chopping; he was so prone to hurt himself, the rector with the blue eyes sweet as a child's.

They smoked until the little study was cloudy, and the student lamp burned dim. It was the time for story-telling and their laughter sounded out into the blue June night. They were uproariously funny, joke capping joke. It was the camp-fire fun of soldiers whom bravery makes good laughers. Thus they kept themselves from the subject that was filling the hearts of all the brotherhood, — pity for the sorrow of the brother who was not there. There was a pause, at last broken abruptly by Everley, the young deacon: 'I suppose he will not come.'

Then they fell to talking about the absent one, until from the broken hints of the conversation even the two or three who did not know him perceived the picture of Grant's personality. 'The lad,' the rector called him, thinking of the days of Grant's diaconate, when he had driven over fortnightly to Fisher's Forks to receive instruction from the rector. It had been an illuminating study for the older man, that teaching the 'lad.' The name was fitting, for there must be something child-like in the soul of a man for whom trust in the good is inviolate, and whose hands had never been fettered in their doing. Yet Grant was not a boy, thirty-two at his ordination three years before. He had received the call in the market-place, his brother clergy said softly. Most of them had known him when he was a storekeeper, a man of great, simple righteousness, and of quaint, terse words, fraught with a philosophy of which he seemed unconscious. He had kept his hardware store at Duxbury until the very day of his ordination. He had not had experience of either college or seminary. Three of the neighboring clergymen had given him the instruction necessary for his examination for the priesthood. Corning and the rector were of these three.

They spoke now of the zest of teaching him, of their privilege in watching the growth of the inspiration burning through the man. Sometimes the lesson would be given in the rear of the store, and would be interrupted by the calls of customers, interruptions that Grant seemed not to feel, always coming back to the argument or translation at the very word where he had left off. The testament in Hebrew and the testament in Greek lay on his desk along with his ledgers and his newspaper. His teachers remembered just how he had leaned across the counter, his eyes close to theirs, and they saw again the knitting and unknitting of his right hand, often blackened with service given his assistants about the stoves, while he spoke of his faith. Questions and answers both showed a rugged,

fearless brain, and the older men, with their larger learning, listened to the words of this shopman as to a new and more profound evangel.

The testimony to the force of Grant's personality was that he had been called to the church of his own town, and for three years had worked among people who had known him from babyhood. They liked to hear the twang of their own provincialism from his lips, for he spoke to them directly as townsman to townsman. He was a great tall fellow for whom his chancel seemed too small as he walked to and fro across it in his preaching. No surplice could conceal his muscular frame, no cassock cramp the swing and stride of him. People listened to him as people do listen to a man who sees the Christ.

How strange the event that must baffle the power of their young prophet! The fellowship in the rector's little study grew silent with the pity of it. They were men used to trusting the inscrutable. Their calling showed them to the world as those chosen to declare that the Unseen is good, and yet now they wondered mutely why God had chosen to break so great a heart. They were men of a delicacy which flushed their cheeks that they should intrude even in thought on a brother's privacy. They spoke only in shy, broken words of Grant's sorrow, of Judith, his wife.

Grant had found her on a vacation visit to the South and had brought her home to his parish, with her mother, two years before. The clergy said to each other that they had always, in visiting Grant's home, found themselves boyishly bashful in his wife's presence, and ashamed of the feeling afterward, for she was a mere girl, most winsome, rounded and ringleted, and wide-eyed as a child. Grant's friends had tried to shake themselves free of a vague distrust. If Mrs. Grant had been a little less beautiful, less graceful and charming; but she was so young that surely some day she might grow up to the steadfastness of their own wives. There was really nothing for tangible reproach. It was the mother who took charge of the housekeeping and of all parish work, but the wife was always at her side, in church, in Sunday school, at the sewing society, — and yet.

It was Everley, the mystic, whose interest in Grant's wife had been greatest, an interest frequently coincident with repulsion. He thought she laughed too often, a low laugh, sweet and silvery. To Everley, Judith Grant, with her great eyes and bare, dimpled elbows, had seemed ice-hearted as a fairy, and he had wondered what fascination Grant's great soul had found in this elfin woman; not seeing that her attraction for her husband was the intensity of the attraction she had for other men, namely, mystery.

Within the last year had come whispers, swelling to a buzz of slander. When these came to the ears of the clergy they had denied them hotly, yet knowing of experience that such rumors are prone to be true. Also, his friends believed that no suspicion had ever crossed Grant's soul. Then last Saturday had come the terrible exposure, when Grant himself had found her.

And now what was left for him to do, they asked each other, asked themselves. In the shadow the tears were running down the rector's face. It was possible for him to bury her in some quiet place with her mother, and go far off to do his work, but this could not be because she was his wife. Could he then continue to preach to others with that shame in his own home? The practical side must be considered; however brilliant the minister, what church could endure a minister's wife who was a drunkard? Grant must see as clearly as they, his fellows, saw, that he would be driven from parish to parish as the

secret of his house became known. Could Grant then cease to speak the faith, with such fire and wonder of it burning in him? Would his inspiration endure, crushed as he was? Everley looked out through the open door at the stars in the Eastern sky, and prayed that his service might never be put to so terrible a test. Yet, his thought ran, if the Christ does not hold comfort for all tortures a man may feel, how is He true at all?

Five miles to westward, along a hill-road odorous with woods at night, Grant was driving fast through the star-bright darkness, coming to the Convocation, little expected as he was. The brain plays strange tricks when a strong man has not slept for three nights. He seemed to think wholly in visual images, vivid and swift as a drowning man's. He saw the growth of his faith as the withdrawing of veil after veil from across the face of Christ, until the Galilean stood forth in all simplicity of manliness. Grant's conviction had been a matter of feeling more than thought, the logic of his brain supporting the perception of his spirit. Is it possible, Grant had questioned, to draw so near to this Jesus of history that time and the physical senses are annulled, and in actuality one walks as close to his person as did Peter and John? If this is possible, the riddle of life is simple as music. With impatience Grant struck aside all other argument, all dogma of creeds and churches; if this Christ cannot be lived, he said, He is a lie; if in all the world there is one hurt He cannot heal, He is a lie. Slowly the presence had grown for him clearer and clearer and more abiding, so that he came to speak and move and think, looking straight into the eyes of Jesus. When he spoke to Him he called him 'Friend,' and their comradeship was real as that of man and man.

In the darkness a wet branch flung across Grant's face like the arm of a living thing. He struck at it savagely, then relaxed his hand, remembering that he had not slept and must be careful. Of all the things for which he could not forgive Judith, this was the hardest, the loneliness of his three days' fight with God. It came flashing over him that from the first his marriage had been unholy. Yet what more innocent than his first memory of Judith! It was in the South, and it was at the time of the flowering of the red-bud hedges. She stood on the farther side of a hedge breast-high. A spaniel was leaping toward the white rose she held high above his head. She was bare-necked, bare-armed and wore a high-waisted dress of white. Her curls were done high on her head. They were jetty black, while her skin was white and pink as a sweet pea. Her eyes were neither brown nor gray, and you could see the white below the lower rim of the iris. Her lips were so young that she looked like a child dressed as a grown-up just for fun. He had loved her and won her and brought her home, but he had never known her, he told himself now.

His first sense of being distant from her had come on the occasion of the first of the 'headaches,' now so sickeningly well understood. Judith would lock herself away, and would not let him come near her, allowing only her mother to tend her. The husband would pace below in an anguish of sympathy, only hoping that if he were patient, not insistent, he might some day grow so close to his wife that she would let him cherish her in sickness. At last Judith would come out to him, languid, with a mistiness over her eyes, and he would take her into his arms as if she had been a sick child. The disgust, the dupery of it!

Yet he wondered if he had been

wholly blind since that morning when he had seen Judith's eyes so strange, a look in them that he had never forgotten. It was a morning of sunlight after a week of rain, and he had been saying the breakfast grace. As he opened his closed eyes he met Judith's fixed on him, wide-open, inscrutable.

On and on, as he drove through the night, still those burning pictures whirled through his brain. If he could only sleep just five minutes, and forget it, forget Judith lying there on the pavement. He had turned into the village street from a country walk, and quickened his pace at seeing a crowd ahead of him. Some fight perhaps or some trouble, for a stout arm and a ringing voice to put an end to. How swiftly the men and boys fell away, to leave him to look at Judith fallen there! He sprang to her, lifted her up, turned savagely on the men who had dared to stand looking at her, not helping her. Some one answered his look, —

'We was trying to git her home, David. She just fell.'

'What happened? What's the matter?' cried Grant.

'She's drunk,' a small boy said; but some one kicked him into the gutter, and the rest stood silent.

As he looked about on that ring of faces, in all was pity, in none surprise. Over Judith's fairy form, what subtle, hideous abandonment; her lips were close to his. In Grant's brain something seemed to snap with the swiftness of his realization. In a stupor of shame he carried his wife home. At the door he met her mother, who looked at him, not at Judith, in mute horror. He laid the unconscious girl on her bed, and left her. Then he locked himself in his study. He stumbled over a hassock, and lay there on the floor on his face.

Several times that night he heard the mother come to his door, and finding it locked, shuffle away. On the morning of Sunday, she knocked timidly. He opened on her pinched, old face, long past tears.

'Here's some coffee,' she said, 'and will you — will you — preach to-day?'

'No.'

'What shall I tell people?'

'What you please. Tell them that I have nothing to say to them.' This was because the face of the Friend was turned away from him; for all night long he had cursed Him.

That day and the next and the next the mother hovered about him as often as she dared, looking the pity and alarm she might not speak. At last she said, nervously wetting her lips before she spoke, —

'You think it was all my fault, David?'

'You got it for her,' he said, not raising his head.

'She'd have killed herself if I had n't,' the mother explained in her tired, patient voice.

It was strange even to himself that he could not pity her as she stood there, a meagre old woman plucking her knitted shawl.

'What are you going to do to us?' she whispered.

'Nothing.'

The answer seemed to fill her with alarm.

'What are you going to do yourself?' she asked.

'I don't know.'

'O David, isn't it true any more, what you've preached?'

'I don't know.'

'You poor boy!' she pressed her hand on his head; 'I wish we all were dead!'

He had never asked after Judith or seen her from Saturday until to-day, Tuesday. As he had sat in his study this afternoon, his eyes turned from the light, she had come stealing in. She wore a white wrapper and her hair was

unbraided. She knelt down beside him with her elbows on his knee. She looked soft and lovely as a little girl. 'When are you going to forgive me, Davy?' she asked. It filled him with disgust that she should be there in his study in a white wrapper, with her hair loose. He looked down into her face, silent. Suddenly she sprang away from him. She stood grasping the black marble of his mantelpiece with one tense hand, a quivering fury.

'You dare not to love me! You dare to look at me like that! Do you think I'll be good now, ever, ever? You — you fool!'

He noticed that she was barefooted; the words broke from him, —

'Go and dress yourself!'

He could hear her laughing all the way upstairs.

'Oh, God, God, God!' he groaned. God had sent a demon to laugh in his ears like that all his life, and did God think that he would forgive Him, would go on praying to Him, and preaching for Him! Now he, too, was laughing.

Once Grant had said, If He cannot help, He is a lie. But through all this, he found that he could not annul God. For the Friend sat just on the other side of the desk, actually seen, the sweep of the robe, the sandaled feet, motionless; only now He sat with face averted, for again and again across the desk Grant had whispered, 'Curse Thee! Curse Thee!'

Out in the street a boy's call fell with the torture of a goad on Grant's nerves. He could have struck the child down; then he shivered at the horror he was becoming. He had never hated before, and he hated those footfalls upstairs. He spoke to the Friend. 'O don't you see that I must have sleep?' he said.

He found himself talking as if in a dream, complaining like a little child.

'The loneliness is hurting my head. There is n't anybody to take care of me. Somebody must help me.' A paper fluttered off the desk-top. He stooped to pick it up, and found it the notice of the Convocation. It was this very day, now. They were all there, those strong, sweet men of whose company he was. There was relief in the mere thought of pressing their hands, looking into their eyes. They were old, some of them, yet unfaltering; perhaps they might teach him how to forgive God.

Thus it was that he found himself driving down the long hills toward the lights of Fisher's Forks, and drawing rein before the rectory.

Just outside the screen-door of the rector's study a tall form loomed, a white face looked in on them. There was an instant's lull of surprise, then they gave him welcome simply and heartily as if he had been expected. Corning leading, they resumed the merry talk of the earlier evening. They let Grant sit unheeded in the shadow; only Everley's eyes watched him, questioning, 'Is Christ true?' And the rector's pity brooded over the 'lad.' Presently the door opened on the little glowing Millicent, in a crimson dress, white-aproned; her black curls fell about her face, and her lips were pursed with anxiety, for she carried a tray of coffee-cups, and it was difficult in the crowded study to move about and serve the guests without any spilling. She came to Grant last, and setting down her empty tray, snuggled into his arms, for they were comrades. In the night outside, the moon was just rising over the rim of hills. There was freer air out there. Unobserved, Grant and the little girl slipped out. They seated themselves on the bench under the apple tree, where they could watch the moon float up on their right, and on the left look into the study. They could hear scraps of the good cheer there. The tension of Grant's brain was less-

ening. He could feel a lassitude steal all over his body to the ends of his fingers; in all his life he had never felt so tired. He was too tired to hate Judith now, too tired to fight God. The Friend had followed him; He sat on Grant's other side; Grant could not get away from Him.

Grant looked toward the genial fellowship in the study and, listening to quip and laugh, remembered how he had thought cheer the finest praise. On all those faces there was wistfulness and peace and honest fun. Grant was recalling what he knew of the lives of these his friends. Corning, bluff, jovial, bravest of buffoons — Grant remembered the cry of the idiot child amid the play of Corning's little ones. He saw again the whitening of the father's lips as he told him how his son had been made a changeling by a nurse's carelessness. Forder sat in a corner of the bookcase, chuckling quietly to himself over the jokes. Once on a summer evening while they walked among the rose plants, Forder had talked to him very quietly, looking across the line of village gardens toward the peace of the hills, of the baby the dead wife had left to him to rear; of the boy who had run away from him. For a long time the father had hunted for him, always finding him sunk in worse and worse evil, until at last he had come home quietly to his bachelor housekeeping and the binding of roses in summer evenings. O'Lane, brilliant and witty; Grant knew that always there walked at his heel the spectre of insanity. And the rector, growing old, but still sunshine-hearted — there was a daughter of whom the rector never spoke, though she was ten years dead, a wonderful girl dying at seventeen, and only because they could not buy the southern sunshine that would have given her life. Since her death the rector had always walked with a stoop, and he had never spoken her name. Had they all, all those black-coated men in the study, had their fight with God? If so God had prevailed, for their laughter rang true. The noble army of martyrs praise Thee — the words sounded and resounded through Grant's brain.

It was by no means usual for the brotherhood to close such an evening as this with prayer, but their hearts were over-full to-night, and all were glad when the rector asked them to kneel. He offered the Collect for God's care in the darkness, then they said, 'Our Father.' Out in the moonlight, Grant still sat motionless. There was a pause; then the rector with closed, uplifted eyes prayed, —

'O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,'

'Grant us thy peace,' they whispered.

'O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,'

'Have mercy upon us!'

Grant had fallen on his knees in the grass.

'God, I forgive Thee,' he said. 'O Friend, come back!'

Half an hour later the rector sought them. Millicent's head was on Grant's shoulder, but his lips were pressed to the hair of the woman whom God had commanded him to pity. The rector, coming up behind them, laid a hand on each head.

'It is late,' he said, 'time to say your prayers and go to bed, children.'

THE CLASSICS AGAIN

A DIALOGUE CONCERNING THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY[1]

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

BROWN, *a historian.* JONES, *a clergyman.*
ROBINSON, *a dilettante.*

Scene, Brown's apartment.

BROWN; *enter* JONES.

Brown. — How d' do, Jones, delighted to see you. I hope that you are very well.

Jones. — Very well, my dear boy, and you? How are you getting on with your work? Have you the German microscope under your eye? Are you putting the atomic theory to use in history?

[*Enter* ROBINSON]

Robinson. — How d' do, how d' do? How are you, parson? And how are you, Mommsen Gregorovius Macaulay?

Brown. — I have been loafing lately. I felt the need of contrast, of looking about me a little at the actual world. If one does not turn away from dead records occasionally, one is in danger of forgetting that history professes to be a record of life.

Jones. — Does it? If the histories that I see record life, the world has been horribly dull. All past generations of Germans must have been delighted to die. I dare say that history should be a record of life; it certainly should record enough of human experience to teach us, the living, what to do and what to let alone. History ought to be of service; that is its justification.

Robinson. — Yes, service in a broad sense, that whatever adds an interest to life is serviceable. I don't mean to correct you, *mon vieux*, but I am afraid you are tarred with the notion of a moral interpretation of history.

Jones. — You can't avoid the moral interpretation of history, *mon cher*, unless you are willing to eliminate from our lives metaphysics, ethics, relig —

Robinson. — Gladly, gladly!

Brown. — Have a cigar?

[*They take cigars and light them*]

Jones [*picking up a book*]. — Hullo! You, too, have got the Loeb Classical Library. Have you looked at it?

Brown. — Yes, a little, at the first volumes that have come out.

Robinson. — I subscribed the other day. I have an empty shelf at the top of my bookcase that needs to be filled up. I call it my *Via Appia*, because I bury the classics there.

Jones. — Do you frequent it?

Robinson. — I read them on Sunday mornings as an excuse for not attending your church.

Jones. — I'm more than glad to

[1] The Loeb Classical Library. Edited by T. F. PAGE and W. H. D. ROUSE. The Macmillan Co.

have you listen to louder preachers of piety than I am.

Brown. — Seriously, how do you like them? I mean do you think it worth while to republish the classics? This publication sounds like a challenge.

Robinson. — It is a challenge, a serious challenge. It raises the question of the worth of the classics in its broadest form.

Jones. — You mean the value of the classics in education as opposed to the value of science?

Robinson. — No, although that question is included. This is a challenge, not from a man of science, but from one of ourselves, — I mean from a man who is interested in literature and professes a belief in the classics, — demanding to know what we honestly, not professionally, not conventionally, but what, honor-bright, we think of the classics. The Loeb Classical Library says as distinctly as a dozen or twenty published volumes, with ten-score-odd to follow, can say: 'Come, you are no longer able to take refuge in the inadequacy of your school and college; you can no longer say that if you had but the necessary time to polish up your Greek, to practice your Latin, you would have Euripides in one pocket and Lucretius in the other, and in odd moments be gratifying your natural appetite for the classics. You have no further excuses. Do you or do you not care a rap about us?' Here is, indeed, an embarrassing question for us who have always upheld the classics with our lips, for it does not come from the camp of the men of science, but from our own friends. So long as the classics were safely locked up in their Greek and Latin cupboards, we were always able to defend ourselves with an 'if.' This hypothetical, and, it is to be feared, sometimes hypocritical, defense, is no longer open to us, now that the cupboards are unlocked; we have but to turn the handle and we shall be able to satisfy our hunger. Mr. Loeb has done the cause of honesty a good turn. We can no longer shuffle and evade, we must confront the question, What do the classics mean to us?

Brown. — Well, if this is a challenge, it is a fair challenge. Mr. Loeb has taken a generous view of the classics. His library, according to the announcement, will contain not merely the literatures of ancient Greece and ancient Rome, but also the literature of early Christianity, as well as whatever there is of value and interest in later Greek and Latin literature until the fall of Constantinople. So wide a range, shelf upon shelf, eliminates whatever objections individual taste might have raised to a narrower selection.

Jones. — Suppose that we were to take up the challenge and endeavor to frame an answer to this question. Should we not first have to face the preliminary question, what does literature in general do for us? Must not that question be answered before we say just what the classical literatures mean to us?

Brown. — Well, let's see if we do not agree on the value of literature in general. In the first place we all agree that life is a marvelous happening. We find ourselves here in the midst of a vast flux of forces. Men of science bid us fit ourselves for this wonderful experience by studying matter and energy, the earth and its materials, the air, gases, electricity, chemical activities, germs, all the phenomena that touch our senses. This is sound advice; we human beings are frail creatures, sensitive to the play of this infinite variety of forces. We feel, we suffer, we enjoy. In fact our intelligence is a contrivance of nature to protect and guard our sensitiveness. Yet these forces of nature, these mysterious gods, so potent in sky, air, and earth, noble and terrible in lightning

and tempest, in comet and earthquake, in the very great and the very little, manifest themselves still more terribly and still more nobly in human form. Our fellow men are the forces that make our life a pleasure or a pain, a happiness or a vain thing. From them come love, affection, sympathy, approbation, distrust, disapproval, hate. They are the forms of energy that we need chiefly to study, and as it is difficult to learn lessons from actual life, it is important to study these human energies in the past, where at our leisure we can go over and over the record; there the results of causes are chronicled as well as the causes themselves.

Robinson. — But you are talking of history, not literature.

Brown. — Literature is the only real history. The main records of the past are not contained in Gibbon, in Guizot, in Egyptian tombs, or in the fossils of the Wind River beds, but in the books of men who have recounted their experience of life. From their experience we learn how best to fulfil the duty of self-preservation.

Robinson. — You give literature a terribly utilitarian twist. You present the obverse of the Delphic motto, *Know Thyself;* you say, *Know Other Men.*

Jones. — Brown is right so far as he goes; but he stops short. Brown is too eager to meet the men of science on their own ground; he forgets what we of the cloth regard as more important than the body. The primary function of literature is to feed the soul.

Robinson. — The soul is a matter of metaphysics; but literature is a part of our earth, it grows in the ground like an oak. Define what you mean.

Jones. — I can't; the soul won't submit to definition. It is illimitable. It is as much a yearning as anything else. On the one hand it comes into relation with God, on the other to matter. It's relation to material things is to take what they have to give, to nourish itself by that taking, to feed on love, on self-purification, to grow strong by detaching itself from hate, from vulgarity, from grossness. The preservation of the soul is quite as important as the preservation of the body, and it needs not only the robust food offered by daily life, but the daintier food, often more nourishing, more invigorating, of literature. For in literature the souls of men express themselves with more freedom and greater clearness than they do in actual life. It is hard to express the soul in deeds; for life offers many hindrances, and the deeds of the soul are often blurred by the trivial or gross happenings of life, so that they no longer exhibit the qualities of the soul, whereas in literature the soul has been able to reveal itself most completely. So I value literature chiefly as the record of human souls. A knowledge of spiritual life in others helps my own spiritual life.

Robinson. — That may apply to Thomas-à-Kempis or the *Vita Nuova*, but how about *Madame Bovary*, or *Il Fuoco?*

Jones. — The records of a sick soul, of a dying soul, teach lessons as well as the records of a healthy soul. The pathology of the soul is a necessary part of spiritual knowledge.

Robinson. — You fellows take professional views. Your wits have been subdued to your callings. Life is not an endeavor to attain or to ward off, it is a matter of entertainment; it is neither a school nor a chapel, it is a theatre. Melancholy Jacques said the last word on that subject. Men and women are players, endlessly playing tragedy, comedy, farce, or more commonly a piece composed of all three. We must look at life objectively. The spectator's business is to interest himself in the plot, to welcome the thrill of tragedy, to smile at the comic, to laugh at the

farcical, and all the time to take his presence at the play as a privilege, to value the lighted theatre far higher than the unknown without, where there is neither light nor sound. Literature is the record of past life. It is a play within the play and to be taken at the same estimate as life, as an opportunity for a most varied entertainment.

Brown. — If our views are professional, your view is the most professional of all. This universe as we see it, the result of toil, patience, energy, beyond the reach of man's imagination —

Robinson. — Exists for the sake of the dilettante. Precisely; there is no other possible hypothesis.

Jones. — Well, let us not wander too far from the subject. How does all this apply to the three literatures that Mr. Loeb has gathered together for the sake of challenging us?

II

Brown. — Our opinions of literature are, as I understand them, of this general purport. Literature, according to me, shows us the nature of our fellow men; that is, it portrays those manifestations of force which most affect us during our pilgrimage through life, and therefore enables us to use those forces to our advantage or to prevent them from doing us hurt. According to Jones, literature, being in its deepest sense the tale of the spiritual experiences of men, of the success or failure of the human soul, teaches us how to educate our own souls. Or, if we follow Robinson, and regard life primarily as a spectacle, then literature adds immensely to the richness of the show by supplementing the incompleteness of the present with the greater completeness of the past, and so adds to the value of life.

If we commit ourselves to these principles, how do we apply them to the three literatures which the first volumes of the Loeb Classical Library present to our attention; how, to begin with, to the literature of early Christianity? That seems to fall rather more in your province, Jones, than in ours. What do you think of the volumes of the Apostolic Fathers and of St. Augustine?

Jones. — I fear I shall have to begin, as I used to begin my lectures at the theological school, with some general statements. Will you please bear with me, Robinson?

Robinson. — Reverie, if not sleep, is always open to me.

Jones. — Christianity is the fruit of the maternal tenderness in humanity; it was born of the great throbs of compassion for mortal sorrows, and at birth dedicated itself to the ennoblement of mankind, for in ennoblement, as it believed, lies our only hope of happiness. The first disciples were sensitive men, ignorant of, or indifferent to, the pleasures of the world, who rejoiced in the belief that self-sacrifice for an ideal is the solution of life's enigma. The history of the beginning of Christianity is the most famous literature in our western world, and, I suppose, fulfills Robinson's requirements as well as Brown's and mine.

In that first period of Christian history the sacred fire was lighted. In the second period the task was of a different order; that second task was to keep the sacred fire alive, and so, in order to protect it from the winds and rain, the disciples of the first disciples built about it the great edifice of the Church. In the book of the Apostolic Fathers, which contains the Epistles of Clement, of Ignatius, and of Polycarp, this devout process is plainly at work. [*Jones goes to the table and picks up* 'The Apostolic Fathers.'] The scene is in the Roman Empire, the time is at the end of the first and the beginning of the

second century, and yet we are at once aware that we have left the precincts of the ancient world and have entered the purlieus of the Middle Ages. There, before us, crowned with light or darkness, as you may please to think, rises the mighty fabric of the Holy Roman Church. Certainly, my dear Robinson, by this event the theatre of history was greatly enriched.

Robinson. — The early Christians make a most interesting episode. But you must not exaggerate their piety. The Emperor Hadrian, who was inclined, like me, to look upon life as a theatre, wrote to his friend Servianus a few words about the Christians in Egypt. 'Egypt, which you praised to me so warmly, my dear Servianus, I found altogether frivolous, unstable, and shifting with every breath of rumor. Their one god is money, him Christians, Jews, and Gentiles alike adore.'

Jones. — The emperor was looking for diversion and failed to get anything more than diversion; and so when he wished to satisfy his longing for beauty, for an element of poetry in life, he could rise no higher than the gaze at Antinöus. The Christians of Egypt may have adored Mammon, but there were Christians in Syria and Asia Minor who did not. Here in this book is proof. It contains poetry, exquisite poetry; it asserts that poetry is the order of the universe, that poetry is truth. It is worth while, in our search after nourishment for the soul, to come upon men who believe this. In actual life there may be many such people, but they are hard to find; those who live poetry are, in my experience, very shamefaced about it. Let me read you this. [*Reads from Clement.*] 'The heavens moving at his appointment are subject to Him in peace'; — but no, that is too long, I will merely read you his prayer.

'Grant us to hope on thy name, the source of all creation, open the eyes of our heart to know thee, that thou alone art the highest in the highest, and remainest holy among the holy. Thou dost humble the pride of the haughty, thou dost destroy the imaginings of nations, thou dost raise up the humble and abase the lofty, thou makest rich and makest poor, thou dost slay and make alive, thou alone art the finder of spirits and art God of all flesh, thou dost look on the abysses, thou seest into the works of man, thou art the helper of those in danger, the saviour of those in despair, the creator and watcher over every spirit . . . Save those of us who are in affliction, have mercy on the lowly, raise the fallen, show thyself to those in need, heal the sick, turn again the wanderers of thy people, feed the hungry, ransom our prisoners, raise up the weak, comfort the faint-hearted; let all "nations know thee, that thou art God alone," and that Jesus Christ is thy child, and that we are thy people, and the sheep of thy pasture.'

Is there not something to be learned from people whose life is centred in poetry? Does not their idea of what is worth while teach us something, which we, looking about us, would not be able to find for ourselves? Do we not need, in a world preoccupied with chemistry, physics, biology, to remember that many men have found extraordinary help in prayer? Listen to this: 'Love of joy and of gladness,' says the epistle of Barnabas, 'is the testimony of the works of righteousness.' 'None of these things [sundry duties to be done] are unknown to you if you possess perfect faith towards Jesus Christ, and love, which are the beginning and end of life; for the beginning is faith and the end is love, and when the two are joined together in unity, it is God, and all other noble things follow after them.

No man who professes faith sins, nor does he hate who has obtained love.' On these wings the early Christians flew high above poverty, sickness, oppression, envy, and meanness; they found the key that unlocked for them the riches of life; they discovered what we are all seeking; they became, as Barnabas says, τέκνα εὐφροσύνης, Children of Mirth. If a knowledge of early Christian literature will help us to learn from them, there is something to be said for it.

Robinson. — I agree that the picture of these men dragging their chains from Antioch to Rome, merely fearful lest some untoward chance should deprive them of the joy of being devoured by wild beasts, is highly melodramatic. The Roman amphitheatre has claims on the gratitude of posterity.

Brown. — The interest really lies in the singular power that these men displayed. Here is a belief-engendered energy that shames the dynamo. Polycarp had a countless line of ancestors, stretching immeasurably back to the beginnings of organic life on this globe, and each parent in that countless line transmitted to his child one great duty, to shun death; and for unnumbered generations every child obeyed, until there in Antioch, Polycarp, under the influence of a fantastic belief, broke that primal law as if it had been a dry twig. In fact, these Christians claimed to control a very potent form of energy, and their method of exercising that control was by prayer. This is a matter of psychological interest; we cannot study this power too closely, nor can we make too many experiments in the hope of becoming able to draw upon it at will. I think that Jones is making out a good case for his view of the value of literature.

Jones. — As I seem to have the floor, I will go ahead with this other book, these two red volumes, '*The Confessions of St. Augustine*, which, in point of history constitutes another stage in the development of Christianity. The pages, it is true, contain a great mist of rhetorical piety (if that phrase is not too unsympathetic); but out of this mist every now and again emerge some human details, with the peculiar charm that bits of landscape have when a fog lifts and the greens of field and wood shine in summer sunlight. St. Augustine certainly has not neglected to gratify Robinson's taste for the theatre. But the real significance of the *Confessions* lies in its contribution to our understanding of the soul. Will you bear with me while I read a little more?

Brown. — Fire away.

Jones. — The twelfth chapter of the eighth book recounts Augustine's retreat to a garden after a struggle between the Spirit and the Flesh. It tells how a rush of emotion overcame him, how he flung himself down under a fig tree and cried out between his sobs [*reads*]: 'And then, O Lord, how long, how long, Lord, wilt thou be angry? for ever? Remember not our former iniquities (for I found myself to be still enthralled by them). Yea, I sent up these miserable exclamations, How long? how long still, "to-morrow and to-morrow"? Why not now? Wherefore even this very hour is there not an end put to my uncleanness?' Then he heard a young voice, like a boy's or girl's, say in a sort of chant, 'Tolle, lege, — Take up, and read.' So he went back to the apostle's book and read, 'Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof.' He needed to read no further, 'for instantly . . . all the darkness of doubting vanished away.' His friend, Alypius, hearing of Augustine's experience, shares in its effect. They go to Monica, — *Inde ad matrem ingredimur, indicamus: gaudet.* There is a simplicity and direct-

ness in the Latin that is ill-rendered by 'From that place we went to my mother and told her. She was overjoyed.'

And if any one is impatient to learn, in the space of a single page, the cause of the triumph of Christianity, let him turn to the tenth chapter of the ninth book, where Augustine and Monica, while they wait at Ostia for a ship to carry them home to Carthage, commune with one another on their religion, leaning out of the window that looked into the garden. They are considering what the Gospel means by the words, 'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' I use my own translation in part. Saint Augustine says [*reads*]: —

'Suppose that the tumult of the flesh be still, that the phantasm of the earth, the waters, the air, and the heavens be silent, that the soul itself be silent, and by not thinking of itself transcend itself, that dreams be silent and all the revelations of the imagination, and every tongue and every sign; suppose that every moving thing be silent altogether (for, if any one listen, all things say, we have not made ourselves, but He that is everlasting made us). Suppose, after they have said this, that they keep silent, since they have lifted up our ears to Him that made them, and that He speak alone, not by them but of Himself, so that we hear his voice, not by tongue of flesh, neither by voice of angel, nor by sound of thunder, nor by the riddle of allegory, but that we hear Him, whom in his creatures we love, that we hear Him without them — just as we now reach out and by swift thought touch the eternal wisdom that overspreads all things. Suppose that this exaltation of soul continue, and that all visions that are not in keeping be taken away, but this vision ravish the seer, swallow him up, and immerse him in inward joy, so that his life forever shall be such as was his moment of understanding, for which we have yearned. Is not this: Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?'

Brown. — You are right. Such lives are lessons in the largest sense. What you have read is not merely the meditation of a philosopher, pondering over an hypothesis that the mind might entertain, but a vital, creative energy sprung from a particular, definite belief. Such a life as his gives significance to metaphysics. Here is a force as little understood as radium or the magnetic pole, and it seems to have a greater power than they; Augustine's belief dominated his life, and through him dominated a world, bringing nobleness and joy. I quite agree with you, Jones.

Robinson. — As a spectator, I applaud. Had Augustine not lived, my seat in this singular playhouse would have been of less value.

III

Brown. — After all, the classics of Rome and Greece constitute the bulk of the Loeb Library. It is they that ask, 'What do we mean to you?'

Jones. — I suppose that you have in mind their direct influence upon us; for indirectly, we all admit, they have affected us enormously.

Brown. — Yes, their direct effect upon us.

Robinson. — Unfortunately, they have no *direct* effect upon us.

Jones. — Because we neglect them?

Robinson. — No; but because with our inheritance, we cannot, or at least do not, look upon the classics with our own eyes.

Brown. — Explain yourself.

Robinson. — We are children of the Italian Renaissance. That movement, so far as it concerns the classical world, was an interpretation; and the interpretation that the Renaissance adopted has been handed down to us. This

tradition has determined how we shall look, how we shall see, what, in short, our conception of the Greek and Latin classics shall be.

Jones. — You are not speaking of scholars, are you?

Robinson. — No; I speak of the conventional conception of the classics entertained by persons who are not scholars. Scholars have their own academic conventions concerning the classics, contrived by Selden, Porson, Jebb, and their coadjutors of Paris, Leipsic, and Berlin; with that I have nothing to do. I refer to the definite, conventional conception of the classics that has become a part of our western culture. This conception was shaped for us by the Italians of the Renaissance. To them the great world of Rome, of law, of culture, of civilization, that lifted its distant head above the coarse, inane happenings of the Middle Ages, was a golden time — *Saturnia regna;* it appeared to them as the Alps first appeared to young Ruskin, rising in snow-capp'd, inaccessible glory. In this matter, we are disciples of the Renaissance. We dress our minds in clothes of its fashioning. Dante's invocation to Virgil, in the wild wood in which he had lost his way,

Or se' tu quel Virgilio?

is, as it were, the first modern cry of greeting to the great figures of the ancient world. Then follows Petrarch's adoration of Cicero, and Boccaccio's eulogy of Rome. All the stirrings of the Italian mind turned toward the mighty past of Rome. From Italy this Italian conception of the classics spread to the north. France took fire. On and on the admiration of the achievements of antiquity proceeded, invading England and Germany; and finally in the eighteenth century it burst out again with renewed power.

But, as you know, Brown, far better than I, of all this multitude of admirers, imitators, and eulogists of the classical world, they who have had most effect in fashioning our popular idea of what that world means, are the great Germans, Winckelmann, Lessing, and Goethe. They, more than the others, justified the tradition and imposed upon us the conception that the antique world was compact of sobriety, poise, measure and proportion, qualities that we find crammed into our word 'classical.' Lessing says, somewhere, 'It was the happy privilege of the ancients never to pass beyond or stop short of the proper limit.' Winckelmann expressed the same idea, and Goethe spent a lifetime seeking to impress this same conception upon conduct. 'A man,' he says, 'may accomplish much through directing individual abilities to one goal; he may accomplish the unusual through the union of several capacities; but the wholly unpredictable, the *Unique*, he achieves only if all his powers unite together in even measure. The last was the happy lot of the Ancients, especially the Greeks of the best time.'

Brown. — Nevertheless, in spite of Goethe's reference to the Greeks, in spite of Winckelmann's and Lessing's belief that they were holding up Greek models to the world, in spite of the French classical tragedy, or the universal admiration of Homer, the meaning of the word 'classical' for them was Latin, not Greek.

Jones. — That is true, of course.

Brown. — Therefore, although sobriety, measure, repose, are contained in our word classical, there is a definiteness, a circumscription, a conventionality, a practicality, in the phrase, that could only have come from Latin influence. Our conception of the classics is Latin or at best Græco-Latin. If the shapers of the classical tradition had been bred upon Greece instead of upon Rome, they never could have

attempted to cram the meaning of ancient Greece into a conception which could be represented by a single phrase, even when that phrase — sobriety, measure, repose — has so much convenience to recommend it. You agree to this, Robinson, don't you?

Robinson. — Oh, yes; you are perfectly right. My point was that we accept the classics upon a wholly traditional valuation; and I was going to add that one of the great services which Mr. Loeb's classical library renders is that we are morally obliged to look at the classics, so far as it is possible, with our own eyes and make up our own minds about them. We must take the word classical down from its pedestal and see what it really means.

Jones. — You were quite right, Robinson, to call our attention to this tradition, but you have digressed from the point. Let us get back to the subject we started with: What do these Greek and Latin classics mean to us?

Robinson. — Excuse me, parson, but I meant to remove an obstacle from our path.

Jones. — It is for me, sir, to apologize; you were wholly right. Unluckily the clock warns me that we have gone past half our time.

IV

Brown. — We all agree, I suppose, that the study of poise, measure, sobriety, self-control, would be of great advantage to us. And if tradition, no matter how it originated, ascribes to the literature of Greece and Rome those qualities, it is worth while to consider the matter and find out if there be any truth in that tradition.

I think that a hasty glance at Greek literature will contradict tradition very flatly, and show that these traits were no more characteristic of the Greeks as human beings, than of ourselves. [*Goes to bookcase and takes down one or two books.*] Take Homer, and you see that the Greeks acted under the push of passion with the energy of their southern temperament. When Achilles is angry with Agamemnon he says: 'Thou heavy with wine, thou with face of dog and heart of deer.' And when he has struck down Hector of the glancing plume, he spurns his entreaties: 'Entreat me not, dog, by knees or parents. Would that my heart's desire could so bid me myself to carve and eat raw thy flesh, for the evil thou hast wrought me, as surely there is none that shall keep the dogs from thee, not even should they bring ten or twentyfold ransom and here weigh it out, and promise even more; not even were Priam, Dardano's son, to bid pay thy weight in gold, not even so shall thy lady mother lay thee on a bed to mourn her son, but dogs and birds shall devour thee utterly.' And after Hector is dead, 'Other sons of the Achaians ran up around, who gazed upon the stature and marvelous goodliness of Hector. Nor did any stand by but wounded him, and thus would many a man say looking toward his neighbor: "Go to, of a truth far easier to handle is Hector now than when he burnt the ships with blazing fire." Thus would many a man say, and wound him as he stood hard by.'

Achilles is a passionate child, and the Homeric Greeks an emotional, excitable people. In Sophocles, you remember how the mad Ajax is described as mistaking sheep for his enemies. 'Of part, he cut the throats on the floor within; some, hewing their sides, he rent asunder. Then he caught up two white-footed rams; he sheared off the head of one, and the tongue-tip, and flung them away; the other he bound upright to a pillar, and seized a heavy thong of horse-gear, and flogged with shrill, doubled lash, while he uttered

revilings which a god, and no mortal, had taught.'

The *Trojan Women* is one long wail, and *Philoctetes* is almost as full of self-pity as *Obermann*. Even the aphorisms of Sophocles are often as intemperate as the utterances of the Hebrew prophets: —

'Searching out all things, thou in most men's acts wilt find but baseness.'

'A woman's oaths I write upon the waves.'

'Man is but breath and shadow, nothing more.'

Jones. — How about the lyric poets?

Brown. — From Archilochus to Bion there is passionate intensity. Passion can never be temperate, it forgets all else and concentrates itself on its own piercing sensation; that was true of the Greeks as of all hot-blooded human beings —

Robinson. — I suppose that those early Italians really based their classical formula on architecture, on the Greek temple and the Roman arch, and on sculpture, much more than on literature.

Jones. — Critics have always confounded the arts; they apply terms of painting to music, of music to architecture, of architecture to literature, and call their confusion criticism.

Brown. — Poor fellows! Perhaps you need not put them all into one category. But Robinson is right, I think, in assuming that the traditional idea of Greek literature has been taken from Greek sculpture and architecture. The makers of the tradition did not know Greek literature. You cannot compress the Greeks' expression of their experience of life into a single formula. Professor Wheeler says that Æschylus is 'mystic and transcendental'; Professor Shorey that 'the antithesis of classical and realistic is as false as the opposition of classic and romantic.' Mr. Gilbert Murray speaks of the 'terrible emotional' power possessed by Thucydides; and in another passage he warns us of the danger of serious misapprehension that lies in inferences based upon the judgment of the scribes who selected but a small portion of the great mass of Greek literature for preservation. [*Takes up magazine and reads*]: 'When one reads accounts in textbooks of the characteristics of the Greek mind: its statuesque quality, its love of proportion and order and common-sense, its correct rhetoric and correct taste, its anthropomorphism and care for form, and all those other virtues which sometimes seem, when added together, to approach so dangerously near the total of dull correctness and spiritual vacuity, it is well to remember that the description applies not to what the ancient Greeks wrote, but to what the late Roman and Byzantine scholars preserved.'

Robinson. — How about Latin literature? You stated that the tradition of classical sobriety, so far as it is based on literature at all, is based much more on the Latin classics than on the Greek? Perhaps Latin will justify, at least to some extent, the traditional view.

Brown. — I can see no better ground for the tradition with regard to Latin than to Greek. Italian tradition having assumed that the ancient Roman character was like the masonry of the Colosseum, went further and assumed that Latin literature must have depicted it as such. But if we go behind the tradition and look directly at the Latin literature which depicts Roman character, we find that the ancient Romans were very much like ourselves, with no more poise, measure, sobriety, or repose than we Americans of to-day possess, if indeed as much. They were men like ourselves. Terence's famous line, —

Homo sum: humani nil a me alienum puto, —

sums up, as well as is possible in a single line, our two modern charac-

teristics, human curiosity and human sympathy. Terence's *dramatis personæ* have no suggestion of brick, travertine, or mortar.

Take the familiar lines of Catullus,—

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius æstimemus assis.

Let us live, my Lesbia, and love,
And all the carping of stern old men
Let us rate at a penny's worth.

Read the verses in which Propertius bids his fellow-poet Gallus beware of falling in love with Cynthia, —

Non ego tum potero solacia ferre roganti.

Were you to come, I could not console you.

And again, take his complaint, —

Me mediæ noctes, me sidera prona jacentem,
Frigidaque Eoo me dolet aura gelu.

I lie prostrate, pitied by midnight, by the setting stars
And the air cold with the frost of morning.

Or, since Propertius fills one of the first volumes in the Loeb Classical Library, read the beautiful last farewell of Cornelia, daughter of Cornelius Scipio, to her husband Paullus, —

Fungere maternis vicibus, pater.

You, Father, must fill a mother's place;

Evidently the Romans had the same affections and passions as we moderns. The verses of Tibullus to Delia tell the same tale: —

Te videam suprema mihi cum venerit hora:
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu!

Thee shall I look at when my last hour comes;
Thee, as I die, my failing hand shall hold.

Robinson. — But, if you disregard the meaning and listen only to the words, you find a dignity, a massiveness, in the Latin syllables that modern literature seldom or never has.

Brown. — There you come close to the cause of the tradition. Compare Italian with Latin and you perceive why the humanists of the Renaissance found poise, measure, sobriety, and repose in classical literature.

Jones. — I am a little confused. Am I to understand that you wholly reject the tradition of poise, measure, sobriety and self-control, as having no affinity with classical literature?

Brown. — Not at all. The tradition, begun by the Italians of the Renaissance, is based on a false analogy to sculpture and architecture, and on the contrast between our modern Romance languages and Latin; but I believe that those qualities, though they do not lie in the character or disposition of the ancients, are qualities of their method of expression.

V

Robinson. — Translation is the work of a hod-carrier. It carries from one language to another only the grosser parts that can be loaded and ferried across; it leaves behind both form and color. Mathematics are the same in German, Italian, and English; but the simplest word has an individuality as marked as that of a human child. To the ears of familiarity and affection no other sequence of syllables can reproduce the tenderness of the mother tongue. By means of the Loeb Classical Library the reader of little Latin and less Greek has an opportunity to turn from the English and pick up a phrase or two, a word, perhaps, here and there; merely to do so puts him in the spiritual presence of the original. He is then, as it were, reading about a person's experiences, with the privilege at any moment of looking up to see that person's face.

Jones. — That is true; but our question is, how do the classics themselves help us?

Robinson. — The answer lies in one little word, *art*. The classics, more than any modern literature, teach us

art, and art is the conscious purpose of man to make this world more beautiful. Philip Sidney says that the object of poetry is to make this too-much-loved world more lovely; I should extend his definition a little further and say that the object of art is to make this world more lovely, more lovable, and more loved.

Modern literature, compared with ancient literature, is careless, slipshod, not wholly grown-up; it has little sense of responsibility. The chief duty it sets before itself is to hold the mirror up to nature and reflect the unintelligible happenings of life, in all their confusion, their inconsistency, their inanity. Ancient literature was dominated by a very different purpose, it had a profound sentiment of high duty. The creation, so it seemed to the ancients, had been left incomplete, and man, as the creature most divine, was charged with the labor of carrying on the uncompleted task. With bold hearts the Greeks set to work to piece out the incompleteness with literature, especially with poetry, to make up for the neglect of the gods by human achievement. I look on those ancient Greeks and Romans as I do on workmen who fill in the marshy shallows of our river fronts, put earth upon the spongy ooze, sow grass, set out trees, plant flowers, and create a garden where before was merely mud and slime.

Brown. — Life, as Wordsworth said, and I am glad to see that Robinson supports him, requires an art, and of all the arts the art of living is the most useful, the most admirable. All conscious art is an attempt to transfer emotion or thought from him who feels or thinks it to other human beings. Art is the necessary consequence of human sympathy. Men are not happy in isolation; they undergo the experience of emotion, of thought, and they are impelled to impart this wonderful experience to others. Some men make use of marble or bronze, some of pencil and paint, some of written signs. But more primitive, more fundamental, incomparably more wide reaching, as means to impart emotion and thought, are manners and speech. I hardly know which of the two is more important. By manners I mean the bearing of the body, in every part, from head to foot, the whole outward man. Our human instinct, the inner impulse, the will to live, insists, for one purpose or another, upon our imparting emotion and thought; to do so well requires art, to do so excellently is a fine art. To pass on emotion and thought unimpaired in their first vigor, in their first freshness, adds the life of each to the lives of all; it increases, intensifies, and expands all life. Feelings, thoughts, are seeds, shaken from the parent stalk, that lodge and fructify in new soil. Each feeling, each thought, should pass on as free as light from mind to mind. This art — the human art I may call it — lies in the choice of words, in putting them in sequence, in laying stress, in what Petrarch calls *il bel tacere*, the art of silence, and in holding and moving the body, — eyes, lips, arms, hands — so that mind shall communicate with mind, free from obscurity or blur, as through an open window.

Art is all one. We talk of the fine arts; but that is an arbitrary distinction. Our abilities and our time are limited, and naturally we give ourselves up to that form of art which seems most suited to our purposes; but one thing we are all bound to do, and that is to remain staunchly loyal to all art. The Greeks were the supreme artists, and we must go to them as to the fountain head of the waters which alone can quench the human thirst for human sympathy. They teach us how best to live. By studying delicacy, beauty, power, clarity, in their written speech,

we learn how much those qualities add to the fullness of life, and we take away a humble desire to do our best to render our own lives, and the lives of our friends, fuller, more complete, more in accord with the possibilities of life.

Robinson. — Yes. As Brown was saying, the special qualities, sobriety, self-control, repose, which tradition assigns to the classics, although not true of Greek or Latin feelings, are in great measure true of the form in which those feelings are expressed in Greek and Latin literature. Tradition is wrong to attribute those utterly non-southern qualities to living Greeks and Romans, but it is right to recognize that they are the chief qualities in classical form. Form is the legacy of antiquity to us. Life is movement, it does not concern itself with form. Life at its best, at its highest, is passion. Passion is the one sacred quality that exists, so far as man can see, in the universe. The chief duty of art is to perpetuate passion by putting it in such form that all who behold shall be quickened and take away more life and fuller. The ancients learned that the only way to represent passion is through restraint; that sobriety and measure offer the least imperfect means to depict life in its intensity.

That is the lesson of art for the theatre, as Hamlet knew before me. That is the lesson that Brown clamors for, the lesson of conduct. To learn it we must go to school to the classics. If the Loeb Classical Library helps us to comprehend the immense significance of restraint in the delineation of life, it has achieved a great thing.

Jones. — I have much in common with both of you, but, probably because I am a clergyman, my point of view is a little different. I advocate the classics because they constitute a retreat, in which the spirit may commune with the high thoughts of the past. Modern literature is modern; it concerns itself with actual life, with our distractions, our trivialities, our romance, our getting on in the world, with all our coarser appetites; but in the remote classics, in that cool, tranquil, distant world, we can surrender ourselves to contemplation, to meditation, to the high influences that always stoop to the soul's call.

This remoteness of the classics affects me as my remembrance of gracious figures in my childhood. The people there seem to have a nobler aspect, a more goodly presence, larger sympathies, a wiser and a kinder attitude. We do not apply the lessons we learned from them directly to life, but we know that somehow the most valuable lessons in our lives came from them; we cannot say just what we learned, but we possess a memory of quietness, of ripeness, of wisdom, of qualities that lie near the centre of life, and we feel that to them is due whatever gain we have made in grace and moral stature. Greek literature has a like effect upon us.

We need, profoundly, times of seclusion, of withdrawal from the outer world, from the domination of the senses; we need to escape from the current notion that life lies in motion, in rush, in physical activity. We need a contradictory force, an opposing experience. We can no longer betake ourselves to a Carthusian monastery or a Benedictine abbey: the East is too strange, too little akin to us; but the classics of Greece and Rome offer us a retreat, a refuge for the tired spirit, a home for the unquiet mind. I, for one, long to put on from time to time cowl, cord, and sandals, and dwell in the sequestered and cloistered classics, far from the senseless noises of the world.

As to art, I agree that the classics teach it, that we need it, that self-expression is or should be an art; and for

me the function of this art of self-expression is to reveal the more delicate, the more subtle, the more spiritual elements of the soul. Many people, I believe, possess fine qualities, but because of inability to master their medium of expression, whether act, word or silence, those qualities, as Shakespeare says, 'die to themselves.' To preserve these tender blossoms of the soul, and to transmit their sweetness, is one of the problems of religion, a problem that needs the help of art. Without great art, conscious or unconscious, the self-revelation of all great spiritual souls would have been impossible. David, if the psalms are his, St. Augustine, Thomas-à-Kempis, John Bunyan, Jonathan Edwards, are great artists. More than all other people the Greeks possessed the art of portraying the finer qualities of the soul, as well as the 'deep and dazzling darkness' that encompasses humanity.

Robinson. — The business of art — I merely add this in order to define my own position — is not merely to quicken all life, to heighten its pulse, by means of a fuller and freer intercommunication of thought and feeling. Art must always be up and at work, refashioning the things of the earth for the good of man. Architecture can make a city beautiful, sculpture and painting can add their loveliness; but those arts merely concern things material. Literature has a greater duty. Literature must take the stuff that human experience is made of, work upon it, and convert it into nobler, more beautiful, more stimulating shapes. Literature must tear away the curtain of familiarity that hides the beauty in common things. Or, as Parson Jones would put it, literature is the angel, the æon, the demiurge, that redeems this gross life and helps wipe out its shame. Would you rather see the England in which Shakespeare, Chaucer, Wordsworth lived, or that England as they have pictured it? Would you rather have lived in France under Louis Philippe, in Russia under Alexander II, or as Balzac and Tolstoï described the one and the other? I find all life chaotic until it has passed through the mind of an artist.

Jones. — Robinson grows lyrical. That means that it is very late, and time to go to bed. Good night, Brown.

Robinson. — Who cares for what the isles of Greece were to the common men who lived in them? But the realms of gold, which Æschylus, Sappho, Theocritus created, are still the home of beauty.

Jones. — Come on, Robinson. You are a literary Niobe, all words.

Brown. — Good night. Come again.

Robinson. — Good night. My last word is Greece.

EDUCATION FOR MOTHERHOOD[1]

I

BY ELLEN KEY

I

THE optimism with reference to the mothers of the future which I expressed in the article 'Motherliness'[2] is based on my habit of counting by epochs in judging the probable future of humanity. The optimist is often right. But only if he can wait — some hundred years!

The modern woman's view of motherhood is not calculated to nourish optimism. This view is the natural result of the spirit of the age which is determined fundamentally by the two great vital forces, physical and spiritual, which, since the morning of the race, have had decisive influence on its destinies, — economics and religion. During the last century, economic conditions have been regarded as of greater importance, and religion of less. The souls of nations, as well as the individual soul, have been earth-bound in the fullest sense of the word. Investigations of earth and nature and the utilization of all resources have occupied a race which has made the spirit of Aladdin's lamp a slave of utility; which, with greedy heart, has gained the whole world, but in the mean time has heedlessly forfeited its own soul.

Science and desire for gain have marvelously broadened the sphere of man's power over an external world. Simultaneously with this the emancipation of woman has proceeded. The world invaded by woman, both needing and demanding work, has not been a world in which holy voices have spoken of high things. It has been a world in which strong and hot hands have grasped what to their age seemed the kingdom of heaven: material wealth which gave its possessors the power, the honor and the glory. Gain has been God, and man this God's prophet. Work has been divine worship, especially such work as produced riches. The possibilities of satisfying steadily increasing cravings for pleasure, and of living an ever more care-free and secure life, have multiplied. And women did not stem the tide; they followed it.

In logical conjunction with the raising of utility as the highest of life-values, a gifted American woman has offered her programme for the solution of the conflicts between woman's labor and motherhood, namely, the rearing and educating of children outside the home. Successive institutions are suggested for the bottle-period, kindergarten, and school-age, and so on. Thus, she contends, will the parents, who are usually poor educators, be supplanted by trained and 'born' educators; the children would stand in visiting relations to the individual home with its too warm and emasculating tenderness,

[1] This essay, written for the *Atlantic*, was translated from the Swedish original by A. E. B. Fries.

[2] Published in the *Atlantic*, October, 1912.

while in the institutions they would get the bracing air and the training for social life demanded in this age, instead of the egotistical attitude of family life. The social activities of the mothers of the well-to-do classes and the outside work of the wage-earning mothers make mother-care only a figure of speech, and the children are neglected. But, on the other hand, by this plan of reform, the bodies as well as the souls of the children would be well cared for by specialists. The mothers could calmly devote themselves to their gainful work and their social duties. The child's need of the mother and the mother's need of the child is a prejudice which must vanish with all other superstitions from lower stages of culture, if the mothers are to be coequal with men, community members, capable of work, and if the children are to be well reared for the social vocations which must soon determine the trend of all lives.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson's view coincides somewhat with that of the great African author, Olive Schreiner. Both these writers emphasize rightly the fact that since woman's home work no longer has the same productive value that it had in an age when she was the one to prepare the raw materials and to produce all the necessities for the household, the women of the leisure class, under the shibboleth 'the care of the home,' have become the largest class of social parasites of contemporary times, who pay with their body for the freedom from work that the men gain for them. Women have become 'over-sexed' because to enhance their sexual attraction has been the surest means of obtaining an idle life through matrimony. Until this and similar economic interests vanish from marriage, love cannot be pure nor can the position of the wife be one of true human dignity. Long ago, in the eighteen-thirties, these truths were expressed by the great Swedish writer, C. J. L. Almqvist.[1]

If the Spartan plan above mentioned were really a solution of the problem, there would be no occasion for further talk about general education for motherhood. In that case, all young girls could go straight on toward professional training with a remunerative vocation as their goal. And this would be not only a personal, but a national economic gain. For the personal energies and the money spent in acquiring a profession would not be wasted, as is now so often the case, if motherhood were but a short interruption in a woman's professional work.

This programme, outlined but briefly since it is well known in America, has the enormous advantage of making clear the dilemma before which many women who work for their livelihood play ostrich, namely, that a woman can not be a competent outside worker, working from eight to ten or more hours a day, and at the same time a housewife and mother who performs well the duties these vocations demand. That which many women with exceedingly small claims upon them still insist on — that they are well able to manage outside work, housekeeping, and the rearing of children simultaneously — is just what the reform-programme

[1] C. J. L. Almqvist fled from Sweden in 1851 and came to New York in the fall of the same year, there calling himself Professor Gustavi. He supported himself by teaching languages and acting as reporter on newspapers; he traveled extensively, visiting Upper Canada, Niagara, St. Louis; lived in Belleville, in Chicago, and Philadelphia, and was in St. Louis at the time of the Civil War. Enthusiastic Unionist and admirer of Lincoln, he hastened to Tejas in Mexico, lost some manuscripts in Tejas, and with difficulty reached Washington, where he met Lincoln. He returned to Europe in 1865. In case anyone in America should happen to remember anything about him, communication thereof would be most gratefully received. — THE AUTHOR.

refutes, making it plain that the present attempts at compromise have resulted in a lessening of value together with an enormous overstrain.

I, too, am convinced that the present state of affairs is untenable from the economic, hygienic, ethic, and æsthetic point of view. A radical transformation is needed. But I hope that this will go in an opposite direction from the one indicated above.

The programme for the abolition of home-training rests on three unproven and undemonstrable assumptions: first, that women's mental and spiritual work in the home — the creating of the home atmosphere, the management of the housekeeping and the upbringing of children — is of no 'productive' value; secondly, that parents are incapable of acquiring proficiency as educators unless they are 'born' educators; thirdly, that nature amply provides such 'born' educators, so that the many thousands of institutions — with a professional mother for about every twenty children — could be supplied with them in sufficient quantity and of excellent quality.

These assumptions emanate from a comparison between the present untrained mothers and trained educators, and between all the dark sides of the home and the light sides of collective upbringing. But on so warped a comparison we certainly cannot base a demand for the discontinuance of the up-bringing in the home.

II

The past gives us proof enough that woman's creation, the home, has been her great cultural contribution to civilization. And even the present main trend of the desires and feelings of the race shows that the home has not lost its value. But nothing is more certain than that there has awakened a need within the people for a renaissance of the home. In my opinion, such a renaissance can come only through a new marriage, where the perfect equality and liberty of both husband and wife are established, — through a strict responsibility towards society in regard to parentage outside as well as within marriage; through education for motherhood; and, lastly, through rendering motherhood economically secure, recognizing it as a public work to be rewarded and controlled by society.

Thus the problem seems to me more complex, involving greater expense, and therefore more difficult of solution.

And yet, it must be solved. The socially pernicious, racially wasteful and soul-withering consequences of the working of mothers outside the home must cease. And this can only come to pass, either through the programme of institutional up-bringing, or through the intimated renaissance of the homes. The self-supporting women of the present day do not want again to become dependent solely upon the husbands' maintenance in order to be able to fulfill the duties of a mother in the home. And thus there remains only institutional up-bringing or motherhood regarded as a social work.

During the child's first seven years, years that determine its whole life, its educator cannot well fulfill her mission without having a daily opportunity to observe the child's nature, in order by consistent action to influence it, encouraging certain tendencies and restraining others. This alone precludes the mother's working outside the home. To an even greater degree must her work outside the home be rejected in favor of that most essential education, — the indirect, — which radiates from the mother's own personality, from the spirit she creates in the home. Like the direct education, the indirect cannot be accomplished in

stray moments snatched from professional work. A home atmosphere is not a condition which stays permanent of itself, one of those works of art which once created remain unchanged. The creating of a home is, on the contrary, a kind of art which has this in common with all art of life — that it demands the artist's continuous presence in body and soul. A home life where the mother's unceasing contribution of self is lacking is like a drama on a film.

Wherever the great and beautiful work of art, a home, has come into being, the wife and mother has had her paramount existence in that home though her interests and activities have not necessarily been limited to its sphere. But husband and children have been able to count on her in the home as they could count on the fire on the hearth, the cool shade under the tree, the water in the well, the bread in the sacrament. Thus upon husband and children is bestowed the experience which a great poet gained from his mother. 'All became to her a wreath!' A wreath where every day's toil and holiday's joy, hours of labor and moments of rest, were leaf and blossom and ribbon.

The wise educator is never one who is 'educating' from morning to night. She is one who, unconsciously to the children, brings to them the chief sustenance and creates the supreme conditions for their growth. Primarily she is the one who, through the serenity and wisdom of her own nature is dew and sunshine to growing souls. She is one who understands how to demand in just measure, and to give at the right moment. She is one whose desire is law, whose smile is reward, whose disapproval is punishment, whose caress is benediction.

Sometimes fathers, too, are endowed with this genius for education. And it would not be the least of the consequences of outside upbringing, if the children were to lose not only the daily influence of the mothers but also that of the fathers. Because the fathers are the breadwinners, and also because of their lack of training for fatherhood, this influence is as a rule insignificant. But it is very important that this state of affairs be changed. According to the testimony of an American author,[1] the increasing predominance of women teachers in America is already cause for anxiety, and with good reason, for the good order of things in school, in the home, in the community, demands that men and women coöperate as equals, having like authority and like responsibility. But since a division of labor on the whole is unavoidable, this division must be determined by the experience that in the labor market, in the majority of cases, men are just as able as women, and often better able, to perform the work women perform.

In the home, on the other hand, men cannot supplant the spirit and activities of women. Neither can the contribution of the wives and mothers to the homes be replaced by that of professional women within or outside the homes. Can the heart in an organism be replaced by a pumping engine, however ingenious? Any reform programme which does not consider these realities falls under the wise judgment of the shrewd Catherine II: 'Reforms are easily accomplished on the patient paper. But in reality they are written on the human flesh, which is sensitive.' Especially is this true of the child who, moreover, must submit to the influence of his educators, unable to choose or evade them. The author of the programme means that the mothers who are gifted as educators should bring up about twenty other children, to-

[1] Earl Barnes, in *Woman in Modern Society*. Mitchell Kennerley. — THE AUTHOR.

gether with their own. But each young soul needs to be enveloped in its own mother's tenderness, just as surely as the human embryo needed the mother's womb to grow in, and the baby the mother's breast to be nourished by. According to the programme referred to, each child would be allotted a twentieth part of motherliness; the mother's own children would receive no more than the others.

Of the real outcome of this plan a prominent American woman gave me a touching illustration. As sole support of her son, she had been compelled to send him to a boarding-school where many little motherless boys were brought up. When she went to visit her boy, the other boys fought with him for a place on her lap, so hungry were they for a moment's sensation of motherly affection!

That many children are unhappy in their homes does not prove that the same children would be happier in an institution; only of such children as were transferred from bad homes to good institutions could this be hoped. That many a careful home education has failed does not prove that the children brought up in a particular home would have turned out better in an institution. The very best institution cannot show the consideration for a child's individuality, or furnish the peace and freedom for the development of a talent, that an average middle-class home can.[1] The more individual a child is, the more it suffers by the uniformity and the leveling forces which are imposed upon it already by the day school. And how much more must this be the case in a boarding-school!

On the other hand, we have the manifold testimonies given by great personalities of the boundless influence of a mother's, of a father's, understanding affection, in the development of the child's individuality. In the children's resemblance to the parents, the latter have a guide to the understanding of the children's inherent qualities, which the teachers lack. And if, on the one hand, these resemblances contain the seeds of conflict, on the other, they furnish various possibilities of influence.

As against all the cases where the tyranny of the parents — now increasingly rare — has forced the children into an erroneous walk of life, may be put those where the parents have discovered their children's talents and have encouraged them in the right direction. Sometimes a good teacher has done the same. But a teacher, with some tens of children, has not the same opportunity to observe the individual child as have the parents. The mistakes of the teacher are, therefore, far more numerous than those of the parents. If these children would, in many cases, have chosen other parents, they would, in most cases, have chosen other teachers.

'Born educators' with keys to the children's souls in their pockets are, indeed, the unredeemable promissory notes of the institutional programme. The assurance that the children in collective institutions would be cared for only by 'born educators' is as unten-

[1] The excellent French writer, Rosny (ainé), in *Le Fardeau de la Vie* touchingly describes the sufferings a child experiences in always having witnesses to everything: his rest and his play, his tears and his joys; of never having a corner to himself; of ever being surrounded by cries, laughter, noise, and jokes; of never having an hour's perfect peace or liberty; of always feeling every emotion of the soul and every action observed, every occupation subjected to interruption.

The children of the poor experience similar sufferings in their homes, a condition which can be remedied only by better housing conditions. Similarly, it would only be institutions furnishing a separate room for each child which, in some degree, might alleviate the torture described by the French writer. — THE AUTHOR.

able as would be a promise that their musical training would be directed by nobody short of a Beethoven! 'Born educators' are not only as rare as other geniuses, but are also most difficult to discover. For how can they demonstrate their genius except in the practice of educational work? And often they find no opportunity to educate; an examination can, for instance, just as little reveal their soul power as it can that of a poet. The brilliant and eloquent graduate often is, and will continue to be, victorious in competition with the 'born educator.' And, as everybody knows, the result frequently is that the greatest abominations occur at institutions where perverse principals infernally torment the children — principals chosen by boards of trustees who have felt convinced of having made the best choice! But even in those cases where the choice has been good, how much remains to be desired!

One pedagogue, for instance, may have excellent ideas, but be lacking in nobility of character. Another may possess great psychological insight, but no ability in the psychologically correct treatment of children. Here may be found pedagogical genius, but without warmth of heart. There, heart but no sagacity. Another is a despotic nature, who in spite of all pretty talk of children's rights, violates them to make the little ones conform to his ideas. Still another is vacillating and has no authority.

And if thus already the first-rate teachers are deficient, how much more so will this be the case with those mediocre teachers of whom every school and boarding-school has a majority!

These professional educators, — as they are called in the programme for upbringing outside of the home, — so far from being wholly filled by their calling, spiritually liberated from all side interests, which, according to the same programme, are supposed to impede the parents' capabilities as educators, — these professionals are very much like other people, absorbed by their own sympathies and antipathies, conflicts and rivalries, in which the children frequently become involved.

The parents would stand in the same relation to all these institutions as they now do to the day schools, in that what they objected to they could seldom change. But if the parents were not content to remain simply automata, who deliver the child-material to the institutions, they must, on the one hand, endeavor to assert their own opinion as against the institutions which cause contentions, and, on the other, try to make use of the children's home visits for counteracting such influence of the school as they consider unfavorable. But here they would meet with the same fundamental difficulty which arises in cases where children, as a consequence of divorce, are periodically with either father or mother. So many requisites for understanding are lacking: constraint and strangeness have to be overcome; a nervous tenderness or a cold criticism often destroys attempts at intimacy. In a word, even the best institutions would show the same dark sides as do the homes, or similar ones, but unaccompanied by the bright sides of the homes, which outweigh their shortcomings.

Let us assume, however, that the choice of principal in one of these proposed institutions has been a happy one. Yet such a teacher has not the spontaneous love for the child which may, to be sure, on the one hand, cause parental blindness, but, on the other hand, gives the clearness of vision which belongs to love alone. At best the teacher extends to the children a general love, or a personal love to one child here and there. But it is just this

personal love which the human soul needs in order to burst into blossom.

The conditions here indicated furnish one of the reasons why children from charitable institutions hardly ever become prominent members of society. The main reason, it is true, is that the children for whom society has had to care in institutions have often sprung from poorly equipped parents. Moreover, to be sure, the prominent individuals in a nation are always few in comparison with the others. Still, if we can expect one great genius in each million of inhabitants, one in a million institutional children may be expected to be really excellent. But has a single one ever appeared? Is not, on the contrary, the insignificance of such children a rule with few exceptions? And must not this partly depend on this very system of upbringing? [1]

Even where the child-material is excellent, as for example in the English country schools for boys, observations have led to the belief that these schools are more favorable for the preservation of the national type — for good as well as evil — than for the development of the individual. Here, as in other boarding-schools, certain social virtues are developed, certain qualities useful in public life. But the springing up of new types, stronger individual aptitudes, more sensitive and fine soul life is not favored by any kind of collective education extending through the larger part of youth. A period of institutional life has often been a splendid thing for children who have been lonely or spoiled at home, has hardened them, forced them to subordinate their own egotism, taught them consideration for others, and common responsibilities. But even if institutions can thus rough-plane the material that is to become a member of society, nevertheless they cannot — if they take in the major part of the child's education — accomplish that which is needed first of all if we are to lift ourselves to a higher spiritual plane in an economically just society: they cannot deepen the emotional life. Continuity of impressions is a first condition for such a deepening. But the upbringing outside of the home, which would leave the nursing infants in Miss A.'s hands, the kindergarten children to Miss B., the primary school children to Miss C., the school to various Misses, would again and again disrupt the fine fibres with which the child-heart has become tied to these various mother-substitutes. At last the heart would lose its power of attachment, just as is the case when children spend their lives traveling and only get into hotel relations, never into home or homeland relations with the world.

The psychological progress of the development of the emotions indicates that the child should learn to love a few in the home and in its native place; that the soul should broaden to feelings for the comrade circle, finally to embrace society and humanity. Every effort to change the order in this progress of growth is as fruitless as to put plants in the ground blossom downward and roots in the air. Want of insight into those spiritual conditions of growth is the principal error in the programme for collective upbringing. What youth would have left of soul after such an education, would barely be sufficient for social and community purposes; for the needs of the personality it would not suffice.

And even if collective education, when the school age is reached, were arranged as it is in some of the German (in many ways excellent) "Landerzie-

[1] In America this question has been answered in the affirmative by some investigator, who at the same time came to the conclusion that the 'Cottage' system gives better results in every way than the large institutions. — THE AUTHOR.

hungsheime,'[1] where a small number of children and teachers live in a separate cottage and constitute the so-called 'family,' in the long run it would be only a poor substitute for the natural family, where care and anxiety, help and comfort, memories and hopes, work and festivity crystallize around a nucleus, combine and intensify the emotions, while in a larger, often-changing circle even the most beautiful impressions become weakened and shallow.

The very worst suggestion which has appeared from any side is that of the family colony, with common kitchen and dining-room, common play-room and care of the babies, etcetera. Even this would give the mothers freedom to pursue professional work and yet in some measure retain the home for the children. But if Satan announced a prize competition for the best means of increasing hatred on earth, this reform proposition ought to receive the first prize. That seclusion and introspection which are necessary for mutual communication between husband and wife, if they want to grow into complementary personalities, would be as difficult to attain as silence in the market-place for the enjoyment of music. The unfortunate children growing up in such a family colony would be cross-questioned, commissioned, corrected, and teased. Such a colony, far from broadening the children's interests outside their own circle — as the proposers contend — and teaching them amiable social ways, would cause torment to independent spirits, and increase dullness in the constrained. Besides, children seldom have more affection than they abundantly need for their parents, and parents seldom have more patience than they abundantly need for their own children.

Countless causes for friction would arise among the grown-ups as a result of differences between the children, between husbands on account of wives and between wives on account of husbands. Though in the beginning all were harmony, it would end in discord, after the well-known pattern of most similar or even less intimate groupings.

These reasons against the disintegration of the home might be multiplied. I wish now only to emphasize one point of view, which I have often advanced before. Women have always, and not least in America,[2] by the trend their own social work has taken, been able to show to what an extent society needs that the specially womanly, that is, motherly, feelings and outlook be asserted in action. These motherly ways of feeling and thinking have acquired their characteristics and their stability by reason of the hitherto existing division of labor, in which the task of making the home and rearing the children created 'womanliness' with its strength and its weakness, just as the outward struggle for existence, the competitive field of labor, created the strength and weakness of 'manliness.'

That women, during their protected, inwardly concentrated life, would acquire other emotional standards, other habits of thought than men, is obvious. Hitherto, however, they have had very small opportunities to invest their stored wealth in the upbuilding of this 'man-made world.' Consequently, there is a crying need of womanliness,

[1] These schools were founded by Dr. Herrmann Lietz after the pattern of Abbotsholme in England. His schools are: Ilsenburg for small boys, Haubinda for the intermediary grades, and for the high-school period Bieborstein. Paul Scheebe's *Landerziehungsheim Odenwaldschule* has provided for the home feeling and the individual development to the greatest extent possible in a boarding school. — THE AUTHOR.

[2] I have received valuable information in this respect through Rheta Child Dorr's book, *What Eight Million Women Want.* — THE AUTHOR.

especially motherliness, in public life. But motherliness is no more permanent than any other state of the soul. Soul states are like the water in nature, sometimes abundant, sometimes scant, clear to-day, turbid to-morrow, now flowing, then again frozen — all according to the soil through which it finds its way, and the temperature it meets. If now the division of labor be changed to such an extent that all women during the whole work-period — that is, about forty years — devote themselves to outside occupations, while a minority of women, who are often not mothers themselves, professionally fill the need for child-rearing, then motherliness will diminish generation after generation. For it is not alone the bearing of children, neither is it the upbringing alone, that develops motherliness, but both together are needed. The result will be that women's contribution to society will be similar to that of men. They will fill with stones the 'springs in the valley of sorrow' which the homes, in spite of everything, have been hitherto in our hard and arid existence. The new world, which the women soon will have a hand in making, will be no more beautiful, no warmer, than the present. Even a very much more rational and just social order cannot furnish compensation for all the subtle and immeasurable riches which directly and indirectly have flowed from the home.

If the destruction of the homes were the price the race must pay for woman's attainment of full human dignity and citizenship, then the price would be too high. If the female parasites cannot be gotten rid of in any other way than by driving all women out of the homes to outside departments of labor, let us rather, then, allow the parasites to flourish, since of two social evils this would be the lesser.

But humanity will not have to choose between two such evils. The parasitical family woman just as much as the worn-out family drudge, the family egoism piling up wealth and the economically harassed family life, as well as other ignoble constituents which riches as well as poverty bring into the homes, are all part and parcel of the present social order. A society which sharply restricts inheritances, but protects the right of all children to the full development of their powers; which demands labor of all its members, but allows its women to choose between motherhood and outside work; a society in which attempts to live without work will be dealt with in the same manner as forgery — such a society is coming. But without such radical social transformations, a renaissance of the family life is not even conceivable. And it is likely to become actual when the changing orders of economics and religion combine forces.

[In the next issue of the *Atlantic* Miss Key will set forth her positive programme for educational reform in preparation for family life.]

HER HAIR

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

She braids it in two heavy braids
  That reach the carpet nigh;
And winds them crosswise, nape to crown,
To cross again and then come down
  And cross again on high.
I watch with joy that never fades;
  A fortunate man am I.

She twists it from a silken twist
  Into a coil instead;
Each side it rests against her ear;
Its weight is on her collar clear,
  Heavy it seems as lead;
A rope as thick as her good wrist
  She fastens to her head.

She knots it in a Psyche-knot
  That, like an ensign, stands
Behind her, just as if the wind
Had blown it out, not firmly pinned
  The way she understands.
At times she seeks some refuge-spot,
  Holding it with both hands.

Of its black-brown she builds a crown
  No empress ever wore.
She threats each day to have it off
And save the work; at which I scoff
  And — kiss her to restore
Good-humor; also praise her gown
  As in the days of yore.

To styles not blind, she cannot bind,
  As other women do,

That scented mass — that smells of wheat
And lavender and apples sweet —
  She plies the great combs through,
More lovely than all maidenkind,
  A woman forty-two.

She counts each day the threads of gray;
  (Where was I — yes, her hair!)
She kept it to the last; and dead
It made a pillow for her head
  That made the women stare.
— But that was thirty years to-day.
  And that's her portrait there.

AN EVENING IN JULY

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[Rabindranath Tagore, Indian mystic and poet, is a famous man where the Bengali language is spoken. Among his vocations is that of schoolmaster. At his country school, as in classical times, formalities of class-room and desks are unobserved, and pupils listen to their teacher while walking in his company or sitting in the grateful shade of a tree. The following article is a translation made by Mr. Tagore of a discourse of his own, made to his boys one afternoon while they were housed by a violent storm of rain. The contrast it presents to a schoolmaster's lecture in an American school will strike the western reader. — THE EDITORS.]

THIS evening, the rains of July, pouring in ceaseless torrents, have swept away and drowned all other voices of the Earth. The darkness is thick upon the meadows, and dumb space, ever silent, is brimming over with words.

Nothing but this sound of rainfall could make the darkness vocal with its true language. The pattering of rain draws, as it were, veil upon veil over the stillness of the evening, making it more and more intense and close, and thickening the shroud of slumber that spreads over the world. This monotonous sound of rain seems to me to be the darkness of sound itself.

To-day the evening sky seems like a child, struck with wonder at the mystery of its own first utterance, lisping the same word over and over again and listening to it in unceasing joy.

It rouses a response in our hearts too, which yearn for a similar expression, for saying something, equally large, filling, in like manner, all land and water and sky. The language of the Great Nature in the babbling of streams, in the rustling of woods, in the murmurs of spring, is never expressed in narrow and clear-cut words, but in hints and suggestions, in symbols of pictures and music. When

Nature, therefore, speaks, she hushes up all our words in our hearts, and claims from us an answering music which should be full of the suggestion of the unutterable.

From the very beginning, the mind of man seems to have worked to harmonize its language of everyday life with the eternal language of Nature. It has been borrowing tints and outlines from Nature, and giving forms to its thoughts in pictures; and it has been catching fleeting notes and rhythms from her and weaving its emotions into poetry with them. In this way, the thought of man has ever been running into what is beyond thought, and his ideas and emotions have been finding their way into the ineffable.

This evening, in the deep rains, the language of Nature's darkness seems to seek its harmony in our human voice. Arguments and analysis are of no avail, for nothing but music can satisfy now.

Let your words be silent therefore. Remove from your vision the limited area of your activities that hem you in on all sides, and welcome into your soul this incessant shower of rain which sweeps the entire sky.

This leads me to think how mysterious the relation of the human heart with Nature must be! In the outer world of activity Nature has one aspect, but in our hearts, in the inner world, it presents an altogether different picture.

Take an instance — the flower of a plant. However fine and dainty it may look, it is pressed to do a great service and its colors and forms are all suited to its work. It must bring forth the fruit, or the continuity of plant life will be broken and the earth will be turned into a desert ere long. The color and the smell of the flower are all for some purpose; therefore no sooner is it fertilized by the bee, no sooner does the time of its fruition arrive, than it sheds its exquisite petals and a cruel economy compels it to give up its sweet perfume. It has no time to flaunt its finery, for it is busy beyond measure. Viewed from without, necessity seems to be the only factor in Nature, for which everything works and moves. There the bud develops into the flower, the flower into the fruit, the fruit into the seed, the seed into a new plant again, and so forth, the chain of activity running on unbroken. Should there crop up any disturbance or impediment, no excuse would be accepted and the unfortunate thing so choked in its movement would at once be labelled as rejected, and be bound to die and disappear post-haste.

In the great office of Nature, there are innumerable departments with endless work going on, and the fine flower that you behold there, gaudily attired and scented like a dandy, is by no means what it appears to be, but rather is like a laborer toiling in sun and shower, who has to submit a clear account of his work, and has no breathing space to enjoy himself in a playful frolic.

But when this same flower enters the heart of men, its aspect of busy practicalness is gone and it becomes the very emblem of leisure and repose. The same object that is the source of endless activity without, is the perfect expression of beauty and peace within.

Science here warns us that we are mistaken, that the purpose of the flower is nothing but what is manifested outwardly, and that the relation of beauty and sweetness which we think it bears to us, is all our own making, gratuitous and imaginary.

But our heart replies that we are not in the least mistaken. In the sphere of Nature, the flower carries with it a letter of introduction which recommends it as having immense capacity

for doing useful work; but it brings an altogether different introduction when it knocks at the door of our hearts. Beauty, then, is its only recommendation. At one place it comes as a prisoner, and at another, as a free thing. How then should we give credit to its first introduction and disbelieve the second one? That the flower has got its being in the unbroken chain of causation, is true beyond doubt; but that is an outer truth. The inner truth is: 'Anandádhyéva Khalvimáni bhutáni, jáyanté,' — verily from the everlasting joy all objects have their birth.

A flower, therefore, has not its only function in Nature, but has another great function to exercise in the mind of man. And what is that function? In Nature, its work is that of a slave who has to make his appearance at appointed times, but in the heart of man, it comes like a messenger from the King. In the *Ramayana*, when Sita, forcibly separated from her husband, was bewailing her evil fate in *Rávana's* golden palace, she was met by a messenger who brought with him a ring of *Rámchandra* himself. The very sight of it convinced Sita of the truth of the tidings he bore. She was at once reassured that he came indeed from her beloved one, who had not forgotten her and who was at hand to rescue her.

Such a messenger is a flower from our Great Lover. Surrounded with the pomp and pageantry of worldliness which may be likened to this golden city of Ravan, we still live in exile, and there the insolent spirit of worldly prosperity tempts us with allurements and claims us as its own bride. In the mean time comes the flower across, with the message from the other shore, and whispers in our ears, 'I am come. He has sent me — I am a messenger of the Beautiful, the one whose soul is the bliss of love. This island of isolation has been bridged over by Him, and He has not forgotten thee and will rescue thee even now. He will draw thee unto Him and make thee his own. This illusion will not hold thee in thralldom forever.'

If we happen to be awake then, we question him: 'How are we to know that thou art come from Him indeed!' The messenger says, 'Look! I have this ring from Him. How lovely are its hues and charm!'

Ah, of course. It is his indeed — our wedding ring. Now all else passes into oblivion, only this sweet symbol of the touch of the Eternal love fills us with a deep longing. We realize that the palace of gold where we are is not all — our deliverance is outside it; and there, our love has its fruition and our life has its fulfillment.

What to the bee, in Nature, are merely color and scent and the marks or spots to know the right track to honey, are to the human heart, beauty and joy untrammeled by necessity. They bring a love-letter to the heart, written in colored inks.

I was telling you, therefore, that however busy our active Nature outwardly may be, she has a secret passage within the heart, where she comes and goes freely, without any design whatsoever. There, the fire of her workshop is transformed into lamps of a festival, the noise of her factory is heard like music. The iron chain of cause and effect sounds heavily outside in Nature, but in the human heart, its unalloyed delight seems to play, as it were, on the golden strings of a harp.

This, indeed, seems to be wonderful, that Nature has these two aspects at one and the same time, so antithetical — one being of thralldom and the other of freedom. In the same form, sound, color and taste, two contrary notes are heard, one of necessity and the other of joy. Outwardly, Nature is busy and restless, inwardly she is all silence and

peace. She has toil on one side and leisure on the other. You see her bondage only when you see her from without, but within her heart is a limitless beauty.

At this very moment, when this rainfall resounds in the sky of the evening, it hides from us its aspect of action. In this silent meeting of darkness, it throws no hint of its busy mission of supplying each blade of grass and each leaf of the tree with their nourishment. It descends to our heart, leaving off its office dress, to entertain us with music, to please the poet in us. Hence, in the tune of the rainfall, this plaintive note overspreads the sky: —

The night is dark, and the gloom hangs thick everywhere,
Ceaseless is the lightning's dart.
Says the poet, How shouldst thou pass thy time
When parted from thy Lord thou art!

Indeed, this message must be made known to us, that we live in separation from our Lord. For the pain of separation and the joy of meeting are closely connected. As smoke may be called the beginning of the flame, so the former may be called the preparation of the latter.

But who bears the news to us? Why, they whom your science takes as galley slaves in the great prison-house of Nature's law where they are fettered in chains one with another, and are made to toil night and day, mute figures — they, and none but they, deliver to us the tidings. When the sound of their fetters penetrates into our hearts, we discover in it the song of parting from the Beloved, or rather, the glad music of welcome of the meeting with Him. Such messages as can never be given in words are whispered by them secretly to us, and are woven partly into rhyme and partly into words in the poetry of man, who sings: —

Fast falls the rain, 't is the month of August
And the wedding chamber of my heart is dark and desolate!

To-day this feeling ever recurs to my mind, that these rains are not of one single evening but an unceasing shower pouring from all my life. So far as my vision goes, a deep darkness of an everlasting evening of my lovelorn, sad and solitary soul, shrouds, in thick folds, all my life; there, surrounding the far-off bounding lines of the earth and the sky, hour goes after hour in the untiring and ceaseless fall of rains, and the whole sky is loud with this strain: 'How could'st thou pass thy weary nights and days, when parted from thy Lord thou art!'

Still, through this pain of separation a deep sweetness secretly wells up, a fragrance from an unknown blossoming woodland wafts hither to us an ineffable breath of love. The very anguish of my heart ever repeats to my ear, 'He is. Surely He is.'

Where this life-long isolation of mine begins, there He is, and where it will have its end one day, there He waits. And now in the midway He plays so sweetly upon his lute, keeping Himself ever out of sight. Oh, how to pass my nights and days without Him, that Lord of mine own innermost soul!

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS

A CONFEDERATE PORTRAIT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

HUMAN nature is full of contradictions, which give it much of its charm. But the character and career of Alexander H. Stephens seem to involve contradictions beyond the share of most of us.

In physique he was abnormally frail, delicate, and sensitive; nervous sometimes to the point of hysteria; yet he had the spirit of a gamecock, was ready for a duel when honor required it, walked right up and struck a far bigger man who had insulted him and who nearly murdered him in consequence. Perhaps with some braggadocio, but with more truth, he said of himself: 'I am afraid of nothing on earth, or above the earth, or under the earth, but to do wrong.'

He was studious by nature, longed for quiet, and solitude, and meditation. Yet he lived in a perpetual whirl, either drawn by a thousand activities abroad, or beset by a throng of visitors at home. 'I supposed when I got this room I should be by myself, . . . but I do nothing the livelong day but jabber with each transient interloper who may be disposed to give me a call.'

He was one of the most logical, clear-headed, determined defenders of slavery and of the thorough subordination of black to white. Yet few men have been more sensitively humane, more tenderly sympathetic with suffering in either white or black. The Negroes loved him, and on one occasion after the war three thousand freedmen gathered on his lawn and serenaded him with passionate admiration and devotion.

No man was more bitterly opposed to secession and to the war than he was. No Southerner made a harder or more nearly successful fight to prevent the withdrawal of his state. Yet when Georgia went, he not only went with her, but became the vice-president of the Confederacy. He himself puts this contrast vividly in his diary written while a prisoner at Fort Warren in 1865. 'How strange it seems to me that I should thus suffer. I who did everything in my power to prevent [the war] . . . On the fourth of September, 1848, I was near losing my life for resenting the charge of being a traitor to the South, and now I am here, a prisoner, under charge, I suppose, of being a traitor to the Union. In all, I have done nothing but what I thought was right.'

Nor does this sum up the list of Stephens's contradictions. The second officer of the Confederacy and a devoted champion of its cause, he was yet persistently opposed to the conduct of the government from beginning to end. He opposed Davis's financial policy, he opposed conscription, he opposed martial law, he considered that the president's whole course was dictated either by gross misjudgment or by a belief in the necessity of dictatorial

power. And here we have, I think, a rather piquant attitude for a man who held the next to the highest place in a new-born nation fighting for life and death.

These considerations make the vice-president, if not the greatest, certainly the most curious and interesting figure in the lightning-lit panorama of Confederate history.

In analyzing Stephens's career, the question of health, negatively important for most leaders of men, becomes enormously positive. From his birth in 1812 to his death in 1883, his life seems to have been a long disease, forever on the verge of terminating fatally. It may be that the rough experiences of pioneer farming in his childhood — the corn-dropping, the sheep-tending, exposure, hardship — injured him permanently, or saved him, who knows? So with the long, desperate battle for an education and a profession, in solitude and poverty. The battle may have weakened, may have toughened, perhaps both.

At any rate, we rarely hear of him except as suffering. All the descriptions of him emphasize some phase of physical weakness and inadequacy. His own account at twenty-one sets the note (the arithmetic is somewhat peculiar): 'My weight is ninety-four pounds, my height sixty-seven inches, my waist twenty-seven inches in circumference, and my whole appearance that of a youth of seventeen or eighteen. When I left college, two years ago, my net weight was seventy pounds. If I continue in a proportionate increase, I shall reach one hundred pounds in about ten years more.'

Later portrayals have sometimes an unkindly touch, as the caustic diatribe of the robust Dick Taylor, no doubt in some points justified: 'Like other ills, feeble health has its compensations, especially for those who unite restless vanity and ambition to a feminine desire for sympathy. It has been much the habit of Mr. Stephens to date controversial epistles from "a sick chamber," as do ladies in a delicate condition. A diplomat of the last century, the Chevalier d'Eon, by usurping the privileges of the opposite sex, inspired grave doubts concerning his own.'

But most observers seem rather to be impressed with the contrast between the man's physical deficiencies and his splendid spiritual strength. In the height of his congressional career in Washington (1855) a keen-sighted journalist noted that, with the stress of great occasions, 'the poor, sickly, emaciated frame, which looks as if it must sink under the slightest physical exertion, at once grows instinct with a galvanic vitality which quickens every nerve with the energy of a new life, imparts to every feature a high, intellectual expression, makes the languid eyes glow like living coals, and diffuses a glow of reviving animation over the pallid countenance.'

Even more striking is another picture taken in the same place in 1872, after war and imprisonment had done their worst. 'An immense cloak, a high hat, and peering somewhere out of the middle a thin, pale, sad face. How anything so small and sick and sorrowful could get here all the way from Georgia is a wonder. If he were laid out in his coffin, he need n't look any different, only then the fire would have gone out in the burning eyes. Set as they are in the wax-white face, they seem to burn and blaze. That he is here at all to offer the counsels of moderation and patriotism proves how invincible is the soul that dwells in that sunken frame. He took the modified oath in his chair, and his friends picked him up and carried him off in it as if he were a feather.'

How far this fiery energy of the soul was responsible for the weary failure of

the body, who shall say? But never was man, in mind and spirit, more heartily and vividly and incessantly and at every point alive than Alexander H. Stephens. From childhood he fought his way in the world, fought for education, fought for success as a lawyer, fought for political distinction. He liked fighting. 'I was made to figure in a storm, excited by continual collisions. Discussion and argument are my delight; and a place of life and business therefore is my proper element. . . . I long to be where I shall have an argument daily.'

In age and in prison the fire, indeed, might burn a little low. 'Personal ambition had no part in anything I have done.' But in the early days the man panted to get upward, to do something, to be something. 'I believe I shall never be worth anything, and the thought is death to my soul. I am too boyish, childish, unmanful, trifling, simple in my manners and address.' When he had become something — not enough, never enough — the record of work he did is, for an invalid, quite inexplicable; or rather, it fully explains the invalidism. 'I rise and breakfast at eight; then commence with my mail. Frequently I do not get half through that before I am bored almost to death with calls on business of all sorts; then to the Committee at ten; then to the House at twelve; then to dinner at four; then calls before I leave the table till twelve at night. Then I take up and get through my unfinished reading of letters and newspapers of the morning; and then at one o'clock get to bed. I now have about one hundred letters before me unanswered.'

This petulance, this vivacity, this mad energy of living, in a frame half dead, remind one constantly of Voltaire, who, with his little, weak, and shattered body, went on for fifty years, making enemies and smashing them, puncturing social rottenness with his fierce wit, blasting others' lies and telling petty lies of his own, sometimes pitiable, sometimes malignant, often fascinating, but always, always splendidly alive. Stephens made few enemies, told no lies, was neither pitiable nor malignant; but he was splendidly alive until the coffin-lid put out the torch that seemed to have exhausted its fuel long before.

But though Voltaire had plenty of physical ills, I find no indication that he ever suffered from melancholy or mental depression. Stephens did. The jar of over-tense nerves mingles curiously with his eager bursts of ambition and aspiration. 'My feelings and hopes seem ever to be vibrating between assurance and despondency. My soul is bent upon success in my profession, and when indulging in brightest anticipations, the most trivial circumstance is frequently sufficient to damp my whole ardor and drive me to despair.'

This tendency to depression was not merely the reaction from disappointed hopes or dreams unrealized. It was a constitutional melancholy which, not only in youth, but even in middle life, seems to have eaten like a canker into the man's very soul. The words in which he describes it most definitely have a strange, poignant bitterness that wrings the heart: 'Sometimes I have thought that of all men I was most miserable; that I was especially doomed to misfortune, to melancholy, to grief. . . . The misery, the deep agony of spirit I have suffered, no mortal knows, nor ever will. . . . The torture of body is severe; I have had my share of that. . . . But all these are slight when compared with the pangs of an offended or wounded spirit. The heart alone knoweth its own sorrow. I have borne it these many years. I have borne it all my life.'

To his beloved brother, Linton, he endeavors to describe his spiritual mal-

ady. 'It is the secret of my life. I have never told it to any one.' But his speech, usually so lucid, is incoherent, stumbling, and obscure. It appears that his physical deficiencies wounded him, as they did Byron; he shrank and withered under the jeers and mocking looks of those who could not see his soul. Then the stung soul rebounded and strove with every ounce of will to make the mockers love him by doing good to them in strange new ways of overwhelming potency. But the explanation is neither clear nor wholly sufficient; it sounds manufactured to fit facts beyond the vision of even the explainer. All we can say is that we get dim glimpses of a spiritual hell.

What is supremely interesting about Stephens is that he neither accepts this condition of things nor submits to it. Such a wretched frame for such a fierce vitality might easily have made another Leopardi, veiling all the light of heaven in black pessimism, cursing man and nature and God with cold irony for the vile mistake of his creation. Stephens fights his ills, makes head against them, never lets himself be really prostrated by physical torture or mental agony. Worsted for the moment, he forever reëmerges, with some new refuge, some new comfort, some new device of cure.

One day he tries Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, finds it excellent, on homœopathic principles, and recommends it to his brother, though Burton himself is inclined to advise all melancholy persons to shun his majestic folio.

More serious than such bookishness is the clear determination to overcome mental misery by effort of will. 'I have in my life,' he says, 'been one of the most miserable beings that walked the earth. . . . Without enjoyment, without pleasure, without hope, and without sympathy with the world.' But the unfailing remedy for those who will but try it is the absolute control of thought. 'Never let the mind dwell upon anything disagreeable — turn it to something else. . . . Great and heroic effort was necessary at first and for a long time.' But 'with a proper discipline of one's self in this way, ever keeping the passions in perfect subjection, contentment and happiness are obtainable by all.' I do not read that he ever attained them, but others may, by following his precepts. He fought for them, at any rate.

Stoical self-control was not his only refuge. He had one higher — God. In his youth he declined to be educated for the ministry, and I do not think he was ever consistently satisfied as to speculative religion. But he seems to have had a keen and mighty sense of the divine in spiritual things, and in his hours of agony he seeks relief in this and finds it. He devotes a portion of every day to communion with God in prayer, and gets from it comfort in his anguish, light in the valley of dark shadows, and the growth of a kindlier, sweeter temper toward his fellow men. In old age, in sickness, in solitude, in prison, he sums up thus the mighty help that God has been to him: 'That the Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble I know. But for his sustaining grace, I should have been crushed in body and soul long ere this.'

Nevertheless, with a temperament so introspective, brooding, and sensitive, it is doubtful whether even religious contemplation would have cured Stephens of melancholy and morbidness. It might have lifted him above the pessimism and misanthropy of Leopardi only to land him in the deeper spiritual wretchedness of Amiel. Contemplation, even divine, is not always sufficient to save such a temperament from ruining itself.

A better, surer remedy, at least a needed balance-wheel, is action, con-

stant contact with the busy, outward, stupid hurry of the world. Stephens knew this, and had the courage and the energy to force himself out of himself. He may have possessed 'a charm against loneliness,' as his brother writes; but he knew that in loneliness lay his danger, and he kept as much as possible in the bright current of turbulent humanity, even when all his inclinations bade him fly from it. 'It seems to me that but for an effort that no other mortal upon earth would make, I should sink into profound indifference to all things connected with men and their affairs. But with that effort that I daily exert, to the persons about me I appear, I have no doubt, to be one of the most cheerful and happy men on earth.'

As a result of this he had people near him always. His hospitality was notorious even in the hospitable South. Though he was far from wealthy, his mansion, Liberty Hall, was open to all men at all times. Rich and poor, high and low, ignorant and learned, gathered there and feasted at the owner's spiritual table as well as at the material. 'Distinguished visitors from everywhere sought the sage's dwelling; so did hungry tramps, black and white.'

Like many persons of melancholy temperament, he was rich in delightful social qualities, made his guests feel thoroughly at home, studied their needs and ministered to them. And that especially frequent concomitant of melancholy, a dainty and sometimes a boisterous sense of humor, he had in a very high degree. His letters and his diary abound with good stories. What a quaint comic invention is the imaginary Finkle, through whom at irregular intervals he narrates his autobiography. His prison life at Fort Warren appears to him to be full of humorous matter. When he is not weeping over it, he is laughing at it. One of the best specimens of his dry wit, though more bitter than is usual with him, is the comment with which he closes some rather severe observations on Davis. 'It is certainly not my object to detract from Mr. Davis, but the truth is that as a statesman he was not colossal. . . . After the Government was organized at Montgomery, it was reported that he said it was "now a question of brains." I thought the remark a good one.'

These social qualities — cheerfulness, kindliness, sympathy — won friends for Stephens everywhere. In college, though poor, he was generally beloved and gathered all the young men around him. During his political life in Washington it was the same. The venerable John Quincy Adams saluted him with verses more notable for feeling than for genius. Members of all parties treated him with affection and respect. When he gave up his congressional seat in 1859, he received the unusual honor of a dinner tendered by a list of members of both houses of Congress without party distinction, headed by the Speaker of the House and the Vice-President.

Stephens's universal popularity was by no means confined to men of his own position in life, but was perhaps even greater among the working people. 'Thank God for little Alex!' shouted crowds assembled on his first appearance after being wounded by a political adversary. And the Negroes, especially those in his own service, were as enthusiastic and devoted as the whites.

It will be evident that qualities like these seemed to pave the straight way to political success. In a certain sense Stephens had such success in large measure. Why that success was limited will become clearer as we go on. But in the tactful management of men for a political purpose he had few superiors. And his art was largely sincerity. He made

it clear that he himself acted only from a profound and well-reasoned conviction, that he would throw over his party and even his constituents in a moment, if his conviction was against them; and the remnant of honesty that is latent in all men, politicians as well as others, responded to such straightforward uprightness. History records few finer things than Stephens's manly stand against the rush of secession in his state. Protesting in the face of angry thousands, he almost swept the current back. And what is perhaps most impressive of all, he so far retained the confidence and affection of his opponents that they elected him a chief officer of their government when they had established it.

The same qualities that made Stephens acceptable in general social and political circles, made him deeply beloved in the more intimate relations of life. He never married. Yet children were very dear to him, and he was keenly susceptible to the charm of women's society. Twice at least he was in love. In the first case poverty as well as health obliged him to control his passion. The second time, he was already in Congress and well-to-do in the world. The match was suitable and the lady, it seems, not unwilling. But he would not ask her to marry so frail a bit of humanity. 'A woman's due,' he thought, 'was a husband on whom she could lean, and not an invalid whom she must nurse.' It was, perhaps, a mistake for him and her both. At any rate, it added to his bitterness of spirit. Once again one is reminded of Leopardi.

In every way Stephens was a man to whom affection meant much. He had the deepest love for home, for Georgia, her hills and streams and forests. His outcry for her from his Northern prison is poignant in its pathos: 'Let my days be brought to an end in my own native land! Let my last breath be of my own native air! My native land, my country, the only one that is country to me, is Georgia. The winds that sweep over her hills are my native air. There I wish to live, and there to die.' His home farm may be barren, may be simple. It has neither luxury nor splendor. But to him it is everything. When a young man, just beginning life, with boundless ambition, a good opening and large salary were offered him away from home. But he unhesitatingly preferred to practice in his native town, although earning only a few hundred dollars a year. And in old age and captivity, as he turned generally to Georgia, so he longed most of all for the remembered haunts of youth and happiness. 'That old homestead and that quiet lot, Liberty Hall, in Crawfordsville, sterile and desolate as they may seem to others, are bound to me by associations tender as heart-strings and strong as hooks of steel.'

These local affections sometimes take the place of human ties, and there are men — men especially — who, if they can live where they will, care little with whom they live. It was not so with Stephens. His love for his friends was as deep as his love for home. Among the great number of these friends none was nearer than Robert Toombs, and the marked contrast between the two makes this intimate relation singularly charming. Stephens was little and frail; Toombs huge and solid. Stephens was a thinker, Toombs a liver. Toombs conquered men; Stephens charmed them. Very often the two took opposite sides and contended against each other energetically. Yet at the same time they praised, admired, and loved each other, and were never estranged save slightly in the midst of the secession fury. Even then, after Stephens's great anti-secession speech, Toombs led the cheering for the beloved enemy, though he remarked to a friend who compli-

mented him on it, 'I always try to behave myself at a funeral.'

But the best of Stephens's affection went to his family. His mother died when he was very young, but his love for his father's memory has a depth and tenderness which is quite irresistible. Surely few sons could write, in old age, a tribute so impressive and so complete as the following: 'Never was human anguish greater than that which I felt upon the death of my father. He was the object of my love, my admiration, my reverence. It seemed to me impossible that I could live without him; and the whole world for me was filled with the blackness of despair. . . . Whenever I was about to do something that I had never done before, the first thought that occurred to me was, what would my father think of this? . . . The principles and precepts he taught me have been my guiding-star through life.'

Even deeper and more absorbing was Stephens's love for his young half-brother, Linton, whom he educated, trained, and advised through boyhood and young manhood, and who afterward became his closest confidant. To Linton he poured out all his hopes and sorrows and desires, both public and private. Linton himself was a man of great ability, deservedly prominent in political life. He was also a man of singular charm, as fully appears from Waddell's excellent life of him. To have been looked up to and worshiped by such a man is not the least of Stephens's claims upon our interest, and the elder brother returned the devotion of the younger with all the passion of a heart keenly sensitive and not distracted from its sole object by either wife or child. The perpetual recurrence of Linton's name in his brother's letters and diary almost recalls Madame de Sévigné's unlimited adoration of her daughter. 'Oh, if I had Linton with me now, how full would be my joy notwithstanding I am a prisoner! How light is my burden compared with what it has been! The full dawn of day is certainly upon me! May the sun of my deliverance soon arise! Oh, may Linton soon come!'

The affection which could not satiate itself with humanity overflowed further in a notable tenderness for animals, especially for dogs. Stephens had always one or more of these to tend, to confide in, or to frolic with. When absent from home, he writes of them with a solicitude which is sometimes amusing, but more often pathetic. Over the blindness of one of them, Rio, he sorrows as over the affliction of a friend. He walks with Rio, to guide the dog's steps, and he buries him with a touch as characteristic in its simple vanity as in its profound emotion. 'The world will never see another Rio. And few dogs ever had, or ever will have, such a master. Over his grave I shed a tear, as I did over him frequently as I saw nature failing.'

Perhaps it is possible to overdo this matter of sympathy with animals. It seems to some of us that the universal pity of the nineteenth century rather tended to increase the aggregate of sentient woe than to diminish it. When Uncle Toby spares the pestilent fly, we love him for it, especially as he was not aware of the huge maleficence with which later investigation was to load that domestic parasite. But when Stephens mourns over the necessary destruction of prison bedbugs, he seems to push altruism to the edge of the ludicrous — and over. 'I have often felt sorry for what I have to do to these bloodsuckers. Most willingly would I turn them loose and let them go away, if they would go and stay, but this they will not do. Between them and me, therefore, there is an irrepressible conflict. Either I or they must be extinguished.'

In the more important field of pity for human suffering, and of attempts to relieve the wretched and to assist the struggling and down-trodden, we can have nothing but admiration for Stephens's persistent endeavor. He does, indeed, as with regard to Rio above, indulge in very frank statement of his own merit in this kind: 'While I have been here I have with free will and of my own accord labored, I think, more for the benefit of others than I have for myself, which is more than many mortals I ever knew could say for themselves.' But the merits require no such emphasis. They are great and indisputable.

Probably few persons of his means have done more for others than Stephens did. He was constantly educating young men, so that all those of promise in his home town appealed to him, and many from outside. During the war he was devoted in his attendance at prisons and hospitals, visiting them often with fruit and flowers, which, I think, was providing a charming function for that generally useless functionary, a vice-president. 'Whenever I see a head at an iron grate, my heart is interested,' he wrote before he had passed four months behind an iron grate himself. It is worth noting that one of the points in which he differed from the government was his belief that prisoners of war should be set free, since the Confederacy was not able to provide for them properly. If sometimes, with men as with animals, his heart outran his head, who will blame him? It is worth while to be fooled occasionally by vice and idleness, worth while to be 'like a ship otherwise staunch but eaten up by barnacles that he cannot dislodge,' for the sake of winning the slave's simple eulogy: 'He is kind to folks that nobody else will be kind to. Mars Alex is kinder to dogs than mos' folks is to folks.'

It is to be observed, further, that Stephens's charity went much back of the hand. Oftentimes the fingers are spread widely when the heart is tight shut, and some who are ready to give to a beggar are less ready to forgive an enemy. Stephens had no real enemies. In all that bitter time I meet few besides Lincoln and Lee who speak of those opposed to them with such unfailing kindliness. It is indeed interesting that one of Lincoln's many efforts at conciliation before the struggle, should have been his well-known correspondence with Stephens, in which both men appear so much to advantage. In all the vast length of Stephens's book on the war I do not think there is a sentence of bitterness toward the North, or even toward those Northerners who had taken most part in bringing on the conflict.

This tone of tolerance is still more marked in dealing with friends than with enemies. Coming fresh from the reading of so many volumes of reminiscences which were harsh and bitter, filled with striving to justify the author at the expense of all those who had fought side by side with him, I was especially impressed with Stephens's gentleness and courtesy. He disagreed with many. He was estranged from none. Even of Davis, whose policy he thought absolutely wrong, he has no unkind or cruel personal criticism. They met as friends, he says, and they parted as such. 'I doubt not that all — the President, the Cabinet, and Congress — did the best they could from their own conviction of what was best to be done at the time.' It does not seem a great admission, yet how few are ready to make it!

The root of this kindly and universal tolerance is to be found in a cardinal principle of Stephens's nature which it is now time to take up and investigate. He was essentially an intellectualist,

and guided his life, far more than most men do, by systematic reasoning. I have already made it quite clear that this does not mean that he was cold or insensible. Most certainly he was not. Neither does it mean that he had the calm, dispassionate, scientific spirit of the nineteenth century, which observes all facts curiously without special eagerness to relate them to preconceived theories. Stephens was a deductive thinker of an older type. He reasoned from accepted generalizations to very positive conclusions. And even in this line his thinking was neither profound nor original. In his letters he is perpetually turning over rather glaring commonplaces, and the comparison of his diary with Amiel's, which I have already suggested, will show at once that the Southern statesman had very little power of going to the bottom of things.

Nevertheless, in a tumult of passions and preconceptions and prejudices, he strove mightily to clear his mind of cant, to get at the conclusions of calm reason as to the terrible questions put before him, and then to act on those conclusions singly, honestly, unflinchingly, with absolute disregard of party, or tradition, or convention. In a time when the still voice of thought was well-nigh drowned in the furious outcry of politicians and fanatics, surely this quality must be counted unto Stephens for righteousness.

It was this which made him so patient with those who differed from him, this which made him so genuinely humble and modest. He reasoned to his own conclusions and acted on them. But others had their own conclusions and must act on them. Oddly enough this very intellectual tendency which made him modest made him vain; as we have exactly the same tendencies exhibited in Cicero, one of the most confirmed intellectualists who ever lived, and placed in times and situations quite similar to Stephens's. To a man like Cicero it is equally natural to admit that his opponent may be right and to feel that his opponent, and everybody else, should recognize the simple fact of Cicero's own power and achievement. In Stephens the vanity is of course in no way so colossal as Cicero's, but the allowance for possible error on his own part is as large and fine as ever in any man. 'It may be that if the course which I thought would or could then save it [the Confederate Government], or would or could have saved it at any time, had been adopted, it would have come as far short of success as the one which was pursued; and it may be, that the one which was taken on that occasion, as well as on all the other occasions on which I did not agree, was the very best that could have been taken.' How refreshing that is in all the jar and clash of positive assertions and violent opinions and dogmatic assurance of a world of might-have-beens. One should read also the admirable letter in which Stephens discusses the possibilities, if the whole burden of the government, in the event of Davis's death, should fall upon the vice-president's shoulders. The clear appreciation of the abstract end to be attained is no finer than the full recognition of the immense difficulties and his own unfitness to encounter them.

Yet if Stephens was modest where he admitted the possibility of error, he was rocklike when he had deduced his conclusions, knew his ground, and felt that he was right. An interruption during his celebrated answer to Campbell of Ohio brought out one of those tremendous sentences in which a man strips his whole character bare all at once. 'You are wrong in that,' interjects Campbell. 'No, sir,' replies Stephens. 'I am never wrong upon a matter I have given as close attention to as I have given to this.' So a god might answer.

And he would stand by these intellectual conclusions to the issue of life or death. Huge Judge Cone had called Stephens a traitor. Stephens retorted with the lie and threatened to slap the Judge's face. They met. The Judge demanded a withdrawal. Stephens refused and struck. There was an instant collision. Cone pulled out a knife and slashed his opponent again and again, got him down, and cried, 'Retract, or I'll cut your damned throat.' 'Never!' said Stephens, 'cut, if you like.' He caught the descending knife-blade in his bare hand, which was cut to pieces, and he went to the hospital, when his adversary was pulled off, with eighteen knife-thrusts in his body and arms.

The man simply could not say that he was wrong when he knew he was right. It is like the legend of Galileo, who succumbed to the gentle persuasions of the church and yet whispered, '*E pur si muove.*'

It is most interesting to follow out this intellectual tendency in the different phases of Stephens's life. To begin with, he was a man of system and exactness. Manifold and varied as his occupations were, he yet, where possible, arranged his time according to a schedule and gave certain hours to certain pursuits. Moreover, he had a fine memory for minute details, and was always strong in dealing with figures and statistics. Art and the artistic side of literature seem to have had little interest for him. His reading, which was both careful and extensive, was mainly in history and in lines of practical thinking and morals. So with the natural world. He had, as already noted, a profound, instinctive love for the surroundings that mean home. Beyond this he was chiefly interested in minute observation of the weather, and takes just pride in having been the means of publishing the reports of the weather bureau which have since become of such immense value to the country.

As regards religion, I have already pointed out its significance to Stephens on the emotional side of his nature. He always retained a faith in the literal interpretation of the Bible which was perhaps rather old-fashioned even in his day. Yet in some quarters he had the reputation of being an atheist, and it is evident from his diary that he had a strong disposition to submit religious views to the strict intellectual tests which he applied to other matters. It seems odd at first, yet it is really characteristic, that with this tendency he should have combined a strong tincture of superstition. His diary contains numerous discussions of good and ill luck, and he takes an undeniable interest in seeing the new moon over the right shoulder. 'If there is anything in signs, I shall certainly have good luck this moon.'

In his own profession of the law Stephens's fine intellectual sincerity stands out fully, and well proves that success requires neither dishonesty nor shuffling. 'What business do you follow, Alex?' said his uncle to him in the early days. 'I am a lawyer.' After an ominous silence the uncle spoke again. 'Alex, don't you have to tell lies?' Alex did not have to tell lies. Hear what he says, reviewing his career in old age. 'No advocate should ever assert as matter of fact in his client's case what he knows is not such; any code of morals justifying him in this does not deserve the name.' And again, more personally, 'My rule from the time I was admitted to the bar was: first, to investigate a case submitted to me, to inquire into the facts and the law applicable to it; then, if I did not believe the party entitled to success before the court, I told him so and declined to appear or prosecute the case.'

Stephens believed that the object of law was justice, and that the lawyer's high function was to reconcile differences and remedy evils. He detested prejudice of party, or locality, or class, or station. This feeling he carried so far that it led him into a singular tirade against what is surely a most worthy and respectable portion of the community. 'If I am ever to be tried for anything, may Heaven deliver me from a jury of preachers! . . . Their most striking defect is a want of that charity which they, above all men, should not only preach but practice.' And elsewhere he speaks of 'the usual bloodthirsty propensity' of 'that calling.' Stephens's religion was different enough from Voltaire's. Yet here one would think Voltaire was speaking.

It was in politics, however, that Stephens's natural characteristics came to their fullest fruition. As a speaker he was much praised, and was effective and successful. 'All lungs and brains,' one admirer said of him. But to me the most impressive eulogy is Lincoln's. Think of winning these words from such a source. 'I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little slim pale-faced consumptive man, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old withered dry eyes are full of tears yet.'

Nevertheless, Stephens mistrusted oratory, as one who knew its dangerous power. When he had conviction with him he could give it all the graces of persuasive eloquence. But conviction was essential. Without it the rest was but as a tinkling cymbal. Where conviction led him he would go, no matter what friend deserted him or what party disclaimed him. He argued for the abolition of his own seat in Congress. He told the South that their agitators had done more than anything else to bring on the war. He fought secession with all his might. At the same time he was an ardent advocate of slavery, believing — with Lee — that slavery presented the most satisfactory solution of the difficult relation between blacks and whites, and that it was the duty of the superior race to protect and care for the inferior. On behalf of his state he resented the usurping attitude of the Richmond government. Yet when the Governor of the state began to do what the President had done, Stephens was just as hot in opposition.

All these things he did in perfect good temper and kindliness, and he could not understand why his opponents would not take it so. He was only acting from his convictions. He supposed they were acting from theirs. Why should they be angry with him? Yet they were, and too many of his compatriots sympathized with the caustic remark of General Taylor: 'Mr. Stephens, with all the impartiality of an equity judge, marked many of the virtues of the Government north of the Potomac and all the vices of that on his own side of the river.'

First, last, and always the compass of Stephens's political life was his belief in human liberty as expressed in the compact between sovereign states known as the Constitution. Admirably characteristic is the account of his first interview with President Jackson. Stephens expressed some doubt as to the action of the troops against the Indians in view of State jurisdiction. 'Jurisdiction by the Eternal! When the United States Mail is robbed and citizens murdered!' shouted the President. But Stephens was ready to be murdered himself rather than give up a principle. Why should not others be? I really believe he would have preferred being torn to pieces by a mob to having that mob repressed by troops illegally. This is fine, but is perhaps carrying intellectualism rather far.

So after the war. He was ready to accept the result and to work loyally for the future. But he could not give up the principle — never. And he wrote his immense two-volumed book, — dialogued, thoroughly Platonic, thoroughly intellectual, — in which, as in Plato, men of straw are set up to be bowled over by masterly dialectic; a learned book, an awe-inspiring book, as dead as a folio of eighteenth-century sermons.

In short, he was an idealist — an ideologue, Napoleon would have said — who would have introduced reason into this chaos of unreason, this curious and fascinating Inferno which we call life. Because life would not heed him he resented it, but in the gentlest and most affectionate fashion, returning good for evil in every way he knew.

In the political world, where he figured most, he seems to have been pitifully ineffectual. We saw in our study of Benjamin that the lack of deep and heartfelt convictions, a shallow opportunism, prevented him from making any distinguished mark on the history of his time. Curiously enough, in Stephens's case, the same result followed from an exactly opposite cause, and the excess of conviction most nobly nullified a prominent and notable career. But I feel sure that posterity will adjust the difference, and that Stephens will grow more and more in our history as a figure of commanding purity, sincerity, distinction, and patriotism.

PEPYS AT CHURCH

BY GEORGE HODGES

St. Olave's Church, having escaped the Great Fire, still stands as it stood in Pepys's day, between London Bridge and Tower Hill, where Seething Lane runs into Hart Street and Crutched Friars. The church tower suggests those storied steeples which Sir Christopher Wren liked so much, and which the Puritans of New England, in memory of their old home, set so handsomely upon their meeting houses. A picture of the interior shows a long narrow building, with galleries and high-backed pews and a tall 'three-decker' in the middle. Pepys's pew seems to have been in the gallery. 'To church,' he says, 'to consult about our gallery.' There were several rows of seats in it, and the matter of precedence as between the Pepyses and the Battens caused some solicitude. Once the servants sat below and the family behind, to Pepys's vexation, who liked it not that the serving people should be placed so on equality with their master and mistress. The pew was 'covered all over with rosemary and baize.'

There sat Pepys in his 'new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs,' and his pretty wife beside him in her 'black silk gown, which is now laced all over with black lace, as the fashion is': the male much more gorgeous than the female, according to the style of birds and butterflies, and

according to the complaints of Pepys over his deficits, which have 'chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife, viz., for her about £12 and for myself £55, or thereabouts.'

Pepys's diary begins on Sunday, that being the first day of the year 1660. On that day, he put on his 'suit with great skirts,' and went to Mr. Gunning's chapel at Exeter House. By an interesting coincidence, Pepys's eminent autobiographical contemporary, John Evelyn, attended the same service. Each of the gentlemen recorded the text in his journal. To which Pepys added: 'Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey, and in the doing of it burned her hand. I staid at home the whole afternoon looking over my accounts.' At that time, as he says, he was 'esteemed rich, but indeed very poor.'

This is the first of several hundred Sunday entries, from the January of 1660 to the May of 1669, when Pepys's eyes gave out. During these ten years, the Stuarts were restored and the Presbyterians ejected, and the Great Plague of 1665 was followed by the Great Fire of 1666, and by the Dutch Invasion of 1667. Pepys was with the fleet, and indeed upon the ship, which brought Charles back. He remained in London, or in a near suburb, during the whole season of the plague. He helped to stop the progress of the fire. And he was clerk of the Acts in the Navy Office while the Dutch were burning the English shipping in the Medway and the Thames.

During this interesting time, he attended church with much regularity, noting with shrewd adjectives the value of the sermon, noting also with satisfaction the clothes which his increasing prosperity permitted him to wear, and in the afternoon, with his wife, casting up his accounts.

It was like Pepys to go on that Sunday to hear Gunning preach. The Restoration was plainly at hand, and the preacher represented the religious side of it. A few weeks later, he went 'in the afternoon to Mr. Herring, where a poor, lazy sermon. This day,' he adds, 'I began to put buckles to my shoes.' Mr. Herring was a Presbyterian minister. Pepys wished to hear what he had to say on his part.

The diary helps us to understand the amazing ease with which the nation passed out of the Middle Ages into the Reformation under Edward, back again into the Roman Church with Mary, and out again with Elizabeth; into Puritanism with Cromwell, and out of Puritanism with Charles the Second. A great number of his countrymen, like Pepys, had no very strong convictions concerning these differences.

He was, indeed, a Protestant, and the meanest thing which his wife could think of to say to him at the height of their most serious quarrel was that she had become a Roman Catholic. He was much worried about it, and much relieved when he found her on a following Sunday making ready to go to the parish church as usual. 'Up, and with my wife to church; which pleases me mightily, I being full of fear that she would never go to church again, after that she had declared to me that she was a Roman Catholick. But though I do verily believe she fears God, and is truly and sincerely righteous, yet I do see that she is not so strict a Catholick as not to go to church with me, which pleases me mightily.' Yet he himself went occasionally to mass, though mostly out of curiosity; and in his later years he was imprisoned for a time in the Tower on suspicion that he was a papist.

Pepys was an adherent, and, though he partook of the sacrament but rarely, a communicant, of the Church of England. All his political interests, and,

for the most part, his tastes and such convictions as he had, were on that side. But he listened with appreciation to Presbyterian preaching. 'This,' he says, 'being the last Sunday that the Presbyterians are to preach unless they read the new Common Prayer, and renounce the Covenant, I had a mind to hear Dr. Bates's farewell sermon, and walked to St. Dunstan's, where, it not being seven o'clock yet, the doors were not yet open; and so I walked an hour in the Temple Garden, reading my vows, which it is a great content to me to see how I am a changed man in all respects for the better since I took them, which the God of Heaven continue to me, and make me thankful for.' At eight o'clock, the church was crowded, and so again at one. Pepys set down in his diary the last words of the preacher. 'You know,' he said, 'that it is not my manner to speak anything in the pulpit that is extraneous to my text and business; yet this I shall say, that it is not my opinion, fashion or humour that keeps me from complying with what is required of us, but something which, after much prayer, discourse and study, yet remains unappeased, and commands me herein.' On a later occasion, meeting 'several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle,' he wrote: 'They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise and not be catched.' He does not care much which.

Pepys in his youth had seen King Charles beheaded. Afterwards he saw the first notable tragedy of the Restoration. 'I went out to Charing Cross to see Major General Harrison hanged, drawn and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there were great shouts of joy.' Pepys himself seems not to have joined in these rejoicings. He looked on at the execution of the King, and then of the leader of the rebels, without any strong emotion.

So it was regarding the social and moral reaction of his age. 'The Restoration brought Charles to Whitehall, and in an instant,' says Green in his history, 'the whole face of England was changed. All that was noblest and best in Puritanism was whirled away with its pettiness and its tyranny in the current of the nation's hate. Religion had been turned into a system of social and political oppression, and it fell with their fall. Godliness became a by-word of scorn; sobriety in dress, in speech, in manners, was flouted as a mark of the detested Puritanism. . . . Dueling and raking became the mark of a fine gentleman; and grave divines winked at the follies of "honest fellows" who fought, gambled, swore, drank, and ended a day of debauchery by a night in the gutter. Life among men of fashion vibrated between frivolity and excess.'

Of all this there is evidence enough in Pepys's diary, but it is in no way a description of Pepys's own life.

He drank, indeed, more than was good for him, but he attended to business with unfailing faithfulness. He gave Mrs. Pepys occasional cause for jealousy, but in the main they lived together peacefully and happily, in sincere and constant affection. And even Pepys's lapses are curiously associated with religion. One time in a February, 'Mr. Mills,' he says, 'made an excellent sermon against drunkenesse, that ever I heard in my life.' But early in March, 'by coach to the Tower, to Sir John Robinson's to dinner, where great cheer. After dinner, to drink all the afternoon. Towards night the ladies went away; then we set to it again till

it was very late.' Another time he writes: 'What at dinner and supper, I drink, I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine that I was even almost foxed, and my head aked all night: so home, and to bed without prayers, which I never yet did, since I came to the house, of a Sunday night; I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was.'

Pepys is drunk, but he is at the same time a man whose decent custom it is to assemble his family for prayers every Sunday night. This is his rule. Once, indeed, he says, 'To bed without prayers, it being very cold, and to-morrow washing day.' But the exceptions are few. Moreover the excesses of drinking are followed by devout vows to God never to do so again. And when his wife is jealous with good reason, and is crying night and day, and Pepys too in his penitence is crying, he declares in his journal that he is praying every morning on his knees to be delivered from temptation.

Here, then, is a servant of the corrupt court of Charles, and not a Puritan, who dances and drinks and goes to plays, and is eagerly intent on getting his full share of the pleasure of life, who nevertheless is a pretty decent person. He is given over neither to frivolity nor to excess. He tastes of both, but puts the golden cups aside and goes along about his honest business. It is characteristic of him that though he liked to hear and tell the scandals of the court, he was offended at them. He was distressed to see 'princes in places where order and discipline should be.' 'I am ashamed,' he says, 'to see my lord so grossly play the fool, to the flinging off of all honour.' When a mimic at a dinner prays through his nose a Puritan prayer and preaches a bit of a Puritan sermon, Pepys is displeased, though the performance pleases an archbishop. He could be merry enough upon occasion, but it is characteristic of him that he says after a wedding, 'There was pulling off Mrs. Bride's and Mr. Bridegroom's ribbons, and a great deal of fooling among them that I and my wife did not like.' And after another wedding, 'The modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial.'

That is, Pepys is a representative of the great majority of his contemporaries in England. Romanism, Puritanism, Anglicanism, go and come and do not very seriously affect the people, because, like Pepys, they are not deeply interested. They are contented to let the enthusiastic contend about these matters, and to accept the outcome. Sobriety and sensuality chase each other on and off the stage of public life, like Death and the Devil in the moralities, but meanwhile the decent nation, like Pepys, lives its respectable and even religious life. The conspicuous folk do thus and so, and seem to represent the age for good or bad, but they are no more representative than the Roman Cæsars, or the Roman Popes who followed them.

St. Olave's became Pepys's parish church by reason of his connection with the Naval Office, which was just across the street. His position was that of a permanent under-secretary, which means that he was practically the manager of the English navy, so far as the Duke of York permitted; and he lived in one of the official residences. 'For myself,' he says, 'chance without merit brought me in'; but, he adds, 'diligence only keeps me so.' The chance was his favor with his kinsman, Sir Edward Montagu, commander of the fleet which brought the King from Holland, who took Pepys with him as his

secretary. Thus on a Sunday, in the Channel, he heard the preacher pray for King Charles; and on another Sunday, 'to the quarter-deck, at which the tailors and painters were at work, cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth into the fashion of a crown and C. R. and put it upon a fine sheet, and that into the flag, instead of the States arms, which after dinner was finished and set up.'

Gradually, under the new order of things, the Common Prayer comes back. On the first Sunday in July, 1660: 'This morning came home my fine camlet cloak, with gold buttons, and silk suit, which cost me much money, which I pray God make me able to pay for. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet.' On the next Sunday to Whitehall Chapel. 'Here I heard very good musique, the first time that I ever remember to have heard the organs and the singing men in surplices in my life.' In the beginning of November, at St. Olave's, 'Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying "Glory be to the Father, etc." after he had read the two psalms; but the people had been so little used to it that they could not tell what to answer.' A year later, 'I to church,' he says, 'and this day the parson has got one to read with a surplice on. I suppose himself will take it up hereafter, for a cunning fellow he is as any of his coate.' And, sure enough, on the last Sunday of that month, 'Put on my new scallop, which is very fine. To church and there saw the first time Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading-pew after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpit, to preach without it.'

Thus events moved toward the Black Bartholomew of 1662, when the Presbyterian ministers, to the number of eighteen hundred, were ejected. Neither Pepys nor Evelyn perceived the significance of that act of violence. Most churchmen rejoiced that the triumphs of the Commonwealth were thus turned into ignominious defeat, and most Presbyterians were busy reckoning their losses and planning how to meet the hardships of the immediate future. But on that day the Church of England ceased to be the church of the English people. It had thrust half of the nation out of doors. It had compelled the competition of Dissent. And, at the same time, thus calling into being the strong competition of Dissent, it had changed the appeal of religion, from that day forward, from the voice of Authority to the voice of Reason. It is curiously significant that in the midst of that very week Evelyn says, 'I was admitted and then sworn one of the Council of the Royal Society'; of which society Pepys was afterwards president. For this was an association of men of science, committed to the principle that truth is to be ascertained, not by the word of tradition, but by observation and investigation, by the exercise of reason.

Meanwhile, Pepys was going quietly to church, as if nothing had happened. The diary shows that the pulpit of St. Olave's was open to a long succession of visiting preachers. 'A most tedious, unreasonable and impertinent sermon by an Irish doctor. His text was "Scatter them, O Lord, that delight in war." Sir W. Batten and I very angry with the parson.' Naturally, such doctrine was unpopular at the Navy Office. 'At church in the morning. A stranger preached a good honest and painful sermon.' 'At church, where a stranger preached like a fool.' Mr. Mills's choice of preachers seems to have been calculated to make his parishioners content with their own minister.

The regularity of Pepys's attendance at church diminishes a little as the responsibilities of his office increase upon him. Many Sundays find him at his public accounts, or in anxious consultations over affairs of state. He was ever a hard worker. 'Up betimes,' he says he is on many days; or 'up very betimes,' meaning four o'clock in the morning. An honest government official, under a king who spends upon 'my Lady Castlemaine' and other disreputable persons the money which ought to have been used to pay the sailors, has a hard life. 'To church,' he says, 'where I have not been a good while.' 'Up and to church, where I have not been these many weeks.' 'Up, and I put on my best cloth black suit and my velvet cloak, and with my wife in her best suit to church, where we have not been these nine or ten weeks.'

There is no indication of any loss of interest in religion; neither is there any sign, on the other hand, of any distress of conscience. It is interesting to see how Pepys comes out under the grave shadow of the Commonwealth, with its strong emphasis on the Fourth Commandment, and of a Sunday walks in the fields, or takes a boat on the river, or teaches his wife addition, subtraction, and multiplication, and hopes to get on to division, or talks with his tailor, or reads indifferently Richard Hooker or Ben Jonson, or arranges his growing collection of books, or works at his desk. As a rule, he goes to church in the morning, and often again in the afternoon; and on Sunday evening he takes pleasure in singing psalms; and the day ends with the reading of family prayers. He buys a Bible concordance, of which, he says, he hopes to make much use. Regularly he reads his vows, and is glad when he finds that he is amending his faults. He thanks God devoutly for the mercies and blessings of his life. But all this is as natural and as unconventional as his delight in music.

Pepys cared much for music. He was interested in anthems. He liked to sing. He composed a little, and was mighty pleased, as he says, to hear his songs sung. He comes home one night from the play of *The Virgin Martyr*, and writes in his diary: 'That which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-musick when the angel comes down, which was so sweet that it ravished me, and, indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife: that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so that I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as did this upon me.' He never speaks in this rapture of religion, though he did stand in the aisle during the whole of a long sermon, listening with delight.

At the same time, religion seems to have been a very genuine part of his life. The freedom with which he stayed away from church indicates that when he went, as he did week after week, it was because he liked it. He went oftener than his wife. He had enough religion to keep him, for the most part, decent and honest in a society wherein his social superiors set him examples of dissolute and dishonest living. He seems, indeed, to be thinking more of his velvet cloak, and his 'flowered taby vest, very rich,' and of the buckles on his shoes, than of his prayers; but these are easier than prayers to write about, even in a confidential journal.

Of course, Pepys's diary is very different from Cotton Mather's, and even from Judge Sewell's; but so, for that matter, are our own, if we keep any. The analogy with music states it best.

Pepys felt no more obligation to go to church than to go to concerts. It was not an affair of obligation. He cared much for both, and availed himself of the one privilege as of the other, when he could.

Then came the Plague.

It was on a Wednesday of the June of 1665, and 'the hottest day,' says Pepys, 'that ever I felt in my life,' that it first came into plain sight. He and his wife had been on the river that day, very merrily, and had walked an hour or two in the Spring Garden with great pleasure, and 'spending,' as he says characteristically, 'but 6*d* till nine at night.' But 'much against my will,' he adds, 'I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of that kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw.' He bought some 'roll-tobacco' to 'smell and chaw, which took away the apprehension.' But this was only the beginning of the tremendous calamity.

Pepys got his wife away to Woolwich, but he himself remained in London, or near by, attending to the king's business. Business goes on, and life goes on, after a fashion. But the bell is always ringing. 'The sickness is got into our parish this week, and is got, indeed, everywhere; so that I begin to think of setting things in order, which I pray God to enable me to do, both as to soul and body.' The services now are mostly funerals. 'It was a sad noise to hear our bell ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials; I think five or six times.' And presently, on a Lord's Day, 'Lord, what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river; and the grass grows all up and down White Hall Court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets.' Still, on another Lord's Day, 'Up, and put on my colored suit very fine, and my new periwigg, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it, and it is a wonder what will be the fashion, after the plague is done, in periwiggs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear of the infection.'

Plague or no plague, the fashions are as certain to continue as the changing seasons. The state business continues also. 'All the people were at church,' says Pepys, 'and the office quiet, so I did much business.' And social life continues. 'To church this morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another! and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them.'

At the end of January, 1666, Pepys says: 'This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the plague, and it frightened me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards, where the people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.' But presently, 'My wife and I for the first time at church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon; expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before anybody went, and now staying till we are all come home; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so I was the less afraid for going through.'

And after the Plague, the Fire.

On Sunday, the 2d of September,

1666, 'some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City.' The sight, however, did not much alarm the family, 'so went to bed again, and to sleep.' But in the morning it is plain that there is 'an infinite great fire,' and that night it had increased, 'in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame.' 'It made me weep to see it. The churches, houses and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine.' So, on the Sunday following, 'I to church, where our parson made a melancholy but good sermon; and many and most in the church cried, specially the women.' And on the last Sunday of that month, 'Up, and to church, where I have not been a good while; and there the church infinitely thronged with strangers, since the fire came into our parish; but not one handsome face among them, as if, indeed, there was a curse, as Bishop Fuller heretofore said, upon our parish.'

Even the Fire, though he dreamed of it every night, did not destroy the good spirits of the Clerk of the Acts. One Sunday, he says, 'My taylor's man brings my vest home, and coat to wear with it, and I like myself mightily in it, and so does my wife.' On a Christmas Day, Mrs. Pepys sleeps long, 'having sat up till four this morning, seeing her maids make mince-pies. I to church where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well, on some good ribs of beef roasted, and plenty of good wine of our own, and my heart full of true joy; and thanks to God Almighty for the goodness of my condition at this day.'

Once he goes to Hackney Church, 'chiefly,' as he says, 'to see the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, and very pretty.' And on another Sunday, 'After dinner I did go by water alone to Westminster to the parish church, and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till the sermon was done.' And again, on a Sunday afternoon, to the same church, 'thinking to see Betty Michell; and did stay an hour in the crowd, thinking by the end of a nose that I saw, that it had been her; but at last the head was turned towards me, and it was her mother, which vexed me.'

Alongside of these merry notes, however, are much more serious comments. Mr. Gifford preached on the text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you.' Pepys says: 'A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. He showed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich than sin and villainy.' Mr. Stillingfleet preached at Whitehall Chapel. 'He did make a most plain, honest, good, grave sermon, in the most unconcerned, and yet easy and substantial manner, that ever I heard in my life.' 'To my great joy,' he says again, 'I find Mr. Frampton in the pulpit; and I think the best sermon, for goodness and oratory, that ever I heard in my life. The truth is, he preaches the most like an apostle that ever I heard man; and it was much the best time that ever I spent in my life at church.' The text was from Ecclesiastes: 'But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the years of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.'

It seems a strange text for the applause of Pepys, rejoicing as he was in the midst of his years. It is to be hoped that the preacher mitigated somewhat the pessimism of the Scripture, and emphasized the vanity of the present rather than the vanity of the future. Probably what impressed Pepys was the setting forth of the seriousness of life. Back of all the frank confidences of the diary, there is a sufficient disclosure of a serious mind. The Pepys who dons the camlet cloak, and who wonders what the people think when for the first time he wears a periwig to church, and who inspects the congregation with a perspective glass during the sermon, looking at the pretty women, was at the same time, 'the right hand of the navy,' a man of large and important duties, 'infinitely busy,' as he says, and burdened with responsibility. The difference between him and his most dignified and substantial neighbors was not apparent at the time. 'He was a philosopher,' said Jeremy Collier, 'of the severest morality.' Indeed, the principal difference is that other men are judged by their public manners, but Pepys by all his private thoughts.

When Pepys came to his last illness, in the seventy-first year of his life, and the thirty-fourth after the conclusion of his diary, he was attended by the nonjuring Dean of Worcester. The Dean said: 'The greatness of his behaviour, in his long and sharp tryall before his death, was in every respect answerable to his great life; and I believe no man ever went out of this world with greater contempt of it, or a more lively faith in everything that was revealed of the world to come.' He added: 'I never attended any sick and dying person that dyed with so much Christian greatnesses of mind, and I doubt not but he is now a very blessed spirit.' 'He was universally beloved,' says Evelyn, 'hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation.'

Thus did the church and the world praise him. No doubt, he joined honestly enough in the words of the church service: 'We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.' But the prayer in which these words occur is called, very properly, a 'General Confession.'

THE LEGACY OF RICHARD HUGHES

BY MARGARET LYNN

RACHEL MARQUIS paused a moment with her hand on the library-door. She had had John placed in here because it was the room she herself loved best, and she knew that it was here she would prefer to sit beside him in these last hours of waiting. Yet she had hesitated to come down, and even now, with her hand on the door-knob, she lingered again to re-strengthen herself before entering. The very unusualness of an unfamiliar sight in the familiar room would add, she knew, to the sharp strangeness of the whole event. She almost hoped, as she waited this moment, for another practical duty of some sort, which would postpone again her entrance to the room.

But no sound came from any part of the silenced house, and she opened the door and entered. The long casket stood awkwardly across the blank fireplace, for she had chosen to give no direction to the undertaker and he had followed his own professional judgment. Everything was arranged, however, with a sort of intention which indicated the intrusion of the professional into the private. In spite of the stronger feeling of the moment, Rachel Marquis noticed this, with sharp disapproval. But she went directly to the chair which had been placed beside the casket and seated herself, bowing her head long on her folded arms before she looked on the familiar face beside her.

It was now only twenty-four hours since the strange accident had happened, and she had not yet adjusted herself, even so far as to determine her fundamental emotion. It was grief, of course, but the kind or degree of that grief was still undefined. The hours since they had brought him home had been so full of the unfamiliar practical things which arise at such a time, of the sudden necessities and small perplexities which muddle and chafe sorrow, that there had been scarcely a moment for her to look consciously at the great fact. Even now, as she covered her eyes, to be the more alone with herself, she felt rather a welcoming of momentary inactivity, than the relaxation of grief. She realized, with a sort of pang of disapproval, that she did not need to relax from any tension of anguish. She did not know what she wished to say to herself in this communion. She was sorry, bitterly sorry; but what elements went into the making of that grief? — She could not yet tell.

So she leaned with covered eyes, almost as if she were waiting for something outside of herself to give her a cue. As the minutes passed, however, the great simple fact that John was dead and that his place beside her would now be empty, engrossed all supplementary feelings, and her genuine regret had its way. She wept long, and ever more bitterly, absorbed, as one may be, in a mere physical expression of grief. The activity of sorrow overcame thought for the time, and left her no energy for analysis of feeling. Death alone seemed enough to weep over, and her tears still fell.

At last, as if having reached a natu-

ral period, she rose and moved away to the window and sat down there, in a quiet reverie of sadness. She was sorry for the life cut off, shocked at the abruptness and completeness of the tragedy, — John himself, she was sure, the assertive, energizing John, would have hated this sudden subduing of himself, and she sympathized with such revolt, — sorry, sorry for it all.

As she thought, she looked gravely out across the garden, the gay stretch to which John had given so much time. She had never understood his devotion to that garden. He had not been ready to spend money on things to give æsthetic pleasure in the house, although in practical matters he had been willing enough to make outlays, ever since his business had been secure. She thought of their new car, of the signs of prosperity in their living. 'Poor John!' she said at last with a deep sigh, when, aware of the nodding line of rare dahlias on which her eyes were resting, she thought of all the pains he had taken in the propagation and selection of them. She had come to recognize this lavishness of care and money as a sort of blind expression of the one æsthetic element in his nature, and had felt a quiet approval of it. 'Poor John!' she sighed again, and turned from the window to go.

But even as she did so, the simplicity of her mood passed, and the old complexity of feeling returned with a keenness which was for the moment bewildering. As she left the window, the long black shape across the fireplace confronted her again, and she paused, startled anew; it was so strange and so tremendous a thing in her room.

For the library was, above everything else in the world, hers. It was such a room as shows it has been taking on character through succeeding decades, cumulative of its type, slowly drawing to itself an atmosphere of fineness and greatness. The credit of it belonged only remotely to Rachel Marquis. She was the possessor, but not the maker of it. She had kept it and loved it, but her own contribution to it had been slight. A few shelves of new books not yet mellowed down to the tone of the others, standing as if waiting to be proved, and a bit of renewing of texture here and there, whose freshness showed need of the softening of time, were the only marks of her hand or taste. But it was such a room as any lover of the long effects of books would cherish.

In the midst of its harmonies, the heavy black box undoubtedly looked harsh and intrusive. Rachel recognized, as a sort of confidence with herself, that bringing it here was an invasion. Because she loved the room herself she had placed John here, without thought of the inappropriateness of the act. But now the incongruity of the choice struck her. Why should he be brought here, she thought pitifully, to the room he never frequented, where she scarcely welcomed him, she acknowledged? Why should she sit beside him here, when she had so seldom done so before? She remembered very well the manner with which he occasionally sought her here, tentative, unfamiliar, and yet assertive. She had resented every element of that manner. Anywhere else in the house he was more nearly himself; here everything she did not desire in him was accentuated.

It had been, she thought, with an instinctive desire to do the best for him in every way, that she had directed that he should be placed here; just as she had ordered everything of the choicest and had given her most careful attention and taste to every detail. But this thought had been a failure.

'Poor John!' she said gently once more, with a pity in her thought all the greater for this very incongruity, as she came over and stood beside him.

But as her eyes rested on his face, she felt almost compelled to withdraw the phrase. The dead man seemed to allow no such pity. The unfamiliar in the familiar, which is stranger than a new thing, held her startled attention as she looked. She had thought that she knew John Marquis to the last shred of his character, but death seemed to have laid a fineness she had never known over the stubbornness and taciturnity of the face. The dignity of the last great experience of his life seemed to mark him. He seemed to be gathering himself away from her pitying kindness. Very soon she went out again and closed the door.

When Richard Hughes, the last of his family, left his mother's old home to John and Rachel Marquis, no one had wondered. Rachel was a sort of cousin and John, too, a distant connection by somebody's marriage. And they lived in the town and nothing was more natural than that he should give them a home there, and whatever else he had to leave.

What no one knew but Rachel was that Richard Hughes had wished to marry her, and that she had refused him and chosen John Marquis instead. Richard Hughes, fifteen years her senior, quiet and inexpressive, shut in with books and remote from life, was far less to her mind than John Marquis, who was of her own generation, with whom she went to parties and talked the light talk of youth, and had a thousand things in common, as she thought. John was bright and jolly, and played tennis and danced with her and took her out in a canoe, and was sweet-tempered and loved to laugh, and between times talked seriously about the business he was starting and the money he expected to make. John belonged to the whole format of her life at that time, and it was perfectly natural to choose to marry him, with the expectation that life would go on as she and John had both known it and liked it in other homes, comfortable, sensible, ambitious of practical things, real, as their kind would call it. It seemed an impossible thing for her not to marry John.

In the first years of their marriage she was proud of coming quickly to understand John's business. She was proud of her management and her well-timed economies, proud that John could talk affairs over with her with satisfaction, that she was beginning to take the place her mother and other successful women had taken in practical life. But after two or three years had passed, the space taken by practical things in her life began to shrink; her familiarity with them detracted from their interest and allowed her to dispose of them more readily. She began to feel a restlessness which called for new interests.

At the same time John's affairs were not prospering. Difficulties he could not manage hampered him. All Rachel's advice and economies were of little help among the inevitable conditions of the time. She was becoming tired of the continual effort to acquire, and impatient of the atmosphere of practical things. But she made a show of readiness when she suggested that they give up the cheerful modern home they had fitted about themselves, with the conventions of comfort and the furnishings and decorations to which they had been adapted.

It was just at this time that Richard Hughes left them his home and the little money he owned. Nothing could have been more opportune for them. Whatever other feelings John may have had were absorbed in sheer relief at the assistance the bequest brought him. The money, with that from the sale of their own house, tided him over his difficulties and even helped to develop

his business further. Rachel concealed her reluctance at moving into the out-of-date old house with its antiquated furnishings, and made a show of welcoming their fortune as a good partner should.

She could hardly tell when her consciousness of the house began to have its influence upon her. From the first, John, absorbed in business, left all practical things to her, feeling that the house was more hers than his anyway. She, in a mood of vague compunction and desire to compensate for she hardly knew what, made it a point of honor to dispose of all their own furniture, chosen with such satisfaction and complacency, and settled among the dull tones and quiet spaces of the old house.

'Gay old place, is n't it?' said John, walking through the house after they were established. Rachel assented with a cheerful smile. 'Oh, well,' he went on, settling down with his trade-journals, which looked baldly out of place in the dim library, 'we can stand it for a while. Some time we can have what we want again.'

It was months before he recurred to the subject directly. Then, one Sunday, he looked about him as he sat stretched in an old easy-chair, and said abruptly, 'We are getting pretty well settled down here. I did n't think the old place would be so comfortable.'

'It is more than comfortable,' said Rachel quietly.

'I wonder why Richard ever left it to us. Have you ever figured it out?'

'Oh, he had no nearer relatives that he knew.' Rachel tried to speak in a matter-of-fact way, but instead she hesitated and flushed a little.

John looked at her closely. 'Do you know any other reason?' he asked curiously.

Rachel hesitated again. Mere reticence on past affairs was one thing; positively keeping a secret from her husband was another. 'Richard wanted to marry me once,' she said. 'But I don't think that had anything to do with it,' she added hastily.

'When was that?'

'Oh — before I was engaged to you,' said Rachel, and smiled at him.

John said nothing more, but sat tapping his knee with his folded newspaper, as was his habit when in thought. Presently he rose and strolled away.

Rachel could not help resenting his silence, which left her in discomfort. When so much had been said he should have said more, if only to put her at her ease. For days afterward she expected him to return to the subject, and when he did not do so, she continued to resent the implication he seemed to be making.

At this time the house itself had already begun to have its effect upon her. Rachel could hardly tell when she stopped looking wistfully at the sectional bookcases and mission furniture of her acquaintances. But soon after she moved into it, the house had ceased to be to her merely a house. With her conventionally modern notions of beauty in furnishings, she had first been surprised to find how at rest and how satisfied she was in this house, which had met in a generous way the needs and tastes of another generation, but met few of those to which she had been trained. She had not known that it was in her to find a charm in such a house. But from the time when she first became aware of a positive quality in the place, she became more and more awake to its existence; she wondered at it, but it held her attention constantly more firmly.

At last she found that behind the entity of the house lay that which had made it — the personality of the generations gone and especially of its last owner. The quality of the whole place, with its solidity of walls and generosity

of room, along with its plain sincerity in every detail, seemed to indicate praiseworthiness, not only in the first builder but in all later possessors. It became a meritorious thing to have and to keep a house like this. She remembered something of the sacrifices that Richard Hughes had made to retain it, and warmed with pride of him at the recollection.

The whole place reflected him and the people who had made him. Gradually Rachel grew in pride of the house and of her heritage. As she lived there month by month she found herself enveloped in its atmosphere and growing toward its proportions. At first she entered the library with timidity and an uncomfortable strangeness. Even one who had only very superficial intellectual tastes must have felt a sort of awe before its accumulation of books and their accompaniments. When Rachel and John had first begun to make a home, they had placed the making of a library among their ambitions for it, and had taken pleasure in adding a few gayly bound novels each year to the small united collection with which they had begun. They had enjoyed seeing their few shelves grow, and knowing that they had so many of the popular books of which their friends talked. When they came to the Hughes home, Rachel had crowded their parti-colored collection into the shelves of the library there, weeding out others to make room for their own.

But on a later day, as she reëntered the room, she felt a shock at the incongruity presented and, to John's puzzlement, gathered their own books into a corner by themselves, where a curtain safely hid them. Their garish triviality had no place among these mellowed, long-tried volumes. John, however, had looked the old volumes over and pronounced them a dry lot — give him something fresher.

But Rachel perceived that there had been something in the choosing of these books which she had never really known. To her, books had been an accessory, an incidental thing, hypothetically an enrichment of life, but not an essential. She had thought of intellectual exercise as an intermittent thing, to be taken up or laid down as suited the mood of the time. But here was a people who chose books not merely as a desirable possession, an ornamental furnishing, but as an unquestioned necessity.

Gradually, as she continued to handle and to know their books, she evoked for herself the earlier presences of the house, most of all Richard Hughes. In the long hours which she now spent alone about the house, she found herself living more constantly in a companionship with those minds. They were not only an atmosphere, but sometimes almost a positive presence. It entertained her to go over the books one by one, sometimes, deciding who had chosen this one and that one, and for what reason, and picturing the occasion of its coming to his hand. As her knowledge of the library grew, she took more and more pleasure in this, tracing the taste of one owner or another in the recurrence of a subject or in successive accretions. She, as she learned, glowed over her collection of first editions of modern works, since they had been chosen, not as first editions, but, in their own time, as works for which an appreciative hand was eagerly waiting.

And since Richard Hughes was the only one of her predecessors in the library whom she had known, she found herself embodying all the others in him. She knew him now better than she had ever known him. She could detect his additions to the treasures of the house, and, as her own knowledge increased, could trace his using of the resources which had been handed down

to him. She began to take pleasure in following what she thought had been his path in taste and knowledge, gradually matching her mind to his own.

Her pride in the room went through successive stages. In her first days of satisfaction in mere proprietorship of so respectable and worthy a possession, she took pleasure in unostentatious exhibition of it. She liked to take guests there, in a natural sort of way, and to be found sitting there, by unexpected callers. She liked the eminently admirable background of the rows of books, for social episodes. But as her knowledge of the library grew, that stage passed. As she went from familiarity to intimacy, she began to desire that it should be an exclusive intimacy. She no longer took callers to the room, and when familiar acquaintances found their way there, she was uneasy at their handling of the books and impatient of their discussion of them. She now seldom spontaneously took strangers there. In time she had come to group John with all the others. The only companionship she desired in the library was an imagined one.

John's attitude had more and more set her apart in this companionship. His dislike for the house had grown steadily more obvious as the months and years passed. It showed itself in a lack of home-pride, in open contempt for the old-fashioned elements of the place, in reluctance to make even necessary expenditure upon it.

But Rachel herself had hardly guessed the strength of his feeling until one day when she discovered among Richard Hughes's papers what seemed to be a memorandum for a codicil to his will, which would make a gift of a thousand dollars to the little public library of the town.

She took the note directly to John. 'I think we ought to do this,' she said.

John looked at the paper and laid it down. 'I don't see that we are obliged to,' he answered shortly.

'It is what he intended to do — and we got the money,' she said, with too patient a manner, as if explaining the moral point to him. 'We should give it in his name.'

'It is enough to have to live in Richard Hughes's house. I don't care to set up a memorial for him besides.'

'But John,' she urged herself to argue, 'is it honest?'

'There is more than one kind of honesty,' said John shortly, in a tone which checked further answer. 'I can't afford it,' he added after a moment, as the final word.

She left him in an anger which it seemed to her she would feel all her life. But gradually it became less an active feeling than a part of all her unformulated opinion of him. He had not followed her a single step in the development which had resulted from her awakening to the spirit of the house. In time he came to ignore the library altogether as part of the house, and by degrees fitted up an incongruous little lounging-place upstairs. Rachel came to regard his whole attitude toward the place and the man who had owned it as belonging to his mental and æsthetic plane; his jealous ingratitude seemed not a separate feeling, but only an element in his character.

Richard Hughes, she now understood very well, had known her very little, and had loved only her prettiness and light girlishness, charms which were different from anything in his own life. The recollection of that episode did not flatter her now, or even afford her any special gratification. But she loved to live side by side with the embodiment she had recreated for herself, and was proud to feel her spirit matching its spirit. She sometimes felt, with her growing imagination, that she was living in the house, not with John, but

with these presences of the past — most of all with Richard Hughes.

But in the mean time the matter of the bequest assumed for her constantly greater proportions. After some time had passed she ventured to mention it again. He answered as before, 'I can't afford it!' She knew that he could afford it. About the same time he bought a strip of ground lying beside them and began his garden. Rachel suggested that he take a piece of their own grounds, but he bluntly rejected the proposal. A growing taciturnity marked his manner, and often a willful crudeness of phrase and speech, which annoyed her almost to the point of reproof. So far as was possible, however, she kept the recognition of all this far in the background of her thought and forebore any conscious criticism of him, even to herself. But her warmest feeling for him was tinged with pity.

Yesterday he had been taken. This accident, sudden as a lightning-flash and more unforeseen, had ended the relation between them — though not the puzzle. Rachel had never been one to revise her opinion of a man because he was dead. Her tears had fallen now, but she had no compunctious self-deception, and her long-framed feelings were only complicated, not really altered. She saw as clearly as ever the incongruity of her husband's presence in this room where Richard Hughes had had his life, and where she now had her own.

All waited for the coming of John's brother, David Marquis. David was an elder brother, retired from business on some pretext or other, now loitering his way profitably and pleasantly through the later half of his life. It had been his custom to visit them frequently, spending weeks at a time idling about the house, quiet, keen of look, ready to talk with interest on any general topic, but incommunicative of opinion on any personal matter. Rachel had always felt, as she saw his observant eye first upon John and then upon her, that he saw the difference between them and sympathized with her. For this reason, although she had never criticized John to him, she had sometimes spoken freely of herself and of her own tastes and wishes; and he had listened, quietly as ever, but responsively.

She had a sort of feeling now that she would find her poise through him when he came. A sympathetic eye would help her to adjust the degree of her grief to the limits of her previous feeling.

It was eight o'clock when he arrived. The pretext of dinner in the house was over, and even the neighborly and professional attentions of the day were withdrawn. Rachel descended from her room in the quiet house at the sound of his entrance, and met gratefully the brotherly kindliness of his manner. They sat a few minutes in the hall, in question and answer of his journey and of the accident and all the circumstantial things which cluster about death itself. Rachel answered freely and fully, discovering a relief in breaking the instinctive repression of the day, and finding the sort of rest she had hoped for from his presence. David listened to her quietly, as he had always done, with his ready eye upon her.

At last he rose, turning away from her with a comprehensive look about him.

'Where is he?' he asked abruptly.

'In the library,' said Rachel, with a movement to lead the way for him.

'In there?' exclaimed David, with the emphasis of surprise. Then he closed his lips again and followed her, without meeting her questioning look.

But inside the door he paused again. Rachel had, constrained by long habit,

looked first at the room, as she entered, and then at the casket, as a separate thing. The room had so long served to give her poise that she felt a sort of appeal to it even now. David's eyes rested first on the casket and then swept the room in a disapproving look.

'Why is he here?' he asked, with a curtness in his easy voice which Rachel had never heard from him before.

'Why —' she began hesitatingly, and then added vaguely, 'It seemed best.'

'Best for him?' responded David with the same shortness. Then he turned and drooped his head slowly over the figure in the coffin, and Rachel slipped away. David's manner seemed to put her entirely outside of the occasion.

Later he joined her where she waited in the dim parlor. The still chilliness of the room was stiffening and depressing, but she had not made a fire because its open cheerfulness would not have seemed appropriate. David walked up and down the long room a few minutes in a silence which Rachel, not knowing his mood, did not break.

Then he said, as abruptly as before, 'Can you have him moved in the morning?'

'Moved? — Where?' Rachel had not supposed that her brother-in-law would have the same feeling of incongruity that she had.

'Anywhere but there. Here — I don't know — there is no place in the house that seems to belong to him. The hall might do — at least he went through there every day,' he finished with an irony none too subtle.

He began to walk up and down the length of the room, alternately facing her with a challenging air, and turning abruptly away again when he had neared her seat. But Rachel, absorbed still in her mood, was unappreciative of his manner.

'John never fitted into the house very well, anywhere,' she said, with reserved regret.

'Fitted into it!' exclaimed David, as he turned toward her at the end of the room. 'My — Did the house ever fit into him? It is the business of a house to suit the people that live in it,' he flung over his shoulder as he wheeled away again.

Rachel was silent, puzzled at this surprising change of manner in David, and not knowing how much of his emotion was merely the impatience of grief.

'Is there a corner of the house where it is appropriate for him to lie now, except that little cubby-hole of his upstairs?' demanded David, continuing, but as one who knows that an answer is impossible.

He suddenly abandoned his walk and came over and sat down opposite her, in front of the empty fire-place. He sat silent a moment, his gray figure drooping in a big chair. Rachel, looking carefully at him for the first time, noted with a kind of surprise the mark of brokenness and relaxation upon him, of submission to tremendous grief. It had not occurred to her that John could be mourned in that way. After a moment he said quietly, 'This house has never been a home for John.'

'I was always hoping,' said Rachel, as if this subject were one which they had discussed before and agreed upon, 'that he would feel more at home here in time.'

'What would have been necessary to bring that about?' asked David quietly.

'Well,' said Rachel, with reluctance in criticism even greater than usual, 'he would have had to change in many ways.'

'In what ways?' persisted David.

Rachel hesitated again. The thing, when baldly said, seemed so much

harsher than when it was merely held in thought.

'John's taste was different from that of the people who made the house,' she said.

'Yes, I know. These pictures, and the old books in the library, and so on. Is that what you mean?'

'Well, the insides of the books, and other pictures which we don't have — and so on,' she finished indefinitely.

'Yes. You thought John was crude and rather coarse in feeling.'

'Oh, no — not that indeed!'

'You would n't call it just that, of course. But the difference between you was the same, whether it put you up high or him down low. Is n't that so? You were sorry for yourself because John was not on your level?'

'Yes,' admitted Rachel, reluctantly voicing the word.

'Were you ever sorry enough for John because you were not on his level? — There are different kinds of lonesomeness,' he added after a pause. 'I never saw a worse case than John's.'

Rachel sat upright, looking at him in a sort of amazement, as much at himself as at the idea. She had never dreamed that behind his apparently sympathetic observation of her lay any condemnation of her attitude.

He met her look with one as direct, and asked, in a way which made the question a sort of arraignment, 'Did it ever occur to you what a tragedy John's life was?'

Rachel merely shook her head slowly as she tried to connect, in an impersonal sort of way, the notion of tragedy with John — John the successful, the obstinate, the simple in desire, the objective. There had been no real disappointment in all his life. She looked back half-indignantly at David, rejecting the suggestion.

David rose and took a turn up and down the parlor again, pausing in the shadows at the farther end of the room. Then he came back to his seat and faced her determinedly.

'What *I* had always hoped was that you would come to understand John without any outside interference. I came back over and over to see, but I always kept from putting in.' He paused again. 'I would n't say anything now, only your tone, your "Poor John" way — shows you're just the same as ever. I won't have him buried without your knowing something more about him — if I can show you,' he added more gently.

'Please tell me,' said Rachel quietly. Her mind was still half as much on David as on what he was going to say.

'There is nothing to tell that you should not have seen for yourself. You were his wife and you lived with him. From the time you came to this house one side of John's life ended. In a way he had no home and no — wife. A man wants a companion.'

Rachel almost spoke, in startled contradiction. It was she who had been uncompanioned.

'You were proud, I know, of never finding fault with John. Don't you know that he would have been glad if you had openly found fault with him? As it was, it seemed as if you thought him hopeless. When he said things about the house or anything in it, he really wanted you to contradict him and argue with him, and give him a way to come to the same place where you were — don't you see?'

'Did he tell you?'

'No. But of course I used to sit round with him a good deal. And I had always been used to understanding him,' he added, with a drop in his voice. 'John had a lot of imagination,' he went on.

Rachel looked up in real surprise.

'I could see every year how the house was getting more on his nerves. Some-

times when he was feeling it more than usual he would say little things that I understood. For him it was like living with some one who did n't want him round. But he might have liked it.'

'You don't understand,' said Rachel, as if pricked into coming to her own defense. 'John did n't like the way the house came to us in the first place. You did n't know —'

'Yes, I did,' he responded as she hesitated, 'I found out.'

'And yet,' she went on, 'we used the house and the money —'

'You have n't known much about the business for several years, have you? Of course you do know that the house has been in your name from the beginning, almost. But you don't know that the few thousands Richard Hughes left have been invested for you ever since two years after he died. It crippled John for a while after he took it out of the business. But he always took good care of that money — it amounts to quite a little now.'

'John did n't like it because Richard —' Rachel hesitated again.

'You thought he was jealous. He did that after one day when you weeded out a lot of his books and put them away in some corner. And it was after he had those New York electric men here that evening and you seemed not to want to have them in the library, that he bought that corner of ground over there and made his garden. Don't you understand?'

Rachel dropped her face upon her hands, partly for relief from David's serious face, which forebore to rebuke her and yet of necessity did so, partly to close herself in with her own bewilderment. To reconstruct John's life meant to take a new view of her own also.

David leaned suddenly toward her. 'If John had been jealous, would n't he have had reason, Rachel? I know you were n't — untrue to him. But still —' He left the formulation of the thought with her.

'I have n't judged you harshly, Rachel,' he went on in a moment, 'but it is not right that a man's brother should know him better than his wife does. I had to make you know, even at the last.'

Then, as if he were compelled to say the final hard thing, he added, 'Was n't there something you had already thought you should do when everything was in your hands?'

Rachel, startled and flushing, faced him again, in involuntary confession. 'I had always thought it would be right to carry out a plan of Richard Hughes's.'

'Yes, I know. I am sure that was only a momentary notion of his. He had a great habit of making notes of things. His will was made only a few days before he died, and that idea was probably earlier. I was an executor, you remember. But anyway, several years ago John made a large gift to the library of Richard's college, in Richard's name. He took no chances on being unfair. He should have told you,' he added, 'but John had a hard sort of pride to manage, and I suppose he never did.'

'No,' said Rachel, 'he never did.'

She rose, with a sudden dropping of her hands at her sides, as if relinquishing something they had held, and moved vaguely toward the door.

'Don't you think,' pursued David, 'that he might be brought in here — or somewhere?'

Rachel hesitated, her hand faltering on the door-frame. 'No,' she said at last, 'let him stay there now.' And she herself went out through the dim chill hall. She lingered a moment at the closed library door, and then went slowly on up to her own empty room.

THE WILD MOTHER

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I HEAR the bawling of my neighbor's cow. Her calf was carried off yesterday, and since then, during the long night, and all day long, her insistent woe has made our hillside melancholy. But I shall not hear her to-night, not from this distance. She will lie down to-night with the others of the herd, and munch her cud. Yet, when the rattling stanchions grow quiet and sleep steals along the stalls, she will turn her ears at every small stirring; she will raise her head to listen and utter a low tender *moo*. Her full udder hurts; but her cud is sweet. She is only a cow.

Had she been a wild cow, or had she been out with her calf in a wild pasture, the mother in her had lived for six months. Here in the stable it will be forced to forget in a few hours, and by morning will have died.

There is a mother-principle alive in all nature which never dies. This is different from the mother-instinct, the mother-passion. The oak and the amœba respond to the mother-principle. It is a law of life; it is one of the constants of being. The mother-instinct or passion, on the other hand, occurs only among the higher animals; occurs not sporadically quite, for it is common enough; yet while generally found, and while one of the strongest, most interesting, most beautiful of animal traits, it is at the same time the most individual and the least constant.

This cow of my neighbor's that I hear lowing (the 'Big Blue' cow of the herd) is an entirely gentle creature ordinarily, but with a calf at her side she will pitch at any one who approaches her. And there is no other cow of the herd that mourns so long when her calf is taken away. The mother in her is stronger, more enduring, than in any of the other nineteen in the barn. In my own cow it is hardly more than blind principle, hardly advanced beyond the oak tree's feeling for its acorns, or the amœba's for its divided self.

Out of the mother-principle there develops, far down the animal scale, the sexless, neuter, motherless-mother, — the parent. It is out of this mere parent, as we ascend the scale, that we find the mother growing.

The female crab, attaching her eggs to her swimmerets, carries them about with her for their protection as the most devoted of mothers; yet she has no more concern for them, is no more conscious of them, feels no more for them, than the fruiting frond of a cinnamon fern feels for its spores. Here in the crab is the form, but not the substance, of the mother.

In the spider, however, just one remove up the scale from the crab, you find the mother-passion. Crossing a field the other day, I came upon a large female spider of the hunter family, carrying a round white sack of eggs, half the size of a cherry, attached to her spinnerets. Plucking a long stem of herd's grass, I detached the sack of eggs without bruising it. Instantly the spider turned and sprang at the grass-stem, fighting and biting until she got to the sack, which she seized in her strong jaws and made off with

as fast as her rapid legs would carry her.

I laid the stem across her back and again took the sack away. She came on for it again, fighting more fiercely than before. Once more she seized it; once more I forced it from her jaws, while she sprang and bit at the grass-stem to annihilate it. The fight must have been on for two minutes when, by a regrettable move on my part, one of her legs was injured. She did not falter in her fight. On she rushed for the sack as fast as I pulled it away. The mother in her was rampant. She would have fought for that sack, I believe, until she had not one of her eight legs to stand on, had I been cruel enough to compel her. It did not come to this, for suddenly the sack burst, and out poured a myriad of tiny brown spiderlings. Before I could think, that mother had rushed among them and caused them to swarm upon her, covering her, many deep, even to the outer joints of her long legs, — so deep that I could not now have touched her with a needle except at the risk of crushing the young. I stood by and watched her slowly move off with her encrusting family to a place of safety.

I had seen these spiders try hard to escape with their egg-sacks before, but had never tested the strength of their purpose. I was interested to know how common this mother-instinct might be in them, and for a time made a point of taking the sacks away from every one I found. There was great difference of nature shown among them, the majority scurrying off with no other purpose than their own safety; one of them dropping the sack of its own accord; some of them showing a decided reluctance to leave it; a few of them a disposition to fight; but none of them the fierce consuming fire of the one that lost her leg.

It seems scarcely possible that in the same family and among the same species so great variation of instinct should exist; and no less remarkable that in so humble a form as the spider should be found, even occasionally, the fully developed mother, as against the mere parent, especially when among the fishes, higher forms and far removed from these invertebrate arachnids, we find the part of the mother (not the function of maternity) being largely assumed by the males.

It is the male stickleback that builds the nest; then goes out and *drives* the female in to lay her eggs; then straightway drives her out to prevent her eating them; then puts himself on guard to protect them from their other enemies, until the young shall hatch and be able to swim away by themselves.

It is the male toadfish (Batrachus Tau) that crawls into the nest hole and takes charge of the numerous family. He may dig the hole, too, as the male stickleback builds the nest. I do not know as to that. But I do know that I once raised a stone in the edge of the tide along the shore of Naushon Island in Buzzards Bay, to find its under surface covered with round, drop-like, amber eggs, and in the shallow cavity beneath, an old male toadfish, slimy and croaking, and with a countenance ugly enough to tie a prowling egg-eating eel into a hard knot. I have done this a score of times. The female deposits the eggs, glues them fast with much nicety to the under surface of the rock, as a female might, and finishes her work. Departing at once, she leaves the coming brood to the care of the male, who, from this time, without relief or even food in all probability, assumes the rôle and all the responsibilities of mother.

Something like this is true of the common hornpout or catfish, I believe, though I have never seen it recorded, and lack the chance at present of prov-

ing my earlier observations. I think it is father catfish who takes charge of the brood, of the swarm, of kitten catfish, from the time the spawn is laid.

Instead of digging a hole under a stone after the fashion of the toadfish, or scooping out a shallow nest in the marginal sand of the pond, as does the sunfish, the 'catty' or hornpout seeks out an abandoned muskrat burrow that runs into the bank from the edge of the water, and here deposits her eggs. As a boy I never questioned but that it was the mother fish on guard. I believe now, however, that it is the father fish in charge. I am hoping to get down to Lupton's Pond this spring to make sure of the matter; for all around the shores of that pond, in every muskrat hole and runway, I can scare out an old catfish by stamping hard on the tussocks or roots above the holes. Out he will come with a flop, and with a dart will make for the bottom of the pond; and out with him will spread the family of little catfish in a fine black cloud.

The old fish disappears almost at once, but in a moment you can see him coming back to the scattered family, to the little black things that look like small tadpoles, who soon cluster about him, as bees about their queen, and wiggle away with him into the deep dark waters of the pond.

We find the undeveloped mother in groups still higher up the scale — among the toads and reptiles, and even among the birds and mammals; but the higher we ascend the more pronounced and constant becomes the mother-passion in the female, and the more variable, weak, and intermittent its manifestation among the males.

A curious sharing of mother qualities by male and female is shown in the Surinam toads of South America, where the male, taking the newly deposited eggs, places them with his own hands upon the back of the female. Here, glued fast by their adhesive jelly, they are soon surrounded by fresh-formed cells, each cell capped by a lid. In these cells the eggs hatch and the young go through their metamorphoses, apparently absorbing some nourishment through the skin of their mother, until they break through the lids of their cells finally and hop away. They might as well be toadstools on a dead stump, so far as motherly care or concern goes, for aside from allowing the male to spread the eggs upon her back, she is no more a mother to them than the dead stump is to the toadstools. She is host only to the little parasites.

I do not know of a single mother among our reptiles, or a single father-mother. The mother-passion, so far as my observation goes, plays no part whatever in reptilian life. Whereas, passing on to the birds, the next order in the line, the mother-passion becomes, by all odds, the most interesting item, the most determining single factor in bird life. More than the song or the color or the courting of the male is the mother-love of the female in every ornithologist's records.

This is strikingly true also of the mammals. It is as if the watcher in the woods went out to see the mother animal only. It is her going and coming that he follows; her faring, foraging, and watch-care that let him deepest into the secrets of wild animal life.

On one of the large estates here in Hingham, a few weeks ago, a fox was found to be destroying poultry. The time of the raids, and their boldness, were proof enough that the fox must be a female with young. Poisoned meat was prepared for her, and at once the raids ceased. A few days later one of the workmen of the estate came upon the den of a fox, at the mouth of which lay dead a whole litter of young ones. They had been poisoned. The mother had not eaten the doctored food herself,

but had carried it home to her family. They must have died in the burrow, for it was evident from the signs that she had dragged them out into the fresh air, to revive them, and deposited them gently on the sand by the hole. Then in her perplexity she had brought various tidbits of mouse and bird and rabbit and placed at their noses to tempt them to wake up out of their strange sleep and eat as hungry children ought to eat. Who knows how long she watched beside the still forms, and what her emotions were? She must have left the neighborhood soon after, however, for no one has seen her since about the estate.

I have elsewhere told of the cat, Calico, and her strange family; the thwarted cat-mother making good the loss of her kittens by adopting a nest of young gray squirrels. A similar story comes to me from a reader in NewYork State. I will quote my correspondent's letter verbatim, not because there is an item in her account, remarkable as it is, that the most careful and experienced of observers would find hard to credit, but because it reads so much like a page out of the *Natural History of Selborne*.

She writes: —

'Our Tootsy became a mother of several little kittens; as she was not in the best of health we thought best not to let her raise any of them. For a day or two she mourned for her little ones. As she was the pet of the family, we consoled her as best we could. This day I had her out on the lawn. I looked down to the bridge, saw a little squirrel up on one of the bridge-posts. I picked Tootsy up and let her climb the post and catch the squirrel, thinking it would take her mind off from her grief for a while.

'She brought it up on the lawn, and in place of playing with it and finally eating it, as is the nature of cats, she wanted to *mother* it. We then left her, and soon we discovered she had taken it upstairs in mother's bed and hid it. She staid with it all night, and we see the little squirrel could take nourishment.

'The next day she found two more squirrels and brought them home, so we had a family of three. She brought them up until they were able to eat, meanwhile giving loads of pleasure; when they became so large and frisky we could do nothing with them, they would get into everything. We kept one, which disappeared shortly after. We think it had gotten with other squirrels, for sometimes when it did get out on the trees the cat would sit under the tree for hours at a time coaxing it back.'

I have known a hen, too, deprived of her chickens, to adopt a litter of tiny kittens, brooding them and guarding them as her own.

The birds are structurally lower than the most primitive of the mammals; they are close kin to the cold-hearted reptiles, yet it is the bird, the *mother* bird, rather, that has touched our imaginations as perhaps the most nearly human of all wild things.

'*O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.*'

And an earlier Hebrew prophet, likening God's harsh providences to the rending of a lion, hastened on with the assurance that in his heart God hovers over Jerusalem as little mother birds hover over their nests.

> Hovering He will deliver it,
> And passing back and forth
> He will preserve it.[1]

The bird-mother is the bravest, tenderest, most solicitous, most appealing

[1] Author's translation from the Hebrew, Isa., chap. 31.

thing one ever comes upon in the fields; the problem of her presence or absence, the degree or intensity of her being, and her behavior under stress, add more than anything else to the interest and charm of bird-study. It is the rare exception, but we sometimes find the mother-instinct wholly lacking among the birds, as in the case of our notorious cowbird, who sneaks around, watching her chance when some smaller bird is gone, to drop her egg into its nest. The egg must be laid, the burden of the race has been put upon the cowbird, but not the precious burden of the child. Hers are only the functions of maternity. She is not a mother. She is body only, not a soul.

The same is true of the European cuckoo, but not quite true of our American cuckoo, in spite of popular belief. For our birds (both species) build rude, elementary nests as a rule, and brood their eggs. Occasionally they may steal a robin's or a catbird's nest, may even destroy the owner's eggs (though never to my knowledge), in order to save labor—the unimaginative labor of laying one stick across another when one does not know how. But here is a plain case of knowledge waiting on desire. So undeveloped is the mother in the cuckoo that if you touch her eggs she will leave them—abandon her rude nest and eggs, as if any excuse were excuse enough for an escape from the cares of motherhood. How should a bird with so little mother-love ever learn to build a firm-walled, safe, and love-lined nest?

The great California condor, according to the records of the only one ever studied, is a most faithful and anxious mother, the dumb affection of both parents indeed, for their single offspring, being at times pathetically human. On the other hand, the mother in our Eastern turkey-buzzard is so evenly balanced against the vulture in her that I have known a brooding bird to be entirely undone by the sudden approach of a man and to rise from off her eggs and devour them instantly, greedily, and then make off on her serenely soaring wings into the clouds.

Such bird-mothers, however, are not the rule. The buzzard, the cuckoo, and the cowbird are striking exceptions. The flicker will keep on laying eggs as fast as you take them from the nest hole, until she has no more eggs to lay. The quail, like the cuckoo, will sometimes desert her nest if even an egg is so much as touched, but only because she knows that her nest has been discovered and must be started anew, in some more hidden place, for safety. She is a wise and devoted mother, keeping her brood with her as a 'covey' all winter long.

One of the most interesting instances of variation of the mother-instinct in the same species of birds, which has ever come under my observation, occurred in the summer of 1912 in the rookeries of the Three-Arch Rocks Reservation off the coast of Oregon.

We had gone out to the Reservation in order to study and photograph its wild life, and were making our slow way toward the top of the outer rock. Up the sheer south face of the cliff we had climbed, through rookery after rookery of nesting birds, until we reached the edge of the blade-like back, or top, that ran up to the peak. Scrambling over this edge we found ourselves in the midst of a great colony of nesting murres—hundreds of them—covering the steep rocky part of the top.

As our heads appeared above the rim, many of the colony took wing and whirred over us out to sea, but most of them sat close, each bird upon her egg or over her chick, loath to leave, and so expose to us her hidden treasure.

The top of the rock was somewhat cone-shaped, and in order to reach the

peak, and the colonies on the west side, we had to make our way through this rookery of the murres. The first step among them, and the whole colony was gone, with a rush of wings and feet that sent several of the top-shaped eggs rolling, and several of the young birds toppling, over the cliff to the pounding waves and ledges far below.

We stopped instantly. We had not come to frighten and kill. Our climb up had been very disturbing to the birds, and had been attended with some loss of both eggs and young. This we could not help; and we had been too much concerned for our own lives really to notice what was happening. But here on the top, with the climb beneath us, the sight of a young murre going over the rim, clawing and clinging with beak and nails and unfledged wings, down from jutting point to shelf, to ledge, down, down — the sight of it made one dizzy and sick.

We stopped. but the colony had bolted, leaving scores of eggs and scores of downy young squealing and running together for shelter, like so many beetles under a lifted board.

But the birds had not every one bolted, for here sat two of the colony among the broken rocks. These two had not been frightened off. That both of them were greatly alarmed, any one could see from their open beaks, their rolling eyes, their tense bodies on tiptoe for flight. Yet here they sat, their wings out like props, or more like gripping hands, as if they were trying to hold themselves down to the rocks against their wild desire to fly.

And so they were in truth, for under their extended wings I saw little black feet moving. Those two mother murres were not going to forsake their babies — no, not even for fear of these approaching monsters, which had never been seen clambering over their rocks before!

One of the monsters stood stock still a moment for the other one, the photographer, to come up. Then both of them took a step nearer. It was very interesting. I had often come slowly up to quails on their nests, and to other birds. Once I crept upon a killdeer in a bare field until my fingers were almost touching her. She did not move because she thought I did *not* see her, it being her trick thus to hide within her own feathers, colored as they are to blend with the pebbly fields where she lays her eggs. So the brown quail also blends with its brown grass nest. But those murres, though colored in harmony with the rocks, were still, not because they hoped I did not see them. I did see them. They knew it. Every bird in the great colony had known it, and had gone — with the exception of these two.

What was different about these two? They had their young ones to protect. But so had every bird in the great colony its young one, or its egg, to protect; yet all the others had gone. Did these two have more love than the others, and with it, or because of it, more courage, more intelligence?

We took another step towards them, and one of the two birds sprang into the air, knocking her baby over and over with the stroke of her wing, coming within an inch of hurling it across the rim to be battered on the ledges below. The other bird raised her wings to follow, then clapped them back over her baby. Fear is the most contagious thing in the world; and that flap of fear by the other bird thrilled her, too, but as she had withstood the stampede of the colony, so she caught herself again and held on.

She was now alone on the bare top of the rock, with ten thousand circling birds screaming to her in the air above, and with two men creeping up to her with a big black camera which clicked

ominously. She let the multitude scream, and with threatening beak watched the two men come on. A motherless baby spying her, ran down the rock squealing for his life. She spread her wing, put her bill behind him and shoved him quickly in out of sight with her own baby. The man with the camera saw the act, for I heard his machine click, and I heard him say something under his breath that you would hardly expect a mere man and a game-warden to say. But most men have a good deal of the mother in them; and the old bird had acted with such decision, such courage, such swift, compelling instinct, that any man, short of the wildest savage, would have felt his heart quicken at the sight.

Just how compelling might that mother-instinct be? I wondered. Just how much would that mother-love stand?

I had dropped to my knees, and on all fours had crept up within about three feet of the bird. She still had a chance for flight. Would she allow us to crawl any nearer? Slowly, very slowly, I stretched forward on my hands, like a measuring worm, until my body lay flat on the rocks, and my fingers were within three inches of her. But her wings were twitching; a wild light danced in her eyes; and her head turned itself toward the sea.

For a whole minute I did not stir. Then the wings again began to tighten about the babies; the wild light in the eyes died down; the long sharp beak turned once more toward me. Then slowly, very slowly, I raised my hand, and gently touched her feathers with the tip of one finger — with two fingers — with my whole hand, while the loud camera click-clacked, click-clacked hardly four feet away!

It was a thrilling moment. I was not killing anything. I had no high-powered rifle in my hands, coming up against the wind toward an unsuspecting creature hundreds of yards away. This was no wounded leopard charging me; no mother bear defending with her giant might a captured cub. It was only a mother bird, the size of a wild duck, with swift wings at her command, hiding under those wings her own and another's young, and her own boundless fear!

For the second time in my life I had taken captive with my bare hands a free wild bird. No, I had not taken her captive. She had made herself a captive; she had taken herself in the strong net of her mother-love.

And now her terror seemed quite gone. At the first touch of my hand she felt, I think, the love restraining it, and without fear or fret allowed me to push my hand under her and pull out the two downy babies. But she reached after them with her bill to tuck them back out of sight, and when I did not let them go, she sidled toward me, quacking softly, — a language that I perfectly understood, and was quick to answer.

I gave them back, fuzzy, and black and white. She got them under her, stood up over them, pushed her wings down hard around them, her stout tail down hard behind them, and together with them pushed in an abandoned egg which was close at hand. Her own baby, some one else's baby, and some one else's forsaken egg! She could cover no more; she had not feathers enough. But she had heart enough; and into her mother's heart she had already tucked every motherless egg and nestling of the thousands of frightened birds that were screaming and wheeling in the air high over her head.

EUGENICS AND MILITARISM

BY VERNON L. KELLOGG

I

EUGENICS may be understood by us to mean, in general, what Francis Galton meant it to be when he defined it as 'the study of agencies under social control that may improve or impair the racial qualities of future generations either physically or mentally.' In particular it means taking advantage of the facts of heredity to make the human race better, or to make a better human tribe or people. It means good breeding of the human species.

Militarism may be understood to mean war and the preparedness for war. The maintenance of standing armies and manned navies, the constant recruiting of young men by voluntary enlistment or by conscription, and the mustering out of time-served older men, are features of militarism no less important, perhaps, in the eugenist's consideration of war, than the sanctioned wholesale, reciprocal murder by which it is more dramatically characterized.

Examples of conditions which the eugenist considers as calling for improvement through better breeding, and whose existence, therefore, is a reason and a stimulus for eugenic study and action, are, to name but two or three, the following: —

Twelve out of one hundred children born in England die before reaching one year of age. These deaths, says one of the surgeons in a Liverpool infirmary for children, 'can scarcely be regarded as due to perils of infant life as they are due to prenatal influences.' It is exactly this peril of parentage that the eugenist recognizes as the greatest peril of them all, to infant life. It is a peril of bad breeding.

The investigations of a dozen competent men, confirming one another, have shown that feeble-mindedness and epilepsy are directly heritable defects, and that they follow, in their order of inheritance, practically the Mendelian formula. That is, the fate of the children of feeble-minded and epileptic parents can be foretold with confidence. Feeble-mindedness is not sporadic, spontaneous, or environmental in origin. It is a heritable characteristic of certain stocks or family strains. The eugenist sees in these facts a plain suggestion for action that will benefit racially the human species.

Karl Pearson and his assistants have proved that one fourth of the British married population is producing one half of the next generation. And that this one fourth — which is really only one sixth of the whole adult population — is a part of the population least able to give its offspring the care and general environment necessary to the best human nurture. Also, that in it there exists a larger proportion of members possessing heritable defects than among the rest of the population. The birth-rate is not merely decreasing, but it is decreasing selectively. The production of English children is becoming a process of increasing one type of the English population at the expense of other types. The eugenist,

concerning himself with this matter, would attempt to find out whether this selective propagation within the English people is tending to the advantage or disadvantage of the race; and if to its disadvantage, he would attempt to remedy it by publicity, education, and any other means under social control.

Similarly, any other condition of present human living that seems to have direct relation to human breeding is legitimate subject of the eugenist's scrutiny. Any institution of human life that seems to have direct relation, whether of advantage or disadvantage, to the modification of the race by determining in any way the character of race propagation, invites his attention. Such a human institution, of great age, great development, and great prestige, is war.

II

Stress is put in most writings against war on the imposing figures of the actual human mortality due to it. To attempt to estimate the millions of men who were lost in the Napoleonic wars is to bring one, first, to a shuddering realization of the horror of it all, and, next, to a serious thoughtfulness concerning the possible racial injury worked on the decimated peoples. And this thoughtfulness becomes more serious when one learns that one third of all the lost men came from a single nation, whose total population at the beginning of the wars was but twenty-five millions.

But great mortality in itself is not necessarily a great racial catastrophe. Indeed, it is, in the face of the geometrical progression by which reproduction moves, one of the veritable conditions of advance in animal life. Throughout the kingdom of life, plant as well as animal, the overproduction of individuals and their reduction by death to a fractional part of the original number is one of the basic conditions of progress, if Darwinism is a sound explanation of organic evolution. For this death will be in the nature of things selective, and hence will make for the modification of the species toward a condition of better adaptation to conditions of life. Indeed, the upholders of war have used precisely the argument of war's high mortality as a proof of war's real beneficence to the race. Ammon, for example, consistently develops this thesis, cold-bloodedly, to its logical extreme, and Seeck and numerous others are attracted by it in certain degree.

However, the advantage of mortality depends upon the impartiality of the application of its causes. Submit the whole population to a stress of living that results in a certain mortality, and this selection by death may well be advantageous to the race. It may weed out the weak, the biologically incompetent, the stupid, or the depraved. It may be a purification by fire.

But in the case of the mortality from war it is precisely this testing of the whole population, this randomness of exposure to its causes, that does not obtain. To my mind the immediate and the sufficient answer to the claims of those who see in war a biologically race-purifying agent, is the exposure of the character of the selection which war's mortality and injuries entail. Military selection is as far as possible removed from natural selection. It is peculiarly unnatural.

I believe that it may be shown by two methods that the direct selection of war is not advantageous, but in almost all cases thoroughly disadvantageous to the race. The two methods are: first, the determination of the character of that part of the population especially exposed to the selective mortality of war; and, second, the

determination of certain actual results of this selection.

As to the first, one learns immediately, when his attention is directed to the way in which armies are made up, that an army is not a cross-section of a population, not a general representative part of it, but a selected part of it. They who point to the advantage of military selection as certain to issue from the selective struggle between the opposing armies and from the selective results of the varying endurance and resistance to exposure, disease and wounds, of the individuals in each army, do not sufficiently consider the fact that the whole of each army consists of a group of individuals not chosen at random from the population and representing both sexes, all ages, and weak and strong alike, and is already, by the very conditions of its organization, a part of the population selected first for sex and then for ripe youth, full stature and strength, and freedom from infirmity and disease. So that practically every individual lost from an army means the loss of a man of better physical condition than that possessed by some other one man left behind in the civil population. For the actual figures of present-day recruitment in the great European states show that of the men gathered by conscription, as in France and Germany, or by voluntary enlistment, as in Great Britain, from 40 to 50 per cent are rejected by the examining boards as unfit for service because of undersize, infirmities, or disease.

For example, in the decade 1893–1902, out of a total of 679,703 men offering themselves for enlistment in England, 34.6 per cent were rejected as unfit for service, 9 per cent were rejected after three months' provisional acceptance, and 2.1 per cent were discharged as invalids within two years, making thus a total of 40 per cent of all those applying that were turned back into the civil population as not physically fit men. In 1911, of the 64,538 men who offered themselves for enlistment in England, Scotland, and Wales, 28,900, or 44.78 per cent, were rejected for physical unfitness by the examining board. More than 63 per cent of all the applications for enlistment from the city of Edinburgh were rejected, and more than 57 per cent of those applying in Leeds. In London 36 per cent were rejected.

And these figures by no means reveal the closeness of this selection, for the requirements of height and chest measurements are so well known that men obviously under size or obviously infirm do not offer themselves, or if they do are at once rejected by the recruiting sergeants, so that they never reach the regular examining boards. Evidence presented to the Inter-Departmental committee on Physical Deterioration in the United Kingdom indicates that out of every one hundred men who offer to enlist in the British army only forty are accepted, sixty being returned to the civil population as physically unfit. And although it may be objected that the flower of the British working classes do not offer themselves for enlistment, yet it is admittedly true that the British army is not composed exclusively, or, indeed, by any means largely, of British riff-raff. While many, perhaps a majority, of the applicants for enlistment are men out of work, a condition of temporary unemployment in Great Britain is by no means a certain indication of incompetency. No observer of present-day industrial conditions in England would claim this for a moment.

At any rate, this possible criticism of the shunning of the army by the better classes of young men can have no bearing in the case of the French and German conditions, where compulsory service obtains. In these countries

all the young men arriving at military age each year are liable to service, a certain proportion of them being chosen by lot to join the colors. The annual contingents, or 'classes,' are examined, man by man, by carefully chosen boards, to determine the physical fitness or unfitness for military service of all this youth of France and Germany.

As a result of these personal examinations, France has, for nearly one hundred years now, regularly rejected as physically unfit from 30 to 40 per cent of those examined each year. Prussia has rejected, for many years, from 35 to 50 per cent. (This is, of course, I should mention in passing, no basis of comparison between the male youth of France and that of Prussia, for any slight difference in the requirements as to height or bodily condition, or in the rigor of applying the recruiting regulations, would account for the differences in proportion of rejected.)

The point of all this that I have just written seems to me plainly to be that military selection occurs chiefly before the fighting ever begins, and results in the temporary or permanent removal from the general population of a special part of it, and the deliberate exposure of this part to death and disease; disease that may have a repercussive tendency on the welfare of the whole population to a possibly much greater degree than is apparent at first glance. And this part of the people, so removed and injured, is in quite a special way of great importance to the preservation of the racial integrity of the population. For in the first place it is composed exclusively of men, its removal thus tending to disturb the sex-equilibrium of the population, and to prevent normal and advantageous sexual selection. Next, these men are all of them both of the age of greatest life-expectancy after reaching maturity, and of greatest sexual vigor and fecundity. Finally, they are all men, none of whom fall below and most of whom exceed a certain desirable standard of physical vigor and freedom from infirmity and disease. And for each of these men so removed from the general population, at least one other man, falling below this standard, has been retained in the civil population.

The removal is effective even when the individuals are not all killed or injured, for during their time of service all these sturdy young men have no part in the racial propagation. And although after the required years of service they may, if returned alive, take up their part in this eugenic function, much of their value in this function has been lost, not only by inevitable preoccupation of their place for a certain number of years by inferior men, but, as I shall point out later, by a dangerous degeneration of many of them, while in service.

If one is inclined hastily to consider the number of men engaged in military service as so small as to be practically negligible in estimating the influences tending toward racial modification of a population, let him recall the fact that the French and German armies of to-day, on peace footings, number each more than half a million men in actual service. Germany's total by her new law, just going into effect, is more than 800,000. These numbers represent more than one per cent of the whole population of the two countries, and, which is more to the point, more than five per cent of each country's men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. France now takes annually into military service two out of three of all her young men arriving each year at military age. There have been, of course, times in her history when she has had to take all of these

young men who could possibly carry arms. Napoleon's grim remark apropos of the question of his personal riches, 'J'ai cent mille hommes de rente,' was the truth. And he lived up to his income.

Let him who is inclined to see in the removal of a selected five per cent of the men of reproducing age from a given population, no serious influence on the racial modification of that population, recall the fact of the increase by geometrical progression of the characteristics of any given type in the population; so that if one type starts with ever so slight an advantage in numbers, its preponderance over other types increases very swiftly. For example, Ammon has shown that if, of two types in a population, one has an average birth-rate of 3.3 and the other a birth-rate of but one tenth more, namely, 3.4, the second type will, in only twenty-three and one-half generations, be double the number of the other in the mixed population.

III

We may now ask if there is any direct evidence of the racially disadvantageous working of military selection. Seeck describes the difficulties experienced by the Roman Emperors in refilling their emptied armies with efficient Roman soldiers, because of the actual lack, after a long period of continuous war, of able-bodied citizen youth. Rome, in maintaining an army of about 350,000 men, required an annual recruitment of nearly half that number. The time came, however, when actually not more than 10,000 suitable men of Roman citizenship could be raised each year. Seeck finds the reason for this, not in actual reduction of numbers in the Empire, but in the race-deteriorating results of continued war through the removal from the population by military selection of its best male reproducing element.

Napoleon's difficulties in the later years of the wars of the Empire were the parallel of the earlier Roman conditions. In order to make his conscription net gather its necessary load of doomed men he first had to reduce, in 1799, the minimum height of conscripts fit for service, which had been established by Louis XIV in 1701 at 1624mm, and had remained unchanged for a century, to 1598mm (an inch lower). In 1804 he lowered it two inches further, namely, to 1544mm, a total of three inches below the original standard. It remained at this figure till the Restoration, when (1818) it was raised by one inch and a quarter, that is, to 1570mm. Napoleon had also to reduce the figure of minimum military age.

Guerrini has shown that the mortality of German children between three and five years of age, born in 1870 and 1871, was higher than the corresponding mortality of children born in 1869 and 1872. For Prussia, for example, the numbers per one hundred are: 1869, 31.51; 1870, 33.83; 1871, 35.12; 1872, 32.76.

The mortality tables of France show that there has been a steady decrease since 1800 in the death-rate of children under five years with the exception of one period. In the decade 1815–1824, immediately following the terrible man-draining wars of the Revolution and the Empire the annual death-rate of children under five was higher by one and one half per cent than in the highest other period.

But the most conspicuous and definite example, so far determined, of race-deterioration through rigorous military selection and race-reparation by reason of an amelioration of its rigor, is that of the fluctuation in the height of Frenchmen during the past century.

Not a few unconsidered and exaggerated statements, as well as a good many hasty or overdriven criticisms, have been made concerning this matter. But if my own statements regarding it seem too swiftly or positively formulated, because offered here without any accompanying critical examination of the data on which the statements are founded, they are, let me say, really based on a rather exhaustive and, I hope, impartial consideration of both data and criticisms. In some future fuller paper, perhaps, I can so expose the matter that each may come to his own conclusions.

The French government has kept, since the beginning of the last century, detailed figures of height and freedom from or presence of infirmities, in the case of all the conscripts examined by its army boards. From these figures (not all published but all available) can be determined the number of men accepted for service and the number of men rejected because of undersize or bodily infirmity, and therefore the varying proportion of physically unfit to physically fit men arriving at the age of twenty in the successive years of the century.

From these figures it may be stated with confidence that the average height of the men of France began notably to decrease with the coming of age, in 1813 and after, of the young men born in the years of the Revolutionary wars (1792–1802), and that it continued to decrease in the following years with the coming of age of the youths born during the wars of the Empire. Soon after the cessation of these terrible man-draining wars, for the maintenance of which a great part of the able-bodied male population of France had been withdrawn from their families and the duties of reproduction, and much of this part actually sacrificed, a new type of boys began to be born. These boys indeed had in them an inheritance of stature that carried them, by the time of their coming of age in the 1830's and 1840's, to a height one inch greater than that of the earlier generations born in war time. The average height of the annual conscription contingents born during the Napoleonic wars was about 1625mm; of those born after the wars it was about 1655mm.

This fluctuation in height of the young men of France produced, as an obvious result, a steady increase, and later decrease, in the numbers of conscripts exempted in successive years from military service because of undersize. Immediately after the Restoration, when the standard of minimum height was raised from 1544mm to 1570mm, certain French departments were quite unable to complete the number of men which they ought to furnish as young soldiers of sufficient height and vigor, according to the proportion of their population.

Running nearly parallel with the fluctuation in number of exemptions for undersize is the fluctuation in number of exemptions for infirmities. These exemptions increased by one third in twenty years. Exemptions for undersize and infirmities together nearly doubled in number. But the lessening again of the figure of exemptions for infirmities was not so easily accomplished as was that of the figure for undersize. The influence of the Napoleonic wars was felt by the nation, and revealed by its recruiting statistics, for a far longer time in its aspect of producing a racial deterioration as to vigor than in its aspect of producing a lessening of stature. And the importance in war, or in anything else, of vigor and capacity over size has been well shown us in late years by the Japanese.

There is probably no other such clear case of a race-deterioration caused by war which can be given such tangible

quantitative measure, as this French one. And yet the data from Saxony and Prussia, so far as studied, point strongly to a certain degree of positive result, even if one less conspicuous as to quantity and less susceptible of accurate determination. In Italy, Livi has gathered in his monumental *Anthropologia Militare* a host of statistics of Italian conditions, from which can be seen with fair clearness a quantitative race-deterioration in certain critical periods. I say this in the face of Livi's own conclusions which are on the whole opposed to the statement. His attention however is chiefly given to attempts to determine if a race-deteriorating influence of the Italian wars can be demonstrated in comparing certain departments of the country with each other. In this attempt he comes to negative results only.

The evidence regarding the results of the short but severe Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71 is going to be, when worked out in detail, of much interest. In France the results seem to be plain as to an increase in the classes of 1891–92 (twenty years later) of exemptions for undersize but not for infirmities. However, the whole subject is very complex. The possible race-modifying results of variations in crop conditions and general prosperity, in industrial changes and in emigration, and so forth, have to be kept ever in the investigator's mind. As also the apparent possibility always of an actual racial advantage from the selective influence of a short swift war which may go no further in its destructiveness than to weed out the weaker from the armies and to return fairly intact the stronger after only a short absence from home.

But with all the difficulties of clearing the statistics from extraneous modifications, there is available in the data of the recruiting records of the European countries actual basis for statistical proof and quantitative measure of the dysgenic or race-deteriorating influence of serious wars. There are tangible illustrations of the logical thesis of the biologist and student of human heredity: which is, simply, that the racial character of the next generation is inevitably influenced by any factor that increases or decreases the part played in race-propagation by any selected type of the population. If the removal of the taller men of the population by military conscription and military death decreases or inhibits their share in race-population, the stature of the next generation will be lessened. If these men are also the physically stronger, the less infirm, the nondefective, the proportion of weaker, infirm and defective in the next generation will be increased. The actual percentage of that increase can be declared wherever there are available sufficient statistics.

IV

But I have another aspect of the dysgenic influence of war to touch upon. It is an aspect that has especially attracted my interest recently, and one which does not seem to have been much emphasized before. It is the relation of war to human disease, and particularly to a special type of disease, whose results are, above all else, directly race-deteriorating in effect. I do not mean to say that the special danger from disease to men in military service has been overlooked by students of public hygiene or by the advocates of peace. I mean that no particular stress seems to have been put so far on the immediately race-degenerating influence of some of this disease. But first a few words as to the correlation of military service and disease in general.

In times of war, disease has always reaped a far greater harvest of deaths and permanent bodily breakdown in

the army than have the bullets and bayonets of battle. The twenty per cent of mortality by gun-fire in such bloody affairs as Austerlitz and Wagram, Moscow, Lützen, Magenta, Solferino, and Waterloo, was increased by disease in the same campaigns to the appalling proportion of 60 and even 70 per cent. In the terrible twenty-year stretch of the Napoleonic campaigns the British army had an average annual ratio of mortality from all causes of 56.21 per cent per 1000 men; the mortality from disease was 49.61 per 1000, leaving the direct losses from gun-fire to be only 7.60 per 1000. The British losses in the Crimea in two and one-half years were 3 per cent by gun-fire and 20 per cent by disease.

And this is the story of war from the earliest days even up to the very present. Fortunately, there has been a fairly steady decline in the relative figures of loss by disease as we read the story from past to present days. But there has occurred so far but a single radical exception to the general rule: this is, of course, the record of the Japanese armies in the Russo-Japanese war. Our own enlightened country lost, proportionately, many more soldiers in its last war, a few years ago, from groups that never got within sight of the enemy than from among those who had the opportunity of charging up San Juan Hill. And all these losses by disease in war times are, in proportion, it is needless to say, far in excess of the losses that occur at the same time in the civil population.

Even in times of peace, despite the fact that soldiers are cared for under conditions that should make disease among them more easily prevented and more easily controlled than in the case of the bulk of the civil population, and despite the fact that the men in military service have already passed a selective test, which weeded out from among them all individuals already tainted by obvious organic and constitutional disease, it has not been until the years of the present decade that the long-enduring rule of a higher mortality in time of peace in the military than in the civil population has been broken.

In the first decade after the Restoration, the mortality from disease in the French army at home was barely less than twice that among men of the same age in the civil population. In the middle of the last century the mortality among the armies on peace footing in France, Prussia, and England was almost exactly 50 per cent greater than among the civil population. When parts of the armies were serving abroad, especially if in the tropics, the mortality was greatly increased. For example, among the British troops serving abroad, outside of the tropics, the mortality was one third more than in the army at home; when serving in the tropics it was four times as great. Finally, in addition to all this actual high mortality among the military part of the population, a part specially selected for full stature, vigor, and freedom from infirmity, we must remember the constant invaliding home of the broken-down men to join the civil population. From the eugenic point of view this may be the most serious feature of disease in armies.

But the humane war against disease has made life safer for the soldier. In 1909 the mortality in the British army, both at home and abroad, was actually slightly less than that among men of the same age in England and Wales. Let us hope that it will continue so. Statistics collated in 1887 by Robert Lawson, inspector-general of British military hospitals, show that while from 1873 to 1894 there was always a greater proportion of deaths from phthisis in the army than among men of the same age in the civil population, — and how

suggestive this is, when we recall that the examining boards reject all obviously phthisis-tainted men from the recruits! — yet this proportion changed from nearly two to one in 1877 to three to two in 1884.

An interesting record, also, is that for typhoid fever in the French army, a record which has been carefully worked out by Dr. Brouardel for a special French commission on military hygiene. The mean annual strength of the French army in France, Algeria, and Tunis in the thirteen-year period, 1872–1884, was 413,493 men, with mean annual deaths from typhoid of 1,357, and mean annual cases 11,640, or one typhoid case to every 36 soldiers! Since the '70's and '80's, however, there has been a rapid lowering of both typhoid cases and deaths; the annual number of deaths per 10,000 men having been reduced from 32.1 in the five-year period, 1876–1880, to 8.7 in the five-year period, 1896–1900. And in 1901 there were but 5.7 deaths per 10,000. This result comes from the lessening of the number of cases and not from a lower proportion of deaths to cases, this ratio having remained at about 12 per cent from 1870 to 1900. The loss from typhoid is now no greater in the army than among the men of similar age in the civil population of France.

But the actual dysgenic importance of the diseases fostered and diffused by military service, though certainly real, is mostly hard to get at in any quantitative way. The problem of the inheritance of disease, or of the inheritance of the diathesis of disease, has only in the last few years begun to receive the scientific elucidation necessary to its proper consideration from the eugenic point of view. Concerning the congenital transmission and eugenic importance of one terrible disease, however, and one that more than any single other is characteristic of military service, there is no shadow of doubt. It is a disease communicable by husband to wife, by mother to children, and by children to their children. It is a disease that causes more suffering and disaster than phthisis or cancer. It is a disease accompanied by a dread cloud of other ills that it causes, such as paralysis, malformations, congenital blindness, idiocy and insanity, all of them particularly dysgenic in character. It is a disease that renders marriage an abomination and child-bearing a social danger. And as a crowning misfortune it does not kill but only ruins its victims. While phthisis and cancer carry off their subjects at the rate, in England to-day, of 1000 per year to each 1,000,000 of the population, syphilis kills but a small fraction of 1000 a year, — a number unfortunately indeterminate under the present confused methods of registration, but certainly not exceeding ten. It is then not a purifying, but altogether a contaminating disease.

I have called this disease (and with it I may include the two more common forms of venereal disease) a scourge fostered especially by militarism. It is the cause of more hospital admissions among soldiers than any other disease. It caused 31.8 per cent of the total military inefficiency in the British army in 1910. It was the cause of one fifth of all the military hospital admissions for that year, yet it caused but one one-hundredth of the total military deaths.

And it is only in very recent years that the scourge has been no worse than it is now. In 1895 the admissions to hospital for venereal disease in the British army in India reached the enormous proportion of 537 per 1000 men. I hasten to add that this frightful condition has been greatly ameliorated.

Nor is the British army by any means the greatest sufferer from the

scourge. The United States army has twice as many hospital admissions for this same cause. Russia has about as many as Great Britain, Austria and France less, and Germany least of all. Germany, indeed, has done much more to control the disease than any other great nation, unless it be Japan, for which I have been unable to get data.

As venereal disease is not included in the list of notifiable diseases in Great Britain, — it certainly ought to be, — it is impossible to state exactly its proportion of abundance in the civil population. But this fact is most suggestive: of the young men who offered themselves for enlistment in the British army in 1910, $31\frac{1}{2}$ per 10,000 were rejected because of their contamination by venereal disease, while in the same year there were 1000 admissions into hospital for such infection per 10,000 men in the army. In other words, while the army recruiting boards discover in the civil population and reject back into it but $31\frac{1}{2}$ men suffering from venereal disease per 10,000 examined, the army finds within itself a constant proportion of attainted men of many times that number. It is, indeed, a very breeding ground of the most dysgenic of human diseases.

The Germans, I have said, keep their army freer from disease than does any other nation, unless it be Japan. In fact it is from German sources particularly that come the claims that military service is, if not actually a eugenic agent, at least a euthenic one. That is, that it provides a special advantage to developing manhood in its compulsory exercise, enforced habits of discipline, unescapable stimulus to patriotism and general moral control. As a German general put it at the recent International Eugenics Congress, military service is not injurious to the body but healthful, and not depressing to mind and spirit but inspiring.

If this should be granted for Germany, or for any other country as advanced in medical science and as effectively ruled, what of the effects of actual war on this specially selected and zealously cared-for part of the population? Would not the sacrifice be only the more costly and injurious to the nation?

Despite all delusive phrases to the contrary, the maintenance of an army is a preparation for war and a step toward war and not toward peace. Do governments, or will they, maintain this blessing of military service for the health and eugenic advantage of the people? Is it not done solely from the stimulus of expected war? Is it not done solely with the full expectancy and deliberate intention of some time offering this particularly selected and cared-for part of the population to the exposure of wholesale mutilation and death; this death to come, if at all, before this extra-vigorous part of the population has taken its share in race-propagation, which is the precise function the performance of which the race most needs from it?

I simply cannot see the eugenic advantage of war. On the contrary, not only do I think I can see from the standpoint of the biologist and student of heredity a plausible, logical case for the dysgenic effect of war and military service, but I also believe that we have accessible, actual statistical proof of this deplorable effect. We have in figures a quantitative measure of the hereditary effect of military selection. It is a race-deteriorating effect; the kind of effect that above almost any other kind makes an obstacle in human evolutionary advance. The most economical and most positive factor in human progress is good breeding. Race-deterioration comes chiefly from its opposite, bad breeding. Militarism encourages bad breeding.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XVII (*continued*)

IN WHICH WE WITNESS A SURRENDER

WHEN he came aboard, the cook reported that his friend had been a mite restive, although he was asleep again now. 'Would n't wonder if he was jest about on the edge of seein' 'em — pink rats and such,' he remarked, not without some pleasant excitement. And he kindly volunteered to sit up in case Van wanted help through the night. 'I've had experience,' he said; which indeed was highly likely. But fortunately those extreme measures were not necessary. Van Cleve went sound asleep, rolled up in his blanket on the deck. And when he waked up in the morning, with a start and the sensation of something unfinished and impending, which had got to be habitual with him these last three weeks, Bob himself was the first person he saw.

The poor fellow was completely sobered by now, and had got up and bathed and straightened his hair and clothing as best he might; and sat by Van Cleve, evidently watching and waiting for him to wake, with a grave and patient air. He smiled eagerly as their eyes met; Van Cleve put out his hand, and the other slid his own cold and shaking one into it with a confiding gesture, like a child. 'Top o' the morning, sir!' he said, and coughed. He had to take away his hand and clasp it against his chest in a fit of coughing.

Van Cleve did not speak for a moment. He was thinking, inconsequently enough, that in all their intimacy he could not remember ever to have heard Bob tell a foul story; even at his worst and lowest, even drunk and lying in the gutter, there had always been a kind of decency about Bob. It must be mental, seeing that it could be neither moral nor physical; but could a man's mind be clean, when soul and body were so debased? While he was considering this paradox, Bob began to speak again.

'Just as soon as you're up and have had your breakfast, Van, there's something I'd like to talk to you about,' he said, with an earnestness that sat strangely on him who was by nature so irresponsible. 'I've read those letters from Lorrie and father —I can't make 'em out — they 're so solemn and mysterious, begging me to do my duty, and come home with you, and all that, just as if they expected I'd make a row about it. What would I be doing *that* for? I'd just as soon go home as not. I've seen all I want to. Lorrie's letter is all wild and hysterical anyhow — poor girl! She's about heartbroken.' The ready tears came into Bob's eyes. 'Why, of *course* I'm coming home with you. I'd go back on Lorrie's account anyhow. She wants to know about Cort.' Bob's face grew grave again. He fingered the letters which were spread open on his knees. 'There 's something else I've got to tell you — to ask you about, I mean. It's important. But you go ahead and get freshened up first. There's coffee; shan't I get you some coffee?'

Van Cleve thought reluctantly, 'It's come! He's going to own up the whole thing to me!' Aloud he said, 'No, never mind the coffee, Bob, let's have it out now. Might as well tell me and get it done and over with.'

The other hung his head, fumbling with the letters. 'It — it's not so easy, Van,' he said huskily; 'if it were just about myself, I would n't mind, but it's somebody else — another person, you know —'

Van Cleve thought it the part of wisdom, perhaps the best kindness, not to help him out with any hint of understanding; an honest confession is good for the soul. He waited; and, at last, seeing that Bob seemed unable to get a step further, said casually, 'Is that Lorrie's letter you've got there? I've written already to tell her we are starting home.'

'No, no, these are Cort's. The ones I was going to take to Lorrie, you know. This was my first chance to look them over,' Bob said; and noting surprise on his friend's face, he added quickly and defensively, 'Why, I *had* to read them, you know, Van; I had to find out what were n't worth taking to her, so I could destroy them. We have n't got any room to be carrying letters around, and I thought there was no use taking her a lot of laundry bills and things like that.'

'All right — I understand,' said Van, almost amused.

'I would n't read other people's letters unless I had to,' said Bob, hotly.

'To be sure, it's a point of honor,' Van Cleve agreed in his driest tone; and as the other looked at him, puzzled, he said harshly, 'Go on, Bob, what is it you want to tell me? Go *on*, man! No use shilly-shallying. Everything always gets known first or last anyhow.'

'Why, Van Cleve, you — you act as if — you talk as if you knew — or as if you suspected something already!' Bob stammered aghast.

'I know about you and Paula Jameson, if that's what you're trying to tell me,' said Van Cleve, out of patience.

At the sound of that name, an unhealthy flush invaded the unhealthy pallor of Bob's face; but he was silent, staring at his friend unseeingly. Van judged him to be stupefied with astonishment at the sudden uncovering of the disgrace. Shame, regret, alarm, a dozen feelings Van thought he could read in the other's changing and confused expression.

'That's what your father and Lorrie meant by the way they wrote, Bob,' he said, poignantly ashamed himself, and hurrying through his explanations; 'that's the real reason I'm here after you. Lorrie would have come by herself, only I stopped her — I made her stay at Tampa. Everything's come out. It was bound to come out, from the start. I — I don't exactly blame you, Bob — I mean I don't think you're utterly lost and abandoned because you and she — the girl, you know — sort of let go of yourselves — it was foolish, but it — it' — Van Cleve floundered a moment, confused at the inadequacy of his own words — 'it's all got to be straightened out, anyhow. They want you to go home and marry her and make it up to her the best you can —'

He halted, struck by a sudden doubt that Bob had understood all that he said, or even heard it all. The abruptness of the attack (to call it that) seemed to have a little dazed him.

'You know all about me and Paula Jameson?' Bob repeated, as if nothing after that had conveyed any meaning to him.

'Yes, *you* and Paula Jameson.' Van Cleve went all over what he had already said, with more deliberation and insistence; as he talked he noticed, with

anxiety, that Bob's features faded gradually to a leaden hue, lips and all. 'I ought to be careful. He looks like a corpse!' thought Van, frightened, and broke off. 'Are you — are you all right, Bob? You — you don't — you are n't going to be sick?' he stammered.

Bob put up his hand to his forehead. 'I'm all right,' he said vaguely.

'You *had* to know, and I *had* to tell you. Nobody can ever dodge anything like that. It'll come out some day in spite of you. You might have known that, Bob,' Van Cleve reiterated.

'I — I suppose so.' However much Bob had been startled, he did not faint or go into some kind of fit, as his friend had momentarily feared; neither, to Van's infinite relief, did he begin a clamorous denial of guilt. Rather he seemed to be painfully adjusting his mind to a comprehensive view of the situation. And at last he said, 'Who told you?'

Van Cleve told him. He described all the circumstances, as he had seen them, leading up to the unhappy disclosure; and how he himself came to bear some part in it. Bob listened to him with an extraordinary immobility; he did not give the impression of being callous or indifferent; on the contrary, he appeared to Van Cleve to be bending his whole energies merely to understanding the story. He interrupted only once when he asked, 'Did you see Paula? Did she tell *you?*'

'*Me!* No!' ejaculated Van Cleve, horrified; 'she would n't be talking to me about it. I hope to the Lord the poor girl does n't know I've got a thing to do with it! No, as I understood it, she did n't want to blame anybody, but her mother got it out of her somehow.'

He went on talking; and at the end, although Van had pictured as forcibly as he could the attitude of the family, which was surely also the attitude of every right-minded person, Robert said, with the same questioning air as before, —

'They want me to marry her?'

'Why, good God, Bob, what else? That's the only way you can square things. You know what the world is. You know how it would treat that girl, even if any decent person would ever speak to *you* afterwards. You can't let her pay the score all by herself. That's not fair. And, Bob, I know you're fair; I know you'll always take what's coming to you. I told you before, I don't blame the whole of it on *you*. There's a lot of rot talked about men deceiving girls, and taking advantage of their innocence, and all that. It's a partnership business, in my opinion — six of one, half a dozen of the other. But that does n't let you off. You — you see there's going to be a child, Bob — I suppose you did n't take that in while I was talking just now, but that's what's the main trouble. Of course, you could n't know that.'

'Yes, I knew it. I guessed at it, that is,' said Bob, looking down, sorting his letters out, and bundling them together again, first in one packet, then in another, with mechanical movements.

'What? Before you went away?'

'No. Not before I went away.'

'She must have written to him,' Van Cleve thought, with a mixture of pity and disgust; and for the first time he looked at the other in pure contempt. Faugh, the sorry creature that Bob was! 'Well, then, you see you've got to come home, Bob,' he said.

'I — I wish I could see Lorrie — I wish Lorrie was here!' said Bob, weakly.

Van Cleve got up with an oath. 'By —! Bob Gilbert, you make me sick!' he said savagely. '*Lorrie!* You brought this shameful trouble on yourself, and now you want to go whining to Lorrie

and load her up with it. *Lorrie!* Has n't she got enough to stand already? The man she loved is dead, shot down and buried like a dog in this God-forsaken hole, and the best you can do for her is to wish she were here to help *you* out! Has n't she done enough for you, you that she's dragged out of the gutters, and defended, and cared for, and prayed over all her life? If she *were* here, you know very well she'd want you to do the right thing, the decent thing. Oh, Bob, be a man for once! Don't have us all bolstering you up, and helping you along. Stand on your own feet; think of somebody besides yourself. You *know* what's right; then do it because it's right, not because Lorrie or some of the rest of us tell you to!'

'I know — I know! I'm going to! I know I don't amount to much, but I'll try to do the right thing this time — I'm trying to, Van Cleve,' said Bob, pitifully. 'I was just thinking about Lorrie. I want to help her, I don't want to put any more on her — honestly I do, Van — I want to be good to Lorrie. She's the best sister that ever was, and it's just as you say, she's stood a lot for me. I ought to spare Lorrie. You don't need to talk any more, Van, I'm going to do it.'

He spoke pleadingly, but Van Cleve's flare of anger was over, and he was already ashamed of it; when he looked at the other's stricken face, his heart smote him. 'Well, then, you come along home with me, and make it all straight, if you're so anxious to be good to Lorrie,' he said gruffly. 'Here, Bob, you look kind of fagged, you'd better stretch out over here in the shade of the deck-house, on my blanket. I'll make a pillow out of the coat.'

Bob submitted; he gave Van Cleve a glance of affectionate understanding, not without a spark of his old sweet-tempered mischief. 'Oh, you old grouch, you!' he said, thumping the other a weak blow on the back, and collapsed in one of his spasms of coughing. The letters which he was still holding, flew out of his hand, scattering about the decks, and Van Cleve gathered them up and brought them to him.

He was surprised at the haste and eagerness with which Robert, even in the middle of his coughing, snatched at them and crammed them away in his pockets. 'Did you see any of those?' he asked, with unwonted sharpness, when he had recovered breath.

'What? To read, you mean? Why, no. I did n't look. I don't want to know what's in other peoples' letters any more than you do, you know,' Van Cleve said, with an effort at lightness.

This was all or nearly all that passed between the two on the subject of Bob's marriage; that painful chapter was closed and, by tacit agreement, neither one of them referred to it again, except once, when they were nearing Tampa on their return, and this last chapter, too, of trials and adventures was all but ended. Van Cleve's conscience, which had never been at ease on one point, prompted him to say, with some diffidence, 'See here, Bob, there's one thing I ought to say. I don't want to be unjust to you, but I don't want to be unjust to — to this girl either. That poor woman, her mother — that poor Mrs. Jameson is — is all *right*, I know *that*. But I — well, I don't know anything about the daughter. I've seen her running around the streets late at night with another man, in a carriage, you know, — his arm around her, — and all that. I say I don't want to be unjust to her, and the fix she's in now, you can't blame her for wanting to get out of by any kind of hook or crook. But if you've got any reason to think you're being made a convenience of —?'

'I said I was going to marry her. So you'd better not talk any more, Van Cleve,' said Bob.

And Van Cleve, glancing into his face, was silenced.

CHAPTER XVIII

IN WHICH WE RETURN TO OUR MUTTON

The next time I saw Van Cleve Kendrick was in the fall of that year, some months after his Cuban vacation trip, of which we had all heard during the summer with a mild wonder and curiosity. It seemed a bizarre sort of recreation for him to take. Van was notoriously absorbed in work; his bank, his Building Association, his string of plain, respectable clients with their small affairs and savings, had hitherto furnished him with all the entertainment he appeared to want, and he had not been known to display the slightest interest in the Cubans, or, for that matter, in our own picturesque and brave endeavors on their behalf. But the lure of adventure is strange, and lays hold of the most unpromising subjects in the most unexpected ways. After all, Van Cleve was a young man, though nobody ever thought of him as young; he was in reality no older than that poor young Cortwright that Lorrie Gilbert had been engaged to, or than her brother Bob, and it had not seemed anything out-of-the-way for them to go. Poor fellows, neither one had got much of a vacation out of it!

As for Van Cleve, it had undeniably done him good. At the end of three or four weeks, he was back on our streets again, burned dark as an Indian, — whom, indeed, with his high cheek bones and flat chin, he not a little resembled, — lean, wiry, and hard-muscled, evidently in the best of health. The National Loan and Savings welcomed him with an enthusiasm that astonished the young fellow, and no doubt secretly pleased him a good deal, although he was far too proud to show it. They all said they had missed him; Schlactmann — who had fairly made up his mind to resign at last, and would leave for Flagstaff, Arizona, the first of the year — shook his hand and said with some significance that he would take his rest easier now that he felt confident the work would be done right in the office. Old Mr. Burgstaller came and complimented Van's appearance, and asked naïve questions about Cuba. The old German women beamed on him from outside the brass cage-work, and one of them actually brought in a bag of rich little cookies — '*Blitzkuchen*, Hilda, she make 'em for Mr. Kendrick,' she said, nodding and smiling; and Van Cleve grinned answeringly and took the offering with a sudden warming of his own heart. Perhaps he was not quite so hard as he looked, or as he fancied himself.

Yet, on the other hand, he was not at all impressed by the attentions of Mr. Gebhardt, although that kind and sentimental patron made almost as much of him on the occasion of this return as if Van Cleve had been his own son. The younger man inwardly, and against his own will, distrusted that very kindness and that very sentiment; he really liked his superior, but he would have liked him better without so much petting from him. The president of the bank invited his assistant bookkeeper out to dinner at his great, cool, rich, beautifully ordered house on Adams Road, overlooking the golf links, with the gables and chimneys of other similarly rich and great homes showing charmingly in the spacious landscape of lawns and trees round about. Mr. Gebhardt's family of ladies were gone east for the summer to their cottage at Watch Hill (to Van's relief), but the gentlemen dined handsomely

and formally, and had their coffee on the terrace as usual; and the banker talked with a flattering confidence to his young friend about affairs at the National, and about Van's own affairs, and was so genial, companionable, and unreserved, so unaffectedly pleased with and friendly to Van Cleve, that the latter's conscience rebuked him.

'It's all right, he means it — at least, he means it *now* — every word of it. I need n't think that I'm so important anyhow, that he feels he's got to get on the good side of me!' thought Van, shrewdly; 'it's just Mr. Gebhardt's way. Probably he's as sincere as most of us. People fool themselves sometimes. Only I wish he had n't started in to be so thick and confidential with me; people always dislike you when they realize they've been too confidential with you.'

From which it will be seen that Mr. Kendrick had no idea of presuming on his employer's indiscretions. That may have been one of the reasons that Mr. Gebhardt never appeared to regret — as the other had feared — his frankness with his subordinate; he was constantly and profusely kind after the same manner.

As I was saying, it was some time late in the fall when I myself first met Mr. Kendrick; and then one Sunday afternoon, I encountered him, of all places in the world, at the Art Museum in Paradise Park, a place to which, as is usual with all public monuments, wherever they may be, no native ever goes unless with some visiting stranger. It would have been impossible to imagine Van Cleve diverting himself there, at any rate; and, in point of fact, he was not. He looked mortally bored, standing about with folded arms, and a catalogue of the Society of Western Artists — whose pictures were on exhibition at the time — crumpled in one hand. There was a crowd; but Van, being a tall man and occupied in gazing around anywhere but at the pictures, caught sight of me very soon, and nodded with his habitual short civility which so often antagonized people. Nevertheless, I went up and spoke to him, taking care not to refer to Cuba, by the way; he must have wearied of that topic by now. I asked him if Miss Lucas had a painting there, not being able to account for his presence otherwise.

He said she had; he had just found it; she had wanted him to go and see it. It was the landscape or sea-view over there, No. 270 — let's see, what did she call it? He unrumpled his catalogue, and, consulting it, announced that the title was 'The Beach: Pass Christian, Mississippi.' 'They're down there, you know,' he told me casually.

Number 270 was hung on the line, if you please; and we went and looked at it with great respect. 'I suppose it must be pretty good, or she could n't have got it in. I don't know much about pictures myself,' said Van Cleve, impartially.

'Did you say Mrs. Van Cleve and the family are living there? I thought —'

'Yes. They were in New York for a while, but they wanted to try the South this winter. Do you happen to have seen Miss Gilbert? She was coming to-day —' Again his eyes roved.

It took some self-command not to smile at that. Of course Van Cleve had come to see his cousin's painting hanging (on the line!) in this honorable company — oh, of course! And, without a doubt, it was pure coincidence that Miss Gilbert should chance to be visiting the Museum that very day — oh, without a doubt! The fact is, everybody knew about Van Cleve Kendrick and Lorrie Gilbert. Everybody had been saying for months past — ever since that tragic event in the beginning of the Cuban campaign,

indeed — that it seemed rather dreadful to look at it that way, but Lorrie had in all probability made a very lucky escape from that marriage. There had always been more or less talk about Cortwright, not all of it true, of course, but still — At all events, as long as the poor fellow was gone, why, it might be a heartless thing to say, but we hoped Lorrie would get over it and give Van Kendrick a chance.

She came into the picture-gallery — it was the room where the big canvas of John Huss and his Followers hangs — at that moment, with her father and another gentleman about his age; a striking, conspicuous person, very high and wide, and by his gait or looks somehow reminding one a little of Daniel Webster and a little of Buffalo Bill; and he had a slouch hat, and buckskin gauntlet-gloves, and a large, red, purple, handsome, coarse old face. He was so incongruous a figure to be associated with the stooping old Professor with his neat gray side-whiskers and his antique silk hat, peering near-sightedly at the pictures — I say the swaggering elderly d'Artagnan was so much of a fish out of water that at the first glance I supposed he had simply happened to enter at the same time, with the rest of the crowd. But now he was speaking to Lorrie; and when we reached them, Professor Gilbert had got him camped before 'John Huss,' and was delivering a little lecture on the life and teachings of that eminent theologian. 'Archbishop Sbinko in 1410 denounced Huss to the Pope — Alexander V, if I remember correctly — as a Wickliffite' — we heard.

'Ah — hum — a *which*, did you say, Professor?' asked the other.

'A Wickliffite — a follower of John de Wickliffe, sir. There can be no doubt, I think, that Huss was greatly influenced by his writings. The similarity of his conclusions to the argument set forth by Wickliffe in the *Trialogues* proves it to my mind,' said the Professor, earnestly. I dare say he thought in all simplicity that the subject was deeply interesting to his guest and that an intimate acquaintance with Wickliffe was part of every ordinarily liberal education. 'However, it was not until some four or five years later that Sigismund of Bohemia —' He went on talking, while the other listened vaguely with one eye upon a mammoth painting at the end of the room exhibiting a baker's dozen of nude nymphs circling about a nude young faun with a flute, in the midst of an Arcadian landscape — some Western artist's idea of Spring, according to the catalogue.

I had time to whisper to Van Cleve and ask him who was the man with the Gilberts, did he know?

'Oh, yes; he's a Judge Cortwright from Maysville. Phil Cortwright's father, you know. He's been up here staying with them for two or three days. Lorrie said they were going to bring him here to-day. They've been taking him around, of course.'

That explained him. And it was a little disquieting to reflect that Philip himself might have grown to be just such another as this terrible old lewd-eyed satyr of a parent. When we were introduced, I was aware of a kind of halo of bourbon about him; he carried his own especial atmosphere, like the Olympians. To be sure, the poor Gilberts were no strangers to that, after their years of sad experience with that good-for-nothing son; but what did they think of the Judge? What did Lorrie think of her Philip's father? The girl spoke to us with her usual brightness; Lorrie always had a spirited way, and she was looking as pretty as ever, if a little thin. The Judge eyed her almost too appreciatively, I thought; but indeed he eyed all the women too appreciatively. The whole thing

was rather funny and rather pitiable: that nice, scholarly old gentleman expounding about John Huss, and the other leering around at all the young girls, and at the canvases and classic marbles in which he saw only the nakedness and nothing of the beauty.

'That's a very fine painting, the large one, with the — er — shepherdesses and so on in the pasture, eh?' he interrupted Professor Gilbert, as the latter was innocently perorating; and he directed Van Cleve's attention to the Spring, with a sidelong grin and a swift flicker of one eyelid, which I suppose he thought none of the rest of us saw. Van gave the picture a matter-of-fact survey and grunted.

'I don't know much about pictures,' he repeated; 'Evelyn's got one here, Lorrie. I told you, did n't I?' And once more we all walked over and solemnly viewed Miss Lucas's exhibit, Judge Cortwright struggling with a yawn, and the Professor looking dimly ill at ease.

'Is Judge Cortwright here for any length of time?' I asked him.

'Well, for as long as we can keep him, of course,' said Professor Gilbert, whose Virginia standards of hospitality would never have allowed him to utter the most remote hint of any guest's departure. 'He came up from Maysville only last Wednesday. To be frank, madame, I feared he would find it rather dull at our house, he is used to what Mr. Roosevelt has called in his book, the "strenuous life" — much more strenuous than ours at any rate. My own activities are confined to daily hammering a little of the humanities into a number of young people, half of whom forget what I have told them the next day, and the other half get it all wrong!' said Mr. Gilbert, not without a touch of mild humor. 'As I say, I was afraid Judge Cortwright would n't find it very interesting, but Van Cleve, who is quite a man of the world, has been kindly helping us out. He has taken the Judge to his club and to places in the evening, you understand.'

I did understand. And it struck me that both the Professor and his daughter were very thankful to resign their visitor to Van Cleve's care and leadership. Lorrie dropped behind with me, too, as we strolled through the rooms. I asked, with as casual an air as I could command, how Bob was.

'Why, he's doing very well now, thanks — very much improved. It must be wonderful, that climate. The doctors said he could n't get well here, you know. But Bob says they tell him now that he'll probably be able to come home in the spring.'

'Is it Colorado Springs where he's staying?'

'No, Boulder.'

I made some banal remark about it's being very hard on a man to have to give up work on account of his health, and so forth. A piece of hypocrisy, but what would you have? I must say something, for silence itself would have been an awkward comment. The Gilberts knew that we knew why Bob's health had failed; that he had been drinking it away for years, and that as for work, he had scarcely done a hand's turn in his whole life. They knew; yet still we kept up our poor, well-meant pretenses, as is our habit in this world; and upon my word, we do many righteous things that are less admirable!

'Yes, it must be hard,' Lorrie said, playing her part of the game pluckily; 'but even if Bob can't ever come back to this climate, he can always get something to do out there, you know. He says he's going to look around as soon as he's well enough.' She paused, and then said, rather diffidently, and not looking at me, 'You knew about his being married?'

'About the wedding? Oh, yes. It

made quite an excitement, you know. We were all very much interested.'

'Were *you* surprised?'

'Well, not so very much. It had been going on for a good while, had n't it? I never heard of your brother being attentive to anybody else.' I should not have liked to tell her all the comments that had come to my own ears. The least unkind one had been from somebody who said that the affair was like what you sometimes read in obituary notices, — '*Lingering, but very sudden at the last!*' Some one else remarked that it was astonishing that any one could have 'nailed Bob Gilbert down "for keeps" to anything.' And there had been considerable wonder expressed that Miss Jameson should have taken so much trouble and displayed so much perseverance to capture *him*, when half the effort would probably have landed her ten times as good a match.

I said to Lorrie, meaning to show an amiable interest, 'It's getting to be very swagger to be married at your summer home; or at Bar Harbor or The Hot, is n't it? I noticed that the Jamesons were in the country. Was it a pretty wedding?'

'It was very quiet,' said Lorrie, looking down and stroking and patting her muff nervously; 'they — they wanted it to be quiet. There were n't any cards or invitations or anything. They just had the notice put in the paper. They wanted it to be quiet.'

'Well, that was very sensible, considering that Bob was n't really well,' said I, hastily and awkwardly. I felt as if the subject were not a safe one, even though Lorrie herself had opened it. Her manner was strained and unnatural; and Professor Gilbert stood by, silently fumbling and pulling at his old worn gloves, in visible discomfort. The family must have disliked Robert's choice of a wife even more than Society-at-large had suspected; it was plainly as much as they could do to put a good face on the matter. And it must be allowed that Society-at-large sympathized with them. 'Did they — I suppose they went at once to Colorado?' I blundered along. 'It's very nice for you to know that he has a wife with him. And it keeps him from being lonesome, too.'

'Yes. No. That is — Robert's wife is not with him —,' the father began hesitatingly.

'Not with him *just now*, of course, Papa means,' Lorrie broke in; and she went on to talk in a hurried, sprightly way, still quite unlike her own, until Van Cleve and the judge, having made the round of the rooms, came up to us. I never found out where Bob's wife was; upon comparing notes with other mutual acquaintances, it developed that nobody knew where she was, except that she was not with Bob, and not here in town, neither she nor her mother. That must have been a relief to the Gilberts, at any rate.

CHAPTER XIX

IN WHICH MR. KENDRICK PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN

Certain kind-hearted persons professed to think it highly reprehensible for the Van Cleves to have packed off to New York or wherever else they chose, leaving behind the worthiest member of the family, homeless, and exposed to the temptations which, as everybody knows, beset the paths of lonesome young men in boarding-houses. However, Van never showed any signs of deterioration under this neglect; he was an exemplary boarder, quiet and punctual.

In his bachelor apartment there was the oak 'bedroom-set' that had always been his when he lived at home, —

beginning to look shabby now, though still substantial; there was J. Van Cleve's strong-box stored away on the top shelf of the cupboard; there was a sectional bookcase that Van had bought himself with some of the first spare money he had ever made; it took thirty dollars, and sometimes, when his eyes fell on it, Van Cleve recalled with amusement the struggle he had had between it and a bicycle, which was the secret desire of his cramped boyish heart. He had made up his mind to the bookcase, he remembered, because it would never need repairs; he was afraid that he could not afford the upkeep of a bicycle!

On the mantelpiece there stood a yellowing old photograph of his grandmother, taken years ago when her hair was still black, very alert and handsome in an elegant sacque and open ruffled sleeves and chignon, and holding on her lap a fat lump of a baby in a blur of white embroideries, with no visible expression on its dough-featured face, though Mrs. Van Cleve always declared that it was the brightest and most beautiful child ever seen: to wit, Van Cleve himself at the age of nine months. Young Kendrick, who was fond of his grandmother, had a sort of laughing affection for this thing; he was at heart rather proud of his good-looking, spirited, well-bred women, even when he felt that they needed a harder hand held over them. Latterly, he had begun to perceive the moral of a story his grandmother had once told him about Joshua's refusal to buy her a carpet — a body-brussels carpet for the best bedroom, on which she had set her heart. 'Your grandfather said up and down he would *not* let me get it; he said he was n't going to spend money for a new carpet when the old one was plenty good enough. And you know it really was, only I was tired of it, and this other was so pretty. But what do you think I did, Van? I just made up my mind I'd have that carpet in spite of him; and I went to work and saved up the money bit by bit out of my allowance that he gave me to dress myself with. It cost fifty-eight dollars, too; but it was splendid quality and lasted for years. I always liked that carpet better than any other in the house,' Mrs. Joshua concluded pensively, all unconscious, for her part, of the moral.

Of course we were all used to the Van Cleves, but when people who knew them as well as this writer heard about that Pass Christian move, it was quite impossible to keep from laughing. Where to next? The family had tried the South before without conspicuous success, but the New Orleans and Palatka orange-grove episodes appeared now to be entirely forgotten! All at once New York City and its vicinity became utterly unbearable. It was imperatively necessary for them to go to some small, quiet place in a mild climate where life would be simple, and where at the same time they could have congenial society. Asheville, Pensacola, San Antonio, were discussed and dismissed in turn, in favor of Pass Christian on the Gulf. Living, of course, was cheap there; they had, as usual, obtained voluminous statistics from hosts of perfectly reliable persons. As to society, the large hotels were likewise full all winter of charming people who went down there for rest and recreation, and to whom Evelyn could give painting lessons. Mrs. Lucas and her daughter covered reams of paper writing out these incontrovertible arguments; Van Cleve did not take the trouble to read the fourth of it. He was very busy and had no time to thresh the subject out with them, even if they would have listened to him. What it all boiled down to — as he told himself with a passing irritation — was

that they had got one of their periodic attacks of restlessness again.

So the change was made. Mr. Gebhardt, who took his family down to the Mardi-Gras and to some of the Gulf resorts that winter, and some others of our people who were there and saw the Van Cleves, came back with enthusiastic accounts of their charming little bungalow, furnished so artistically with things they had picked up and with Evelyn's pictures. They themselves wrote glowingly to Van Cleve about the balmy weather in January, the unfailing sea-breeze, the drives, the boating and bathing, the delightful society. Of course, there was a great deal of money and display at the big hotels, and the little ones were generally crowded with excursionists, land-boomers' conventions, hunting and fishing men, and the United Order of Owls on an outing. But the cottagers were lovely, and even the hotels served a purpose.

Evelyn held an exhibition at the Sea View House, which was jammed, and everybody went perfectly wild over the pictures. It cost a good deal, as they charged a mountainous rent for the room (the hotel-keepers were all robbers), and then there was the cost of printing the catalogues, which had a cover that the artist designed and lettered herself; the quaintest, brightest thing, everybody simply grabbed one for a souvenir. She was positively overwhelmed with compliments and it was rather funny, so many people, after seeing the catalogues, wanted her to design place-cards and favors for them. She had to tell them — of course she did it tactfully so as not to offend anybody — that she never did anything like that, but there were plenty of shops where those little things could be got, or even done to order by hack-workers. The idea! Evelyn with her talents and artistic education and the name she had made for herself! They would n't have dreamed of asking Parrish or Gibson to do it. But the general public is n't very appreciative of real art; they only notice whatever is tremendously advertised.

Miss Lucas sold one picture, Moonlight on the Bayou. Julius Gebhardt, Esq., bought it, and I remember to have seen it hanging in the Gebhardt drawing-room — a pretty scene of live-oaks, Spanish moss, night-shadows, a mystic trail of light in the flat pools, and so forth. 'He was so dear about it, so much interested, and I believe would have given me any price I asked,' Evelyn wrote to Van Cleve afterwards. 'We all love Mr. Gebhardt. He is a splendid character, so strong and trustworthy, and with it all has so much fun in him. You ought to have seen the merry little twinkle in his eye when he said to me, "Why, you can hear the frogs croak in that swamp!" And he said beautiful things about you, Van. Grandma was so touched she cried. He said that you had the most wonderful brain for finance he had ever come across. He as good as told us he meant to advance you to the very highest position in the bank. "If he ever needs money for any purpose, I hope he will not hesitate to come to me. I would do anything I could to help him." Those were his exact words, so you see I have n't exaggerated.'

Van Cleve read the whole of this letter, as it happened, in an off hour; and laid it down with a curious look on his face, as he thoughtfully rubbed one hand up the back of his head. 'I give 'em six months,' he mentally remarked, and he read again all that rhapsody about Mr. Gebhardt with a renewal of his queer expression. The fact was, his promotion had already come; already he was occupying Schlactmann's ancient post, and within a year, after the election when, Mr. Gebhardt had priv-

ately informed him, they meant if possible to persuade old Mr. O'Rourke to retire from the board of directors, Van Cleve was to have that seat too. Nobody could have been kinder, or declared in warmer terms his belief in his young friend's uprightness and business ability than the president of the National Loan; and one might have looked for Van to show some gratification at this recognition, even to have been decorously elated over his prospects. On the contrary, Mr. Kendrick went about his work with the same dour energy as before, no more gay or agreeable than he had ever been. The duties of his new position must have weighed heavily on him, or else his private cares, for he was very thoughtful and absorbed those days.

(To be continued.)

JEAN LOUIS

BY A. HUGH FISHER

In the café of the hotel the mayor was playing cards with the notary, the chemist, and the landlord. Outside, the geese waddled between the double row of elms and the old wooden *halles*. It was twilight and growing rapidly darker. You could only just make out the figure on the Calvary, though the decorator, who had come to the town to paint a new tobacco shop, had given it a coat of fresh color, with fine crimson for the wounds, and the limbs gleamed a little in the dusk.

Jean Louis sat down on the low stone wall that goes around the elms. His clothes were old but very strong, as they were made of cloth woven on a hand-loom at a neighboring village. His hair was long and hung over his shoulders in white locks. Jean Louis took out his pipe. It was a little black clay pipe, such as Charles Keene would have loved, with a bowl less than half an inch across. It burned for a very little time, but the filling and lighting were long operations. The tobacco had to be cut from a small hard nob, and the light to be got from flint and steel. The tinder-box, filled with tiny fragments of charred wood, was made out of part of a cow's horn and had a copper lid fastened with a little steel chain to prevent its being lost.

A stranger who had come out of the café of the Croix d'Or had strolled across the mud, and after looking searchingly at Jean Louis had taken a seat near him on the wall.

'What a great many things an old man like you must remember,' he remarked presently.

Jean Louis looked at him and answered slowly, 'The chief thing I remember is that I always smoke a pipe when I have any tobacco.' Then, after a pause, he added as an afterthought, 'I have worked hard and I do not think often.'

'What is your work, old man?' asked the stranger.

'I chop wood for many people and I drag the roots of dead trees from the earth to put in a sack for myself. They burn well and cook my soup and potatoes. In the summer I cut the *blé noir* for the farmers, and the grass to feed their horses in winter. I make soup from the grass, too, for myself; for fifty years I have done these things — ever since my service was over.'

'But things must have happened sometimes — in your life?'

'That is true — I have had joys — often I have had miseries also. If I seek in my memory I do not know whether I remember truly or not, and what does it matter? As a child I played at the *gailloche*. I was a great wrestler when I was a lad. No one could throw me. I threw once the greatest wrestler of this country. With a twist of my foot I threw him as he gripped my shoulder; but a fight — no — I never had a fight with any one in my life. One gains nothing by that fighting.'

'But in your years in the army did you not fight?'

'In my seven years of service I traveled much and saw great places — Paris — Africa — Italy — Nantes; but I never saw any war. I was in the 41st of the line. General Chappuis had the division, a fine man altogether.'

It was the season of weddings, and out of the darkness came the sound of a *biniou* playing.

'There will be dancing,' said Jean Louis; 'I found dancing good when I was young, and the girls liked me. Singing is good, too, such as I have heard in the towns where I traveled as a soldier. It is there you hear the good singing: mounted on a table they sing, and when they have finished everyone claps the hands and shouts bravo!'

'But in all the world what do you like best?'

'Good health,' answered Jean Louis, 'and next to that the blessing of the *bon Dieu*.'

'Tell me about your family,' said the stranger, 'did you not marry and have children?'

'Yes — I married — but who cares to know about that? I had only one son.'

'Tell me about your wife and your son then.'

'But my wife died ten years ago now. She was a good wife and there is no more to tell about her. She worked hard and knitted always. All her life she had gone with nothing but a little straw in the sabots. When she was dying she begged me that she should be carried to the *bon Dieu* with a pair of the stockings on her own feet. It was a great extravagance but it was done. It was in the month of June she died.'

'And your son?'

Jean Louis was again silent for a while; then he said, 'My son went away when he was a young lad — he would not fight for France and he went away — we did not hear more of him — there is no need to speak of my son.'

'My father, I have come back — I am your son.'

'I do not believe it,' said Jean Louis.

THY TABLE

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I SEEK thy table, Lord,
To break my bread with thee;
Yet still afar, past hill and star
It vanishes from me.

Though folk along the way
Call it an idle dream,
By sea and sedge, at earth's faint edge,
Ever I see it gleam.

There thy beloved are,
Close gathered, soul to soul;
And there thy face, in hallowed space,
Shines as my distant goal.

Late, weary and forspent,
I near the holy spot,
Where they are met, thy table set,
But still I find thee not.

They pledge their fellowship
In words that are not thine;
Though here they sup, with sacred cup,
Not this thy bread and wine.

Ah, Lord, the nations yearn
To gather at thy feet;
Thou bidst to feast both great and least
With simple words and sweet.

Our faith — that love enfold
The living and the dead;
Our creed — a prayer that thou be there
To share the wine and bread.

RELIGION: A FUNCTION OR A PHASE OF HUMAN LIFE?

BY WILLIAM MILLER GAMBLE

I

CECIL RHODES, the great Anglo-Saxon imperialist, who founded university scholarships in order to bring into closer touch with one another the possible future leaders of thought and culture in America and Great Britain, is said to have once remarked that the Church of England did not interest him. During the last general convention of a religious body in this country, while a discussion of Unction for the Sick was in progress, one of the deputies, an important man of affairs, arose and left the hall. The incident was at once seized upon by the public press, and commented on as a significant evidence of lay opinion on the subject discussed. The deputy was quoted as having said that such discussion was pure nonsense.

An English bishop lately watched a number of working-men file out of their shops, and stopping one of the more intelligent of them, inquired as to the sentiments of his class toward the Church. 'It don't touch us, sir, no more than the moon,' was the reply. This incident, also, has figured frequently in recent sermons and addresses to religious gatherings.

The accuracy or inaccuracy of these reported incidents does not affect the purpose of my allusion to them. What I wish to illustrate concerns rather the inferences such anecdotes commonly suggest to most modern-minded people, and the significant intention with which they are frequently quoted, and seldom without a sensitive response, especially in circles where religious problems are discussed. It is characteristic of the mental atmosphere that surrounds present-day religion, to sound notes of warning to organized religion, by quoting the opinions and sentiments of the active men of the world in regard to religious systems, doctrines, and methods. The phrase 'man-in-the-street' has a peculiar religious connotation. It suggests an ominous judicial being whose leisure moments, snatched in the midst of a life of clearly demonstrable productiveness, are sometimes spent in weighing all ecclesiasticism in the balance and finding it wanting as an asset to human society.

It is not that the man-in-the-street is arrogant. On the contrary, he is usually modest — a 'plain business man,' a 'common working-man,' a 'mere layman,' who merely betrays his distaste for various aspects of organized religion. But just for this reason his attitude is given vital importance. His indifference, or his distaste, or his humbly confessed inadequacy to see what it is all for, is urged upon the consideration of religious leaders as the pressing reason for a thorough reconstruction of religious teaching, methods, formularies.

II

Now Christianity would never have spread beyond Jerusalem, or Mohammedanism beyond Arabia, except by acting upon the assumption that the religious needs of the man-in-the-street were more important than his existing

religious views, and that it was possible to bring his views into harmony with his needs. The religions that have been an actual force in human life have operated as communications assumed to have been delivered by God to man, to be preserved and propagated from man to man. This involves tradition, written or institutional, or both; and tradition is certain to become more and more complex, as the original communication interacts with the experience and thought of succeeding generations of believers. The more varied the thought and experience with which the believers come into contact, the more clearly defined will be the position of the belief they hold in common, sometimes involving very subtle distinctions, provided the communication survives the stress of thought and experience of many ages. Worship will become complex as well as doctrine; forms of devotional expression, and of reverence, will become varied. And all this will require the sanction and discipline of legislation, forbidding or permitting, so as to keep all the developments self-consistent with the organic whole. Thus, after many centuries, a communicative or traditional religion will present a complex phenomenon which can be understood only by those who, in some sympathy with it, give it a thorough study. Its adherents, to avoid the danger of estrangement from it (and the whole assumption of a consistently traditional religion is that estrangement would be the gravest catastrophe to a believer), must preserve a receptive attitude of mind toward the whole tradition, for the sake of the importance of the original message. They must be willing to grant that the institution which has brought them the vital message they believe, and has for centuries treasured that message, knows more about their religious needs than they do. Fearing to be cut off from communication with the assumed source of the message, they believe and worship according to the law of the historical medium through which that message came to them.

But on the other hand, suppose that in some way the believer is detached from the influence of the organic tradition, its teachings and institutions, and yet habitually believes the original communication. Suppose he has come to regard his own judgment as the only guide in determining how the original message applies to him. He will naturally view the whole matter differently. The way in which the message has been preserved and transmitted to him, seems to him an irrelevant consideration; the fact that the message has reached him is more important; and so, being a busy man, and confident of his own ability to decide his own religious problems, he makes a rough and ready application of the message to his own case, and devotes his main energies to solving the practical problems of his life in the world.

From this point of view, elaborate and complex religious institutions and doctrines will seem to be more or less cumbersome and useless, and the persistence of their effort to win influence will be irritating. Feeling more or less detached from them, yet still allied to them by his reverence for the original message they represent, he finds them constantly interfering with and contradicting his private interpretations, and demanding of him more attention to religion as a specific department of activity, than he deems necessary. Religious energy should be devoted rather to solving practical social problems, than to preserving and guarding its own heritages.

And something like this is the attitude of the modern man, whose sentiments are so frequently quoted, who is so often placed in the chair of judgment

in religious matters. There is a curious analogy between his situation and that of the Roman Pontiff. The Pope for many centuries has regarded himself as responsible for the control and regulation of Christian society. Recognizing no true legitimacy in secular life unless arbitrated by religious authority, he finds his problem very complicated in modern times. Secular life is everywhere asserting independence of ecclesiastical control. At the same time the Papacy is dependent upon its own religious leadership for whatever political or social influence it is able to exert. The Papacy is therefore bound to foster and encourage the development of popular devotional life, whether or not it take forms consistent with traditional doctrine.

Modern conditions have brought about in the Roman communion an arrest of doctrinal development and consequent abnormal developments of devotional life. On an issue between popular cults and theologians, the Pope cannot afford to sacrifice his popularity to theology. Backed by the loyal support of the multitude of devotees, he is able to close, by his own word in favor of popular devotional cults, any questions that are likely to occasion discussion in scholastic circles, and to concentrate all the forces under his leadership for meeting the practical problem of 'secularism.' There is a real relation between His Holiness the leader of the cause of Italian emancipation, and His Holiness subsequently proclaiming the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility. Pope Pius IX abandoned the national cause because its aspect of 'secularism' proved inevitable, and the forces of religion must be solidified to resist 'secularism' there and throughout Western Europe. The supreme issue which the Pope sees steadily throughout is political and social. Religious devotion and doctrine are to him the indispensable though adjustable means to a supreme end — the subjection of earthly kingdoms to the spiritual kingdom.

III

Fundamentally, the Papal and the Liberal theories as to the object of religion do not greatly differ: religion should be a direct agent in social progress and happiness, and it must act directly and effectively, or not at all. Both Rome and the modern semi-secularized Anglo-Saxon of to-day assume that religion is sterile if it does not directly and demonstrably make itself a force to be reckoned with in the world of all human activities. Both Rome and the modern man insist that it is a waste of time for traditional religion to preserve its self-consistency by constitutional methods. It must make the best it can of the past by some diplomatic and business-like measure that will combine forces in the best way, and deal wholly with the present. And it may be observed that many men of affairs express an admiration, however detached, for the effective methods of the Papal policy.

One advantage, however, which Rome has over the modern man, arises from Rome's long experience in dealing with Christian traditionalism. The modern man does not sufficiently reckon with religion as a permanent force; he is open to the suggestion that religion may die out. Rome stakes all her prospects upon the permanence of Christianity. She builds her power, however extraneously, upon the Christian faith, and it is only her social and political aims that have tempted her to tamper with the Christian traditions, and to attempt to deflect their development and suppress their normal constitutional methods of self-correction.

There are modern thinkers who have speculated on the possibility of combining various religious traditions. Rome has been too wise for this, in spite of all her statecraft. The Jesuits who attempted irenic methods with the Buddhists were promptly suppressed. Human experience is rather against all attempts to make peace between rival traditions. The status quo of the Temple of Baal B'rith, where the worship of Baal and Jehovah was alike tolerated, did not last long.

There is a tendency to-day to erect the idea of universal religious toleration into the place of a supreme religious principle. Clearly the motive of this tendency has a certain generosity. It arises from the humane desire to unite all men closer together in social sympathy; it observes that religious differences are actual barriers to this common feeling of humanity. It therefore hopes for some way in which these strong convictions may be melted down, and the world united on certain beliefs common to all those who are socially productive. What modern-minded man has not had such a vision as this? But just here is a curious difficulty. The enthusiastic Tolerant soon finds himself in a position where he is logically bound to be intolerant. Making peace with one's neighbor in the present (religiously) involves either peace or war with past generations. It is just as difficult to tolerate all the religion of the present as it is to tolerate all the religion of the past. Sooner or later one is forced to take sides.

IV

There are those who point to the principle of religious toleration by the State as the harbinger of final social toleration of all 'productive' religion. But the very existence of religious antagonisms makes it necessary, albeit difficult, for the State to maintain this principle. At times the principle often gives way to a policy, under pressure of religious influence. This is especially evident in the sphere of education, where solid religious combinations sometimes gain quasi-recognition by the State. So long as religion is in any sense a force in society, and allowing for all social sympathies and amenities and policies and common interests, social toleration of religious differences is simply a contradiction in terms. England, Germany, and America are slow to admit this fact, but France and other Latin countries have long discovered that a permanent balance of opposing religious forces in society is unthinkable. The matter even enters into government programmes, certainly into social movements in Latin states.

With us, the State is undoubtedly on solid ground in refusing to decide what type of religion is best for society. Society is left free to work out the problem. And here is a curious and pertinent matter for remark: that the State is the only department of civilization which, by common consent, is denied this privilege. Litterateurs, scientists and scholars, sociologists, business men, labor leaders, philanthropists, all are lending their good offices to help determine what the world needs in religion, and, incidentally, what the world does not need, and are eagerly being listened to by many religious leaders. Unquestionably much of the testimony is such as laymen have always given freely in religious matters, but somehow to-day it is the opinions or judgments that are more eagerly looked for than before. The judge on his bench, the senator, the president, are much more reserved — possibly because they feel more responsible. Beyond the pragmatic judgment that religion ought to make good citizens, these officials do not venture. For the sake of its own un-

trammeled authority, the civil power overtly leaves religion to its own laws and its own wars.

Thus we see how closely related are authority and freedom of function. The citizen votes and sits on juries. But the voter is not given a chance to decide whether law and government are a failure. The juryman is not asked to append to his verdict a keen critique of judges, lawyers, and legal processes. He enjoys his franchise and exercises his jury-power on condition that he hears and abides by the law in the case. The legislators he elects are bound to make laws consistent with the whole body of legal tradition. Unjust legal traditions, flagrant misgovernment, do not in the least invalidate the authority of law, although they do cause skeptical contempt of authority. Revolutions and reforms justify themselves, at length, by actually restoring consistency and continuity with legal tradition. The appeal to past statutes is something more than a 'fiction,' as some clever writer has called it. It is the only condition of social sanity. For, if the seeds of justice are not to be found in immemorial institutions, there is no guaranty that stable justice is possible.

And so with art, with science, with education. The redress of the common man, duped by the meretricious and unjust guides or rulers, is in compelling them to rule or teach consistently with the law of the tradition. Rebellion, or revolution, where it arises from social needs, really restores broken junctures with fundamental social tradition. Evolution itself insists that the true originator is he in whom the past bears its fruit, not he who requires the wreckage and the failure of the past as the background of his glory. That Shakespeare may shine, the laurels of Dante do not fade. Those periods when the ecclesiastic was made the arbiter of scientific problems produced bizarre science. It was the utilitarian moralist, posing as literary critic, who pronounced the famous judgment on Keats's poetry: 'This will never do.' The moment the mob disperses, and there is no longer need to explain or to assert that law and order are necessary, the judge goes back eagerly to his precedents and statutes; for the mob was simply the result of a previous neglect or abuse of precedents or statutes.

And so we come to our question: Can we apply the same principle to religion? The mob is muttering; a very respectable mob, it is true, and it mutters after a peaceable sort. For the sake of the ladies, whose sensibilities are to be considered, it 'aggravates' its voice, and roars you as gently as any sucking dove. Something is wrong with religious officialdom: it is 'too complex,' it 'has outlived its usefulness,' it 'needs re-adaptation to the times.' The threats of this estimable mob are not violent; the only red-cap it brandishes is a night-cap which it threatens to draw over its own ears, to the everlasting contempt of religion. But it is a formidable weapon. For this threatened sleep of the just, this calm, judicial indifference of the modern man, leaves organized religion shivering outside the splendid gates of civilization, starved out of all the good things that are to come with 'the parliament of Man, the federation of the World!'

V

Let us therefore, in such moments of grace as we are allowed, examine the grave charge against organized religion, — that it does not demonstrate its usefulness. Its usefulness to what, and to whom?

The popular scientist reminds us how ecclesiasticism has vainly attempted to restrain the progress of knowledge.

The business man points to the unedifyingly unbusinesslike methods of many churches in administering their affairs. The working-man says religion has done precious little toward industrial justice. The philanthropist stays away from Church and triumphantly proves that 'human uplift' does not depend upon religion. The educator shows how religious prepossessions limit the free development of the mind. The moral philosopher clearly proves that it is possible to develop an esoteric morality that is independent of the reward-and-punishment motives supplied by religion, and adds that the religious attitude of dependence limits abstract moral development.

All these charges are strangely based upon the assumption that organized religion, to justify its existence at all, ought to maintain a leadership of all activities of life, without levying any appreciable tax upon them. And since religious circles are observed trying very hard to accomplish this modern mission, and meeting with a very small degree of success in proportion to the output of energy, the popular inference is, that religion must be urged to make still more heroic efforts, if it is to maintain its footing. 'Hep, hep, keep step, Christian!' The tables are turned, and the liberal Rabbi occupies the pulpit to give godly counsel on Holy Cross Day.

VI

But this only reminds us how, at one time, religious organization did actually control all the details of social activity with singular effectiveness — and levied its tax, too, most emphatically. At a critical moment, Western Europe's future hung upon the veneration of the Teutonic tribes toward two traditions, the one religious, the other political and legal. The local Patriarchs of Rome, already in a position of leadership in the Western Church, which Christian tradition permitted them, seized the supreme opportunity of combining their spiritual prestige with the practical substance of the Imperial political tradition.

But this resulted only in poisoning the vitals of the Church with the passions and ambitions of a growing and suppressed secular life, only gradually becoming conscious of its own distinct functions or powers; while at the same time the seeds were sown of a profound skepticism of the organic character and the divine origin of the Christian tradition, whose authority had never before been questioned in Christendom.

Resisted at every point by Roman power, secular civilization at length came more and more into possession of its consciousness and powers, through the rediscovery of the free development of antique civilization. Gradually the mediæval scheme of society seemed paler and more unreal. The inadequacy of a religious imperialism became more and more obvious, its incapacity to foster to their normal height all the powers of which human nature is capable. The disillusion is still going on. The priest becomes less and less of a 'parson.' Clerical art, natural philosophy, political economy, prove too jejune for the full pulse of life. Strokes of ultramontane statecraft, social reforms led by preachers, the diplomacies of pulpit liberalism, the truly noble and self-effacing ventures of institutionalism and social service — they arrest attention, they touch the heart, they prevent the 'man-in-the-street' from utterly underrating the vitality of religion; but they simply do not prove to the modern world that which above all things they are yearning to prove — that religion is a matter of permanent human interest. The attempted 'leadership' of the clergy really puts the

seal upon their subjugation to secular domination.

There *are* people whose æsthetic sense is satisfied with copies of Fra Angelico's frescoes. There *are* people who look forward eagerly to the next Church Social, and who enjoy art and science only as it passes through the mind of some kindly and thoughtful minister. The mediæval countrysides flocked to see the miracle-plays; but Shakespeare was not yet born. Let us not too rashly pity and patronize, as Tennyson did, the 'sister' whose 'melodious days' we are to be so careful not to disturb with our deadly 'shadowed hints.' But, the rest of humanity needed and needs the Renaissance, — the direct contact with mundane nature and life. Sooner or later the clerical shoemaker will be forced to stick to his last. And then the crucial question will be, has he any last to stick to? What is left of religion after nature and earthly life have found their own freedom and their own discipline?

VII

To say, as is so often said, that it is pernicious to draw a line between the sacred and the secular, since all life is sacred, simply confuses and postpones the issue. Nature, in herself, is conscious of no sacredness, and of no desecration. Desire, and venture, and curiosity, and even decency, do not naturally open their activities with prayer. 'Laborare est orare' is a very pretty sentiment, but commonly taken so seriously that people forget that it is a paradox once uttered by a Catholic mystic, St. Catherine of Siena. Normally, when people work and play, they give their whole attention to the matter in hand. It is only in moments of uncertainty and helplessness in the midst of endeavor, that the prayer slips in.

Secular humanism essentially is neither sacred nor accursed; it is not anticlerical; it is simply non-clerical and inevitable. Inevitably the poet sings, the lover loves, the warrior fights, the student thinks; yes, inevitably the Good Samaritan pours his oil and wine. Now at last we have religion to the wall. Even the Good Samaritan, as such, does not need a correct belief. And even yet, it is the more pertinent to ask: As the poet sings, as the Good Samaritan heals and helps, can we say too, that (with a similar pagan spontaneity) the Christian prays? Has the sacring of life its own faculty, its own organic function with its own freedom and limits, its own proper sphere of social development, and therefore its own background of organic tradition as the necessary condition of its progress? Is humanism legitimate as applied specifically to religion?

That great humanist, Matthew Arnold, gravely implied a negative when he said, in effect, that Poetry is likely to take the place of motive power that religion has hitherto occupied. Gathering up from the past the æsthetic and moral elements of greatest beauty and permanency, the religion of the future will be simply the social expression, in creative forms, of the noblest aspirations and ideals of the race. Objective faith being doomed to die a gradual death, an enlightened interpretation of the Christian 'mythology' and traditions will touch the soul of humanity with an enduring appeal. Curiously enough, the Tübingen theology does not seem to have any but a rather depressing effect on Arnold's own muse. Hers is rather the note of the dirge than of the palinode.

Yet Matthew Arnold's theory presents one of the most inspiring substitutes for religion that has yet been prophesied. Still, in order perpetually to sustain the inspiration for this poetic-

didactic Neo-Catholicism, it would be necessary to preserve and colonize a remnant of actual traditionalists, as a picturesque and romantic group, like a Tuscan village or a Filipino section in an international exposition. Their pathetic rites and prayers would be a living ruin about which the cultured mythopœic imagination could play. Thus a substitute for religion might prove to derive its main value from the background of the actual religion.

It is really important to inquire whether religion, with its naïvely objective beliefs, is an essential part of our nature. The ignoring or the suppressing of any function impoverishes or injures other functions. The contempt of the æsthetic tends to moral cruelty. The neglect of the moral nature eventually produces decadent art. Ours is a wonderful civilization, but what if there were one sphere of human interest which we were unwittingly crushing and mutilating? Our prevalent attitude toward religion certainly does not involve the recognition of it as a distinct and permanent department of life. When we enter into the contemplation of art, we suspend the logical faculty, in order to get the complete impression. When we botanize, we do not let the poetic impulse interfere. But when we go into an atmosphere laden with piety and adoration, we go there militantly as æsthetics or philosophers or psychologists. The more religious the atmosphere, the less religious we feel called upon to be, and the more detached and secularly upright.

VIII

Suppose, with a view to determining how far organized religion may become a merely poetical-ethical, social force, which is presumably its only resource since it has proved its inefficiency as the official arbiter of all human activity — suppose we cursorily survey the existing state of organized religion. Its varieties and contradictions might seem to promise disintegration. The desire for closer unity among certain Christian bodies might prove a solvent. Many of them contain, in their traditions, a decidedly negative element; that is to say, their position is determined by an attitude of reaction against some other aspect of religion. Might not this critical aspect develop further? Many of their clergy show a singular sensitiveness to current thought and sentiment, and a willingness to let the traditions to which they are formally committed remain in obscurity. These bodies often show much capacity of adaptation to conditions.

And yet among them there is a persistent strain of positive common tradition. They have ceased to try to explain why they are separate bodies, and merely accept it as a rather unfortunate fact; meanwhile in their plans for common action there is an undoubted tendency to emphasize those parts of positive tradition which they all share, and to make it the centre and motive of missionary propaganda.

But the most stubborn obstacle in the way of forming an irenic world-religion, is the persistence of the original form of Christian traditionalism, the most accurate name for which is Catholicism. At present it exposes several vulnerable points. First, it is not corporately united. Second, the largest body of its three divisions, the body which claims most insistently to represent the whole, seems to be at present committed to the more than dubious cause of religious imperialism. Third, the Catholic body which is most in harmony with Anglo-Saxon development is at present greatly hampered in presenting the whole claim of Christian

traditionalism, on account of that large part of its constituency which is under the influence of negative traditions, Protestant or Liberal.

In the popular mind, Catholicism is associated with ultramontane objects and policies. Now the modern world is no more inherently anti-clerical than the poet or the Good Samaritan is; but it is determined not to be Catholicized if Catholicism brings Vaticanism with it. Romanism has marshalled the forces under its control so as to represent Catholicism as constantly attempting control over secular activities; eastern traditionalism, for the present, seems to be safely confined within racial lines. Anglicanism, which is unquestionably traditional in its faith and constitution, is nevertheless, for the sake of internal peace, practically forced, for some time to come, to suppress the full acknowledgment of its birthright. So that, for the present, the domination of public opinion in religious matters is divided between Liberalism and Romanism.

Certainly the present state of organized Christianity, taken as a whole, or in parts, hardly compels the public mind to regard it as a promising competitor for world-domination. So long as Christianity continues so to be presented to public opinion, either as a series of bewildered experiments, or as a hopelessly aggressive organization at war with human nature, a considerable number of people will feel that existing religion hardly justifies the barriers it erects between common human sympathy and interests; and that the society of the future must find an interpretation of religion that will help human progress rather than impede it; enrich society, rather than cling, beggar-wise, to its skirts for a grudging recognition.

But one cannot have a modern world-religion unless all the world goes in for it. Even if Christian traditionalism made no gains, and were satisfied, like Orthodox Judaism, merely to perpetuate itself, the mere persistence of traditional religion would be the one fatal barrier. And with or without Roman championship, independent of ecclesiastical policies, papal, anti-papal, or liberal-imperialistic; and irrespective of the limits of its evident spheres of influence, traditionalism is very much alive. The French know this, and have never been deceived by the fiction of social toleration. The French mind, having established its premises, leaps quickly to logical issues. Curiously enough, Anglo-Saxon attacks on religion charge it with interfering too little with secular matters. But both the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon critics are confronted with the vitality of organic religion; 'Its pernicious activity,' says the Latin; 'Its stubborn self-perpetuation in spite of social inefficiency,' says the American critic. Sometimes, it is interesting to remark, the support of religious organizations is presented as an economic problem; and if religion's *only* justification is direct and efficient and varied social service, it will logically become more and more evident that it is a waste of money and effort to support institutions which are mere perpetuations of religious tradition.

Yet just this fact of the persistence and vitality of tradition, is what prevents the fair-minded American secularist from passing judgment, as the fierce Latin secularist does. In so far as he is in earnest about all things human, he refuses to condemn utterly organized traditionalism. He says merely that it is alien to his habits of thought. But his mind is still open to the possibility that the soul may not be a disease, nor its cultivation a morbid practice, like drug-taking. And it remains for Christian Traditionalists to clear

themselves once for all of the charge that they aim to use secular power for winning supremacy over all other human interests; and at the same time to differentiate religious culture sharply and to show that it has a liberty and authority, laws of protection and sanction peculiar to its own sphere of relationships; to bear witness, by their own fidelity, to the possibility that religious tradition may be, like legal tradition, organic and complex without being unreal; and repeatedly misused and misinterpreted without losing authority. So long as the hope of this survives, there will be dissenters from any experimental world-religion that may be attempted. And dissent, by hypothesis, would be fatal.

IX

Are there facts to correspond with this conception of Religion? The fact is that Christian tradition was not developed by an oligarchy to the end of controlling political and social life. The originator, in the few words he spoke before his secular judge, clearly differentiated His Kingdom as 'not of this world,' and as clearly recognized secular power as having an authority of its own 'given to thee from above.' The 'greater sin' was not that of the secular power; it was the sin of the 'traditor' who delivered spiritual authority over to be abused by the secular power.

The spiritual King and His Kingdom existed in the world to 'bear witness to the truth.' This witness was committed by the One to the Twelve, and by the Twelve to many more, in an organic, institutional form. It grew more and more complex, as it answered question after question of thought and experience, through representative councils and common consent of all who with varying responsibility had received the witness. It cast out of itself doctrines inconsistent with the complete tradition, clearly differentiating itself more and more. It made laws and gave sanctions, it liberated and protected and disciplined devotion, and controlled all developments of intellectual inference in religious matters, by considerations of consistency with the whole tradition, and consistency with reason and experience.

And the man-in-the-street had his voice in the Catholic Church. He discussed the Two Natures while he shaved his customers in Alexandria. He repudiated the illegal action of his bishops when they returned to the east after the Council of Florence. But his power was based upon his hearing the law of the Church, and maintaining it. His revolts were revolts against illegal action. It was his devotion that developed richness and variety in worship, his common sense that demanded doctrinal consistency, his speculations and ecstasies, often, that called for correction, restraint, and definition. And he exercised this liberty and privilege only on condition of his spiritual dependence upon the Tradition and the medium through which it reached him. He received from the Church all he was capable of receiving, and therefore what he gave to the Church was a constructive contribution.

This attitude, this spirit, still exists throughout organized Christianity, either latent or developed. Wherever there is Christian faith, there is the desire to learn, not so much what is the mind of the world, but what is the mind of the Church. The present difficulty is to determine what the Church is, whether the Church has a mind of her own, and how she possesses it. And just here the Babel of voices from the world breaks in, and brings confusion. Leaders arise to interpret and 'reinterpret.' Perhaps the

Church is merely 'the soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come'? All other spheres of human interest have their laws. Christianity, religion, is supposed to govern itself by 'principles' alone. Just this situation is what makes Roman claims so plausible to those spiritually minded men who, mark you, are not weaklings, but who, failing to see the weak spot in pragmatic views of life, defend their faith against modern pragmatism by entrenching themselves in a more venerable form of the same thing.

When the Renaissance set free the secular life of Western Europe, it was because a submerged world, a cosmos of law and proportion and relationship, had been rediscovered in the classic past. The artist, the philosopher, the merchant, the statesman, found the seed of their future glory and expansion in what had been the mere memory of shattered temples and gods thrown down. It was not that they enshrined the pagan gods once more, but that they found that Man in the past is the same as Man in the present. The very ambitions and desires and curiosities they felt within themselves, they found in ancient Greece fully developed and practically expressed; in Greece they saw the primary difficulties of art and thought and government met and overcome, and their fundamental laws established. To build upon the traditions of ancient civilization was simply an inevitable necessity. It was the only condition of progress, the only hope of liberation, and of productive discipline. Greece herself had built upon the traditions of Phœnicia and Egypt. And so, if religious faith should be a legitimate activity of human nature, is the atmosphere of present-day empiricism its congenial element, any more than the magic, the alchemy, the cabalism of mediævalism was a satisfying element for the inquiring intellect that at length found its normal atmosphere in the ample clearness of Greek thought and life?

If, now oppressed with the secular dogma that faith is a creative activity finding its true end in supplying motive and color and idealism to this present age, that it must produce by a mysterious alchemy a form of optimism to suit every changing condition; if, in the midst of an atmosphere that is haunted by dreams of an objectless faith, a motiveless morality, unblessed and unguided desire and curiosity, surrounded by a world of iron and senseless restrictions, and a great invisible Unknown whose possibilities are unknowable and therefore uninteresting, — men should break their bonds and know themselves to be spiritual beings, with the power of believing, of fearing, of repenting and adoring; then they would naïvely expect that somewhere in the world there must be a human Way between God and man, trodden by many feet; and they would seek it, not in dreams, but in memories. And finding that lost Path through those memories, they would find nothing there to wither any of the glories Man or Nature have ever known. Rather the whole emancipated Man, like Jacob, would kneel where once he slept, saying, 'Surely, the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.'

We trust art to justify her usefulness; and art weaves her charms, and leads us to regions unmoral and unscientific; still we trust her, and at last she brings us back to the solid world of reality and experience, and we learn that art does not contradict truth, and that she actually in herself is productive. We trust science, and science leads us into cold regions of pitiless force; yet we trust her, and she too proves human and productive; but not until we have given her her liberty and submitted to her authority. We trust society, so full

of frauds and follies and injustices; yet we trust her, and find that her customs and usages were built up for very necessary purposes. But we do not trust religion to justify herself; we give her little or no opportunity to prove her productiveness. We yield to religious influence as to some foible of which we are rather ashamed. We accept just so much religion as we judge to be helpful or inspiring, and then we are careful to isolate it from complication with other beliefs by defining and limiting it as our own private 'creed' which must be kept to the strictest simplicity, since the world's complexities demand all our attention. And so we know no more about what religion is than a mediæval monk, penning grotesques around an initial, knew of the mind of Praxiteles. We do sometimes, as Arnold did in the ruins of the Grande Chartreuse, look wistfully through the bars that separate us from the Christian past. With poets and historians and psychologists, we patronize kindly the 'age of faith.' But we are not yet free. We are really afraid of faith, for we fear that if we come too much under her siren spell, she will so inhumanly devour and absorb our mental life as to make all other departments of life seem distorted or unreal. A scarlet night-hag haunts us, with a thumbscrew in her hand, and we turn away.

Our humanism is not yet complete; the full and final flower of the Renaissance is yet to bloom.

MY GARDEN BEASTS

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

I

Masses of bloom are the ambition of the beginner in the garden. The mellowed and experienced worker values rather privacy, design, individuality, pictorial quality, the motherly shade of old trees, the aroma of low-hanging fruit, and the association of spiritual and bodily comrades who frequent the place. Nor would my particular old garden, sitting at the feet of the old house, be to me all that it is, without the presence and memory of myriad little visitors in fur and feathers, bewinged, betailed, gleaming, gliding, flashing, loafing, usurping the plot of land I so absurdly call my own. By what tenure do birds and ants and fireflies claim squatter rights, — bed, board, and protection in my garden? By broken egg-shells of divers colors and markings, cumuli of clay crumbs and glints of phosphorus. Moreover I not only acquiesce but, like Parkinson of old, 'honestest Root-gatherer,' I collect them and their comrades into a Book of Paradise, 'so that in winter I can read about them and count up how many I have.'

The most memorable bird that ever visited the garden, a *rara avis* indeed, came toward the close of a desperately long and severe winter, came in direct answer to my ardent longing for him. This robin was as large as a grown hen,

and he came and walked beside me and let me, with the extreme caution of approach I once expended in putting salt on robins' tails, smooth the feathers on his head. My chamber clock struck one just after, but to any caviler I can show in proof the exact path where we walked together, Robin and I, from the gnarled Bosc pear tree to the monkey bed.

The monkey bed had once another name. Only workers in many-bedded and bordered gardens know the convenience of having the parts adequately christened. I was reading by the window when a queer little figure in a red coat leaped out of the border, snatched a pear from under a tree and returned to cover. I rubbed my eyes. Was it a case of Robin Redbreast again? Was this a first symptom of a wandering mind? No, again out dashed a live monkey, seized a pear, and again retreated to the jungle of rudbeckia. An advertisement in a local paper that afternoon led me to telephone the creature's whereabouts to its owner, who after recovering the little redcoat, related the latter's adventures as they had reached him from several quarters. The monkey, wandering far in enjoyment of his liberty, saw an open door, entered, found a bed, and accustomed to the freedom of a house jumped up and burrowed between the covers. When a woman turned down the sheets at bedtime, out before her horrified eyes jumped the monkey, making rapid exit through an open window. Checko's brief sojourn in my garden having added to its nomenclature, I planted there a goodly group of mimulus to keep his memory green.

I always couple with this incident one told me by a justice of our Supreme Court, of how a deer jumped into the dining-room window at his home in Crab Orchard Springs, leaped over the table set for breakfast and out at the opposite window.

I was reading one day in the shade of a great oak, when little particles which I at first took to be oak-galls fell about me. One in my lap suggested investigation, and as it proved to be a bit of fresh fruit, I looked up. Directly above me sat a red squirrel holding in its paws a seckel pear. The annual theft had begun; but it seemed sheer deviltry of the little marauder to use the gardener's own lap for his scrap basket, and put her in the position of wearing a chip on her shoulder while remaining powerless to strike out. If the squirrels ate the pears it would be less exasperating, but to chew up and drop a good third of one merely to get the few seeds, and, that accomplished, to drop the rest of the fruit, seems criminal waste. Doubtless, however, the chips become the breakfast food of ants and beetles.

Spirally around the trunk of a tree one day ran the most uncanny little creature. Its tail was like a rat's, its paws were clothed in fur mittens, the rest of its body was naked as one's knee. I could not believe, till forced to do so, that this ugly beast was a new-born son of the graceful though graceless squirrel. The parents' penchant for birds' eggs leads to many a chase by outraged robins and blue-jays. The bird flies furiously at the squirrel which, deftly as a boy at 'tag,' slips around to the other side of the tree trunk. The bird's impetus carries it far past, but it returns at its enemy, which repeats the trick *ad infinitum*, till 'tired out with fun' master squirrel barks in ironic laughter and scrambles off for other sports. One of these used to be to lick a willow garden chair, which he did piecemeal, morning after morning, for many weeks. Possibly the size tickled his palate. Could he have been secreting mucilage to use

in nest-making, for which purpose he chews off great mouthfuls of the rope which fastens the climbing roses to their trellis?

Cats dearly love a garden, and, though because of the birds I deprecate their presence, I can yet take æsthetic delight in the way pussy picks her path delicately among the growing plants. I caught a mother one day in the act of teaching four kittens the approved method of making a day couch, feline version doubtless of man's hemlock bed. Tabby, closely followed by the kittens, walked into the border of young, feathery cosmos, and with tail stiffly extended turned about until she had gathered in a considerable number of stalks. She was about to lie down thereupon when fate in the shape of a small apple thrown by a practiced hand drove the quintette forth. So far as cats are concerned, daytime cats, the gardener has it mostly her own way, — 'she makes the rain and the fine weather,' as the French phrase neatly puts it; but what my near-sighted eyes once took for a great maltese cat proved to be a wild rabbit; and as far as that visitor was concerned I might as well have succumbed at once. He would sit and nibble pansy buds, keeping his weather eye on my approach, and just as I leaned over to seize him by the ears, the most wonderful set of legs in the world would rise to action and Brer Rabbit would be twenty feet away, nonchalantly nibbling my head lettuce. His four days' visit — visitation — harrows even my memory; but at last he followed the dictate of the sundial to 'Go about your business.'

I must confess that the cabalistic design which stands for a motto on my sundial is unique in meaning whatever I wish it to mean, varying with the age, temper, and circumstance of its owner. Once I translated it platitudinously as 'I count the bright hours only.' Later, when the confidences of youth had a jolt, it read, as in the Vulgate, 'Cogitavi dies antiquos — I have considered the days of old.' I have even had the temerity to translate it in the full hours of morning as, 'I mark Time: dost thou?' and in the leisure of four o'clock as, 'Yes, rest awhile.' Whatever its motto, the flowers that surround it are all and always golden, since Time is golden; and this leads me by quite traceable links of association back to my little visitors.

Glancing into the garden recently, my eyes were greeted by a goldfinch standing on the stone pedestal, beside the brass sundial, with the tall coreopsis and hunnemannia reaching up to join the symphony of color, and the dwarf golden nasturtiums glinting below. No apostle of color effects in the garden can afford to ignore how birds and flowers reciprocally lend each other new forces. Could one imagine a more exquisite setting for a blue-jay than the gray blue of the bushy clematis davidiana, the supporting stakes of which are permitted to protrude just enough to lure his squawky majesty thither? — unless it be the humming bird poised before a stalk of cardinal flowers, the ruby spot on his breast taking an extra *nuance* from the proximity of that 'thyrsis bright for the fingers of seraphim'; or the cardinal grosbeak when he flies into a silver maple, and with his advent makes the red stems of its myriad leaves flash forth into prominence.

This interplay of flowers and little beasts shows in the very nomenclature: spiderwort, cranesbill, larkspur, snapdragon, monkey flower; also *aquilegia* and *pteris aquilina*, — columbine and brakes, — which mark the spot where a pair of eagles dwelt one summer in the little home school house. In my childhood a few of their feathers still remained, but they disappeared

somewhere in the framed collection of tail-feathers which was the pride of our youth. I can still name more birds by the tail-feathers I find in the grass than by their song or plumage *in toto*. The collection was not only an endless source of search, research and boasting, but exhibited at the county fair, — an entry was specially prepared for it, — it furnished seventy-five cents annually to our coffer, a fortune even when divided among the members of our stock company.

Barring the sparrows, birds fit into my environment without a crease or ruffle. Hordes of robins which evidently look upon my presence much as the Indians did upon that of my forebears, fairly elbow me out of the flower-beds after sprinkling hours. They bathe by twos and threes in the bird-dish, whither they providently bring their lunch of mulberries and cherries, leaning out as they soak their feathers to take festive nips at a rose-bud or verbena head. They are as well provided with the comforts of home as was Marat in his shoe-shaped bath-tub, a shelf for his papers edging the top of the shoe where his head decorously stuck out.

Turtles used frequently to visit the garden *via* the boys' pockets after mornings in swimming, and I remember one which, tethered to a door-knob, escaped in the night and wandered about the house laying eggs in many corners of rooms. Possibly this fact made the turtle *persona non grata;* but I have always regretted that one was not kept as a garden accessory, as deer are kept in English parks. One family I know of in the tropics always name a young tortoise at the same time as a new baby, keeping it till the child grows up and marries, when it is killed and eaten at the wedding feast. One ancient and honorable specimen known to many visitors to a Bermuda garden is celebrated for his hatred of rain, shuffling off at the first sprinkling, and running his foolish head into a corner. Gilbert White in *Selborne* notes the same trait of one in Surrey which, 'though it had a shell that would secure it against the wheel of a loaded cart, yet discovers as much solicitude about rain as a lady dressed in all her fine attire.'

Toads are treasure-trove in my garden, and when I accidentally dig one up I carefully re-inter him, and for his delectation keep thin flat stones over moist hollows, the stone roofs serving as well for stepping stones and weed discouragers in the borders. Some of the toads grow tame enough to hop up the stone path to the *tempo* of my whistle, and stand while I tickle their heads with a grass blade, and dart out preposterously long red tongues, seemingly hinged at the fore instead of the rear of their mouths, for the flies I furnish forth.

Ladybirds, too, are *ben trovato* in my garden. Aristocrats among beetles are they, having, like queen bees, special post-office permits. More than once have I brought home in my handkerchief a colony of jeweled ladybirds to be reëstablished at the foot of some aphis or scale-infested plant, sure that they will accomplish their modest mission on this earth.

When the small domain over which I rule, 'lord of one lizard,' as Juvenal puts it, rises to the dignity of a seal of its own, it shall take the form of a sacred beetle; but *coccinella* not *scarabeus* shall be its name; symbol, not like Egypt's of sun and immortality, but of unostentatious benefaction. Like one of Carpaccio's lovely signatures on a white scroll held in its mouth by a tiny lizard, Ladybird shall stamp my documents, mute reminder that —

> In small proportions we just beauties see,
> And in short measure life may perfect be.

II

I have often thought that I should like to carve a frieze on the garden side of the Cot, as the Greeks did on their Parthenon; a frieze depicting scenes from the lives of the animals which through the years have rested foot or wing in my garden. Some presentments would be counterfeit enough, some touched up like a photographer's negative, others frankly fanciful like those strange beasts of the Apocalypse beloved of the old sculptors. The little red squirrel should be there, true to life, with a seckel pear in one paw and Fouquet's motto, 'J'ascends,' in the other; but next him might stretch the salamander, with the little Benvenuto Cellini looking on and getting incontinently whipped lest he forget so wonderful a phenomenon. This group belongs to my garden, having entered there as I lay, a child, in the grass, through a Lowell essay dropped there by some older reader; dipping into which brought me first intimation that stories are not limited to story-books.

Monkey in his red coat should figure on the frieze, and next him the unicorn who bounded into the little preserve I call my mind the day I was trying to solve the riddle of Moses's horns as carved by Michael Angelo. Aristotle believed in the unicorn of such gracious quality that his horn wounded only to heal, and of such wisdom and strength that no hunter could take him save as he voluntarily came from the deep woods and nestled in the lap of a maiden. How often at a sound in the shrubbery did I raise expectant young eyes; and in later years no subject have I pondered oftener than the wild ass which also wore his one horn upon his forehead, and suggested Balzac's awful allegory upon the saving and the spending of life.

My frieze should set forth the actual birds of the garden — the wee wren with its kingly names, *regulus* and *roitelet*, singing a thousand details of its family life; but near by the phœnix should spread its wings, —

> . . . the Phœnix which all eddicated seamen
> Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee;
> When his hundred years expire,
> Then he'll set hisself afire,
> And another from his ashes rise, most beautiful to see.

Do you doubt the miracle of the phœnix? Keep your eye on a bit of bare earth where a label says 'resurgam,' and a splendid flame-colored tulip will in time purge you of heresy.

One panel, too, must show the halcyon bird, for whenever she nests 'a law of nature brings around what is called halcyon weather, — days distinguishable from all others for their serenity though they sometimes come amid the storms of winter.' And such my garden and its mistress need.

It was Prester John who had the phœnix thus versified; and a letter about him from Bishop Otto remains full of delightful extravagances. His domain contained also the fountain of youth, both the salamander and the unicorn, and the monstrous ants that dug gold. 'Also there dare no man make a lye in our lande, for if he dyde he shoulde incontinent be sleyn.'

One panel of the frieze should be sacred to still smaller visitors: *Bombus Americanus*, onomatopœic name of the bumble bee whose frolicking I love to watch, stopping his mad flight by bumping head-first into a petunia cup, then scrambling over the edge to pierce in gluttonous haste the nectary of sweets; the Nile-green katydid of obstinate reiteration, who suddenly adopts the other side and vociferously denies her own statement; the cricket with traditions of good luck; the but-

terfly whose flaunting luxuriousness has as little in common with the caterpillar as my own mental butterflying has with the solid observations of naturalists; the tree toad, the honey bee, the dragonflies; the rosebugs and wasps which Emerson apostrophized as appearing best when flying — 'They sail like little pinnaces of the air: I admire them most when flying away from my garden!' and the locust, pure prestidigitator, who rips his own skin up the back and crawls out of it, emerging literally twice the size of his late self left sticking on the tree twig. It might have been this sight which suggested to McConnell his theory of the evolution of immortality: 'This life is a time of gestation. The living human form may be regarded as a matrix in which another may be quickening and maturing.'

My frieze-to-be recalls Peale, who, after fighting in our Revolutionary War and becoming the leading portrait painter of Pennsylvania, began collecting animals and organized our first Museum of Natural History. Wishing to move his collection to Philadelphia Hall, he had the stuffed buffaloes, panthers, and tigers carried on men's shoulders, followed by a long string of boys, who dearly love a parade and would have paid for the privilege. The living frieze brought everybody to their doors and was a great advertisement, while Peale was saved large expense and time in moving.

One of my foibles being the collection of garden beasts, my readers may wonder why I have omitted the dog. In truth he is as much out of place in a garden as a camel in a china shop. His sole use for a flower-bed is to bury bones in and to chase cats through, the terminal preposition emphasizing the gardener's distress whilst. In my rôle of gardener all dogs are 'Spot,' and Macbeth's three-worded anathema my own. Yet with equanimity can I hum Purcell's lovely song, 'I'll sail upon the Dog star,' nor do dog-days frighten me; and in winter when I garden in the imagination I lift up ravished eyes to Sirius and Procyon, the great and little hounds which follow Orion the mighty hunter. Nor in this connection can I forget the delectable smile with which Dr. Edward Everett Hale begged me, as I set sail for southern seas, to wander on to Cat Island and gather the spray of dog roses which Columbus found floating there.

Dog stars are not the only starry beasts that gambol over my garden: the lion and bears, the eagle and swan, the goat and the crab, the bull and the ram, scorpion, fishes, and dolphin all shed a benign influence. While by day, —

'Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?'

'By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.'

'Methinks it is like a weasel.'

'It is backed like a weasel.'

'Or like a whale.'

'Very like a whale.'

Oh, diversity of the heavens! Yet few persons can distinguish one star or constellation from another; or picture camel, weasel, or whale in the clouds. I cannot draw the outline of a beast from mind or memory; but I can find one in any cloud and from that draw a very recognizable creature.

In the folk-lore of Ireland there is a widespread belief in a fairy land of eternal hope and brightness and youth situated a little way below the roots of the grass. I seem to find it each time I stoop over an ant's nest and watch these master-builders. They may not, like Prester John's, dig gold; but La Fontaine, the only writer of the seventeenth century, by the way, sensible of the graces of the landscape, transcribed their talk. Once he arrived late

at a dinner: he had been watching a procession of ants in a field and had found it was a funeral and had accompanied the cortège to the grave in the garden and then escorted the bereaved family back to its home.

Once, when I was leading a visitor through my little strawberry patch, she picked a berry of unusual symmetry and turning it slowly in her hand exclaimed, 'Does n't it look like an emery!' I have often noticed, since, how people compare nature to art as though reducing them thereby to a common denominator. Who, visiting Lake Como, fails to compare its atmospheric effects with a stage curtain? We say a child looks like a picture, a moon like a great red ball. Yesterday, pulling weeds at dawn, I looked up for the bird I heard calling, and was suddenly impressed with the unreality of the scene, — there was no short-skirted woman with homely tool in hand, no bird a-singing, but only Jules Breton's Song of the Lark, — a few square feet of canvas.

> Art was given us for that,
> God uses us to help each other so,
> Lending our minds out.

The song of the lark precipitates a Wordsworth, a Shelley, to write incomparably beautiful poems: the poems lure Americans to England to hear a skylark. The caged thrush seen by Poor Susan paints before her starved city eyes the home of her childhood: the poem sends us to find the plane tree in Wood Street. 'It 's all truth and daylight,' as Kitty Clive said of Mrs. Siddons's acting, and each gardener in life is bound to interpret her bit of nature or art for somebody else, the value of the interpretation depending ultimately of course, upon the force and quality of the character behind it.

Some of the interpretations are humorous enough — our similes for instance: 'Mad as a hornet,' and 'Mad as a march hare,' expressing quite different states of madness. To *parvenu* gardeners talking learnedly of tree roses and tree hydrangeas I retort that I am not eager for abnormalities, but hope rather to make a tree bear. Give a chuckle to the little English streams called the Mole and the Ant. Recall Lowell's 'Beetles which drive home the beams' — commonplace name enough for a wooden mallet when one remembers the old root 'to beat.' And what is our expression 'to mount on a high horse,' but the social climbing in old Lorraine? Four families had the right to bear the names of the high horses; the second set of families bore the titles of the little horses, but many of the little horses pretended to equal the first, — and there you are.

III

I never feel important in the presence of the little furred and feathered visitors in my garden, but then they never humiliate me or nag me, and though they interpret much, they are not omniscient, forever trying to interpret it all. One of the wisest sayings uttered on this ancient earth was Josh Billings's remark, 'It ain't so much men's ignorance that does the harm as their knowing so many things that ain't so.' As Chesterton says, in comment, 'One sees vividly hundreds of well-informed, well-intentioned people trotting around about the streets knowing things.'

The birds know, perhaps, but they wear their knowledge lightly. One of Newbolt's beautiful passages describes a bird rising and falling over a flower. 'How long,' asks the visitor to the Old Country, 'has it been doing that on exactly the same spot?' 'Oh, from father to son for a thousand years!' and he continues, 'We are all contemporaries, but we live like figures in a

tapestry, invisible to each other and fondly imagining that we are made of different thread from our neighbors whom we have never seen.'

If our neighbors wear fur and feathers, what difference? St. Francis talked to his little brothers the birds: the sleek otter crept up to warm the feet of St. Cuthbert: heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb understood each other. Bergson believes that instinct, not reason, brings us into closest touch with what is most real, 'for matter and reason have a common origin, and the second was evolved to cope with the first.' Was it reason that led little Aurore Dupin, 'George Sand,' who had been taught no religion, to invent a deity of her own, make him a little shrine in the garden and sacrifice to him by catching birds and butterflies and setting them free in his honor? Was it reason that caused Hohenlohe, when out chamois-driving, to pause and give his whole attention to a field mouse which, terrified by the shooting, had sought refuge with the great statesman? The *vraie vérité*, to use a serviceable French phrase, seems to be that it is not intricate reasoning that makes us wise, but a habit of brooding upon common experiences, the things of earth and skies and human relations, until knowledge becomes 'instinctively' ours.

I have heard in the little city where I live, that my garden sends forth an influence of itself. It would be worthless else, and ungrateful; for influences untold have fashioned it, — the stars and clouds bow down to do it reverence; waters from the depths of the earth rise up to refresh and sustain it; birds bring it tidings of Alaska and Mexico; its never ceasing orchestra is compounded of many-scented breezes. The spirit of great writers broods there: from Aristophanes, the first to discover that men listen more surely to the facts and follies of human life in the rôle of animals than in the guise of teacher or divine, through Æsop and Rabelais and La Fontaine to Rostand, and every poet who has sung divinely of little beast and bird. Truly, what Meredith calls our modern malady, the malady of sameness, has no hold in my garden. The oriole that sings to-day may be the same oriole that sang yesterday, but he sings from a different bough. Each book that I read in the garden introduces new visitors: Jonah, perhaps, and I lift my eyes from the fish to the God above the fish; and my thoughts drift back unconsciously across the æons to the time when my inland garden was one of the beaches of Lake Erie, in the waters of which sported fish to which Jonah's was but commonplace.

Or sometimes, under the power of an enchanted grasshopper, 'whose voice will run from hedge to hedge,' Keats sits in my garden; or the glowing eyes of Bobby Burns peer down at a wee field mouse; or over the snail on the thorn leans the shade of Browning; and the age-old shells in the gravel at my feet set my own soul building more stately mansions. For I am not like the French peasant who would not take off his hat to a new wooden cross because he had known it as a pear tree. My humblest little visitors are latent influences to larger vision and quickened life; and like the griffin of old, which the old Etruscan settlers of Perugia captured thousands of years ago upon the hilltops and chose for their city arms, I could carve on my house frieze either a dinosaur or a ladybird, and from its mysterious origin and organism catch new inspiration to attack the monsters of the day.

'THE CASE OF THE MINISTERS'

To me, also, 'there has always been something pathetic about clowns.' Consequently, when I read this sentiment in the opening sentence of Contributor's article, I leaned back in my chair, lighted my pipe, and said to myself, 'Here is an article by one to whose spirit my spirit is kin.' But the very next sentence set me to doubting the kinship. While I agree with Contributor that clowns are pathetic creatures, I cannot agree that the circumstance in their lives which he selects as most pathetic, is pathetic at all — namely, 'that they are compelled to make their living by means of laughter.' The clown is a free agent. He may leave off his clowning any day he chooses, and make his living by vending pop-corn or painting steeples. It is not by compulsion, but of choice, that he makes his living 'by means of laughter.' Nor is it by his own laughter that he makes his living. Who ever heard a clown laugh? It is enough for him to squeak and his audience shouts with laughter — that 'unenforced laughter' which Contributor values so highly. Having heard such laughter myself, I wonder that any one can call it 'a capricious thing' or 'one of the delicious "extras" of life.' To my mind, this unenforced laughter is far more pathetic than the enforced squeak of the clown. The really pathetic element in a clown's life is, that he, being a man, freely chooses to make his living by squeaking.

But, to take the step from the ridiculous to the sublime, let us consider 'the case of the ministers.' Their case is pathetic, so Contributor holds, in two respects. First, they are 'forced continually . . . to exploit their own spiritual nature in the earning of their daily bread,' and secondly, they are 'compelled by their job to make a prayer at the stroke of an hour, even if they do not feel prayerful.' It is incomprehensible to me (not knowing Contributor) how any intelligent being could misunderstand so utterly 'the case of the ministers.' Far from being compelled to exploit their spiritual nature, they may not even do so of their free choice. A minister who did exploit his spiritual nature — that is, utilized it for selfish ends — would soon find himself without a spiritual nature to exploit. Every minister, however, is under compulsion to utilize his spiritual nature. Every man of us is under this compulsion. Spiritual capacities, quite as much as intellectual or other capacities, must be developed through use, and may be extirpated by disuse. His case is pathetic, and his only, who feels himself under no compulsion to use, and to use freely, his spiritual powers. The command of the Great Teacher is the command of Nature: Let your light shine. He who fails to obey that command, and hides his light under a bushel, not only withholds his light from others, but lives himself in darkness.

'There is one thing,' says Contributor, 'to which . . . every one has a right, and that is, the possession of his own depths of selfhood.' I deny that right to any man. The depths of one's selfhood no one of us has developed by his own unassisted endeavors. The deepest depth of it is the gift of God to

any one of us, and the lesser depths have been opened up and plumbed for us by the achieving and the failing, by the glory and the shame, by the rejoicing and the sorrowing, by the strife and the peace of others. The depths of our selfhood are not our own. They have been bought with a price — with a price which should bring every one of us to his knees in his hours of remembrance. But this depth of selfhood 'is sacred,' says Contributor. Precisely so. And just because it is sacred we have no right to possess it — to shut it up in a private chamber to which we may go to commune with it in some capricious hour when the moonlight falls in just the right slant upon the garden wall, and the apple-blossoms drop quietly upon the lawn.

The second pathetic element in the lives of ministers is that they are 'compelled by their job to make a prayer at the stroke of an hour, even if they do not feel prayerful.' In this statement is the same utter misunderstanding of the real case of the ministers, and of the laws of the spiritual life. Contributor apparently knows nothing of the drawing power, the appeal, of the situation which presents itself at the stroke of the hour. I can conceive a minister entering his pulpit on occasions in unprayerful mood. Once there, however, looking into the faces of the waiting congregation, knowing the grief which is shutting out the light of God's love from the heart of the good woman in the front pew, knowing the conflict of higher and lower elements in the nature of the fine-spirited young man in the gallery, knowing the spiritual emptiness of the life of the prominent citizen in the middle pew, knowing the spiritual fullness of the life of the 'mother in Israel' in the pew under the gallery, knowing that every person before him is a child of God, a spiritual offspring of the Infinite Spirit, I cannot conceive of a minister whose heart could be unresponsive to these appeals, from whose heart the prayer would not instantly leap: 'Unworthy though I am to minister to these people, use me as Thou canst to meet their needs in this hour, and give me grace to live more worthily henceforth, that henceforth I may more worthily serve.' I can no more conceive how one could be insensible to the drawing power of that situation which presents itself to every minister 'at the stroke of an hour,' than I can conceive how one, apparently so unaware of the real nature of that situation, would venture to publish his opinions concerning it.

I think I would have knocked the ashes out of my pipe and made a few parish calls after finishing Contributor's article, if his concluding remarks had not caused the blood to leap into my face, and my hand to reach quickly for a pen. (I am willing to confess, now, that in that moment of shame and indignation I would rather have reached for that instrument which is less mighty than the pen.) 'Love' and 'friendship,' Contributor makes analogous to 'the spiritual nature' which a minister is compelled to draw upon at the request of any one upon whom he calls. The analogy will hold good, but in holding good it refutes the very argument which it is made to illustrate. What kind of love, what kind of friendship, is that which cannot be counted upon and drawn upon at any moment, under any circumstances, by the loved one or the friend? What kind of love, what kind of friendship is that which habitually withholds itself from the loved one or the friend, and chooses to give of itself only 'as a capricious thing,' as 'one of the delicious "extras" of life'? From such love, from such friendship, 'let every one I love be de-

livered! Let him work hard — break stone, dig ditches, what you will' — but let him not be without friends whose friendship can be relied upon at whatever moment, in whatever circumstance, it is needed; and let no one of them be without one loved and loving one whose love is ever ready to give of itself unsparingly.

But this final analogy — what under the circle of the heavens could have prompted it? — this likening of a minister, giving freely of his powers, to 'the court favorite, paid for his devotion, the lover or the mistress paid for their favors, compelled to render them without regard to the spontaneous impulse behind them.' To such an analogy I cannot reply. That sort of utterance must be met with silence. At the other end of the world is to be found the true analogy to the minister supported by a parish in order that he may minister to the religious life of the parish. That analogy is found in the wife, supported by her husband, in order that she may fulfill the functions of her life, and that together he and she may live more fully and more richly and more unselfishly than either could live alone. The minister is no more paid for his spiritual ministry than the wife is paid for her ministry of love. Both are given material support in order that they may fulfill the high callings unto which they both are called. We, who have made the ministry our calling, have not done so with the desire of being ministered unto — certainly not with pity — but in the hope that with God's gracious favor it might be our privilege to minister unto others.

WHY DECLINED?

We who have had our ambitious attempts to contribute to current literature returned to us with courteous notes intended to soothe the pain they inflict, remember distinctly the precise formulas used, especially the 'not without merit,' — 'damned faint praise,' some of us have thought, — or the 'not adapted to our needs *at present*,' and the 'thanks for the privilege of examining,' and so forth. Rarely, if ever, is the true reason for rejection given.

In old Egypt, some three thousand years ago, editors were more generously frank if less polite: — 'Thou tearest the words to tatters, just as they come into thy mind. Thou dost not take pains to find out their force for thyself. I have struck out for thee the end of thy composition, and return to thee thy descriptions. It is a confused medley when one hears it; an *uneducated person could not understand it.* It is like a man from the lowlands speaking to a man from Elephantiné.'

That young author knew what was the matter with his article, at least he had been plainly told; but it might have been a superior production in spite of that, — some forerunner of *Sordello*, or *Leaves of Grass*, that the critic had not been 'educated' enough to understand.

Which, then, is really the better, the false courtesy of the present, or the bald brutality of the 'XIXth Dynasty'?

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1913

THE MAN AND THE MILITANT

BY ALICE BROWN

I

On an early June morning in London, Grace Harwich stood by a pillar box at the West End. She had dropped in an enclosure, and she now put out her hand again to the slit. This time it was for another envelope, somewhat thickish and blue-gray, and she tucked the corner in with a delicate concern that might have led you to think that she was an awkward person aware of her disabilities and trying to get the best of them. You would have said: 'There is a most charming young lady, evidently, from her dress and her carriage, an American, mailing her letters home.

But Gilbert Mills, the young man in the limousine that had been trailing her and now as softly stopped, was keeping an eye on the letter, not in any cursory way, but as if it held the news he feared or longed for. He stepped out of the car, took one stride that brought him to her elbow before she had time to do more than wince, and his hand fell on her wrist.

'You little sneak!' said he.

Grace looked at him in a perfect silence. She had not been quick enough to poke the letter in, and the hand upon her wrist had withdrawn it from the box. Unconsciously her thumb and finger grasped it tighter, and a viscid fluid trailed out of the envelope and made a little meandering rivulet on the front of her gray dress, dripping thence to her perfect shoe. She had trained rigorously for this adventure, and the first article of her code had been that she must never scream. So she stood looking, with a grave and questioning composure, out of violet-blue eyes, at Gilbert who, having drawn his brows together and set his square jaw as if he meant to subjugate by every masculine device of facial power, also looked at her. He was an American, — her countryman, — and she knew that he loved her so completely that she made no doubt of his unfailing concurrence in her aims. As she had once expressed it to him, he really did see things her way. Then she had elaborated somewhat. For she knew, as he did, that he was n't merely, in an acquiescence to her charm or an involuntary sex-homage for the purpose of making it his own, seeing her way. They actually did look upon present life and the larger future with the same demands. They were safe in knowing that they were to be man and wife, although that finished conclusion in the mind of each had not yet been shared. Gilbert had only just come into his luck, and until he had he would not

ask, and Grace had waited with the utmost tranquillity, being only a little over twenty and having adventurous things to occupy her.

Gilbert still held her wrist and answered the clear interrogation of her eyes with that savage and dominating stare. But it did not dominate. She merely inquired, in a conversational tone, —

'What are you grabbing me for?'

'What,' said Gilbert, 'are you doing to the inside of that pillar box?'

A faint smile lifted the corners of her mouth. It was the lightest little signal from the woman in her to the man in him, and Gilbert saw it and approved.

'Why, you know,' said she. 'The same thing we've done before.'

'I knew They'd been doing it,' said he, with a comprehensive jerk of the head, meant to indicate the entire female contingent of the British empire. 'But what have you got to do with it?'

Her unflinching eyes held obvious reproach.

'Why, Gil,' said she, 'what did Lafayette have to do with it when he came over to us and fought our battles?'

Gilbert lifted one foot and set it down with the emphasis of a stamp. That was all he could do as a natural expression of feeling, because he had begun to remember his own plan of campaign. The sight of an American girl playing rough house with an English pillar box had put it temporarily out of his head, and now he called upon himself to be not so much man as woman in guile and firmness fit to cope with the young desperado before him. She raised her brows with a look at once mandatory and pleading.

'You're holding my wrist awfully tight,' said she.

But he did n't loose it.

'Grace,' said he, 'I've got a message for you.'

'For me? From Uncle? Oh, piffle! I shan't go home. Auntie cabled the minute she found Mrs. Irvington had got to leave me unchaperoned. But I would n't go. Of course I wouldn't. Do you think I'm likely to quit my English sisters in bondage when I could —'

'When you could put molasses — or what is the infernal stuff? — on your skirt? Well, whatever it is, so long as you could stick up love letters and checks and make butter-slides down Asquith's stairs and hide gooseberry tarts in his bed and play the devil generally?'

He had, since he left the University at least, been leaning on the well-founded conviction that he was a clever young man, as clever as need be, even at this time of competitive scrambling and sophomoric recipes for the way it is 'done'; but now he bit his lip in a savage self-reproach. He was not being nearly so clever as he had intended. Grace had the advantage of having taken her limitations into account and steadily allowing for them. He had n't realized that he had any limitations at all.

'But Gil,' said she with the same mild dignity, though a slight twitching of the brow was meant to remind him that her wrist did indeed hurt her increasingly, 'we are simply convincing the nation that we are a power in it.'

'What's the matter with staying at home and convincing your own nation?' said Gilbert. 'I don't mean by butter-slides and stealing knockers —'

'The need is greater here,' she said gravely. 'You really do hurt me very much.'

Somehow now it seemed as if the hurt referred not only to the excoriating wrist but to the discovery that he did not see things as she did. She seemed to break out, at one uncalculated bound, from the enclosure of her determined action.

'O Gil,' said she meltingly, 'I thought you were one of us.'

And he was melted, chiefly because he saw this was not artifice. She was indeed hurt to the soul to suspect a flaw in the oneness of their aims.

'I am,' said he. 'If you mean votes for women, of course I'm with you. Do you suppose I'd go back on Mother and Grandmother? to say nothing of you and the trend of things. Did n't I march in that infernal procession, and did n't I help you put up balloons on Palm Beach? Well, I should say! I've disgraced myself plenty, to prove it.'

'Thank you, Gil,' said she faintly. 'You've got an awful grip, have n't you? Is that Treherne in the car?'

She was indicating the leather-colored chauffeur who sat with his gaze set discreetly forward, waiting in a perfect stolidity, yet still, even to the casual gaze, with an air of tense readiness, as if he needed only the first syllable of the word to 'let her out' and cover the distance from Land's End to John o' Groat's. The still presence of Treherne and the certainty of his readiness brought Gilbert with a shock to a recognition of the way he was fumbling his own job. He summoned to his face a beautiful smile. He did it with the feeling of signaling wildly for reinforcements, and was grateful to his muscles when they answered him.

'Grace,' said he, 'I'm all there. I'm simply glad to see you. It's made me daffy. Had to take it out in kidding you. Now I'm in dead earnest. I've got a message for you.'

'Auntie?' she asked now with a faint concern. 'Nothing's happened?'

'No, not Auntie. I've had a conference with two of your leaders. Hang it, Grace! I'm not going to mention names, even at this hour, in the open street. Jump into the car and we'll tool round a little and I'll tell you about it there.'

'Surely,' said she; and then he did open his hand and free the ill-used wrist. She looked down at it ruefully and gave it a rub with the other hand. But she did not intermit her delicate grasp of the envelope.

'Here,' said Gilbert, 'give me that.' He plucked it from her, did it up in the morning paper Treherne respectfully proffered, and tossed it into the car. 'Let the devilish thing leak there all it wants to.'

Grace put her foot, in its slightly sticky shoe, in after it, and gave her pretty hop of pleasurable excitement to the seat. Gilbert knew that spring. It always meant, 'We're off,' and caught him in the throat because it seemed to indicate a longer journey to the peal of bells. They were seated now, and the car, as if Treherne had whispered the one magic word, shot forward, gliding on glass.

'You have n't told him where to go,' said Grace.

'He knows,' said Gilbert. He had taken out his handkerchief and was rubbing at her skirt in a frowning care. 'Look what you've done to your pretty dress!'

She laughed, a little burst of pleasure like the topmost drops of a fountain where they are colored by the sun.

'Now tell,' she said. 'You went to headquarters here. What for? You had my address.'

'I went for news,' said Gilbert. 'Don't forget I've got my own paper now. I really intended to ask for a set of articles on the situation, and I wanted a prominent person to do them. And then, because I was an American, she spoke of other Americans, and you especially.'

'Gil! What did she say?'

'Why, there's but one thing she could say. She thought your Votes-for-Women shower in Saint Paul's an admirable *coup*.'

'Yes,' said Grace modestly, 'it was rather well managed, I think myself.'

She sat forward in her seat and gazed at the road running so hard to meet them. Gilbert knew that look of high excitement. She was happy, and Treherne was speeding. For a time she had not noticed that, but now the motion madness touched her brain, and she turned to Gilbert. There was no apprehension in her face: merely wonder.

'Why,' said she, 'we're going some.'

Gilbert apparently did n't hear.

'So she asked me,' he continued, 'if I thought you were game for a big job.'

'She did? Oh, that's tremendous! That's the most amazing compliment I ever had in all my life.'

Gilbert remembered a few he had handed her, colossal pieces of sterling value, he had thought, and swallowed.

'She asked me,' he continued in a rush, 'if a certain person — we'll mention no names —'

'But we could,' said she, wide-eyed, 'here in the car. Treherne won't listen.'

'It's a good precaution,' said Gilbert firmly, 'to mention no names anywhere, even if you're alone at midday on an open prairie. It's an excellent habit. It gets you into the way of being all there.'

'You're right,' said she. 'Go on.'

'She asked me if a certain person now in France in hiding —'

'Oh!' screamed Grace. 'Is she there?'

Gilbert nodded.

'If that person decided to charter a boat and come over and land in Cornwall —'

'Like Boney!' Her eyes ran over with wild light. She looked like youth and hope incarnate on its brave adventure. 'Like the invading Kaiser. But she can't land except incog. She can't. There are a thousand eyes out, and a million regulations got up for German Willie. They'd spot her in an instant.'

'That's the point,' said Gilbert. 'She's not going to be spotted. She's coming to a little Cornish port, to lie off the shore and signal. And we're going out at midnight, you and I and Treherne, in a sailboat, and bring her in. And the news will filter round through Cornwall — Treherne sees to that — and the Cornish women are all primed to rally to the standard, and by George, you'll break every window in Cornwall!'

Grace had turned upon him, her face a bright mask of eager wonder.

'I never heard of anything so absolutely magnificent in all my life,' she said. 'But why does she take me?'

'Because the whole adventure is to be made as spectacular as possible. Think how the women of Paris marched to Versailles. Wouldn 't it have been still more dramatic then if they had had a leader in a woman of another country — a woman who simply had to come into it because their wrongs were so terrific? Same reason that our fugitive comes over and lands in a little boat when she might disguise herself and go to any port. The adventure! Consider the adventure! That delicate woman dares to land at midnight, like smuggled goods, and an American girl meets her and leads the forces on to Victory.'

Grace threaded her hands together in her lap and strained them till the knuckles blanched. She was ecstatically serious now, like a sacrificial victim who believes in the gods that slaughter him. And Treherne was speeding. Gilbert pulled out his letter case and drew a paper from it.

'Here,' said he, 'read your orders. Her signature!'

Grace took the paper and spread it before her dazzled eyes. It was laconic, to the extent of five terse lines, and it

was signed by the name of her loved leader. She reverently folded it.

'Yes,' she said, 'it's her signature. But Gil, how fast we're going!'

'Oh, yes,' said Gilbert. His tone conveyed a hollow nonchalance. 'We're outside London. In fact, we're on the road to Guilford. That's a part of it.' She had accepted his authority, and that, while it moved him warmly, brought also its prick of helpless self-reproach. 'Yes,' said he, 'we're on the road to Cornwall.'

Grace rose in her seat with the surprise of it, but the motion, gliding as it was, threw her back again. It was not so much, indeed, the motion, as the swift vision of the road running to meet her and being extinguished as it came. 'Sit still,' the road seemed to say. 'You and I are in the hands of a greater than we. It is my lot to run to you and be cast behind; it is yours to leave me lying there like a discarded ribbon.' Then, sitting, she did cry out, —

'I can't go to Cornwall like this.'

'Not when you've got your marching orders?' inquired Gilbert sternly. 'What kind of soldiers are you women anyway?'

She plucked up a doubting spirit.

'I've got to have some clothes.'

'Your clothes are all right. I saw Marie this morning and she gave me a suitcase. It's behind there.'

'My Marie?'

'Your maid.'

'While I was out?'

'While you were putting molasses in the pillar box.'

'But why not have consulted me?'

'You were n't there, I tell you. You were gluing up the correspondence of the British Empire and the world.'

'Why not have telephoned in advance?'

'Now see here, Grace,' said Gilbert, 'if you're going to take orders, you can't question 'em. You're talking too much. She — you know whom I mean —?'

Grace nodded. It was her loved leader.

'She has given me a perfectly clear plan of action. I may not agree with it. I may not see why the deuce she should be so much of a martinet.'

'Oh, I see,' said Grace. Her loyalty had been woven without the break of a thread. 'It has to be. Think of the thousands she's in command of. I see perfectly.'

'Very well then.' He blinked his eyes two or three times, as if the relief of that were almost too unexpected to be borne. 'Then I've only to tell you that I'm carrying out instructions to the letter. You and I are to drive like the devil to Penreath.'

'Why,' said Grace, 'that's where your cottage is.'

'Yes. I have n't been there this summer, but it's in order waiting for us.'

'And was n't it Penreath where you got Treherne?'

'Yes. Treherne's sister is in the cottage now. She'll give us plain food and act as your maid in a way while you're there.'

'Is she,' Grace asked with a pretty simplicity that challenged him to be as direct with her, 'is she an older woman — a widow or anything?'

'No,' said Gilbert, with robust imperviousness. 'No. Wenna's never been married. She's about nineteen.'

'But Gil,' said she, 'we can't stay there together, you and I, with Treherne and that girl. Auntie'd raise the roof.'

'Great Cæsar!' said Gilbert, now meeting her glance with an impact of amazement equal to her own, 'you don't mean to tell me you can stick up letter-boxes and heckle the Prime Minister of England and then cringe before the out-worn conventions of the past?'

Gilbert sat the straighter after he had said that. He thought it rather good. And so did she.

'I'm sorry,' she owned humbly. 'I was only thinking of Auntie.'

'I wonder if Lafayette thought of Auntie when he set sail for America?' inquired Gilbert caustically; and she owned that she supposed not.

Now that she fairly knew her road and the adventure unrolled itself, a responsive excitement took possession of her. She sat straight and sniffed the air. Gilbert thought she sat as buoyantly as if she might spurn the flying car and take to wings. He had never loved his car so well, valiant dear thing without fault or flaw, as if it had pledged itself to that day's run. Yet throughout he felt he was denying Grace the pleasures of the road, delights her eyes besought him for. As they slipped through Winchester, she recalled him to that other summer when he and she, bulwarked by Auntie, had eaten strawberries in the Itchin meadows; but though she knew his mind was one with hers, he would not stop. In the middle of the day they ate delicious things from the hamper, and Treherne, accepting his sandwiches as if they were cartridges for another round, stoked himself hurriedly and drove on. Grace had caught the infection of it now. The madness of speed ran in her nerves.

She hardly spoke, and when the air changed to the softness off the moors and then the tang of salt, she breathed it in as if to hearten her for the predestined act. She looked very serious and, to Gilbert, beautiful. She had taken off her hat, and her thick light hair lay disordered above her brows. Through the aura of the coming quest she was more the woman than the girl. This grave reflectiveness, new in her face, was maternal even, and brought deep thoughts to birth in him. When the coolness of the afternoon came on, he put a fur coat round her, and she received it with a smile. She had done, he saw, with questioning. She had accepted her appointed task, and with it the inevitable mystery.

It was damp and dark when they ran along Cornish lanes and stopped at a cottage set by itself in wide space. The windows were alight, and Wenna, sweet as pink thrift, stood in the door, shading a candle with a careful hand. Grace, under the braided spell of air and speed and mystery, smiled at the girl as if they had been old friends.

'O Wenna,' she said drowsily, out of the narcotism of that windy rush, 'just hear the sea!'

Then Wenna brought food to a dim fragrant chamber, and Grace ate and hurried into the white bed by the latticed window to the east.

II

Grace slept sweetly, and when she woke late in the morning, lay for a time and loved the air of Cornwall on her cheek. The cottage awoke presently to the sound of Wenna, who brought salt water, and Grace, uprising, knotted her long hair and asked for a secluded pool where she could dip. Wenna decisively said No. There was no pool, and Mr. Mills had sent up this bucket quite freshly filled by himself, for a sponge. He was waiting breakfast in the garden. Grace made a quick toilet and at the end looked in the glass, approving. Here was rich color and noble line. She looked as fit and splendid as she felt. Her loved leader had done well to summon her. Whatever the task demanded, she had for it the mad devotion, the muscle and the nerve. Just here she went to the window, and found that although the air came in buoyantly, it was through latticed iron. The glazed window opened inward. The diamonds were firm. She

shook them — for no reason — then smiled. She was balking, it seemed, at the very thought of bars.

In the room below — a room all sweet Cornish air through iron-latticed panes — Wenna was waiting.

'This way, miss,' said Wenna.

She indicated an open door, and through this Grace walked into a garden where Gilbert met her. She looked at him and found him, with that vital throb of pleasure in him responsive to her own fine youth, as fit and splendid as the girl that met her from the glass. Then she looked at the garden. This was a little paradise shut in by a high brick wall; it had flagged walks through bright luxuriance, and in a shady corner a round table with the breakfast things. Grace opened her mouth to commend it all, but she said, out of a desultory wonder at the bottom of her mind, —

'Gil, are n't your windows queer?'

'Queer? They're all right.'

'They're barred. The pattern's in diamonds, but they're perfectly tight. Burglar-proof — is that it?'

'Oh,' said Gilbert, 'so they are. We'll take a look at 'em, after breakfast, when we're fortified.'

Wenna came then with a tray, and Treherne with another. It was an admirable breakfast, suited to hungry youth. When it was over, Grace, exhilarated by the day, the comfort of a well-used body, and the man's enhancing presence, looked at him across the table and smiled in a way to indicate her readiness.

'Now,' said she.

Gilbert looked suddenly haggard and very grave. He folded his napkin seriously, the motion of one gaining time, and dumped it, as if it represented a conclusion.

'After they take these things,' he said. He seemed to crave that slight delay.

Treherne presently cleared the table, and then Gilbert, as if he had been waiting only to lean his arm upon it, began, tapping slightly with his fingers:

'I've been lying to you.'

Now for a long minute there was nothing but the rote of the sea and the delicate insistence of the breeze, less a whisper than a touch. Grace stared at him.

'That note of instructions,' he said. 'It was n't from her at all.'

'Not from her?'

'No.'

'Her name was signed.'

'I signed it.'

'You — forged her name?'

'Yes,' said Gilbert. He was answering her questions in a leaden quiet, as if they were what he had expected in some form, and he had to go through with the heavy task.

'Gil,' said she, 'will you explain yourself?'

'Oh, yes,' said he at once. 'Shall I do it as it comes, or will you ask me questions?'

'I have n't any questions,' she said, as grave as he. 'I'm too puzzled.'

'It goes back,' he said, 'to what you've been doing here in England. I've kept pretty accurate track of you ever since you wrote me you were a militant. When I could n't stand it any longer, I came over. And here I am.'

She looked really alarmed now. A spark had come into her eyes, and her anxious face besought him.

'Gil,' she said, 'don't tell me you've gone back on suffrage.'

'Oh, no,' said he, 'I could n't. I should if I were an Englishman, of course, that is, I should be mighty near it. But for our women — oh, no, I've not changed.'

'Then what is it? Is it because you don't like me to do things that are — conspicuous?'

Gilbert looked up at her now, brightening in a whimsical response.

'You've always been conspicuous, dear,' he said. 'There's nothing else visible when you're round. But now you've sunk into the criminal class, you see, the conspicuousness is n't because you're so charming. It's because you're — conspicuous.'

'Gilbert,' said she, 'do you want to know what I think? You're crazy.'

'No,' said he, 'I'm not. I'm simply worried.'

'About me?'

'All of you. You chiefly, of course, because I thought I was going to marry you.'

'Well, but —' She stopped so short on the word that he knew she was about to add, 'Are n't you?' and that he could not answer.

'You're discouraging me frightfully,' he said, 'all of you. Don't you see what you're proving? You've reverted. You've gone back to the oldest type of all, the woman that cries till she gets it, that won't let any peace settle on the house till she is given her way. The individual hysteria of the spoiled child has culminated in the hysteria of a class. That type used to say to its husband or its lover, "I'll cry all night if you don't back down." That's what you're saying in concert to the English nation.'

'Gilbert,' said she, 'do you mean to tell me you don't think it's of infinite importance for us to have the vote?'

Gilbert answered wearily.

'I think it's of infinite importance for you to be civilized enough to deserve the vote and then to have it. But I should n't admit any woman to a finger in the pie who would go out and stick up letter-boxes and call it a Holy War. I should be afraid to. As soon as she does n't get her measures passed, what is she going to do? She's going to say, "Sisters, here's another call to smash things. Come on."'

'It's war. Don't you know it's war?'

'Oh, no, it is n't,' said Gilbert dolefully. 'I've tried to make myself think so, but I can't. War is training yourself to be the best man and going out and fighting like a man. It is n't sneaking round destroying private property.'

'But we let ourselves be caught.' Her cheeks were scarlet now. He glanced up at her and thought he would not willingly do it again. She seemed literally to blaze. He might take fire himself at her fine passion. 'We glory in getting caught.'

'Yes,' he said, 'and then you don't take your punishment like men. You stop eating and call it sport.'

'Am I to be shut up here in Penreath?' she inquired, in a tone of ominous composure.

'For a while.'

'Is that why the windows are barred?'

'Yes. That's why.'

'Is that why you've built a brick wall round the garden? I notice the bricks are new.'

'Yes. That's why.'

'Have Wenna and her brother been corrupted?'

'They won't help you.'

'How long is this state of things to last?'

'Until we have come to terms.'

'Until you have made me promise things?'

'Until we mutually decide on your future course, and what our relations are to be.'

She was silent. He did not look at her, but he was aware that she was deliberating on her next move, as a captive might study a long time on the quick turn that should free her wrists.

'What are your terms?' she inquired finally, in a perfectly unmoved voice. He saw she had called upon her emergency training, and he admired her for the speed and coolness of her tactics.

'What I should like to do,' he said,

in an attempt at similar composure, 'is to have you marry me, after whatever formality of residence and special license they require, and sail with me for home.'

'Oh!' Her voice took on something of an edge here, and he did wince. 'I fancied from something you said a minute ago that I'd ceased to be eligible.'

'Of course,' said he, avoiding the edge and feeling a droll relief that it really had not cut him badly, 'that would be after we had come to terms. You would have agreed with me that the only road to eligibility for marriage to any man would be through returning to the old code of private honor.'

'Gil,' she flashed, with a touch of temper very pretty and beguiling, 'you're talking like a book. You must have been a long time getting this up.'

If he knew himself caught, he did not show it.

'You see,' he continued, 'I've some tremendously keen ideas on marriage. You know what they are. And I should n't marry a woman who was a criminal, or who could be incited by even the most understandable form of hysteria to criminal acts.'

She got up and made him a low courtesy. Wenna, watching incidentally while she did her kitchen work, almost broke a dish.

'I shall try,' said Grace, 'to bear my rejection with fortitude.'

'Don't be a silly. Sit down, dear.'

She obeyed him because she was too curious to go. Besides, she liked it. The instinct of battle ran thrillingly through her, and the question where it was to end was nothing to the charm of its still going on.

'If we were savages on an island,' said Gilbert, 'I don't suppose I should mind your indulging your instincts once in a while. I might indulge my own and hit you over the head with a cocoanut. But in Salem! I could n't live in Salem with a wife out of the aboriginal past. I could n't practice law knowing I might go home any noon and find her and the cook and the housemaid all breaking the furniture together.'

'Don't chaff,' she said, frowning. 'We are talking about serious matters.'

'I mean it,' said Gilbert. 'If you cut down the cook's wages, the cook, if she's got a saltspoon of logic in her nut, will hack your furniture. For she'll remember you were the celebrated Lafayette Grace who, in the year of our Lord 1913, hacked into England. And if I don't vote as my wife wants me to, my militant wife will cut up my cravats and dint my razors and starve herself. I'm not being funny, Grace. I mean it. You are the only girl in the world for me. I'd rather marry you than own a football team. But unless you get back your sense of honor I'm afraid to.'

While the warmest of his declarations had caressed her she had leaned toward him, lips apart, eyes misty, ingenuously expectant. But he did not look at her. She collected herself and spoke reflectively.

'Sense of honor! Who lied to me, to trick me into coming here?'

'Oh, I did,' he said. 'Deliberately. You're outside the line, you know. You've been sneaking. I had to sneak to catch you.'

She deliberated a moment. Then, —

'You don't like our methods,' she said.

'I utterly repudiate them,' said he, 'just as I repudiate the noble sabotage of the working-man. You're all of a piece.'

'Your father was a soldier, Gil,' she softly reminded him. 'You would n't be, would you? Don't believe in war?'

'By George, I do,' he said. 'There's something mighty fine in a man's saying "I believe in this thing so much I'll die for it." But that's not putting marmalade in Asquith's boots.'

'Do you believe in strikes?'

'Once in a dog's age.'

'Very well. The nature of the cause determines the form of strike. Now I give you notice that, from this minute, I'm going on strike.'

'Hunger?'

'Yes.'

'I foresaw that. So I ordered a good breakfast. It was all the start I could give you.'

Remembering three eggs apiece, she frowned.

'And,' he continued, 'I'm forced to tell you again that the woman who does that is no man. Still, I supposed you'd do it. I'd thought it out. And I thought I'd fast as long as you did.'

'Ah!' she breathed. She liked the clash of wills.

'That was my first thought. Then I said to myself, "I won't be such an ass. I'll serve three excellent meals a day. If she refuses to eat them, it's at her own risk."'

She rose.

'May I ask again,' she said, with some ceremony, 'how long I am to be detained here?'

He hesitated. At length, 'I can't go into that,' he said.

She knitted her brows and studied him. 'There's something behind this,' she avowed.

'There is,' he lightly owned. 'The whole militant movement.'

'You've found out!' she cried, so stridently that Wenna ran again to look.

'Yes,' said he gravely, 'I've found out.'

'You know what is going to be done within the week.'

'Yes, I know.'

'And you've told.'

'No, I have n't told — yet. But by God! you're not going to be in it.'

She was breathing hard.

'Gil,' she said, 'what would make you let me go?'

He looked up at her. She saw, with a shock of terror lest it was not to concern her any more, that his face, in its stern sincerity, was beautiful.

'Your word of honor,' he said. 'I'd still take it in spite of the things you've done. Your word of honor that you'll stop short — and fight fair.'

'Have men,' she challenged him passionately, 'have men fought fair?'

'Not often.'

'Look at the Great Powers when they want an inch of land. Do they fight fair?'

'No. But you, Grace — you fight fair. I'm with you. I'll help you fight. You'd have cut me when I came on here for the games that time if I'd sneaked it by a hair. Why, girl, you have n't forgotten "the game"?'

Their eyes were encountering in a scrutiny made of passionate memory and dying hope.

'Give me your word,' he pleaded.

Then there was another pause while they felt the breeze and heard the sea, and both weighed to the full the poignant cruelty of the sunlit day that has not a tear to drop for youth and love in ruins.

'I can't, Gil,' she said; but in mercy to them both she said it gently.

She walked into the house and up to her own room, and when Wenna tapped there at luncheon time, the door was locked.

III

The siege lasted three days. To the four in the cottage, though they could exchange no words about it, it was man's siege of woman's heart. Wenna, as if she suffered not only for the mo-

ment and these two lovers, but for her whole sex, tragically paled. Three times a day she carried up food prepared with an excess of daintiness, the trays even, at length, decked with flowers; this might have had a sacrificial look though Wenna meant the flowers also to implore. She also appeared at odd moments with tea. Everybody, Wenna thought, had to have a cup of tea. It was the universal fluid.

At the end of the third day she found the door ajar, and though there was no answer to her knock, went in. The room was in beautiful order; Grace was refusing service in the house of her enemies, and she sat by the window, her arms outstretched on the arms of the chair, her hands hanging in pale beauty. Wenna ran, dropped at her feet and cried. But though Grace did not notice her except by a touch of the white fingers on her pretty hair, it was not from any coldness. She was thinking her own thoughts, and Wenna was no more than a mote in that big sea.

The outer beauty of the days had been unbearable, taken with the ache of her own heart. Even the scent from the kind garden sickened her. Down there striding through its bloom or even at the stair foot, listening day and night in anguish equal to her own, was her lover, made by the strange sad chance of time her enemy. The creature who longed to fight for her was warring against her. The being she should foster, she was denying the comfort of her breast. The immemorial alliance of the two who needed each other so inexorably had been turned into fight by the age-long ignorance of both, and the man was driving the woman into the wilderness, and the woman's milk was poisoning the men-children it should nourish. For a time she blamed him in his own person. Then, as hunger clarified the inner workshop of her brain, and her soul seemed to rise and float above the body and look understandingly upon its trials, she thought of him tenderly as condemned to suffer with her in the rush of time. They were no longer light-hearted man and maid meeting in the rose-garden of their pure desire. Her life seemed to her now but the breath blown out of the trumpets of revolt. His walled garden had turned into a symbol. Outside it, like a sea girdling her paradise, she seemed to hear the clamoring cry of women — the hunted, the unshielded — condemned to cry in dissonance without her own voice to make it harmony. She loved him, the 'young man in his beauty,' but he was no longer Gilbert Mills alone: he was child of the traditions that had made revolt inevitable. What room was there on this 'darkling plain' where 'ignorant armies clash by night' for the bride bower and the vows of cherishing according to what she called a specious ritual?

Yet so gently did she think of him that when she heard his voice at her door, that late twilight, she could answer.

'Grace,' he said, 'will you listen?'

'Yes,' she said. 'I'm listening.'

'You've forced my hand. This can't go on.'

'Yes, it can. I'm up to it.'

'The doors are open. You can go. I've given Wenna a rigid schedule for your food. You'll abide by it, won't you? Nothing else till you're in shape.'

'That was good of you. Yes, I believe it upsets you to eat after —'

She paused. She wanted very much to save him the crude sound of things. Still it seemed to her that this was n't Gil starving her: only the cruelty of time that had starved women in so many ways, — starved them into hysteria if Gil were right. Now they were no longer wives and maidens. They were Judiths; they were Bacchae on the mountain drinking blood.

'Treherne will be ready,' he continued, 'to take you up to London in the car.'

'Shall you come too?' The question leaped from her.

'I had n't meant to. I thought you'd rather not. I wish you'd let me — to make sure you're all right.'

'I shall be all right.' She heard Wenna on the stairs, bringing, she knew, a spoonful of food for which appetite had gone. 'But I think you'd better come.'

This she said to give him less anxiety over her state, and he thanked her humbly. Wenna slipped in with her spoon and cup. Wenna was crying in a low-spirited way as if she had cried for days and was tired of it. But Grace took the liquid like medicine, and then called again to the man outside the door.

'Gil!'

'Yes, I'm here.'

'Have you done it?'

'Yes.'

'You've betrayed us?'

'I've given you away.'

'The whole plan, Gil, the whole big plan?'

'Absolutely.'

'Then it has n't happened?'

'No. I've saved you from that, at least.'

She got on her feet.

'Tell Treherne,' she said, 'to be ready in half an hour. I'm going to London.'

'Grace, you can't do anything. It never can happen now, I tell you, never to the end of time. There'll be a thousand pairs of eyes on it, all watching — till you and I are dead and the world is sane again.'

'It is n't that,' she said. She was trembling, and her teeth chattered. 'But you've done it, Gil — and I'm glad it's done, too. I loved it. I could n't bear to have it destroyed. But somehow because you've done it I can't stay here in your house and eat your food. Wenna, get my coat and tell Treherne.'

And after all, she let him go with her, and through the moonlit night, past the unheard nightingale in copses their car ran by, they sat in deep love of each other and a sick distrust, and drove to London. He left her at her door in the leaden dawn. She looked like the spirit of it, her soft cheeks grayed.

'Good-bye, Wenna,' she said. 'Good-bye, Treherne.' She turned to Gilbert. 'Good-bye. You'll be sailing soon.'

'Yes,' he said, 'as soon as I know you're fit again. Won't you —' He had her hand now and drew her a pace away from the two sad Cornish servitors who seemed to have shut themselves into their reserve. 'Grace, won't you come with me? Come home.'

'Last call?' she asked, in a loving mockery of him. She smiled, a little wry, old smile. 'No, Gil. Give my love to Salem.'

THE UNLEARNED LESSON OF THE TITANIC

BY ATLANTICUS

LITTLE more than a year has elapsed since the greatest disaster in maritime history upset all our accepted theories of the unsinkability of modern liners. The wild paths of imagination along which we were willingly led by naval architects, launched us into a disaster such as the world hopes never again to witness. Some very practical test of the unsinkability of liners will have to be vouchsafed the public before its old confidence in the safety of ocean travel can be restored. But to restore public confidence is not a task for naval architects alone; they have merely the mechanical problems to master, and these, in this mechanical age, we believe are not insurmountable. The public, the legislator, the shipowner and the practical sailor must work harmoniously alongside the naval architect if, out of the labyrinth of theories and contentions, we are to evolve a type of vessel that will not sink.

Since that fateful night of April, 1912, what have we done in the way of reform that will go toward averting another such disaster? Remember, the day of the unsinkable ship is not yet; but the majority of passenger vessels now in service on the Atlantic carry as many passengers as did the Titanic. Thus we cannot afford to allow the legislators on both sides of the Atlantic to thrust upon us hysterical 'reforms' which are not only spurious in themselves, but which will defeat their object by becoming a source of danger to the public when called into active service. Time spent now in cool and calm deliberation will be well spent. It will add to the safety of the traveling public, will lessen confusion in emergencies, and will obviate unnecessary expense to the shipowner. The criminal waste of money at present forced upon all the big transatlantic liner companies is proof positive that some foolish Jack-in-office has been given a loose rein. The efficiency gained by much of the expenditure amounts to *nil*. In fact, I believe that in certain directions we are worse off than we were a year or more ago.

I

After the loss of the Titanic the natural cry of the clamorous public and the nautically ignorant legislators on both sides of the ocean, was for more boats, boats at any cost, boats for all, no matter what their construction or the means available to launch them in an emergency. Besides more boats, pseudo-nautical experts submitted all kinds of crazy theories that were swallowed like hot cakes by the public. The fit of hysteria which the English and American people indulged in while the loss of the Titanic was a nine days' wonder, was about on a par with the miserable pathos that found its way into the press about the heroism of the crew, and their following out the supposed traditions of the sea by saving the women and children first. Saving women and children first is not a virtue monopolized by seamen. Wherever white men are found, this rule of life holds good, and the public guilty of

indulging in such figures of speech, with such prodigality, has little right to a hearing when advocating all kinds of nonsensical reforms and the wasting of good money.

Immediately after the disaster, the shipowner and sailor were forced into a tight corner by an angry and unreasonable public. It seemed as if they were to be ridden over, without being allowed to explain, by the first idiot who cuddled a new theory. Yet, thank God, in the sequel most of these theories fell on stony ground! The fact that the public rained and stormed and showered abuse on men who, for the time being, were under a cloud, detracts nothing from the services which those men have rendered to the state. Such a spectacle merely affords one a glance at what an undisciplined people is capable of doing and saying when worked into a frenzy.

Was the shipowner, or the traveling public, or were the legal authorities, to blame for the shortage of boats aboard the Titanic? Without hesitation I exonerate the shipowner, and place the responsibility on the legal authorities and the traveling public. It is obvious that the two latter are dealt with fairly, for what the law demands the shipowner must supply or go to prison. What the traveling public requires he must also supply, or go out of business. If the law calls for a certain number of boats of certain capacities, the shipowner invariably goes beyond what is required of him. The public demands luxurious suites of rooms, Venetian cafés, lounges, buffets, reading, writing, and music rooms, swimming baths, gymnasiums, and so forth, and the shipowner meets the demand. Like managers of theatres, after satisfying the law, they cater to their public. To satisfy the law is quite a simple matter, but to meet the standard of luxury demanded by passengers to-day is not easy. Shipowner and sailor both know that luxury and efficiency make bad shipmates.

Let passengers demand fewer luxuries and the work of finding deck-space to carry boats for all will be simplified. The claim that a vessel carries boats for all does not mean safety unless the boats are allowed working room to launch them. It merely means the mechanical hoisting aboard of the required number of boats. To have boats for all is one thing, but if they are cramped, and the working space is hampered by Roman baths, etcetera, as it generally is, we are worse off than before. Superfluities always mean confusion. Add darkness to luxury and we have all that is required to turn confusion into chaos.

If wealth talks at sea in fine weather it must not wail when disaster overtakes it. There are limits to what the shipowner and naval architect can do. Running liners is a business that must return a profit, and be as void of sentiment as running trains. Ships must pay or cease to run, and, if the traveling public must have the luxuries and life-saving gear it demands, then it must pay the piper in the form of higher fares.

In answer to the demand for boats, boats of all sizes and descriptions found their way aboard many liners.

In positions where the official 'A' class lifeboats could be stowed, these boats were put aboard. But not many vessels had much space to spare, and in most of them we find collapsible boats and rafts of various patterns, some with artificial buoyancy and others with only the natural buoyancy of the material of which they are constructed. Rafts they are in every sense of the word, and I for one would prefer an overcrowded lifeboat of the approved pattern rather than trust myself aboard one of these decked, canvas-gunwaled

contrivances. Having experienced all the inroads of the Atlantic, I should prefer to die in the first instance rather than prolong the agony on such rafts, knowing as I do that the first heavy sea which swept over them must wash all the occupants into the sea.

It is quite a simple matter to account for the appearance of such monstrosities aboard ship. I have it on the authority of a nautical surveyor of the British Board of Trade that, when the cry for more boats was at its loudest, the Board of Trade had not a staff of nautical surveyors big enough to carry on their ordinary duties in addition to surveying the construction of the rafts and collapsible boats which were to appease the public's appetite. Boats of a sort were crowded aboard ship without having passed an official test of any kind. But the shipowner had to meet the popular demand, and he did so with the only available means at his command; and, as the public has evinced no desire to have decks swept of lounges and so forth, still more of these cumbersome articles will find their way aboard until adequate space is given to lifeboats of an approved pattern, with sufficient working room to swing them out. Supposing that under the old scheme six lifeboats could be launched in half an hour, in many vessels the same number could not to-day be swung out in an hour, owing to the congested state of the decks.

And now we arrive at the method of swinging out boats. The system now in vogue very probably goes back to Nelson's day. Certainly it is not a whit more advanced than the method employed in sailing ships, when swinging out the captain's gig was performed by calling into service the fore-royal halliards and the maintopmast-staysail halliards. The three-fold purchase, as found in common use, though safe, is slow and cumbersome. To find men who can round up such a tackle, after launching a boat, without fouling it, or who can clear it after fouling, is almost impossible to-day; for the modern seafarer knows as much about a thoroughfoot in a tackle as he does about Greek prosody. To expect the men we have in our forecastles to round up a purchase after launching the first boat, so that the second boat can be put overside, is expecting more than we can get, especially if the work is being carried on during the dark hours. This purchase system cannot be too strongly condemned. It ought to be abolished root and branch, and in its place single-wire falls [ropes] should be used when swinging out all boats. We expected much of the Boat and Davit committee, but its findings leave us helpless. Though it recommended the use of single-wire falls in preference to the three-fold purchase, it did not condemn the latter as it should have done. The committee only wasted time and money in platitudes, and treated us to self-evident truths. All nautical men are agreed that the whole affair was a farce and an attempt to whitewash.

II

The demand for more boats having been met, we now have to find the men to handle them. At the American inquiry into the loss of the Titanic, Senator Smith emphasized the fact that a steward admitted that he had never handled an oar in his life. Not for a moment do I doubt the steward's word. For every such steward I could produce a so-called sailor and scores of firemen who cannot pull an oar.

If a steward, or sailor, or fireman cannot handle an oar, whose fault is it? Can six executive officers pretend to teach a crew of five or six hundred men the art of pulling and sculling, in a three weeks' voyage, when they have

to navigate their ship across the ocean and attend to the duties incidental to a voyage? Is it officers' work to teach men how to pull and handle a boat? Strictly speaking, it is not. Do stewards and sailors and firemen evince a desire to learn pulling, etcetera? Do they, or not, jibe at the very idea of boat-drill and attempt by hook or crook to dodge it? Do they ever consult the boat-sheets and boat-plans hanging in their quarters, to find out the number and locality of their boats? Why the aimless wandering round of men looking for their boats when the boat-plans show exactly where they are stowed? and when boats are numbered and stowed in sequence in every ship, why such confusion? Pure apathy is all there is to it until disaster overtakes such wastrels; then, like children, they wail, 'We were not told the number of our boats, we were not taught to pull an oar.'

I will go further yet and ask anybody holding executive rank on a liner if he is supported by the engineers and chief stewards in making a boat-drill efficient, instead of a farce. I have yet to experience such support. And yet, on the British side, we had unions representing seamen, firemen, and stewards at the Titanic inquiry, to watch over their interests and to prove, if possible, negligence on the part of the vessel's executive officers, and so make the company liable. I am sure of my ground when I say that, had these men been up to their jobs, more people could have been saved. To defend such men at any inquiry of the Titanic class is a tyranny practiced on the shipowner, the executive officer, and the public.

But such methods are quite typical of the Liberal government, which has reduced the penalties of disobedience to orders to a mere farce, in order to placate trade unions and to gain the support of the Labor members of Parliament. Vote-snatching at the expense of the public's life and limb is what it really amounts to.

And yet the cry to Heaven is for more seamen to man the boats. More imbeciles to create panic, I should term them. May Heaven and shipowners pay no heed to such a cry!

It may interest Senator Smith and the general public to know that we do not produce seamen to-day who can knot and splice, bend or unbend sail, furl or unfurl sail, handle boats or oars, and keep a ship steady on her course. When delivering his finding, Senator Smith remarked on the discipline aboard the Titanic after she struck the berg. He said, 'If this is discipline, what is disorder?' The true wonder is, not that so many lives were lost, but that so many were saved. To rescue so many was magnificent work. Review the situation from an executive officer's point of view and then cease to wonder at the number of lives lost: a new ship, — the largest in the world; a new crew, ignorant of the rudimentary principles of discipline and seamanship, and, as crews go to-day, refractory in every sense of the word, and out of sympathy with the very thought of discipline; more than two thousand passengers, or about three thousand souls including the crew; new boat-gear straight from the builder's hands; add to all this the dark hours of the night and the fear of the unknown, and I assert that to save over seven hundred lives was giants' work, the carrying out of which fell on the shoulders of six or seven executive officers, who, when the weather is fine, and disaster below the horizon, fight a lone hand trying to maintain even a show of discipline.

Remember, in the merchant service we have no penalties as in the navy. What discipline is maintained, is forced out of an unwilling crew by sheer strength of character, not by fear. For my part, looking at the question

from an officer's point of view, I hope and trust that the law and shipowners will resolutely stiffen their backs against the public outcry for bigger crews until such crews are no longer a source of danger to lives and property afloat.

Some two or three years ago a startling article — 'The Man on the Bridge' — appeared in the pages of this magazine. The writer of it — Mr. C. T. Delaney — evidently knew his ground. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the crews of liners joining up on sailing morning in a more or less muddled condition, caused, not by heartaches through leaving home, but by drink. Those who have seen such crews join up can testify to the truth of his statement; and these are the men who mount the crow's nests of liners to keep a lookout, and who complain when they are not supplied with binoculars. Were I a shipowner I should instantly dismiss any officer who for one moment trusted to the men on the lookout. The seamen who keep a lookout have no sense of responsibility, no certificate to lose, no interest in their work, and are not to be depended upon to keep an efficient lookout either by day or by night. As they have nothing to lose, so they have nothing to fear if negligent, — their unions see to that, — for they change their ship after the completion of nearly every voyage. They are birds of passage in every sense of the word. The officer who for a moment pinned his faith upon the lookout men I should deem mad, and thoroughly incompetent to take charge of any vessel's bridge. So much for the lookout man and the importance which Senator Smith and the public attached to his evidence. He is stationed in the crow's nest by the officer of the watch to meet the requirements of the law, and beyond that he is as useless as the fifth wheel of a coach.

III

Let us now review the question of the speed of liners. In the article referred to, Mr. Delaney treats of the matter of speed under various conditions. With vessels crossing the ice zone he advocates a reduction of speed as against that maintained in other regions, or during fog. He says, 'But full ahead across the ice track is a different proposition. Under no circumstances is full speed justifiable there.' I think that the writer intended to convey to the public that full ahead in fog across the ice track was not justifiable; for in concluding his treatment of the question of speed he says, 'I can conscientiously say that in all the time I have followed the sea in liners, I have never been with a master who did not slow down *in fog*.' Mark the italics, 'in fog.' That is the vital point.

Lord Mersey, the President of the British inquiry into the loss of the Titanic, when investigating the question of speed said, 'The only object in going slow is to avoid objects in your way. If you can avoid objects in your way without slowing down, you don't slow down. It does n't matter in the least if the ship is going eleven knots or fifty knots if it be true that you can avoid the obstacle. *But if there is a danger of your not being able to avoid it, then the speed is a most important factor*.' This is much to the point. In fog there is a danger, a great danger of your not being able to avoid an obstacle; therefore it is essential in crossing the ice track to slow down in fog, but only in fog. Captain Smith stands condemned for the speed of his vessel at the time it met disaster in crossing the ice field in a clear night. As a practical sailor I say that the speed he maintained was the right speed. Furthermore, were I placed under similar circumstances, I should give my vessel

the last revolution she could turn even if she could go fifty knots an hour. In the face of what has happened this may seem a rash statement, yet I make it knowing that by practicing what I preach I should be looking after the interests of my owners, the lives under my care, and my own interest.

Having said so much, I must say more. I must let it be known that clear weather in the ice region is such a rare thing that the commander who does not make use of such a fine slant exposes his vessel to the ice during fog and treats his passengers to serious risks.

The question of the Titanic's speed I have heard discussed over and over again in the wardrooms of many liners, and I have still to meet the officer who condemned the speed maintained by her. I care nothing for the opinions of lawyers who may be elected presidents of boards of inquiry. Seamanship is not taught in lawyers' offices, nor is it handed round at courts of inquiry like sandwiches. Lord Mersey said that if there is danger of not being able to clear an object in your course, then speed is a most important factor. Brilliant legal seamanship if you like! So much is self-evident. A small boy knows that much, and so do the lamp-posts in the street when small boys bump into them.

Had the berg which caused the trouble been seen in time, then speed, plus helm, plus the handling of the engines, would have been the factors required to clear it. Had the Titanic been proceeding at reduced speed and had the same time been afforded her to clear the berg, could she have cleared it? Possibly yes, probably no. Such monster ships are sluggish in their responses to helm when under reduced speed. And even her reduced speed, as we can see, now that our eyes are opened to the unsinkable ship, would have left the issue the same. Experts estimate the force of the Titanic's blow at 2,000,000 foot-tons per second. A reduced speed — say eleven knots — would cut the impact in two, and if the proportions are the same we have a blow of 1,000,000 foot-tons per second. What would happen to any vessel suffering such a blow? Bow plates would crumple like eggshells, and watertight bulkheads and doors would be so contorted that their efficiency would be totally destroyed, and, like the Titanic, the vessel would sink bow first. Having stated my views, I must add that at no time would I allow them to interfere with what the law demands or with the instructions of the company which I serve.

IV

Switch now to the question of searchlights. At both the British and the American inquiries the use of searchlights similar to those used aboard naval ships was advocated and recommended. To my own personal knowledge the same standard of searchlights can be found in most Cunard liners. Certain Cunard vessels have been so equipped for at least twelve years. With what result? Dead failure! The vessels so equipped have proved beyond a vestige of doubt that for practical purposes at sea the searchlight is a failure.

An essential feature of an efficient lookout at night is an unbroken veil of darkness. Even the smallest light — such as that of a man lighting his pipe on the fore deck — breaks the uniformity of darkness and weakens the efficiency of a lookout. Many of my readers who clamor for searchlights must themselves have passed from a brilliantly lighted room into the blackness of the night outside. They know how everybody must feel his way until his eyes become accustomed to the blackness; he will stumble and sprawl

until he has 'got his eyes.' A momentary flash of lightning on a black night is blinding to the eyes, and it takes seconds at least before perfect penetrating power is restored.

Now, continually to flash a searchlight in the eyes of the officer of the watch would be suicidal, and would sooner or later end in disaster if the experiment became a practice. Twice I have seen a searchlight used when under way, — entering the Narrows, Boston Harbor, and leaving Naples, — and upon both occasions the experiment turned out a dismal failure because those on the bridge lost their sight when they needed it most. To watch a naval ship at anchor sweeping the skies with her lights is no doubt a pretty sight, and so long as she is at anchor no harm can happen to her. We of the merchant service have bitter cause to complain of the cavalier manner in which naval ships flash their lights in the faces of those on the bridge when making port. To use a natural phrase, naval ships patrolling the English Channel make it hell for the officer of the watch to keep his sight. The same practice holds good when entering naval ports or fortified harbors during evolutions. Now, what is the difference between having a searchlight flashed in your eyes by a naval vessel and flashing your own searchlight in your eyes? Right ahead, if the light is to be of any use, is where the flash must sweep, and right ahead is where one should keep the best lookout. I am of opinion that no liner needs a searchlight, and that to play with one on a dark night would end in trouble. I may be wrong, but, until searchlights have been proved useful to merchant ships, I prefer to trust to my eyes. Furthermore, searchlights are used in the navy, among other things, for signaling purposes, and this does not apply to merchant vessels.

V

In the *Atlantic* article of which I have spoken, mention is made of the long hours the master of a liner must be on the bridge during fog. The author's statement that he has seen a master about sixty years of age stand on a liner's bridge for over seventy hours, is unquestionably true. Deny it who will, the same long exposure to the elements may fall to the lot of any master at any time when crossing the Atlantic during the foggy months. Up to date, I know that the British Board of Trade has done nothing to remedy this evil. Should a captain get into difficulties through daring to be exhausted, no matter how long the strain he has stood as captain of his ship, he is liable. It may be that his means of livelihood will be taken away, that he will have to face the charge of manslaughter, and the ruin of his professional reputation. And all for what? For being of ordinary flesh and blood, or rather, of extraordinary flesh and blood, but still human.

To relieve their captains of many responsibilities the Cunard management have placed staff captains aboard certain of their best ships. They have done this without the sanction of the law and entirely upon their own responsibility, in order that the ships' captains may devote the whole of their time to the navigation of their ships. It is a move in the right direction, but until the law sanctions it, staff captains have no legal status, and the men holding such rank are between the devil and the deep sea. Legally, the chief officer is second in command, and should anything happen to the captain the command would devolve upon him. The staff captain, having been in command of the company's smaller vessels, is naturally more experienced than the chief officer, and in the company's ser-

vice he is the senior of the two, and should the captain be unable to perform his duties the company would expect him to take over the command. He has no more legal right to do this than any sailor aboard. Should he take over the command and run the ship into trouble, then the chief officer would be responsible. So long as British law says that a ship of the Mauretania class can proceed to sea with only a master and mate aboard, we shall hear the crack of doom before staff captains are granted legal status. It is truly an astounding state of affairs that the biggest ship in the world can sail out of any port of the United Kingdom with a certificated master and one certificated mate, and if she is outside the three-mile limit, she need not carry a single certificated man except the cook. This is a literal fact. It is a fact, too, that there are many large vessels trading round the British coast without a certificated man aboard — a grave menace to the safety of life and property at sea.

Returning to the staff captain, we learn from the rules of the line that he is in sole charge of all boats and other life-saving appliances, and that he is responsible for the efficiency of the crew at boat, fire, and bulkhead-door drills. Everything pertaining to the safety of life and property is under his control, so that, on Cunard ships carrying staff captains, we have the captain devoting all his time to the navigation of his ship, while the staff captain devotes his to life-saving gear. The pity of it is that the law will not allow a captain who is fagged out to be relieved of his command, after a long strain, by an experienced and able staff captain.

VI

The tracks hitherto observed by most of the liners were agreed upon because they represented the shortest distance between England and America compatible with safety. During the summer months, when the ice is working south toward the steamer routes, the southerly tracks are followed. Toward autumn, most of the icebergs having worked south, it is considered safer to use the northern courses. Formerly it was the not infrequent practice to 'cut corners,' and so shorten the route by from forty to sixty miles. This dangerous custom was abruptly discontinued about two years ago.[1] I do not believe that to-day one mile less than the official length of the tracks — whether they are the new or the old tracks — is covered.

Having mentioned the new tracks, I may state that these were agreed upon last year, and are to be followed when an abundance of ice warrants it. They run as far south as 38° 30′ N., and as bergs seldom reach so far south in the longitude of the southerly limit of the tracks, they may be considered as representing the maximum of safety.

The vagaries of icebergs when influenced by the cold waters of the Labrador current and the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are so puzzling as to leave one undecided what to do for the best. It is admitted that last year's ice season was abnormal, otherwise how can one account for the appearance of a small berg three hundred miles off Cape Finisterre, and another as far south as 35° 15′ N. in 44° 50′ W.? Lest the sceptical doubt this statement, the authority for it had better be given in detail. The British Meteorological Society's notice to mariners No. 1321, October 5, 1912, states that on August

[1] The *Atlantic* article to which the author repeatedly refers gave a detailed description of this practice. The statements were vigorously attacked at the time, but the main allegations were established. 'Corner-cutting' was first disavowed and then discontinued. — The Editors.

27, 1912, the steamer Lux, when in 42° 30′ N. and 15° 26′ W., passed a large piece of ice fifty feet long and five feet high. On the same society's track charts the position of a small berg sighted on October 8, 1912, by the steamer Putney Bridge is given as 35° 15′ N., 44° 50′ W. From these positions and dates it would appear that at no time of the year is the North Atlantic Ocean free of bergs to the northward of 30 or 35 degrees north latitude. Although it is admitted that the ice season of 1912 was abnormal, yet the conditions which made it so may recur any year.

Under the circumstances, what are the liner companies to do to minimize the risks of Atlantic travel? Much is expected of the North Atlantic Ice Patrol vessels Seneca, Miami, and Scotia. The two former vessels are United States revenue cutters, and the latter is a British steamer chartered by the Board of Trade and the British liner companies. With the assistance afforded by these vessels, and the adoption of more southerly routes if the presence of ice near the tracks in use warrants it, the chances of striking ice — or even sighting it — are greatly reduced. Also, should the present season [1] prove normal, liners will leave the great circle track (outward) sixty miles farther to the southward than is usual, and when homeward bound will pick up the great circle track sixty miles farther south of the usual point. This increased distance means increased safety to the passenger, but increased expenditure to the shipowner without compensation.

In recent maritime disasters wireless telegraphy has played an important part. That it has proved of such excellent worth is not altogether to the credit of the Marconi Company, as many vessels, until recently, carried only one underpaid, shockingly overworked operator. These men, who were paid a mere pittance, were expected to stay up night and day over the length of a voyage. In this particular point the service was weak. Probably the man who received the Titanic's call for help was paid the princely salary of $20.00 per month! In vessels of the greyhound type the staff of Marconi operators has always been larger than in intermediate vessels, though the latter may carry just as many passengers as the former. As business men favor the fast vessels, and express a desire to keep in touch with market prices and quotations, they are accommodated by means of powerful wireless installations and a staff of operators large enough to respond to any calls made on their services day or night. Happily, the intermediate vessels now carry at least two operators, which means that the wireless instrument is never left unattended even to deliver messages to the bridge, for these can now be sent by telephone to the officer of the watch. What with larger staffs, telephonic communication with the bridge, and the strengthening of all weak installations, the wireless system needs but little to make it perfect. The call for assistance ought to be received by any vessel within touch, day or night. The weak spot in the system is the disloyalty and indifference which the miserable wage-scale will breed among splendid operators.

[1] This article was written in April, 1913. — The Editors.

VII

The alterations that have been made within the last year can be considered only tentative, for until an international conference is held and uniformity of the main principles becomes a fact, rivalry and jealousy will oppose true progress. When a conference is held, the main body of it should be

composed of naval architects, shipowners, practical seamen, with a sprinkling of prominent public men. Until such a conference is held it seems that there is a real danger of leaning over too much on the other tack.

For instance, the British Board of Trade's latest requirements for boat-gear, and so forth, make one wonder where the passengers are to be stowed if taking to the boats becomes necessary. Even in a boat barren of equipment the number of persons which an approved life-boat is certified to carry means packing them like sardines in a tin. How one in charge of a loaded boat in a seaway is going to handle her is beyond my sailor mind. When the boats are loaded they float so low in the water that handling them even in the finest weather is an immensely difficult task. It may be that the lawmakers believe in the theory that once the cry for help is sent, ships will rush in from all directions at full speed.

So they will. But it is not comforting to know that the nearest vessel may be fifty miles or more away, and that this means two hours' steaming for the swiftest vessel. In a seaway, any boat loaded to its legal capacity may capsize in two seconds. What is the remedy? That is for the international conference to find out. The foregoing statement merely shows how helpless boats are in anything but a calm, if loaded according to law. Personally I should propose to substitute condensed foodstuffs or army emergency rations for the two pounds of biscuit per adult which boats are now supposed to carry. Sailor's biscuits are not very palatable, and they take up much room.

Before closing the article, I wish to take the opportunity to say that the general condition of an officer's life on a liner has been remarkably improved during the last two years. Physical strains are reduced, pay is higher, more home life is granted, annual leave is enjoyed, sick pay is allowed, and better all-round conditions exist. Certain heavy strains incidental to arrival and departure cannot be very well remedied, but these are borne more cheerfully than a year or more ago.

Without prejudice, I must state that if the law and the public respond to the shipowner's appeal for fair play, much may be accomplished for the cause of safety. Reviewing the events of the last year and the efforts made to remedy the defects in the Atlantic passenger-carrying trade, it seems to me that the law and the public have gone out of their way to humbug shipowners and sailors, pile up unnecessary expense, complicate the work of saving life in emergencies, and place obstacles in the way of successful trade. And why? To relieve pent-up feelings and a bad attack of hysterics. That a different system of saving life is necessary no one will deny. But the law and the public must learn to realize that crowding boats on top of one another in all kinds of impossible positions is not the remedy.

As an officer on an Atlantic passenger steamer, I know that the last year has been purgatory. What with wooden boats, collapsible boats, rafts, ordinary boat-gear, extraordinary boat-gear, boat-surveys, boat-drills, and so forth, one can only arrive at the conclusion that the law, at least, has gone mad. But the law and the public must wreak their vengeance upon somebody, and we of the sea and those for whom we sail are the unlucky victims.

SOME LETTERS OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

[Mr. Mason, now Assistant Professor of Music at Columbia University, became a close friend of Moody in undergraduate days at Harvard, and to the end of Moody's life this intimacy was maintained. From Mr. Mason's interesting collection the *Atlantic* is enabled to print two groups of the young poet's most characteristic letters. — THE EDITORS.]

To Josephine Preston Peabody

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY, *Sept.* 22, 1895.

MY DEAR MISS PEABODY: —

I have put off sending you the verses with the naïve thought of using them for a link between the old Cambridge life and this new one. Scoff at my superstition, but do not too scornfully entreat the pathetic little versicle of a bond-bearer, shivering with the double knowledge of the portentous mission and his own objective comicality. Cambridge — mellow and autumnal — begins already to take on really mythic colors — to loom symbolic, under the stress of this relentless prairie light and vast featureless horizon. I begin to believe that your charge against me of theatricality was just — that all my life there in the east was a sort of tragi-farce, more or less consciously composed, so rudely awake and in earnest is everything here. . . .

I do not know what this place is going to do for me, but am sure of its potency — its alchemical power to change and transmute. It is appallingly ugly for one thing — so ugly that the double curtain of night and sleep does not screen the aching sense. For another thing it is absorbing — crude juice of life — intellectual and social protoplasm. Far aloft hovers phantom Poetry, no longer my delicate familiar. But I dream of another coming of hers, a new companionship more valorous and simple-hearted. . . .

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[CHICAGO, *October* 2, 1895.]

Your letter came yesterday, with cheek on the smooth cheek of another — a friendlier pair nor a tunefuller ever stretched wing together. Riding to town on some sort of transfigured chariot that whilom was a railway car, I perused them. Rest of morning spent shopping in the New Jerusalem, walking on golden pavements, and interwarbling on the theme of shirts and socks with whatever seraphic creatures had found it good that day to put on the habit and estate of shop-girls for the glory of God and the furtherance of his kingdom. Returning, the lake allured me — one topaz. Re-reading of letters. Throbbing of the topaz heart: opening and shutting of the sunlight: bursting to bloom of some sudden impalpable enveloping flower of the air, with the scent thereof. The twentieth century dates from yesterday, and we are its chosen; if not as signs set in the heavens of its glory, at least as morning birds that carolled to it, mindless of the seductive and quite palpable worm.

More later — brutally busy.

W——

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[Chicago, *October* 23, 1895.]

Dear Dan: —

I have so far made but miserly return for that bully long letter you wrote in the purpureal flush of reconciliation and renascent duality — or let me say, and try to think, trinity — with the Bard. If you knew the beast Chicago, the pawing and glaring of it, you would not find me hard to forgive. . . .

For my own part I have been having a highly exciting time. I have two classes — one of forty, the other of twenty — nearly two-thirds of whom are girls. Picture my felicity when I inform you that far from the frowsy, bedraggled, anemic, simpering creatures I anticipated, half of them at least are stars. I regret that popular usage should have dechromatized the term, for I mean stars of the most authentic stellarity and the most convincing twinkle. Lecturing before them is like a singing progress from Boötes to the Lyre, with wayfaring worlds to lift the chorus. At the beginning I made an honest man's effort to talk about the qualities of style and the methods of description, but I am a weak vessel. Now I droll blissfully about God in his world, with occasional wadings into spumy Styx and excursions into the empyrean. My work has been heavier so far than I fondly hoped it would be, and I can see little chance ahead for sleeping on Latmos. I experience aching diastoles,[1] however, and that is the great thing to my thinking. To be a poet is a much better thing than to write poetry — out here at least, watched by these wide horizons, beckoned to by these swift streamers of victorious sunset. After the fall term my work will be lighter, then I shall try a night out, on a bed of lunary.

I have just had a letter from ——, air rarified, sky greyish, with half hints of opal and dove's breast, a confused twittering from the hedges, not unpleasing. Tenuous, but tense, like a harp string in the treble.

W. V. M.

[1] A word we had borrowed from physiology — the dilatation of the heart in beating — and used as a name for moods of spiritual elation. — D. G. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

[Autumn, 1895.]

Tell you about it? Doth the wind know its wound, wherefore it groaneth? It is only an affliction of the stars, at least this recent bundle of pangs; they are of those that eat the hearts of crazy-headed comets zigzagging across the Zodiac. Doubtless the incontinent closing of the moon-flower dailies left me more defenseless against these malign astral inroads, but the root of the matter is some sort of cosmic apoplexy or ear-ache of which I happen to be the centre. Τὸ Πᾶν has the falling-sickness or the everlasting doldrums, and selects me to ache through — that is all. If I were not precociously aware of the devices of his Celestial Completeness I should suppose quite simply that Chicago was boring me to death, that my work was meaningless drudgery, that the crowd of spiteful assiduous nothings that keep me from It (ah, the vague, sweet-shrouding, mute, arch vocable!) were tantalizing me into stupid rage, and stinging my eye-balls into blindness of the light. When in moments of weakness I transfer the blame for my inward dissatisfaction and disarray to outward things, I am on the point of trundling my little instructorial droning-gear into Lake Michigan, and stepping out west or south on the Open Road, a free man by the grace of God, and a tramp by Rachel's intercession. But of course I know that I should only be changing garments, and that I should wake up

some fine night and find my hay-stack bristling with just such goblin dissension as now swarms over my counterpane. However, it is easy to stand dissension. Anything is better than that awful hush settling down on everything, as if Τὸ Πὰν had suddenly discovered himself to be stuffed with sawdust, and lost interest in his own ends and appetites. And that silence your brave words have scared back. I really begin to think you are Wise, and to stand in awe of you. That is a more convincing presentment of the 'transcendent identity,' that which shows it casting its own brain on one side as a worn-out accessory, holding its own heart in its hands to burn, like the angel in Dante's dream. I pay you the compliment of believing that you would be capable of that, and I find it illustrious, and with your gracious permission propose to set it for a sign, right at a cross-roads where I sometimes skulk belated, peering fearful-eyed for Hecate.

The truth of the matter is, I suppose, that I am dissatisfied to the point of desperation with the kind of life that is possible out here. I used to have days in the east when a hedge of lilac over a Brattle Street fence, or a strenuous young head caught against a windy sweep of sunset on Harvard bridge, filled me with poignant perceptions of a freer life of sense and spirit, — and I was frequently vaguely unhappy over it. But, after all, one had n't far to go before finding some refinement of feeling, some delicate arabesque of convention, to help make up for the lack of liberty; but here there is even less liberty (because less thought) and there is nothing — or next to nothing — to compensate. If my lines were cast in other places, — even other places in this gigantic ink-blot of a town — I could make shift to enjoy my breath. I should make a very happy and efficient peanut-vender on Clark or Randolph Street, because the rush and noise of the blood in the city's pulse would continually solicit and engage me. The life of a motor-man is not without exhilarating and even romantic features, and an imaginative boot-black is lord of unskirted realms. But out here, where there is no city life to gaze at, nothing to relieve the gaseous tedium of a mushroom intellectuality, no straining wickedness or valiant wrestling with hunger to break the spectacle of Gospel-peddling comfort, — the imagination doth boggle at it! . . .

To Josephine Preston Peabody

[Probably Autumn, 1895.]

. . . Mr. Ruskin would not be happy in Chicago — God is a very considerable personage — So is Mr. Rockefeller — So am I, but for a different reason — Towers of Babel are out of fashion — Ride a Rambler — Four fifths of William Blake would not be accepted for publication by the Harvard Advocate — Life at a penny plain is d—d dear — Eat H.O. — The poet in a golden clime was born, but moved away early — A man may yearn over his little brothers and sisters and still be a good Laodicean — Art is not long, but it takes a good while to make it short — There will be no opera or steel engraving in the twentieth century — An angle-worm makes no better bait because it has fed on Cæsar — Wood fires are dangerous — So is life at a penny plain, but for a different reason — Towers of Babel, though out of fashion, are well received in Chicago — There were no birds in the Tower of Babel — God is a very considerable personage — So is Olga Nethersole — So are you, but for a different reason — I am owner of the spheres, and grow land-poor — Literature is a fake and Nordau is its prophet — God bless McKinley — Love is not Time's fool: he was turned off for lack

of wit — Eve was born before Ann Radcliffe, so the world goes darkling — Tom's a cold — I am old-rose, quoth 'a — God's pittykins 'ield ye, zany, for thy apple-greenness! 'T would gi' the Sing-an-Sich a colic to set eyes on 'e — Natheless Monet was a good painter, *and* color-blind — W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

Dec. 1, 1895.

My dear Dan: —

Day after crowded day I have looked at your delightful long letter, and said, in the sweet babble of the Little Cricket Thing,[1] that I would answer it sooner or later, when I was not as busy as hell. Then the speaking lines about your reclining on the Paderewskian bosom, arrived, with their tantalizing suggestion of dim-lighted rooms, transcendentalized rum toddy, and an auroral head uttering gold vaticination. I was jaundiced with jealousy for a week, thinking of the fulness of your service before the great altars, and the wretched scantlings of effort I was permitted to give, standing afar off. To tell the truth, I have n't the faintest splinter of sympathy for the dolorousness of your condition, as set forth in your letter. To be a runner of scales and to work at canon and fugue by the job, strikes me as the most enviable estate of man. Every scale you run, every fugue you hammer out, is laying up treasure in heaven — not by way of communal walls and pavements only, but especially for the house which your own winged self-ship shall inhabit. I have as much respect for you as for a disgruntled peach seed, which should cry out against the lack of social opportunities in an underground community. And besides the ultimate satisfaction, there is the daily delight of pottering over your tools, trying their edge, polishing their surfaces, feeling their delectable ponderableness. No, you must go for comfort to somebody who does n't have a sense of radiant *bien-être* in fitting a new pen into a holder. . . .

I am looking forward to some bully good talks at Christmas, and some good music at your expense, and a bottle of wine wherein we may drink to the meek brows of Her and It. Meanwhile, write. Will.

[1] He refers to the parody by a Harvard friend, of some lines in his song, 'My Love is Gone into the East.' — D. G. M.

To Mary L. Mason

Chicago, *Dec.* 12, 1895.

My dear Mrs. Mason: —

You are wofully ignorant of the sweet uses of memory if you can picture me forgetting your delightful invitation to spend a fraction of my Christmas week at your home. . . .

Whisper it not in Gath, but I hunger and thirst after the East with a carnal longing. I thought I had relegated all you subtlety-spinning New Englanders to the limbo of the effete, where you were tolerantly allowed to exist and confuse economic relations only because you are, after all, rather nice. But of late, in the still watches, your niceness grows luminous and summoning. I still disapprove of you, but I want to see you very bad.

Expectantly,
William Vaughn Moody.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

Chicago, *Dec.* 15 [16?], 1895.

Just a word to tell you something of the immense good your letter did me. After I sent off the poem ['Jetsam'], the inevitable revulsion set in: I lost faith in it, and then, being in a state of nerves, took the easy step of losing faith in myself and the future. Still I kept hoping against hope that you would find a stray line to like and praise. When the days passed, and

your silence pronounced gentle but final condemnation, I sat down and read the lines over. They had fallen dead ink. The paper dropped to the floor; I sat, elbows on desk and head in hands, and thought. I had felt the thing, I had put my best breath into the lines, and here they were, not only dead past hope, but graceless, repulsive, without the dignity or pathos of death. What then?

For a long time I did not have heart squarely to face the issue — Life without that hope and solace, that pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night, — could I live it out so, in some sort of grey content? Outside my window the moon came out over the turbulent brute groping of the brown surge, walking in light as when she tormented the lowered eyes of Job, tempting him from Jehovah. She called me out with her, miles along the coast, and as I stumbled along in the vague light, gradually the mere effort I had made to say something of her wonder, began to seem its own justification. When I came back the pages I gathered from the floor were farther than ever from adequacy, but somehow I cared for them, as one cares for a dead thing one picks up in the hedges, thinking of its brave fight for life. Then your letter came, and I read, stupidly at first, not understanding, your words of generous praise. I knew you were artist enough not to utter them merely for friendship's sake, and when I understood them, they filled me with joy which would have been out of all proportion to the matter at stake except that for me it was one of those mysterious pivotal small things on which the future turns silent and large. So you had actually liked it all, and were glad it had been done? Then it was not dead after all; my eyes had been seared? I read it through in the flush of pleasure and found it good, — absurdly, ravishingly good! So I took a deep breath and sat down to write it over, with the sharp light of remembered disillusion on its weaknesses, and the memories of my night walk to beckon me on. I shall crave judgment on the result at Christmas, for I purpose to make a descent on Boston then, ravenous with a three-months' abstinence from subtlety-spinning. . . . I have . . . written to —— again. He has owed me a letter since September, but God knows who has the rights of this wretchedness, and of all our funny little Pantheon the absurd little god who gets the least of my service is the one labelled 'Personal Dignity.' I cannot think of any personal sacrifice I would not make to convince him of my friendship, or rather to establish once more the conditions which make friendship possible. I hope this does n't sound superior; it is not so meant. W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

Dec. 15, 1895.

1. Shall reach New York . . . Dec. 19.
2. Shall reach Boston . . . Dec. 26.
3. Must leave Boston . . . Dec. 31.
4. Shall leave Boston . . . God knows.

All except last date subject to change without notice. W. V. M.

To Mrs. C. H. Toy

[Chicago] *Jan.* 6, 1896.

My dear Mrs. Toy:—

. . . It seemed very good to see a Cambridge face again, especially against this background of phantasmagoric ugliness. I long for something beautiful to look at with a really agonized and fleshly longing. My eye is horny with smoke and the outlines of grain elevators. But I must not enlarge upon my 'state,' since day is at hand. Looking up through the murk and the swaying shadow of seaweed I can just catch a hint of vanishing bubbles and

green shattered needles of light. Two months more and I shall lift my encompassed head above the waters. Then off with the diving gear and ho for the groves of banyan and of cocoanut, and the little Injuns that grow between! . . .

To Daniel Gregory Mason

Sunday, Jan. 19, 1896.

DEAR DAN: —

The news you send about your wrist is quite heart-breaking. I have not written sooner because I could not find it in my breast to speak comfort, feeling there only rebellion and disgust at the world-order and its ghastly lack of breeding. How did you precipitate it? I can only fall back on thoughts of Schumann and his lame finger or whatever it was that spoiled him for concert gymnastics, and made him a minstrel in the court celestial. At any rate that question of composing away from the piano is settled, with a right parental emphasis from the slipper of Mischance. . . . I will spare you the usual admonition about the rigidity of your upper lip, in spite of the natural longing I feel to use the heirloom.

I have been brutally busy since getting back, on Uncle Horace's book,[1] so that all my schemes of spiritual conquest are done up in moth-balls for the time being. . . . One o'clock midnight, and the morrow flames responsibility. Hire a typewriter — marry one if necessary — and we will annihilate space. I have a creature to tell you about — but a Creature! W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

CHICAGO, *Feb.* 16, 1896.

DEAR DAN: —

I have just heard from your sister-in-law of your enforced furlough. I am not going to help you curse your luck, knowing your native capabilities in that direction to be perfectly adequate, but my Methodist training urges me to give you an epistolary hand-grasp, the purport of which is '*Keep your sand.*' I could say other things, not utterly pharasaical. I could say what I have often said to myself, — with a rather reedy tremolo perhaps, but swelling sometimes into a respectable diapason: 'The dark cellar ripens the wine.' And meanwhile, after one's eyes get used to the dirty light, and one's feet to the mildew, a cellar has its compensations. I have found beetles of the most interesting proclivities, mice altogether comradely and persuadable, and forgotten potatoes that sprouted toward the crack of sunshine with a wan maiden grace not seen above. I don't want to pose as resourceful, but I have seen what I have seen.

The metaphor is however happily inexact in your case, with Milton to retire to and Cambridge humming melodiously on the horizon. If you can only throttle your Daemon, or make him forego his leonine admonition, 'Accomplish,' and roar you as any sucking dove the sweet vocable 'Be,' — you ought to live. I have got mine trained to that, pardee! and his voice grows not untunable. I pick up shreds of comfort out of this or that one of God's ash-barrels.

Yesterday I was skating on a patch of ice in the park, under a poverty-stricken sky flying a pitiful rag of sunset. Some little muckers were guying a slim raw-boned Irish girl of fifteen, who circled and darted under their banter with complete unconcern. She was in the fledgling stage, all legs and arms, tall and adorably awkward, with a huge hat full of rusty feathers, thin skirts tucked up above spindling ankles, and a gay aplomb and swing in the body that was ravishing. We caught hands in midflight, and

[1] Some editorial work he had undertaken for Mr. Horace Scudder. — D. G. M.

skated for an hour, almost alone and quite silent, while the rag of sunset rotted to pieces. I have had few sensations in life that I would exchange for the warmth of her hand through the ragged glove, and the pathetic curve of the half-formed breast where the back of my wrist touched her body. I came away mystically shaken and elate. It is thus the angels converse. She was something absolutely authentic, new, and inexpressible, something which only nature could mix for the heart's intoxication, a compound of ragamuffin, pal, mistress, nun, sister, harlequin, outcast, and bird of God, — with something else bafflingly suffused, something ridiculous and frail and savage and tender. With a world offering such rencontres, such aery strifes and adventures, who would not live a thousand years stone dumb? I would, for one — until my mood changes and I come to think on the shut lid and granite lip of him who has done with sunsets and skating, and has turned away his face from all manner of Irish. I am supported by a conviction that at an auction on the steps of the great white Throne, I should bring more in the first mood than the second — by several harps and a stray dulcimer.

I thoroughly envy you your stay at Milton — wrist, Daemon, and all. You must send me a lengthy account of the state of things in Cambridge. . . . If the wrist forbids writing, employ a typewriter of the most fashionable tint — I will pay all expenses and stand the breakage. I stipulate that you shall avoid blondes however; they are fragile.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

CHICAGO, *April* 11, 1896.

MY DEAR DAN: —

Yesterday morning mint appeared in the market windows, and this morning the lake is a swoon of silver and blue; — argal, I must write you a letter. I have felt for the past two weeks as if I had fallen heir to something, owing to the fact that spring turns out to be a month earlier here than in the east, and she comes over the prairies with the naïve confidence and sweet quick surrender that she has learned from the prairie girls. For the first time since your rustication I have ceased to envy you your domiciliation among the blue hills of Milton, for my side of the bubble has swung sunward and what care I if it be made of kitchen soap? I walk about in an amber clot of sensuousness, and feel the sap mount, like a tree. I thought — and often gloomily asseverated — that I had got over this purring rapture at the general situation, legitimately the gift of the primitive or the jagged. Well, I did not give Nature credit for the virtue that is in her.

My work, alas, still continues to be hard. I use up all my vital energies before the evening loaf comes on, and then have force only for passive delights. I stick a good round straw into a cask of Spenser or Hardy, and suck myself to sleep — to dream of orchards and 'golden-tongued Romance with serene lute.' The hard bright sun of a western morning, with theme classes superimposed, reduces the golden tongue to phantom thinness of song, and banishes the lute into the limbo of the ridiculous, but I plod on eveningwards with mole-like assiduity. I have come to realize the wonderful resources of passive enjoyment better than I ever did before — perhaps perversely, perhaps according to a mere instinct of self-preservation against the hurry and remorseless effectiveness of life out here. Whatever the cause, I have found out how good a thing it is to be a silly sheep and batten on the moor, to stand in cool shallows and let the water

go by and the minnows dart and the brook moss stretch its delicate fingers. Also I seem to be coming, half through disappointed effort and half through this same effortlessness, to discern more clearly what is worthy in human motive and admirable in human achievement. It is not that I love Shakespere less, but that I love Ophelia more.

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

May, 24, 1896.

DEAR DAN: —

Thanks for your painstaking and very perceptive criticism. I cannot bring myself yet to accept all your strictures unconditionally, but I find them all suggestively and wisely hortatory, pointing the way where the real pitfalls lie for me; and I know that by the time I come to put the verses in permanent form I shall have accepted most of them literally. Still, while I am still unpersuaded, let me distinguish. The vague syntax of st. II is undoubtedly mere slovenliness: the stanza shall go the way of the ungirt loin. Also st. VII is as you say turgid, and must go, even though it drag with it the next stanza, which you like. As regards the suspension of the sense in sts. IV–VI I cannot agree. It seems to me that the breathlessness and holding-aloof is justified by the emphasis with which the concluding thought is thus given, and still more by the fact that it sets the essential thought off in a rounded form. It has a constructive value, also, as contrasting with the simple declaratory forms of statement which precede and follow it. I fancy it corresponds in my mind somewhat to an 'organ-point' in yours. The adjectives are too many, I know; but I am a little cold-blanketed and worried over your specific objections to phrase. 'Paltry roof' is paltry, I freely admit; 'wind-control' and 'moonward melodist' are rococo as hell. But the other three to which you take exception I am sure are good poetry. . . . I think — pardon the egotism of the utterance (you would if you knew what tears of failure have gone to water the obstreperous little plant) — I think you are not tolerant enough of the instinct for conquest in language, the attempt to push out its boundaries, to win for it continually some new swiftness, some rare compression, to distill from it a more opaline drop. Is n't it possible, too, to be pedantic in the demand for simplicity? It's a cry which, if I notice aright, nature has a jaunty way of disregarding. Command a rosebush in the stress of June to purge itself; coerce a convolvulus out of the paths of catachresis. Amen! W. V. M.

Please be good-natured and talk back. Or no, don't. Spare the arm.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[CHICAGO, *June* 23, 1896.]

DEAR DAN: —

The report which you make of your lack of progress in health casts a gloom over my days. I am about starting for Wisconsin for a week's bicycling, and the monstrous egoism of bodily vigor which I feel, possesses my soul with shame. The thing for you to do is to come to Chicago: it is the greatest health resort going — *mirabile dictu*. We live on bicycling, base-ball, breezes, beer, and buncombe, and keep right chipper mostly. Can't you come out for a while? We have an extra bedroom, and if you can stand bachelor shiftlessness after the golden calm of Milton housekeeping, we could put you up 'snugly.' The quotation marks are only a warning as to the point of view. Expense need be no deterrent. Walking is good all the way, and hand-outs rich and plentiful. Think of it seriously. We will send you back *mens*

sana surely, and *sano corpore* if we have luck. Allons!

I have grown quite meek over the verses, as I thought I should. I accept your strictures on the suspended construction, with only the lingering spiteful affirmation that two persons to whom I read the poem seemed to find far less difficulty in following the syntax than you assert as normal. The alternative explanations of the discrepancy in judgment are both too disagreeable to pursue. At worst it is only one more failure; success only looms a little haughtier, a little more disdainful of conquest. Esperance and set on!

I have had an enormous little adventure since I wrote last. Another Girl of course. This time a Westerner *par excellence* — a Californian, dating mentally from the age of Rousseau and Chateaubriand, with geysers and cloud bursts of romanticism, not to say sentimentality; dating spiritually from the Age of Gold, or some remoter purity, some Promethean dawn, some first-foam-birth in hyperborean seas. She likes Gibson's drawings, adores *Munsey's*, and sings 'Don't be Cross, Dear' with awful unction. After this you will not believe me when I say that she gave me the most unbearable shiver of rapture at the recognition of essential girlhood that I for a long time remember. Well, have you ever slept under the same roof with such a person, in the country, and wakened at that moment before dawn when in the 'spectral uncompounded light' the spirit is least capable of defense, when it feels only a membrane separating it from the shock of joy and woe as they stream from the passionate day-spring, and have you felt the sense of that common shelter like a caress, heard through walls and doors the rise and fall of her breast as an ineffable rhythm swaying the sun? If you have you can realize the gone feeling that possessed me when she said (interpreting my own gloomy guess) that my kind was not her kind, that my language was not her language, and that her soul could only be studious to avoid mine, as the bird flying southward in spring avoids the hunter. I bowed assent and came home. I now nurse memories and grow elegiac. Come to Chicago!

W. V. M.

To Robert Morss Lovett

CHICAGO, *July* 14, '96.

. . . T—— turned up bright and early for his fifteen dollars, and continues to pay us little friendly visits from time to time. He now has his eye on the Civil Service. The Civil Service has not yet got its eye on him, but may in the fullness of time. . . .

It has been unspeakably hot — life a tragedy and a tongue-lolling — flat 7 a place of penance, teaching a Dantesque farce. Pray for us, thou godless happy Loafer.

Please give my kindest regards to Ida. I have for many weeks had it in my mind to try to phrase my gratitude for her very bully tolerance of our loudnesses and other iniquities this winter. Some day I shall, believe me; I speak with the arrogance of the professional rhetorician in daily need of defence against an inner conviction that he is the dumbest of God's creatures.

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

CHICAGO, *July* 17, 1896.

. . . I find that the West cries out as with one voice for the feathers and furbelows of feeling that you Cambridge mode-makers consigned to the garret decades ago. They're a little bedraggled at times, but we wear them with an air! Rousseau would weep over us — Chateaubriand would call us brother. I wonder if Rousseau and Chateaubriand were as ridiculous after all

as they seem from the serene middle of Harvard Square?

All this is of course (I mean this sentimentalizing and toy-sea-sailing) by way of 'compelling incident.' That is the most illuminating and fruitful phrase you ever gave me. Every hour that I pilfer from tedium I thank the lips that framed it. Alas! the better ways of gilding the grey days slip from me. Apollo has gone a-hunting and I was n't asked. I have hung my harp on a willow, where it gathers rust and caterpillars with a zeal it lacked in a better cause. I am gone stark dumb. I rap myself and get a sound of cracked clay. A white rage seizes me at times, against the pottering drudgery that has fastened its lichen teeth on me and is softening down my 'crisp cut name and date.' I echo poor Keats's cry, 'O for ten years that I may steep myself in poetry' — with the modest substitution of weeks for years, and a willingness to compromise on as many days if Providence will only undertake to get this shiny taste of themes and literary drool out of my mouth, and let me taste the waters of life where they are near the well-head. To go a-brook-following — O happiness, O thou bright Denied! W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[Chicago, *July* 20, 1896.]

Dear Dan: —

The confident tone of your last letter puts me in conceit with life again. Envisage the theme job with the comic or the tragic mask, as you please, but not with the features sweet Nature gave you — on your life. I am known in the Chicago themery as the Man in the Iron Mask, and you may wager I live up to the title. The chance of luring you out here in August tempts me to lie goldenly about the musical prospects. Now that I have the strength I hasten feebly to falter that they are damn poor. Not that Chicago is not 'musical' — it is amazingly and egregiously so. Calliope is the one Muse we recognize, and she has a front spare bedroom and unlimited pie. But the place is overrun with music teachers — chiefly foreign — whereof I find recorded the names of unbelievable thousands. The University does not yet boast a Department of Music, though one hears rumors of millions ripe to drop at the summons of One Elect. If you feel the star quite distinct above your brows, you might practice crooking your little finger with the proper imperial persuasion.

You don't tell me anything about people. I have become a frowsy gossip, and cannot live without my pill of personalities sweetly compounded. To punish you for the neglect I enclose a reaction on a recent notable Experience. Hire an amanuensis for seven hours and talk out a sufficing bundle of pages on the mystical differences between This and That, and send the bill along with the bundle. Will.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE LIE

BY MARY ANTIN

I

THE first thing about his American teachers that struck David Rudinsky was the fact that they were women, and the second was that they did not get angry if somebody asked questions. This phenomenon subverted his previous experience. When he went to *heder* (Hebrew school), in Russia, his teachers were always men, and they did not like to be interrupted with questions that were not in the lesson. Everything was different in America, and David liked the difference.

The American teachers, on their part, also made comparisons. They said David was not like other children. It was not merely that his mind worked like lightning; those neglected Russian waifs were almost always quick to learn, perhaps because they had to make up for lost time. The quality of his interest, more than the rapidity of his progress, excited comment. Miss Ralston, David's teacher in the sixth grade, which he reached in his second year at school, said of him that he never let go of a lesson till he had got the soul of the matter. 'I don't think grammar is grammar to him,' she said, 'or fractions mere arithmetic. I'm not satisfied with the way I teach these things since I've had David. I feel that if he were on the platform instead of me, geography and grammar would be spliced to the core of the universe.'

One difficulty David's teachers encountered, and that was his extreme reserve. In private conversation it was hard to get anything out of him except 'yes, ma'am' and 'no, ma'am,' or, 'I don't understand, please.' In the classroom he did not seem to be aware of the existence of anybody besides Teacher and himself. He asked questions as fast as he could formulate them, and Teacher had to exercise much tact in order to satisfy him without slighting the rest of her pupils. To advances of a personal sort he did not respond, as if friendship were not among the things he hungered for.

It was Miss Ralston who found the way to David's heart. Perhaps she was interested in such things; they sometimes are, in the public schools. After the Christmas holidays, the children were given as a subject for composition, 'How I spent the Vacation.' David wrote in a froth of enthusiasm about whole days spent in the public library. He covered twelve pages with an account of the books he had read. The list included many juvenile classics in American history and biography; and from his comments it was plain that the little alien worshiped the heroes of war.

When Miss Ralston had read David's composition, she knew what to do. She was one of those persons who always know what to do, and do it. She asked David to stay after school, and read to him, from a blue book with gilt lettering, 'Paul Revere's Ride' and 'Independence Bell.' That hour neither of them ever forgot. To David it seemed as if all the heroes he had dreamed of crowded around him, so real did his teacher's reading make them. He

heard the clash of swords and the flapping of banners in the wind. On the blackboard behind Miss Ralston troops of faces appeared and vanished, like the shadows that run across a hillside when clouds are moving in the sky. As for Miss Ralston, she said afterwards that she was the first person who had ever seen the real David Rudinsky. That was a curious statement to make, considering that his mother and father, and sundry other persons in the two hemispheres, had had some acquaintance with David previous to the reading of 'Paul Revere's Ride.' However, Miss Ralston had a way of saying curious things.

There were many readings out of school hours, after that memorable beginning. Miss Ralston did not seem to realize that the School Board did not pay her for those extra hours that she spent on David. David did not know that she was paid at all. He thought Teacher was born on purpose to read and tell him things and answer his questions, just as his mother existed to cook his favorite soup and patch his trousers. So he brought his pet book from the library, and when the last pupil was gone, he took it from his desk, and laid it on Miss Ralston's, without a word; and Miss Ralston read, and they were both happy. When a little Jewish boy from Russia goes to school in America, all sorts of things are likely to happen that the School Board does not provide for. It might be amusing to figure out the reasons.

David's reserve slowly melted in the glowing intimacy of these happy half-hours; still he seldom made any comment on the reading at the time; he basked mutely in the warmth of his teacher's sympathy. But what he did not say orally he was very likely to say on paper. That also was one of Miss Ralston's discoveries. When she gave out the theme, 'What I Mean to Do When I Grow Up,' David wrote that he was going to be an American citizen, and always vote for honest candidates, and belong to a society for arresting illegal voters. You see David was only a greenhorn, and an excitable one. He thought it a very great matter to be a citizen, perhaps because such a thing was not allowed in the country he came from. Miss Ralston probably knew how it was with him, or she guessed. She was great at guessing, as all her children knew. At any rate, she did not smile as she read of David's patriotic ambitions. She put his paper aside until their next quiet hour, and then she used it so as to get a great deal out of him that he would not have had the courage to tell if he had not believed that it was an exercise in composition.

This Miss Ralston was a crafty person. She learned from David about a Jewish restaurant where his father sometimes took him, a place where a group of ardent young Russians discussed politics over their inexpensive dinner. She heard about a mass meeting of Russian Jews to celebrate the death of Alexander III, 'because he was a cruel tyrant, and was very bad to Jewish people.' She even tracked some astonishing phrases in David's vocabulary to their origin in the Sunday orations he had heard on the Common, in his father's company.

Impressed by these and other signs of paternal interest in her pupil's education, Miss Ralston was not unprepared for the visit which David's father paid her soon after these revelations. It was a very cold day, and Mr. Rudinsky shivered in his thin, shabby overcoat; but his face glowed with inner warmth as he discovered David's undersized figure in one of the front seats.

'I don't know how to say it what I feel to see my boy sitting and learning

like this,' he said, with a vibration in his voice that told more than his words. 'Do you know, ma'am, if I did n't have to make a living, I'd like to stay here all day and see my David get educated. I'm forty years old, and I've had much in my life, but it's worth nothing so much as this. The day I brought my children to school, it was the best day in my life. Perhaps you won't believe me, ma'am, but when I hear that David is a good boy and learns good in school, I would n't change places with Vanderbilt the millionaire.'

He looked at Miss Ralston with the eyes of David listening to 'Paul Revere's Ride.'

'What do you think, ma'am,' he asked, as he got up to leave, 'my David will be a good American, no?'

'He ought to be,' said Miss Ralston, warmly, 'with such a father.'

Mr. Rudinsky did not try to hide his gratification.

'I am a citizen,' he said, unconsciously straightening. 'I took out citizen papers as soon as I came to America, four years ago.'

So they came to the middle of February, when preparations for Washington's Birthday were well along. One day the class was singing 'America,' when Miss Ralston noticed that David stopped and stared absently at the blackboard in front of him. He did not wake out of his reverie till the singing was over, and then he raised his hand.

'Teacher,' he asked, when he had permission to speak, 'what does it mean, "Land where my fathers died"?'

Miss Ralston explained, wondering how many of her pupils cared to analyze the familiar words as David did.

A few days later, the national hymn was sung again. Miss Ralston watched David. His lips formed the words 'Land where my fathers died,' and then they stopped, set in the pout of childish trouble. His eyes fixed themselves on the teacher's, but her smile of encouragement failed to dispel his evident perplexity.

Anxious to help him over his unaccountable difficulty, Miss Ralston detained him after school.

'David,' she asked him, when they were alone, 'do you understand "America" now?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Do you understand "Land where my fathers died"?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'You did n't sing with the others.'

'No, ma'am.'

Miss Ralston thought of a question that would rouse him.

'Don't you like "America," David?'

The boy almost jumped in his place.

'Oh, yes, ma'am, I do! I like "America." It's — fine.'

He pressed his fist nervously to his mouth, a trick he had when excited.

'Then tell me, David, why you don't sing it.'

David's eyes fixed themselves in a look of hopeless longing. He answered in a whisper, his pale face slowly reddening.

'*My* fathers did n't die here. How can I sing such a lie?'

Miss Ralston's impulse was to hug the child, but she was afraid to startle him. The attention she had lavished on the boy was rewarded at this moment, when her understanding of his nature inspired the answer to his troubled question. She saw how his mind worked. She realized, what a less sympathetic witness might have failed to realize, that behind the moral scruple expressed in his words, there was a sense of irreparable loss derived from the knowledge that he had no share in the national past. The other children could shout the American hymn in all the pride of proprietorship, but to him the words did not apply. It was a flaw

in his citizenship, which he was so jealous to establish.

The teacher's words were the very essence of tact and sympathy. In her voice were mingled the yearning of a mother and the faith of a comrade.

'David Rudinsky, you have as much a right to those words as I or anybody else in America. Your ancestors did not die on our battlefields, but they would have if they'd had a chance. You used to spend all your time reading the Hebrew books, in Russia. Don't you know how your people — your ancestors, perhaps! — fought the Roman tyrants? Don't you remember the Maccabean brothers, and Bar Kochba, and — oh, you know about them more than I! I'm ashamed to tell you that I have n't read much Jewish history, but I'm sure if we begin to look it up, we'll find that people of your race — people like your father, David — took a part in the fight for freedom, wherever they were allowed. And even in this country — David, I'm going to find out for you how many Jews there were in the armies of the Revolution. We don't think about it here, you see, because we don't ask what a man's religion is, as long as he is brave and good.'

David's eyes slowly lost their look of distress as his teacher talked. His tense little face, upturned to hers, reminded her of a withered blossom that revives in the rain. She went on with increasing earnestness, herself interested in the discoveries she was making, in her need.

'I tell you the truth, David, I never thought of these things before, but I do believe that the Pilgrim Fathers did n't all come here before the Revolution. Is n't your father just like them? Think of it, dear, how he left his home, and came to a strange land, where he could n't even speak the language. That was a great trouble, you know; something like the fear of the Indians in the old days. And did n't he come looking for the very same things? He wanted freedom for himself and his family, and a chance for his children to grow up wise and brave. You know your father cares more for such things than he does for money or anything. It's the same story over again. Every ship that brings your people from Russia and other countries where they are ill-treated is a *Mayflower*. If I were a Jewish child like you, I would sing "America" louder than anybody else!'

David's adoring eyes gave her the thanks which his tongue would not venture to utter. Never since that moment, soon after his arrival from Russia, when his father showed him his citizenship papers, saying, 'Look, my son, this makes you an American,' had he felt so secure in his place in the world.

Miss Ralston studied his face in silence while she gathered up some papers on her desk, preparatory to leaving. In the back of her mind she asked herself to how many of the native children in her class the Fourth of July meant anything besides fire-crackers.

'Get your things, David,' she said presently, as she locked her desk. 'It's time we were going. Think if we should get locked up in the building!'

David smiled absently. In his ears rang the familiar line, 'Land where my fathers died — my fathers died — fathers died.'

'It's something like the Psalms!' he said suddenly, himself surprised at the discovery.

'What is like the Psalms, dear?'

He hesitated. Now that he had to explain, he was not sure any more. Miss Ralston helped him out.

'You mean "America," sounds like the Psalms to you?'

David nodded. His teacher beamed

her understanding. How did she guess wherein the similarity lay? David had in mind such moments as this when he said of Miss Ralston, 'Teacher talks with her eyes.'

Miss Ralston went to get her coat and hat from the closet.

'Get your things, David,' she repeated. 'The janitor will come to chase us out in a minute.'

He was struggling with the torn lining of a coat-sleeve in the children's dressing-room, when he heard Miss Ralston exclaim, —

'Oh, David! I had almost forgotten. You must try this on. This is what you're going to wear when you speak the dialogue with Annie and Raymond. We used it in a play a few years ago. I thought it would do for you.'

She held up a blue-and-buff jacket with tarnished epaulets. David hurried to put it on. He was to take the part of George Washington in the dialogue. At sight of the costume, his heart started off on a gallop.

Alas for his gallant aspirations! Nothing of David was visible outside the jacket except two big eyes above and two blunt boot-toes below. The collar reached to his ears; the cuffs dangled below his knees. He resembled a scarecrow in the cornfield more than the Father of his Country.

Miss Ralston suppressed her desire to laugh.

'It's a little big, is n't it?' she said cheerily, holding up the shoulders of the heroic garment. 'I wonder how we can make it fit. Don't you think your mother would know how to take up the sleeves and do something to the back?'

She turned the boy around, more hopeless than she would let him see. Miss Ralston understood more about little boys' hearts than about their coats.

'How old are you, David?' she asked, absently, wondering for the hundredth time at his diminutive stature. 'I thought the boy for whom this was made was about your age.'

David's face showed that he felt reproved. 'I'm twelve,' he said, apologetically.

Miss Ralston reproached herself for her tactlessness, and proceeded to make amends.

'Twelve?' she repeated, patting the blue shoulders. 'You speak the lines like a much older boy. I'm sure your mother can make the coat fit, and I'll bring the wig — a powdered wig — and the sword, David! You'll look just like George Washington!'

Her gay voice echoed in the empty room. Her friendly eyes challenged his. She expected to see him kindle, as he did so readily in these days of patriotic excitement. But David failed to respond. He remained motionless in his place, his eyes blank and staring. Miss Ralston had the feeling that behind his dead front his soul was running away from her.

This is just what was happening. David was running away from her, and from himself, and from the image of George Washington, conjured up by the scene with the military coat. Somewhere in the jungle of his consciousness a monster was stirring, and his soul fled in terror of its clutch. What was it — what was it that came tearing through the wilderness of his memories of two worlds? In vain he tried not to understand. The ghosts of forgotten impressions cackled in the wake of the pursuing monster, the breath of whose nostrils spread an odor of evil sophistries grafted on his boyish thoughts in a chimerical past.

His mind reeled in a whirlwind of recollection. Miss Ralston could not have understood some of the things David reviewed, even if he had tried to tell her. In that other life of his, in Russia, had been monstrous things,

things that seemed unbelievable to David himself, after his short experience of America. He had suffered many wrongs, — yes, even as a little boy, — but he was not thinking of past grievances as he stood before Miss Ralston, seeing her as one sees a light through a fog. He was thinking of things harder to forget than injuries received from others. It was a sudden sense of his own sins that frightened David, and of one sin in particular, the origin of which was buried somewhere in the slime of the evil past. David was caught in the meshes of a complex inheritance; contradictory impulses tore at his heart. Fearfully he dived to the bottom of his consciousness, and brought up a bitter conviction: David Rudinsky, who called himself an American, who worshiped the names of the heroes, suddenly knew that he had sinned, sinned against his best friend, sinned even as he was planning to impersonate George Washington, the pattern of honor.

His white forehead glistened with the sweat of anguish. His eyes sickened. Miss Ralston caught him as he wavered and put him in the nearest seat.

'Why, David! what's the matter? Are you ill? Let me take this off — it's so heavy. There, that's better. Just rest your head on me, so.'

This roused him. He wriggled away from her support, and put out a hand to keep her off.

'Why, David! what *is* the matter? Your hands are so cold —'

David's head felt heavy and wobbly, but he stood up and began to put on his coat again, which he had pulled off in order to try on the uniform. To Miss Ralston's anxious questions he answered not a syllable, neither did he look at her once. His teacher, thoroughly alarmed, hurriedly put on her street things, intending to take him home. They walked in silence through the empty corridors, down the stairs, and across the school yard. The teacher noticed with relief that the boy grew steadier with every step. She smiled at him encouragingly when he opened the gate for her, as she had taught him, but he did not meet her look.

At the corner where they usually parted David paused, steeling himself to take his teacher's hand; but to his surprise she kept right on, taking *his* crossing.

It was now that he spoke, and Miss Ralston was astonished at the alarm in his voice.

'Miss Ralston, where are you going? You don't go this way.'

'I'm going to see you home, David,' she replied firmly. 'I can't let you go alone — like this.'

'Oh, Teacher! don't, please don't. I'm all right — I'm not sick, — it's not far — Don't, Miss Ralston, *please*.'

In the February dusk, Miss Ralston saw the tears rise to his eyes. Whatever was wrong with him, it was plain that her presence only made him suffer the more. Accordingly she yielded to his entreaty.

'I hope you'll be all right, David,' she said, in a tone she might have used to a full-grown man. 'Good-bye.' And she turned the corner.

II

All the way home Miss Ralston debated the wisdom of allowing him to go alone, but as she recalled his look and his entreating voice she felt anew the compulsion that had made her yield. She attributed his sudden breakdown entirely to overwrought nerves, and remorsefully resolved not to subject him in the future to the strain of extra hours after school.

Her misgivings were revived the next morning, when David failed to appear with the ringing of the first gong, as was his habit. But before the

children had taken their seats, David's younger brother, Bennie, brought her news of the missing boy.

'David's sick in bed,' he announced in accents of extreme importance. 'He did n't come home till awful late last night, and he was so frozen, his teeth knocked together. My mother says he burned like a fire all night, and she had to take little Harry in her bed, with her and papa, so's David could sleep all alone. We all went downstairs in our bare feet this morning, and dressed ourselves in the kitchen, so David could sleep.'

'What is the matter with him? Did you have the doctor?'

'No, ma'am, not yet. The dispensary don't open till nine o'clock.'

Miss Ralston begged him to report again in the afternoon, which he did, standing before her, cap in hand, his sense of importance still dominating over brotherly concern.

'He's sick, all right,' Bennie reported. 'He don't eat at all — just drinks and drinks. My mother says he cried the whole morning, when he woke up and found out he'd missed school. My mother says he tried to get up and dress himself, but he could n't anyhow. Too sick.'

'Did you have the doctor?' interrupted Miss Ralston, suppressing her impatience.

'No, ma'am, not yet. My father went to the dispensary, but the doctor said he can't come till noon, but he did n't. Then I went to the dispensary, dinner time, but the doctor did n't yet come when we went back to school. My mother says you can die ten times before the dispensary doctor comes.'

'What does your mother think it is?'

'Oh, she says it's a bad cold, but David is n't strong, you know, so she's scared. I guess if he gets worse I'll have to stay home from school to run for the medicines.'

'I hope not, Bennie. Now you'd better run along, or you'll be late.'

'Yes, ma'am. Good-bye.'

'Will you come again in the morning and tell me about your brother?'

'Yes, ma'am. Good-bye. — Teacher.'

'Yes, Bennie?'

'Do you think you can do something — something — about his *record?* David feels dreadful because he's broke his record. He never missed school before, you know. It's — it's too bad to see him cry. He's always so quiet, you know, kind of like grown people. He don't fight or tease or anything. Do you think you can, Teacher?'

Miss Ralston was touched by this tribute to her pupil, but she could not promise to mend the broken record.

'Tell David not to worry. He has the best record in the school, for attendance and everything. Tell him I said he must hurry and get well, as we must rehearse our pieces for Washington's Birthday.'

The next morning Bennie reeled off a longer story than ever. He described the doctor's visit in great detail, and Miss Ralston was relieved to gather that David's ailment was nothing worse than grippe; unless, as the doctor warned, his run-down condition caused complications. He would be in bed a week or more, in any case, 'and he ought to sleep most of the time, the doctor said.'

'I guess the doctor don't know our David!' Bennie scoffed. 'He never wants at all to go to sleep. He reads and reads when everybody goes to bed. One time he was reading all night, and the lamp went out, and he was afraid to go downstairs for oil, because he'd wake somebody, so he lighted matches and read little bits. There was a heap of burned matches in the morning.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed Miss Ralston. 'He ought not to do that. Your father

ought not — Does your father allow him to stay up nights?'

'Sure. My father's proud because he's going to be a great man; a doctor, maybe.' He shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, 'What may not a David become?'

'David is funny, don't you think, Teacher?' the boy went on. 'He asks such funny questions. What do you think he said to the doctor?'

'I can't imagine.'

'Well, he pulled him by the sleeve when he took out the — the thing he puts in your mouth, and said kind of hoarse, "Doctor, did you ever tell a lie?" Was n't that funny?'

Miss Ralston did not answer. She was thinking that David must have been turning over some problem in his mind, to say so much to a stranger.

'Did you give him my message?' she asked finally.

'Yes 'm! I told him about rehearsing his piece for Washington's Birthday.' Bennie paused.

'Well?'

'He acted so funny. He turned over to the wall, and cried and cried without any noise.'

'The poor boy! He'll be dreadfully disappointed not to take his part in the exercises.'

Bennie shook his head.

'That is n't for what he cries,' he said oracularly.

Miss Ralston's attentive silence invited further revelations.

'He's *worrying* about something.' Bennie brought out, rolling his head ominously.

'Why? How do you know?'

'The doctor said so. He told my father downstairs. He said, "Make him tell, if you can, it may help to pull him off" — no, "pull him up." That's what the doctor said.'

Miss Ralston's thoughts flew back to her last interview with David, two days before, when he had broken down so suddenly. Was there a mystery there? She was certain the boy was overwrought, and physically run down. Apparently, also, he had been exposed to the weather during the evening when he was taken ill; Bennie's chatter indicated that David had wandered in the streets for hours. These things would account for the grippe, and for the abnormal fever of which Bennie boasted. But what was David worrying about? She resolved to go and see the boy in a day or two, when he was reported to be more comfortable.

On his next visit Bennie brought a message from the patient himself.

'He said to give you this, Teacher,' handing Miss Ralston a journal. 'It's yours. It has the pieces in it for Washington's Birthday. He said you might need it, and the doctor did n't say when he could go again to school.'

Miss Ralston laid the journal carelessly on a pile of other papers. Bennie balanced himself on one foot, looking as if his mission were not yet ended.

'Well, Bennie?' Miss Ralston encouraged him. She was beginning to understand his mysterious airs.

'David was awful careful about that book,' the messenger said impressively. 'He said over and over not to lose it, and not to give it to nobody only you.'

III

It was not till the end of the day that Miss Ralston took up the journal Bennie had brought. She turned the leaves absently, thinking of David. He would be so disappointed to miss the exercises! And to whom should she give the part of George Washington in the dialogue? She found the piece in the journal. A scrap of paper marked the place. A folded paper. Folded several times. Miss Ralston opened out the paper and found some writing.

Dear Teacher Miss Ralston:

I can't be George Washington any more because I have lied to you. I must not tell you about what, because you would blame somebody who did n't do wrong.

Your friend,

DAVID RUDINSKY.

Again and again Miss Ralston read the note, unable to understand it. David, her David, whose soul was a mirror for every noble idea, had lied to her! What could he mean? What had impelled him? *Somebody who did n't do wrong.* So it was not David alone; there was some complication with another person. She studied the note word for word, and her eyes slowly filled with tears. If the boy had really lied —if the whole thing were not a chimera of his fevered nights — then what must he have suffered of remorse and shame! Her heart went out to him even while her brain was busy with the mystery.

She made a swift resolution. She would go to David at once. She was sure he would tell her more than he had written, and it would relieve his mind. She did not dread the possible disclosures. Her knowledge of the boy made her certain that she would find nothing ignoble at the bottom of his mystery. He was only a child, after all — an overwrought, sensitive child. No doubt he exaggerated his sin, if sin there were. It was her duty to go and put him at rest.

She knew that David's father kept a candy shop in the basement of his tenement, and she had no trouble in finding the place. Half the children in the neighborhood escorted her to the door, attracted by the phenomenon of a Teacher loose on their streets.

The tinkle of the shop bell brought Mr. Rudinsky from the little kitchen in the rear.

'Well, well!' he exclaimed, shaking hands heartily. 'This is a great honor — a great honor.' He sounded the initial *h*. 'I wish I had a palace for you to come in, ma'am. I don't think there was such company in this house since it was built.'

His tone was one of genuine gratification. Ushering her into the kitchen, he set a chair for her, and himself sat down at a respectful distance.

'I'm sorry,' he began, with a wave of his hand around the room. 'Such company ought not to sit in the kitchen, but you see —'

He was interrupted by Benny, who had clattered in at the visitor's heels, panting for recognition.

'Never mind, Teacher,' the youngster spoke up, 'we got a parlor upstairs, with a mantelpiece and everything, but David sleeps up there — the doctor said it's the most air — and you dass n't wake him up till he wakes himself.'

Bennie's father frowned, but the visitor smiled a cordial smile.

'I like a friendly kitchen like this,' she said quietly. 'My mother did not keep any help when I was a little girl and I was a great deal in the kitchen.'

Her host showed his appreciation of her tact by dropping the subject.

'I'm sure you came about David,' he said.

'I did. How is he?'

'Pretty sick, ma'am. The doctor says it's not the sickness so much, but David is so weak and small. He says David studies too much altogether. Maybe he's right. What do you think, ma'am?'

Miss Ralston answered remorsefully.

'I agree with the doctor. I think we are all to blame. We push him too much when we ought to hold him back.'

Here Bennie made another raid on the conversation.

'He's going to be a great man, a doctor maybe. My mother says — '

Mr. Rudinsky did not let him finish. He thought it time to insure the peace of so important an interview.

'Bennie,' said he, 'you will go mind the store, and keep the kitchen door shut.'

Bennie's discomfiture was evident in his face. He obeyed, but not without a murmur.

'Let us make a covenant to take better care of David in the future.'

Miss Ralston was speaking when Mrs. Rudinsky appeared in the doorway. She was flushed from the exertions of a hasty toilet, for which she had fled upstairs at the approach of 'company.' She came forward timidly, holding out a hand on which the scrubbing brush and the paring knife had left their respective marks.

'How do you do, ma'am?' she said, cordially, but shyly. 'I'm glad to see you. I wish I can speak English better, I'd like to say how proud I am to see David's teacher in my haus.'

'Why, you speak wonderfully!' Miss Ralston exclaimed, with genuine enthusiasm. 'I don't understand how you pick up the language in such a short time. I could n't learn Russian so fast, I'm sure.'

'My husband makes us speak English all the time,' Mrs. Rudinsky replied. 'From the fust day he said to speak English. He scolds the children if he hears they speak Jewish.'

'Sure,' put in her husband, 'I don't want my family to be greenhorns.'

Miss Ralston turned a glowing face to him.

'Mr. Rudinsky, I think you've done wonders for your family. If all immigrants were like you, we would n't need any restriction laws.' She threw all possible emphasis into her cordial voice. 'Why, you're a better American than some natives I know!'

Mrs. Rudinsky sent her husband a look of loving pride.

'He wants to be a Yankee,' she said.

Her husband took up the cue in earnest.

'Yes, ma'am,' he said. 'That's my ambition. When I was a young man, in the old country, I wanted to be a scholar. But a Jew has no chance in the old country; perhaps you know how it is. It was n't the Hebrew books I wanted. I wanted to learn what the rest of the world learned, but a poor Jew had no chance in Russia. When I got to America, it was too late for me to go to school. It took me all my time and strength to make a living — I've never been much good in business, ma'am — and when I got my family over, I saw that it was the children would go to school for me. I'm glad to be a plain citizen, if my children will be educated Americans.'

People with eyes and hands like Mr. Rudinsky's can say a great deal in a few words. Miss Ralston felt as if she had known him all his life, and followed his strivings in two worlds.

'I'm glad to know you, Mr. Rudinsky,' she said in a low voice. 'I wish more of my pupils had fathers like David's.'

Her host changed the subject very neatly.

'And I wish the school children had more teachers like you. David likes you so much.'

'Oh, he liked you!' the wife confirmed. 'Please stay till he veks up. He'll be sorry to missed your vis*it*.'

While his wife moved quietly around the stove, making tea, Mr. Rudinsky entertained their guest with anecdotes of David's Hebrew-school days, and of his vain efforts to get at secular books.

'He was just like me,' he said. 'He wanted to learn everything. I could n't afford a private teacher, and they

would n't take him in the public school. He learned Russian all alone, and if he got a book from somewhere — a history or anything — he would n't eat or drink till he read it all.'

Mrs. Rudinsky often glanced at David's teacher, to see how her husband's stories were impressing her. She was too shy with her English to say more than was required of her as hostess, but her face, aglow with motherly pride, showed how she participated in her husband's enthusiasm.

'You see yourself, ma'am, what he is,' said David's father, 'but what could I make of him in Russia? I was happy when he got here, only it was a little late. I wished he started in school younger.'

'He has time enough,' said Miss Ralston. 'He'll get through grammar school before he's fourteen. He's twelve now, is n't he?'

'Yes, ma'am — no, ma'am! He's really fourteen now, but I made him out younger on purpose.'

Miss Ralston looked puzzled. Mr. Rudinsky explained.

'You see, ma'am, he was twelve years when he came, and I wanted he should go to school as long as possible, so when I made his school certificate, I said he was only ten. I have seven children, and David is the oldest one, and I was afraid he'd have to go to work, if business was bad, or if I was sick. The state is a good father to the children in America, if the real fathers don't mix in. Why should my David lose his chance to get educated and be somebody, because I am a poor business man, and have too many children? So I made out that he had to go to school two years more.'

He narrated this anecdote in the same simple manner in which he had told a dozen others. He seemed pleased to rehearse the little plot whereby he had insured his boy's education. As Miss Ralston did not make any comment immediately, he went on, as if sure of her sympathy.

'I told you I got my citizen papers right away when I came to America. I worked hard before I could bring my family — it took me four years to save the money — and they found a very poor home when they got here, but they were citizens right away. But it would n't do them much good, if they did n't get educated. I found out all about the compulsory education, and I said to myself that's the policeman that will keep me from robbing my David if I fail in business.'

He did not overestimate his visitor's sympathy. Miss Ralston followed his story with quick appreciation of his ideals and motives, but in her ingenuous American mind one fact separated itself from the others: namely, that Mr. Rudinsky had falsified his boy's age, and had recorded the falsehood in a public document. Her recognition of the fact carried with it no criticism. She realized that Mr. Rudinsky's conscience was the product of an environment vastly different from hers. It was merely that to her mind the element of deceit was something to be accounted for, be it ever so charitably, whereas in Mr. Rudinsky's mind it evidently had no existence at all.

'So David is really fourteen years old?' she repeated incredulously. 'Why, he seems too little even for twelve! Does he know? — Of course he would know! I wonder that he consented —'

She broke off, struck by a sudden thought. 'Consented to tell a lie' she had meant to say, but the unspoken words diverted her mind from the conversation. It came upon her in a flash that she had found the key to David's mystery. His note was in her pocketbook, but she knew every word of it, and now everything was plain to her. The lie was this lie about his age, and

the person he wanted to shield was his father. And for that he was suffering so!

She began to ask questions eagerly.

'Has David said anything about — about a little trouble he had in school the day he became ill?'

Both parents showed concern.

'Trouble? what trouble?'

'Oh, it was hardly trouble — at least, I could n't tell myself.'

'David is so hard to understand sometimes,' his father said.

'Oh, I don't think so!' the teacher cried. 'Not when you make friends with him. He does n't say much, it's true, but his heart is like a crystal.'

'He's too still,' the mother insisted, shaking her head. 'All the time he's sick, he don't say anything, only when we ask him something. The doctor thinks he's worrying about something, but he don't tell.'

The mother sighed, but Miss Ralston cut short her reflections.

'Mrs. Rudinsky — Mr. Rudinsky,' she began eagerly, '*I* can tell you what David's troubled about.'

And she told them the story of her last talk with David, and finally read them his note.

'And this lie,' she ended, 'you know what it is, don't you? You've just told me yourself, Mr. Rudinsky.'

She looked pleadingly at him, longing to have him understand David's mind as she understood it. But Mr. Rudinsky was very slow to grasp the point.

'You mean — about the certificate? Because I made out that he was younger?'

Miss Ralston nodded.

'You know David has such a sense of honor,' she explained, speaking slowly, embarrassed by the effort of following Mr. Rudinsky's train of thought and her own at the same time. 'You know how he questions everything — sooner or later he makes everything clear to himself — and something must have started him thinking of this old matter lately — Why, of course! I remember I asked him his age that day, when he tried on the costume, and he answered as usual, and then, I suppose, he suddenly *realized* what he was saying. I don't believe he ever *thought* about it since — since you arranged it so, and now, all of a sudden —'

She did not finish, because she saw that her listeners did not follow her. Both their faces expressed pain and perplexity. After a long silence, David's father spoke.

'And what do *you* think, ma'am?'

Miss Ralston was touched by the undertone of submission in his voice. Her swift sympathy had taken her far into his thoughts. She recognized in his story one of those ethical paradoxes which the helpless Jews of the Pale, in their search for a weapon that their oppressors could not confiscate, have evolved for their self-defence. She knew that to many honest Jewish minds a lie was not a lie when told to an official; and she divined that no ghost of a scruple had disturbed Mr. Rudinsky in his sense of triumph over circumstances, when he invented the lie that was to insure the education of his gifted child. With David, of course, the same philosophy had been valid. His father's plan for the protection of his future, hingeing on a too familiar sophistry, had dropped innocuous into his consciousness; until, in a moment of spiritual sensitiveness, it took on the visage of sin.

'And what do *you* think, ma'am?'

David's father did not have to wait a moment for her answer, so readily did her insight come to his defense. In a few eager sentences she made him feel that she understood him perfectly, and understood David perfectly.

'I respect you the more for that lie,

Mr. Rudinsky. It was — a *noble* lie!' There was the least tremor in her voice. 'And I love David for the way *he* sees it.'

Mr. Rudinsky got up and paced slowly across the room. Then he stopped before Miss Ralston.

'You are very kind to talk like that, Miss Ralston,' he said, with peculiar dignity. 'You see the whole thing. In the old country we had to do such things so many times that we — got used to them. Here — here we don't have to.' His voice took on a musing quality. 'But we don't see it right away when we get here. I meant nothing, only just to keep my boy in school. It was not to cheat anybody. The state is willing to educate the children. I said to myself I will tie my own hands, so that I can't pull my child after me if I drown. I did want my David should have the best chance in America.'

Miss Ralston was thrilled by the suppressed passion in his voice. She held out her hand to him, saying again, in the low tones that come from the heart, 'I am glad I know you, Mr. Rudinsky.'

There was unconscious chivalry in Mr. Rudinsky's next words. Stepping to his wife's side, he laid a gentle hand on her shoulder, and said quietly, 'My wife has been my helper in everything.'

Miss Ralston, as we know, was given to seeing things. She saw now, not a poor immigrant couple in the first stage of American respectability, which was all there was in the room to see, but a phantom procession of men with the faces of prophets, muffled in striped praying-shawls, and women radiant in the light of many candles, and youths and maidens with smouldering depths in their eyes, and silent children who pushed away joyous things for — for —

Dreams don't use up much time. Mr. Rudinsky was not aware that there had been a pause before he spoke again.

'You understand so well, Miss Ralston. But David' — he hesitated a moment, then finished quickly. 'How can he respect me if he feels like that?'

His wife spoke tremulously from her corner.

'That's what I think.'

'Oh, don't think that!' Miss Ralston cried. 'He does respect you — he understands. Don't you see what he says: *I can't tell you — because you would blame somebody who did n't do wrong.* He does n't blame you. He only blames himself. He's afraid to tell me because he thinks *I* can't understand.'

The teacher laughed a happy little laugh. In her eagerness to comfort David's parents, she said just the right things, and every word summed up an instantaneous discovery. One of her useful gifts was the ability to find out truths just when she desperately needed them. There are people like that, and some of them are school-teachers hired by the year. When David's father cried, 'How can he respect me?' Miss Ralston's heart was frightened while it beat one beat. Only one. Then she knew all David's thoughts between the terrible, 'I have lied,' and the generous, 'But my father did no wrong.' She guessed what the struggle had cost to reconcile the contradictions; she imagined his bewilderment as he tried to rule himself by his new-found standards, while seeking excuses for his father in the one he cast away from him as unworthy of an American. Problems like David's are not very common, but then Miss Ralston was good at guessing.

'Don't worry, Mr. Rudinsky,' she said, looking out of her glad eyes. 'And you, Mrs. Rudinsky, don't think for a moment that David does n't under-

stand. He's had a bad time, the poor boy, but I know — Oh, I must speak to him! Will he wake soon, do you think?'

Mr. Rudinsky left the room without a word.

'It's all right,' said David's mother, in reply to an anxious look from Miss Ralston. 'He sleeps already the whole afternoon.'

It had grown almost dark while they talked. Mrs. Rudinsky now lighted the lamps, apologizing to her guest for not having done so sooner, and then she released Bennie from his prolonged attendance in the store.

Bennie came into the kitchen chewing his reward, some very gummy confection. He was obliged to look the pent-up things he wanted to say, until such time as he could clear his clogged talking-gear.

'Teacher,' he began, before he had finished swallowing, 'What for did you say —'

'Bennie!' his mother reproved him, 'You must shame yourself to listen by the door.'

'Well, there was n't any trade, ma,' he defended himself, 'only Bessie Katz, and she brought back the peppermints she bought this morning, to change them for taffy, but I did n't because they were all dirty, and one was broken —'

Bennie never had a chance to bring his speeches to a voluntary stop. Somebody always interrupted. This time it was his father, who came down the stairs, looking so grave that even Bennie was impressed.

'He's awake,' said Mr. Rudinsky. 'I lighted the lamp. Will you please come up, ma'am?'

He showed her to the room where David lay, and closed the door on them both. It was not he, but Miss Ralston, the American teacher, that his boy needed. He went softly down to the kitchen, where his wife smiled at him through unnecessary tears.

Miss Ralston never forgot the next hour, and David never forgot. The woman always remembered how the boy's eyes burned through the dusk of the shadowed corner where he lay. The boy remembered how his teacher's voice palpitated in his heart, how her cool hands rested on his, how the lamplight made a halo out of her hair. To each of them the dim room with its scant furnishings became a spiritual rendezvous.

What did the woman say, that drew the sting of remorse from the child's heart, without robbing him of the bloom of his idealism? What did she tell him that transmuted the offense of ages into the marrow and blood of persecuted virtue? How did she weld in the boy's consciousness the scraps of his mixed inheritance, so that he saw his whole experience as an unbroken thing at last? There was nobody to report how it was done. The woman did not know, nor the child. It was a secret born of the boy's need and the woman's longing to serve him; just as in nature every want creates its satisfaction.

When she was ready to leave him, Miss Ralston knelt for a moment at David's bedside, and once more took his small, hot hands in hers.

'And I have made a discovery, David,' she said, smiling in a way of her own. 'Talking with your parents downstairs I saw why it was that the Russian Jews are so soon at home here in our dear country. In the hearts of men like your father, dear, is the true America.'

EDUCATION FOR MOTHERHOOD[1]

II

BY ELLEN KEY

As I stated in my article in the last issue of the *Atlantic*, economy and religion determine the trend of life, especially that of family life. And for this reason the tide of the age, which has already turned women outward, is likely to wax stronger until a new religion once again shall kindle the soul of the people with a burning desire for great spiritual values.

Certain signs have appeared, indicating that the religious as well as the economic transformation is in progress. And the heart-beat of humanity has always gone thus: after the outflowing, the inflowing — from the surface back to the heart. The new religion will probably not be a 'refined' Christianity. But the deepest experiences of the race to which Christianity gave expression in myths and symbols now worn out, will reassert themselves in new form. And the highest ideas which Christianity has given to humanity will again become life-determining forces, although on other grounds.

The crisis through which all the assets generally considered 'Christian' and 'feminine' are now passing, arose out of their sharp contrast to the present social development or outlook on life. Women have no longer that Christian faith, as a mainstay against the power of the times, which among other things made them willing to accept as many children as it 'pleased God to send.' Implicit devotion and self-sacrifice are no longer women's ideal. The legitimate individualism which has made the modern women determined also 'to live their own lives' has, with many, resulted in a decision to throw off 'sexual slavery in the interests of the family.' From this individualism women can be converted only through a new religious belief, namely, that every human being 'lives his own life' in the greatest and most beautiful sense when his will is in harmony with that will to create of which the whole evolution — of culture as well as of nature — bears witness.

But the will to create, which is the mysterious innermost nature of life, nowhere reveals itself more simply or more strongly than in that love out of which new beings spring, and in that parental devotion to these new beings. From the point of view of the new religion, the professional and social work, which by many modern women is considered an obstacle to motherhood and of greater social value than the latter, will only be a 'tithe of mint and anise and cummin' when husbands and wives, well equipped for parenthood, do not give the race their flesh and blood. All that the intelligence and genius of men and women can do for eugenics and the care of infants, for education and schools, is of small consequence so long as it is lavished on a

[1] Written for the *Atlantic*, and translated from the Swedish original by A. E. B. Fries.

human material constantly shrinking in value because produced by physically and psychically inferior parents, while those who have the making of good parents cannot afford, or have not the will, to supply children to the race. Or, as a well-known botanist has vigorously expressed it: 'A single miscroscopic cell from which one great human being springs is of greater importance to the race than the painstaking efforts of a hundred thousand child-rearers and educators with a child-material below par.'

It is this conception which must become dominant before any 'education for motherhood' can be effective. Thoughts and emotions, will and imagination, must become converted and sanctified through a religion that considers the present superficial culture as a fall of man. The low ideal of happiness held by an irreligious race — an increasingly easy, gliding, automobile existence — will lose its attraction for humanity through the religious awakening, and men and women will once more dream of noble and dangerous deeds, an epoch of aviation even in a spiritual sense. The heroic attitude toward and in life, which the ancient world and Nietzsche in the modern world represent, will again become the ideal of happiness which guides the leaders of the race. Even the many will again desire the deep feeling, the strong emotions and difficult tasks, — despite the dangers, sufferings and sorrows they may bring, — because the ideal of happiness will not then, as now, be the easiest existence, but one which allows the greatest expenditure of power.

For a majority of women it is family life that offers this more toilsome and troubled, but also more rich and joyous existence. But not family life alone! Power expands also in taking part in the organization of a more and more perfect society, in a more concerted progress toward a wiser and higher moral goal. This too is a collaboration with the Will to create, an adjusting of one's own individuality to individual assets beyond, or, in other words, a form of the new religious worship.

The morning star which augurs the birth of the new religion is already visible on the horizon. For instance, not only economic and democratic forces are at work for the new social order: there are also religious ones. And to the same extent that these forces increase in strength we shall draw nearer to that state which is to relieve the present chaotic and energy-wasting society, the present soulless and aimless existence.

And not until then are we likely to have mothers well trained for the vocation of motherhood and well cared for by society during the discharge of this duty.

A new time comes, as a rule, with quiet and small steps, only rarely with great, swift strides. Such a small step is the recognition in Europe, as well as in America, of the obvious need of a training for the inherently womanly vocations. To begin with, we have discovered that it is only an empty phrase to assert that industry has wholly supplanted the business of the household, since very many tasks remain which have to be done in the home. And further, we have grown to understand that to purchase all the necessities of life ready-made lowers the family's standard of living and increases the cost more than if the wife performed certain work in the home. We have begun to see that the value of the wife's industrial work does not, from a national economic point of view, compensate for the family's higher cost of living, the women's indisposition toward motherhood, and incapacity for it, the neglect of the children and the home

and the consequent increase of alcoholism and criminality, and finally the constantly growing expense to the state of the rearing and care of the children in public and charitable institutions.

As a result of these observations, women especially, but also men, have begun to advocate cooking-schools, courses in domestic science and household economics. Such courses are given in conjunction with the public schools and colleges, or as independent courses, whether or not combined with the care of children. 'Mother schools,' child-training schools, kindergarten schools, lecture courses in child-psychology and in experimental psychology, everywhere are springing into existence. In a word, efforts are being made to remedy the ignorance of the young women of the present generation as to the mission of the home — an ignorance which is the result, on the one hand, of the early entering into industrial labor, on the other hand, of the long studies.

We are ready to deplore the colossal mismanagement which has gone on century after century in allowing women to come unprepared to their most important vocation, — for society and for the race, — the bearing and rearing of children. Information as to sexual matters is still, by many, considered an abomination — in Germany a girl was expelled from a boarding-school because she possessed a scientific book on the 'sex-life of plants'! — but it is beginning to be imparted by all thoughtful educators. The moderate feminists in Europe are using all these measures in their endeavor to make women professionally capable in their old department of labor. They understand that only increased capability can give the inwardly directed expenditure of woman's power a new dignity, make it a new social asset. I have no knowledge of the stand taken by American feminists in regard to this movement.

Considering this training by itself, I believe that the cooking course is wisely taught in the early teens when it is enjoyed by most as a change from book-studies, and as a knowledge of which the young may easily make use. But I do not believe that that age is the psychologically correct time for the more serious and important education in the art of home-making and for motherhood. The fundamental evil of the present school-system is its tendency to line up the manifold desirable teachings for the young like soldiers on parade, namely, on graduation day. This is an insurmountable obstacle to thoroughness and veracity in instruction, qualities which cannot be fully attained without perfect peace for both teachers and pupils — a peace which is never associated with fixed courses and examinations. Without serenity, no knowledge can fully ring out, vibrating through thought, feeling, and imagination. But only in such a resonance does the knowledge manifest itself as living, only thus does it become a power for growth within the individual.

And that is more especially what education for motherhood must accomplish; otherwise it is a failure. During the early 'teens' the young girls' minds are already crammed with abstract knowledge which they have frequently neither desired nor needed. Then comes this education for motherhood for which they have no direct use, and it comes at a time when their minds are mostly filled with thoughts, emotions, and dreams of life which attract all their yearning, though as yet in indefinite forms. It consequently follows that they will come absent-mindedly to the instruction in the vocation of motherhood, and when later in life they stand before the reality, they will have forgotten most of this teaching, as they forget so much of the other instruction they have received without longing

and without the personal assimilation referred to above.

Even if one takes this instruction as seriously as, for example, the German woman suffragists desire, — who endeavor to introduce an obligatory year-long post-graduate course for all girls, as a preparation for motherhood, — such preparation, for the reasons mentioned heretofore, would in reality be far from as effective as a training given some years later. In my opinion, girls as well as boys, after having at about the age of fifteen finished the common preparatory school, which ought to be entirely free from examinations — should devote themselves to their special professional training, which, in the case of the majority, would be completed at about the age of twenty. And this is the age at which I would advocate a year of social service for women as well as for men. In the states that enforce military training, such a period of service is already required of the men and it often lasts two years. I consider a parallel service for women the right education for the care of home and children. And this period of training should be set at the psychologically important age when many of the young women already look forward to a home of their own, or at least have become conscious of a longing for home and children.

The year of training should be divided into three courses: —

1. A theoretic course in national economics, hygienic and fundamental æsthetic principles for the planning of a home and the running of a household. This course would hardly need to include practical exercises, since sewing and cooking classes, and the like, form a part of the curriculum in the present day schools, and thus the first principles of domestic science are there imparted.

2. A theoretic course in hygiene, psychology, and education for normal children, with some directions for the recognition of abnormalities.

3. A theoretic course in the physical and psychical duties of a mother before and after the birth of a child, and the fundamental principles of eugenics.

To these theoretic courses must be added practical training in the care of children, which should embrace knowledge of the child's proper nourishment, clothing, and sleep; its physical exercise, play, and other occupations; and its care in case of sickness and accident. Children's asylums, day-nurseries and hospitals, and mother-homes (where mothers with children would find refuge for shorter or longer periods), would give opportunity for such training led by the teachers.

Already in the year 1900 (in *The Century of the Child*, first edition), I had proposed a service for women similar to the compulsory military service for men. Such propositions had been made in Sweden even earlier from several quarters. But they had only referred to the obligatory training of women in the care of the sick and their compulsory service as nurses in time of war. My plan, on the other hand, was that the training should principally comprise domestic science and the care of children, although the rudiments of hygiene and therapeutics ought also to be considered. In 1900, no one took up my proposition, not even in order to attack it. To-day, after a lapse of twelve years, this same proposition, but quite independently of me, has been put forth from many sides, not alone from Sweden, but from Norway, Germany, and elsewhere, and by men as well as women. Some of these — rather unfortunately in my opinion — have connected the question of such a year of social service for woman with the question of woman suffrage. This has come from quarters where it is considered

that men's right to suffrage answers to their military duty. For my part, I have never connected these two questions, since I consider that the duty of paying taxes, equal for men and women, corresponds to their equal rights of suffrage, and, besides, that society's need of the women's point of view as well as of that of men fully justifies their eligibility to office. And, if we seek a parallel to man's sacrifice of life and limb or health on the battlefield, we find it in child-bearing, a battlefield where many women give their lives or become invalids for the rest of their days.

The duty of a training for social service as mother or soldier naturally follows, in my opinion, the education that society has given the young, an education which, in regard to professional training, they repay by efficient work in their various professions, but in other respects by preparing themselves to defend and promote the culture of which they are beneficiaries. The natural division of labor will then be that the men prepare themselves to defend the country in case of an impending peril, and deliver it from danger, while the women prepare themselves to defend and care for the new generation on which the future depends.

In the distant future, when military service shall no longer be needed, and at present, in countries where it is not enforced, all young people ought to have some such training as that of which the Scout movement is, in a certain sense, a beginning — a training in readiness and ability to assist in case of natural calamities and other accidents which may befall society or individuals. Even now, it is the soldiers and seamen who, at times of fire, railroad and mine accidents, floods and earthquakes, show themselves the best helpers, because of their habits of discipline, and of swift and efficient action. Boys ought to be taught — as is done here and there in America — the preparation of the plainest dishes and the simplest mending of clothes, in order that they may not be utterly helpless in any situation in which they may find themselves in life. And the young man should, during his year of social service, receive instruction in the first principles of eugenics and hygiene.

Both men and women ought also, as a matter of course, to have some knowledge of the essential features of the structure of society. This may be done already during the school period — as has very successfully been tried at an excellent coeducational reform school in Sweden — if the knowledge be not imparted through dry discourses, but the young people are allowed, under the guidance of an expert teacher, to play at parliament some hours a week during several years — playing at elections, committee-meetings, party divisions, motions, and discussions, just as in the national legislature. Even the rudiments of national economy ought in some such manner to be made living and interesting.

That all of this directly belongs to woman's education for social motherhood, and indirectly also to her vocation as the mother of future servants of society, needs no further proof. For men, as well as for women, the social-service year would not be wasted even if many would have no occasion personally to use for their own individual benefit all the knowledge gained. There exists no woman, who does not, in some way or other, come into contact with children. And it is increasingly rare for women not to find opportunities in social work to use the knowledge gained during a year's instruction in the care of children, hygiene, eugenics, and domestic science. But far beyond and above the benefits which understanding of this or that individual case

would bring, is the awakening to social responsibility and the leveling of class distinction which such a year of obligatory social service would bring to the daughter of the millionaire and the factory girl alike. As guides in the instruction of young women, I would choose noble matrons, serene as priestesses, who themselves have fulfilled the mission of motherhood — women ripened into sweetness of wisdom, and with power to impart vividly the fruits of their experience to the young who, some day standing before the serious task of making a home and bringing up children, may perhaps by a single word of advice remembered in time save life's happiness for themselves.

As a transition toward a legally established social-service year for women, I think it might be a good plan to make a course in housekeeping and the care of children a condition of the right to marry. This would result in the private establishment of such courses everywhere. But, on the one hand, the state would have no control over their character, and on the other, these courses would mostly be taken during the above-mentioned and least appropriate age, while in cases when this would not be true, they might come as an unwelcome compulsion later on. In consideration of all these reasons, it is best for us to fix our eyes upon an obligatory year of service for women as a goal to be realized in the near future. The nation which tried this out would find its health and prosperity increased after a few generations in a measure that would thoroughly compensate for the cost involved. Such a cost need not, however, be as great as it is for the compulsory military training of men. To be sure, certain buildings would have to be erected, — suitable homes for the teachers and students, who were not living in the neighborhood of the training centres, — but appropriate lecture-halls would, in most cases, already be found on the spot. And while the service of the men does not confer any direct benefit to society in times of peace, the service of the women would place a large working force at the disposal of society for the care of the sick and of children and of all in need. In each centre, various energy-saving combinations would be possible. As an example may be mentioned that in Stockholm the feeding of poor children has been combined with the schools of domestic science. These embrace not only cooking, and similar subjects but also a course in the care of children, which in turn is combined with day-nurseries. Dining-rooms for working women are also combined with the cooking-school. By wise, womanly organization, there are consequently not less than six socially useful enterprises which directly support each other.

These suggestions suffice to show in what direction one must go in order to make practicable the use of the year of social service for women. Different conditions in different nations, and in various districts within each country, would dictate a variety of applications, and a detailed programme would be as impossible as unnecessary.

Only certain essential conditions would need to be established everywhere. First, the making of the legal marriage age for women the same as for men, — as it now is in most European countries, — twenty-one, which in the United States of America, as well as in Europe, has been proved to be conducive to the betterment of society and the race; and that the year between twenty and twenty-one be established as the year for social service, although — as is now the case for men — an earlier or later entering into service for valid reasons might be allowed. Secondly, that complete freedom from

service be granted for reasons similar to those which now exempt men from military service.

In analogy with men, the women under obligation to serve ought to have free choice, within certain limits, in regard to the place of training, and also in regard to the selection of the practical and theoretic courses in which they would participate. For example, it would be foolish to waste time on such courses as may have already been taken during medical or normal-school studies, and so forth. And, similarly, it would be a great waste of energy if one already graduated as a trained nurse were commanded to do duty in a hospital, or if a capable and well-informed child-nurse were sent to a children's home, and so on. The object should be so to arrange the training that each one would fill up the gaps in her knowledge to the greatest possible extent.

After some generations of such earnest education it would be found that, just as now, the training for the teacher's calling has supplied the countries with good teaching forces, while the same forces untrained have remained insignificant; the education for motherhood would supply the various nations with many good mothers well able to fulfill the duties of the home, while such 'born educators' as did not become mothers would find work enough in institutions where children must be cared for by society because of the death or the viciousness of their parents.

The attitude of the women, once they have gained full suffrage, toward the questions herein dealt with, will be the great test of the nature of their 'social motherliness.' If they comprehend that the education of the mothers, and the rendering secure the functions of the mothers, is the life-question of the race, they will then succeed in finding the means of meeting these demands.

Did humanity ever halt helplessly before any of its vital needs? Least of all could this happen in America, where the very air reverberates with songs of faith in the power of will, with the hope of realization of most wonderful dreams? From the Pilgrim Fathers, from the wars of independence and secession, we have strong evidence of the power of will over the destiny of the world. Ever since, in my youth, I listened to Emerson's prophetic words, and Whitman's songs of the creative power of the soul and of the pliability of life in the moulding grasp of this power, I have again and again received new impressions — through thinkers, moralists, and sects — of this typically American spirit. To be sure, it may sometimes lapse into boastfulness or degenerate into superstition as, for instance, when it is believed that the will can conquer every disease and even abolish death. But in itself this sovereign assurance of the victory of will, faith, and hope is the world's greatest power for overcoming evil with good.

THE CAUSATION OF CRIME

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

It was more than twenty-five years ago that my attention was first attracted to the causation of crime. I was a young magistrate then, trying my first cases, very nervous, very conscientiously desirous to fulfill all the legal requirements as laid down in the codes. It had never occurred to me then that there was any gulf between justice and law; I supposed that they were one, that law was only codified and systemized justice; therefore in fulfilling the Law I thought that I was surely administering Justice.

I was trying a theft case. I cannot remember now what it was that had been stolen, but I think it was a bullock. The accused was undefended and I, as the custom is, questioned him about the case, not with the view of getting him to commit himself, but in order to try to elicit his defense if any. He had none. He admitted the theft, described the circumstances quite fully and frankly, and said he was guilty. I asked him if he knew when he took the bullock from the grazing ground that he was stealing it, and he answered yes. I asked him if he knew that the punishment for cattle theft was two years' imprisonment, which practically meant ruin for life, and he replied that he knew it would be heavy.

'Then,' I asked, 'why did you do it?'

He moved uneasily in the dock without answering, looked about him, and seemed puzzled.

I repeated the question.

Evidently he was trying to remember why he had done it and found it difficult. He had not considered the point before, and introspection was new to him. 'Why did I do it?' he was saying to himself.

'Well?' I asked.

He looked me frankly in the face. 'I don't know,' he said, 'I suppose I could not help it. I did not think about it at all; something just made me take it.'

He was convicted, of course, and I forgot the case.

But I did not forget what he had said. It remained in my mind and recurred to me from time to time, I did not know why. For I had always been taught that crime was due to an evil disposition which a person could change, only he *would* not, and I had as yet seen no reason to question this view. Therefore the accused man's defense appealed to no idea that was consciously in my mind. I did not reflect upon it. I can only suppose that, unconsciously to myself, these words reached some instinct within me which told me that they were true. And at last, from the very importunity of their return, I did begin to think about them, and, in consequence, of the causation of crime in general. A curiosity awoke which has never abated, has indeed but grown as in some small ways I was able to satisfy it.

I

What causes crime? Is it a purely individual matter? If so, why does it follow certain laws of increase or de-

crease, or maintain an average? That looks more like general results following on general causes than the result of individual qualities.

Why is it not curable? It should have been cured centuries ago. Why does punishment usually make the offender worse instead of better? If his crime were within the individual's control, punishment certainly would deter. Any deterrent effect it may have is rarely on him who is punished, but on the outside world, and that is but little. So much I saw very clearly in practice, and every book I read on the subject confirmed this. The infamous penal laws of England a hundred years ago did not stop crime; flogging did not stop garroting, it ceased for other causes. I began to think and to observe.

Some three years later my attention was still more strongly drawn to this subject. I was then for a short time the governor of the biggest jail in the world, that in Rangoon. It was crowded with prisoners, under sentence for many different forms of crime, from murder or 'dacoity'—that is, gang robbery—to petty theft. The numbers were abnormal, and they were so not only here but in all the jails of both the upper and lower provinces. The average of crime had greatly risen.

Why was this?

The reason was obvious. The annexation of the upper province six years before had caused a wave of unrest, not only there but in the delta districts as well, which found its expression in many forms of crime. There was no doubt about the cause. But this cause was a general cause, not individual. The individual criminals there in the jail did not declare the war. That was the consequence of acts by the King of Burma, and the government of India controlled by the English Cabinet, and these in turn were consequent on acts of the French government. Therefore half of these individuals had become criminals because of the disagreements of three governments, two of which were six thousand miles away from Rangoon.

There was no getting out of that. In normal times the average of convicts would have been only half what it was. The abnormality was not due to the convicts themselves.

Thus if A and B and C were suffering punishment in the jail, the fault was primarily not theirs. A special strain was set up from without which they could not stand, and they fell. But if this be true of half the prisoners, why not of the other half? There was no dividing line between the two classes. Political offenses apart, you could not walk into the jail and, dividing the convicts into two parts, say, 'The crime of this half being due to external causes, they must be pardoned; the crimes of the other half being due to their own evil disposition, they must continue to suffer.' There was no demarcation.

Therefore general causes are occasionally the cause of crime. Here was a long step in advance.

Again, five years later, I was on famine duty in the upper province, and the same phenomenon occurred. There was an increase in certain forms of crime. Thefts doubled. Other crimes, such as cheating and fraudulent dealings with money, decreased. Here was again a general cause. Half of those thieves would have remained honest men all their lives, would have been respected by their fellow men, and according to religion have gone to heaven when they died, but for the famine.

The causes of the famine were want of rain acting on the economic weakness of the people, increased by the inability of Government. Thus, had rain fallen as usual, had the people been able to cultivate other resources, had Government been more advanced and

experienced, half these thieves would not have been in jail; and no one knew which half, for thefts of food did not increase. There was in fact no reason why they should, as Government provided in the famine camps a subsistence wage for every one who came.

On the other hand, certain individuals were saved from misappropriating money, or cheating in mercantile transactions, because there was little money left to misappropriate and not much business. If they lived honestly and went to heaven, the direct cause would be the failure of rain that year, not any superior virtue of their own. But no one knew who these individuals were who were so luckily saved.

But when you have acknowledged this, what is becoming of the doctrine of individual responsibility for crime? If a man has complete free-will to sin or not, if crime be due to innate wickedness, how does want of rain bring this on? If not, where is the common sense or common justice in punishing him for what is really due to a defective climate? He cannot control the rain. Manifestly then, as regards at least half of these thieves, there was no innate desire to steal, because that could not be affected by the famine. Had they desired to be thieves they would have been so in any case. The truth is that they did not desire to be thieves, but when the famine came the temptation increased, and as physical weakness had decreased their power of resistance, they fell. They sinned, not through spiritual desire of evil, but through physical inability to resist temptation.

But if this was true of half, why not of the whole? There was no line of demarcation; if true of some crime, why not of all?. The doctrine of a man's perfect free-will to sin or not to sin as he pleases was beginning to look shaky. It will be as well to consider it.

What is free-will?

There is no necessity to discuss the meaning of 'free' — we all know it; there is nothing ambiguous about it; but with 'will' it is different. There are few words so incessantly misused as this word 'will'; philosophers are the worst offenders, and the general public but follows their blind lead; yet unless you know exactly what you mean by it how can you use it as a counter of your thought?

What does *will* mean? 'Where there's a will there's a way.' What does this mean? Does 'will' mean 'wish'? If, for instance, you are poor and stupid, can any quantity of 'wish' make you rich? If you are weak, can it make you strong? If you have no ear, can it make you a musician? If you are a convict, can it liberate you? That is absurd. 'Will,' then, means more than 'wish.' To the desire must be added the ability, actual or potential. That is evident, is it not? Without the ability, the wish avails nothing.

Will, then, has two components, both of which are necessary to it. Its meaning is not simple but compound; never forget this; never suppose that merely wishing with all your power can produce 'will.' It cannot unless the ability can be developed to aid it.

And now we go back from words to human nature. Is the criminal so because he wants to be so? No, and no, and no again. No more wicked fallacy was ever foisted upon a credulous world than this. Nobody at any period of the world ever wished to be criminal. Every one instinctively hates and fears crime, every one is honest by nature; it is inherent in the soul. I have never met a criminal who did not hate his crime even more than his condemners hate it. The apparent exception is when the man does not consider his act a crime; he has killed because his victim exasperated him to

it; he has robbed society because society made war on him. The offender hates his crime.

'But he is not ashamed of it?'

Now that is true. He is not ashamed of it in the current sense. He hates it, he fears it, but it does not fill him with a sense of sin.

'Therefore,' says the purist, 'he has a hardened conscience. It is his conscience, as I said, which is at fault.'

But the purist is wrong. He does not understand the criminal. He has never tried to understand him as I have tried. What the criminal feels toward his crime is what the sick man feels toward the delirium which seizes him, what the 'possessed of devils' feels toward the possession when it comes over him: he knows he must succumb. He fears not the mere penalty, but the crime. But he is not ashamed, because he knows he cannot help it. And punishment exasperates him because he has not deserved it; and it will do him harm, not good. He wants to be cured, not made a fit dwelling for still worse devils. And that is what punishment does.

To say that punishment deters the criminal from repeating his crime is nonsense. All study of criminal facts proves this; it makes him more prone to crime, not less; and all the great crimes are committed by men who have been still further ruined in jails. Whatever good effect punishment may have is exercised on others, not on the criminal. And even this is very slight. Men are not usually deterred from crime by seeing others suffer. Here again, all records support this truth. Severe punishment does not deter from crime. The savage punishments of the English penal laws a hundred years ago did not lessen crime at all. Garroting in England was not stopped by flogging, as is so often asserted, nor will it stop the white-slave traffic, as is hoped. Crime is a disease; and will you stop a fever by punishing the patients? Whatever good jails do, lies in the fact that they isolate the unhealthy from the healthy community and so stop for a time infection, as do hospitals with disease. But the hospitals do not discharge the patient till he is cured; the jail but aggravates the liability to the disease and turns out the sufferer worse than before.

II

A man is criminal, not because he wishes to be so, but because he cannot resist the temptation. He lacks will. True, but it is the ability he lacks, not the wish.

Why does he lack ability?

This brings us to the second theory of crime — a new one — that criminals are born, not made. The tendency to crime is said to be inherent, to be a reversion. That explains why it is generally incurable when once contracted.

Many books have been written on this, but one fallacy vitiates them all. The observers have not observed the criminal in the making, but when made. They have assumed the criminal to be of a race apart, and so founded their house upon the sand. Lombroso went so far as to lay down certain stigmata which inferred a criminal disposition. The stigmata have been shown to be universal, and there is no such thing as a 'criminal disposition.' If there be other qualities, such as want of sensibility, which do differentiate the criminal from the normal man, they are not innate.

That those crippled in some way by birth or accident frequently become criminals is no exception; it denotes no criminal disposition. But the cripple is handicapped in the struggle for life. He is cut off from the many pleasures of work and play, of love and children,

which his fellows have. He is sensitive, and he is jeered at and despised. Is it any wonder that under such circumstances he becomes sometimes embittered? A cripple is set apart from his fellow men. There are for him but two alternatives — to be a saint or a criminal. Love and care and training will make him a saint; neglect too often makes him a criminal. But to whom the blame for the latter? Not to him.

III

Connected with this theory is the supposition that criminality is hereditary.

There are few subjects on which so much 'scientific' nonsense is talked and written as on this of heredity. Not very much is known of it as regards plants, less of animals, and almost nothing as regards humanity. To read books on heredity, especially those of the Eugenic Society, is to read a mass of suppositions and hazardous inductions where most of the facts are negative, and only the exceptions are positive. The very meaning of 'hereditary' is not understood. If any quality is truly hereditary, then it is always hereditary. It never occurs except as the results of heredity, and it is constant, that is to say, it invariably follows. But there is no quality of which this can be said. That genius is not hereditary is known. Even talent is not. Nor is any aptitude. A lawyer's son more often wants to be a soldier or an artist than a lawyer, notwithstanding the environment, and it is so with most professions. The exceptions seem to be due to training and influence, not to any hereditary transmission. A superficial likeness to parents seems hereditary, but that is all that we can assert, and that outward likeness by no means infers an inward likeness. There is nothing so easy and nothing so fatal as this tendency to attribute to heredity what is due to training or want of training. It excuses supineness in governments and professions.

All thinkers who have looked at the matter with unprejudiced eyes have seen this. Here is what Buckle says: —

'We often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence will see that we have no proof of their existence. The way in which they are commonly proved is in the highest degree illogical; the usual course being for the writer to collect instances of some mental peculiarity found in a parent and his child, and then to infer that the peculiarity was bequeathed. By this mode of reasoning we might demonstrate any proposition; since in all large fields of inquiry there are a sufficient number of empirical coincidences to make a plausible case in favor of whatever view a man chooses to advocate. But this is not the way in which truth is discovered, and we ought to inquire not only how many instances there are of hereditary talents, etc., but how many instances there are of such qualities not being hereditary.'

And again, Mill: —

'Of all vulgar methods of escaping from the effects of social and moral influences on the mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences.'

Therefore it is no use trying to exonerate society by saying that criminals are born, not made; they are made, and they are made by society, by its carelessness and cruelty.

I have as a magistrate tried many cases, and as an inquirer after truth I subsequently investigated the causes; I have read every book I could find on the subject and I can say decisively that I have, for myself, neither in life nor in

books, found one single case in which it could be confidently said that a criminal weakness was inherited. That A, a criminal, has a son B, who becomes criminal, proves nothing. You must first prove that a similar child of different stock would not become criminal if brought up as A's son was. You must also prove that if you took away A's son as a child and brought him up differently he would still show criminal weakness. But all the facts negative this. The child even of a criminal tribe in India, if removed from its environment, grows up like other children. Coming of ancestors criminal for generations has not handed down a criminal aptitude.

You must not mistake inheritance of other traits for inheritance of criminal aptitudes. A has a very quick temper, which he has not from a child been trained to control. Under sudden provocation he kills a man. His son B inherits his father's quick temper, is similarly badly brought up, and the same thing occurs. The hasty hereditary theorist says, 'Behold the inheritance of a propensity to murder.' But quick temper is not a criminal trait; it is often an accompaniment of the kindest disposition; it is an excess of sensitiveness. The training, physical and mental, was in each case lacking, and a coincidence of provocation caused a coincidence of crime.

There is not, there never was, in any one a tendency to crime until either jails or criminal education created it. No one ever wanted to commit crime as crime. A daring boy, with no outlet for his energy, may break into an orchard, may next commit robbery, and later burglary; he would not do so had his physical need for exercise and his spiritual need for facing danger had another outlet. The instincts which led him into crime were good and noble instincts which, finding no legitimate channel, found an illegitimate channel for themselves.

In that fine book by Mr. Holmes, entitled *London's Underworld*, is an account of how 'hooligans' are made. The young men are full of energy; they want exercise, struggle, the fight of the football field or the hockey match, and they cannot get it. They have no playground but the streets, and no outlet for their energy save hooliganism.

Therefore we must begin to study the question anew. The old shibboleths are dead.

What is the cause of crime?

It is never the wish for crime. It is one of two causes. Either it is the only outlet for some natural instinct which is denied legitimate outlet by the environment, or it is due to an inability to resist temptation when it offers. How can it be prevented?

Now this inability is physical. The wish is spiritual; the ability is physical and depends greatly on health. With ill health or malnutrition in the young, the first thing to give way is the power of control. The average of criminals is a stone under weight. Therefore crime is dependent to a great extent on health. Poverty causes ill health; ill health causes crime; accidental mutilation creates an aptitude for crime; neglected youth and education cause crime.

Religion does not affect crime one way or another. The greatest criminals are often religious. Mediæval Europe was religious and criminal, and there are many other instances which might be cited. Honesty is inborn in all; it is part of the 'Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world'; it requires no teaching. What must be acquired is the ability to give effect to it. Crime is a physical, not a spiritual disease. And crime is no defect of the individual. It is a disease of the

nation, nay of humanity, exhibited in individuals. You have gout in your toe, but it is your whole system which is wrong.

This disease can be cured by humanity alone. Criminals are those whom we should pity, should prevent, should isolate, and, if possible, cure.

Remember what John Bunyan said, looking on a man going to be hanged: 'But for the grace of God there goes John Bunyan.' He, too, would have been the same had he had as bad training in his youth.

We have all of us within us instincts which rightly directed result in good, which in default of outlet we can be trained to control, but which without outlet and without training may result in crime.

IV

There is the further question of temptation or opportunity, and this again is a very difficult matter. A world from which all temptation was removed would produce a worthless race of men; yet if it be too severe who is there who would not fall? I for twenty years had the honor of belonging to a service which prides itself on its integrity. How much of this is due to the very stringent supervision and inspection rightly insisted on from the very top down? It is for an English officer in India almost impossible to receive a bribe or to take government money. If it were not so, would the service have the record it has?

Again, take the innumerable frauds daily practiced on society. If the public had common sense, the innumerable tricksters, fraudulent company-promoters and others who live by their wits, would find their living gone. As long as there are dupes there will be those to take advantage of them. And the fault lies as much with the dupe as with the trickster; more perhaps, because it is his folly which incites to crime.

But, again, the fault is with society. Why does it allow its children to be so badly educated? Why does it exalt ignorance into a virtue, and intentionally cultivate it? 'A little learning is a dangerous thing,' and the less you have, the more dangerous you are, both to yourself and to others. Folly is the greatest sin of all. Are our children educated? Not very often. They are taught accomplishments, reading and writing, Greek and arithmetic; they are bound in formulæ; but the drawing out of the powers of observation and judgment inherent in us — how often is this done? Yet this alone is education.

I have tried to compress into an article what I could easily expand into a book. I do not claim to have found a curé, or even a full diagnosis. The whole subject is difficult to excess. But what I do claim is to have indicated that the present theories are wrong, are wicked, and but make things worse. When this is acknowledged, a true study of the causes, and their prevention, can be begun.

As to the urgent necessity for this study, consider: Crime is a disease of the community. Do you clearly understand what this means? It means this. You and I are members of communities. As long as there is crime in our community neither you nor I is blameless. The Judge upon the bench shares with the criminal his crime; the honored wife and mother shares with the fallen woman her shame. Humanity is one; what stains a part stains all.

THE CYCLE OF THE NORTH

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

THE timber fails just beyond the fifty-ninth parallel. First the delicate white birch dwindles, then the smooth-bark poplar before his rougher brother, then the spruce vanishes; until, beside the river-beds that tempestuous waters have cut deep below the plains, there is only a fringe of tamarack and willow and dwarf pine.

Spring moves at first gently across these solitudes. There is a strange period in April when the stark rigor of winter is alleviated by soft hollows in the north winds. There are pauses and cessations, intermittent and slowly more constant, and then the winds swing suddenly from east and south. Instantly there is a divine change. On sunward slopes the snow is sucked up into these gentle airs, and May floats up from warmer latitudes across leagues of wild heather and caribou moss.

Then the sturdy growths spring into life. The anemone spreads in great stunted patches of lilac bloom. The snow forget-me-not thrusts through the shreds of winter's disappearing blanket, white as that winter itself, and wild crocuses flaunt yellow blossoms streaked with fiery red. On low lands the tulip is star-scattered in deep moss, red also like fire, and the dwarf saskatoons prepare for their profusion of hardy pears.

But ere the blossoms come, the population of the barren lands grows with the lengthening days. First the eagles in royal austerity beating north to breed on the islands of the Arctic. Then dancing clouds of gray-white snow birds, vociferous rooks and swift wedges of great Canada geese, flanked by drifting flocks of ducks. All these are hardy birds, equipped for the broken weather that yet must come. In the weeks that follow there is a quick procession, a general immigration of smaller geese and ducks, of cranes, woodpeckers, and plover, and, last of all, the swans, incredibly high and marvelously swift, whipping the air with huge wings whose tip feathers are worn and broken in the long passage from Florida and the Caribbean and the remoteness of South America.

On land there is movement and life. Vast herds of caribou does ripple steadily north to bear their young, secure because nature has robbed their hoofs of scent, and the gray wolves, the enemies of their race, cannot track them. Along the steep shores of Hudson's Bay the she-bear issues, lean and ravenous, with the young she had borne and nourished behind a snow-bank while she fasted the winter long. The salt shores are fringed with her hungry sisters, with tall coast wolves and white and red foxes, all seeking dead things from the sea. Musk oxen leave the fringe of timber and graze suspiciously, snuffing flies and mosquitoes and wasps into their red throats, of which many shall sicken and die.

Now come July and August, when the earth is bright with roses and fruit. The yellow moonberry swells from the centre of its four-leaved white flower. The eyeberry runs riot. Crowberries shine like black pearls amid their star-

shaped foliage. The blueberry is everywhere, with low flat bushes and clusters of oval sweetness. The cranberry climbs on the rocks and sands. The snakeberry nods in single perfection, poisonous on its slender stem; and kinikinic, the weedberry, waits till some wandering Redman shall pluck and dry it for the Redman's tobacco.

The plains are carpeted with the profuse blossom of the wild tea, whose velvety pointed leaf brings comfort by many a camp fire. Next the soil the coarse green moss thrusts out its plum-colored bloom or spreads viewless beneath gray tufts that live upon its surface. On the rocks, splintered by the ice, black lichens stick, thick and cuplike, ere they whiten and die.

And all this time the days are getting shorter and the air milder, and the stiff earth turns to slacken her rigid joints and yield the wonderful life that lives but for weeks. Now, too, may be seen the operations of those vital laws and customs that rule the wild. The bulls of the musk-oxen patrol their herds in a shaggy and truculent circle, outside of which their outlaws, outlaws by age or ill-temper, are pulled down by their ancient enemies. Across the flat country a swan's nest marks bay and point. Here the mother bird hatches her young, while the husband hies to the congregation of males, meeting daily where the food is good. The conclave is that of a club, severely masculine, and the lords of many nests commune noisily together. To the club also may come the mother, should her mate be killed, to choose another spouse; but only for this intimate and selective purpose is her approach permitted. Coastwise range packs of white foxes, defenseless singly but invincible together; and the gray wolves hunt the polar bear, surrounding him with a ring of snapping jaws when the salt mud sinks under his feet at low tide.

Then, as the year fattens, comes the physical change, and fur and feather, worn, matted and broken, are put away for the new covering that grows before the autumn closes. The swans cluster in solitary places to moult, places where there are periwinkles and clams and crabs and berries for the taking. The caribou move slowly with patches of new hair spreading on their multi-colored flanks. Everywhere there is easing and slackening of the eternal war. Carcajou, the wolverine, too lazy to steal, eats dead fish; and the white bears drowse in the languid heat.

In September there is a quickening of wild blood. From lonely places the fat moulting birds begin to waddle toward the coast. There is a touch of frost at night, and all plants and fruits fling themselves out with ultimate and prodigal profusion. In the north the caribou does turn with their young, and begin to trot south with the sound of clicking hoofs and horns, for they do not shed their antlers like the bucks. Then also small tribes that neither hibernate nor eat moss,—rats and beaver and squirrels,—replenish their stores.

Gradually the salt water edges become peopled with travelers preparing for that most wonderful journey in the world. Mallard, widgeon, teal, plover, geese, swans, all the broad and narrow-billed brotherhood assembles. Night and day the tumult of them ascends. There is eating of sand for digestion, and digging of shellfish to harden muscles softened by the sweet things of the plains, for it is common knowledge that there will be no more sea-food till they sight the swamps of the Gulf of Mexico. The air is black with trial flights of young birds trying the strength of young pinions, coming back to earth with calls and whistles and quacking and trumpeting. Old birds, strong of wing and weatherwise, mount to invisible spaces, looking for that

whisper of the north they all await, till, as the autumn days of Indian summer pass,the colonies grow strong and clean and confident.

And then of a sudden there is stillness in the air and a gray sky, and with a few white flakes the word of the mysterious north has come. A crisping of the shallow pools and the ducks climb circling into a slender wedge with the wisest and strongest at the point of it. In two hours the shores are desolate of ducks, for they have far to travel and must start betimes. And so the marvelous procession marshals its appointed order with the wisdom that lies behind the flat skulls and beady eyes of winged things. As they come they go. The weaker ones first, who must stay and rest often by the way and brave innumerable dangers in their short journeys, till only are left the swans, whose single flight can be a thousand miles, who seek the high altitudes where the air is thin. Then when the swans have gone, the royal eagles throb down from the Arctic in lonely passage along deserted leagues, and when the eagles have sped there is silence on the coasts.

Little by little the ice forms. Lakes narrow. Headland joins to headland. The male white bears follow out, fishing for seals and walrus. Wood-buffalo and musk-oxen seek shelter in the land of little sticks, and only the coast caribou and bigger wolves brave the open. The barren-ground bear hides himself in warmth and sleep and carcajou finds a deserted foxhole.

Then comes the snow: light, impalpable and fine, like star dust, and behind it the first breathing of that north wind that searches the plain for months. The land tightens, shrinks and hardens. Its rugged ridges are smoothed out in soft curves. Day is obliterated in the half light of a sun that seems a stranger in these regions of death, till, with relentless force and swiftness, rises the steady drone of the wind. Winter has come to the barren lands.

ON A POT OF TULIPS

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

Buds — all pink and white from a country garden,
Prim in shawls of green as New England spinsters —
How they shook! how, tense as for flight on tiptoe,
Blushed to be looked at!

Flowers — as Pope says women — at heart are wantons!
Now these painted daughters of pagan Flora
Loll like green-zoned goddesses posed by Rubens,
Clothed — in their blushes.

ROBERT TOOMBS

A CONFEDERATE PORTRAIT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

'He is the most remarkable man in many respects that the South has ever produced, and it is doubtful if the records of a lordlier life than his can be found in the history of our Republic. He has never moved as other men, never worked by ordinary standards. He has been kingly in all his ways, lavish in his opinions, disdaining all expediency or deliberation, and moving to his ambitions with a princely assumption that has never been gainsaid by the people, and seldom by circumstances.'

This paragraph, printed in a Georgia paper at the time of Toombs's death, for all its extravagance of eulogy, strikes a good note for beginning the study of him. There was something lordly in the man, something commanding; and it is a matter of the greatest interest to see why his achievements did not correspond to his apparent gifts.

All agree that his physique was most impressive. Constant riding and other vigorous exercise kept him in excellent condition, and up to advanced years he was never ill. Mrs. Davis's admirable portrait of him should be borne in mind. 'Mr. Toombs was over six feet tall, with broad shoulders; his fine head set well on his shoulders, and was covered with long, glossy black hair, which, when speaking, he managed to toss about so as to recall the memory of Danton. His coloring was good, and his teeth brilliantly white, but his mouth was somewhat pendulous and subtracted from the rest of the strong face. His eyes were magnificent, dark, and flashing, and they had a certain lawless way of ranging about that was indicative of his character. His hands were beautiful and kept like those of a fashionable woman.'

These physical qualities must be taken into account in considering Toombs's speaking, and it was in speech that his greatest strength lay. Though his enunciation was too thick and harsh, Alexander Stephens considered him to be one of the greatest stump orators of any age or country. All the vigor, all the violence, all the fiery ardor and eager enthusiasm of that passionate temperament were poured into his words. He spoke to convince, if possible; if not, to overwhelm.

For the man was essentially a fighter and would yield to no one. His college life, in the late twenties, was in the main a record of unruly pranks, ending in a hasty request for honorable dismissal before some exceptional enormity became known to the authorities.

A little later he earned the title of captain by serving under General Scott in the Creek War.

The chief fighting of Toombs's early life, however, was done at the bar. He threw himself into the study of law with the passion which he showed in everything. At first he did not succeed

in practice. Perhaps clients distrusted his too combative qualities. But his energy, enthusiasm, and splendid gift of speech soon overcame this coldness, and wealth began to pour in upon him in a steady stream. He not only had 'a passion for the contest of the court-house,' but he was willing to prepare himself for it by determined labor. He would bear down opposition by the rush and vehemence of his oratory; but, if necessary, he could also analyze a complicated question, financial or other, in its minutest details. No one was more voluble where speech seemed indicated; yet when circumstances required brevity, he could eliminate every superfluous word. In one instance his adversary had exhausted the court, the jury, and the subject. Toombs simply rose and said: 'May it please your Honor, Seizin, Marriage, Death, Dower,' sat down, and won his case.

Few lawyers of that day kept out of politics. None was less likely to keep out of them than Toombs. He early began to devote his thoughts and his tongue to what he considered the welfare of his country, and he continued to do so, in one way or another, almost till his death. But to Toombs the essential of politics was always opposition. Heaven knows, there is enough to fight in this world, if a man wants fighting. And Toombs did. When he saw a rascal's head, he hit it, and few even determined optimists will deny that he might be kept busy. I cannot vouch for the following comment on him. But if not true, it is well invented. 'Revolution was the one instinct of his nature, absolute as that of sex in other men. "Do you mean revolution?" a gentleman once asked of him in my presence. "Revolution, yes; always, and ever, and from the first, revolution. Revolutionary times," he added; "there are, and there will be no good times but revolutionary times."'

Thus, both as representative and senator, Toombs's voice was usually heard loud in the negative. Curiously enough, he and Alexander Stephens were intimate friends and their course was apt to be the same, but from very different motives. Stephens's cool intellect always saw the doubts, the modifications, affecting any popular course of action. Toombs, also, had his intellectual convictions, but he opposed much more for the pure pleasure of opposition itself.

To begin with, he hated the party system. 'A nursery of faction,' he called it. It was not recognized by the Constitution. Why should he recognize it?

Acting on this principle, he fought friends as well as foes. If the common cry was war, this panoplied herald of good tidings could raise his trumpet voice for peace. Why should we fight England over a boundary? He was for peace — for honorable peace. 'It is the mother of all the hopes and virtues of mankind.' Why should we annex Texas and plunder Mexico? Greed, greed, all greed. 'A people who go to war without just and sufficient cause, with no other motive than pride and the love of glory, are enemies to the human race, and deserve the execration of all mankind. What, then, must be the judgment of a war for plunder?'

With domestic matters there was the same strenuous ardor in attacking old tradition and new encroachment. Congress itself was not to be respected, if not respectable. He speaks of 'members of the two Houses of Congress who come here three months in one year and eight months in another — which is about three times too long in my judgment.' Public improvements and public facilities which tended to abridge the rights of the individual — he would have none of them. The post office — a dubious thing, the post

office. 'I do not think it right, before God, for me to make another man pay my expenses.' Rivers, harbors! What are they compared to corruption? 'Instead of leaving the taxes or the money in the pockets of the people, you have spent nine months in endeavoring to squander and in arranging to have more to squander in the next Congress.' Railroads! Why, our old Roman virtue will not allow us even to approve of one to benefit our own home town.

Then there are pensions, a pestilent legacy of a heroic struggle. The old soldiers themselves, if they are the men I take them for, will refuse them. Hurt my popularity? What do I care for my popularity? do you suppose I am here to please myself? I had rather be at home, on my farm, with my wife, my slaves, and my cattle. Another thing, — the cry of Americanism, Know-Nothingism. I scorn it to your faces. And you may turn me down, if you like. Are not Catholics as good as Protesttants, if they serve God? So he spoke out, in the height of the fanatical fury; and openly gave a large subscription to a Catholic church.

Everywhere it was the individual against the mob, high or low, forward or backward. The rich were not to be favored at the expense of the poor. At the same time, let his enemies criticize his own lavish living and see what they would get. Who would say that he had not earned his money? He had a right to spend it as he chose. Perish such demagogy — such senseless stuff. And the people cheered him for his candor and audacity.

As for that mysterious phantom, the money power, which broods like a shadow over the young twentieth century, this Boanerges of liberty divined, detected, and defied it sixty years ago, in a little different form, but in words which might come from the White House to-day. 'I have perceived that this mischief is widespread, this corruption greater, this tendency to the destruction of the country more dangerous. The tendency to place the whole government under the money power of the nation is greater and greater.'

And while many of these protests were uttered in the name of the sacred principle of State Rights, let that principle itself once impose any obnoxious restraint, and its sanctity became as questionable as that of any other. Thus, in opposing certain obstructions to a projected scheme, he cries out: 'Public opinion will take them away, even though a sovereign state may stand up for them. Nothing else can reach Pennsylvania in this matter but public opinion; and public opinion will prevail in Pennsylvania as it has done elsewhere.' And the public opinion of the world was shortly to prevail in the states of the Confederacy, in spite of Toombs and thousands like him, with their inviolable sovereignty.

In all these various causes of opposition there was the same impetuous ardor of argument, the same splendid fury of invective, which, backed by the masterful presence and the thunderous voice, must have gone a long way to produce submission, if not conviction. Listen to the manner in which he upbraids the Senate for sloth and hesitancy. 'Are we incapable of deciding subjects here? Why, sir, the gravest questions of peace and war and finance and everything concerning a great government, are decided in almost all countries in one sitting. Here, after years of labor, seas of words, boundless, illimitable seas of words, and speeches to enlighten others, we come now to what I trust is a consummation of this difficulty, and we are asked for time because gentlemen do not understand it. I do not think they will ever understand it any better.'

But of course all other disputes and battles were trifling and of minor significance compared to the great struggle between slavery and abolition, between North and South. The opportunities given by such a conflict were things of ecstasy to a nature like Toombs's, and he breathed the fiery atmosphere as if it were his native clime. Scene after scene is depicted, in which he stood out alone against a howling mob, bellowing what pleased him without regard to what pleased them, and in the end overcoming hatred by mere force of temperament.

Toombs's power in this regard was divined by Stephens long before the actual crisis came, and the latter gives a striking account of sending his friend to New York to face a bitterly hostile audience, and of the way in which Toombs, partly by clever ruse, partly by overmastering argument, succeeded in gaining a hearing and more than a hearing.

Then there was the furious contest over the speakership of the House, in 1849. Owing to the secession of the Southern Whigs, no majority vote could be secured, and Toombs insisted that the House, not yet formally organized, could take no action in the matter. Members proceeded to take action. Toombs protested. Members shouted him down. He would not be shouted down. 'You may cry "Order," gentlemen, until the heavens fall; you cannot take this place from me.' 'Confusion increased,' says the biographer. 'Members called out to encourage Mr. Toombs, and others to put him down. In the midst of this Babel he continued to speak, his black hair thrown back, his face flushed, and his eyes blazing like suns.' He continued to speak, and in the end they heard him. It was a disgraceful exhibition, said the Northern papers. No doubt it was; yet one cannot help agreeing with Stephens that it was a splendid physical and oratorical achievement.

Even more notable, though the opposition was moral, not physical, was Toombs's defense of slavery in Tremont Temple, Boston, in 1856. The actual audience was decorous enough; but when one thinks of the man and the place, of all he represented and of the passionate anti-slavery spirit boiling about him, the occasion stands out as picturesque, to say the least.

Not less characteristic, in view of all it meant, is the coolness of his testimony concerning the assault made by Brooks upon Charles Sumner. Toombs was charged with having given Brooks the support of his presence, if not more. His answer, not merely to the indignant Senate, but to the angry millions of the insulted North, is startling in its imperturbable insolence. 'As for rendering Mr. Sumner any assistance, I did not do it. As to what was said, some gentlemen present condemned it in Mr. Brooks; I stated to him, or to some of my own friends, probably, that I approved it. That is my opinion.' And again: 'So far as relates to interfering, or giving assistance, he is right. I gave none. I did not put in and should not on that side.'

So we come to the break and the great parting. But before considering Toombs's activity in this, let us look at some of the other elements of his character. For the more I study these prominent men of the Civil War period, and indeed the prominent men of any period, the more I see that their greatness consists largely in a balance of qualities; that is, even when they have one quality in marked excess, it is tempered, restrained, and modified by a striking makeweight of its opposites. Thus, so far, we have seen Toombs as a fighter, riotous, rebellious, exulting in the extravagant and often ill-timed display of violence, almost a sort of

political mountebank. Yet he was also something far more than this, and something far different.

He had a splendid sense of humor. This, as might be expected, was often rough, noisy, and boisterous, and did him damage; but it had its charm, nevertheless. He enjoyed practical jokes, like a great boy, as when, at Taylor's suggestion, he switched off in the dark a train-load of Governor Brown's pet state troops for a fight in South Carolina. He used a shrewd and savage wit in assailing his political adversaries. 'You have heard what the gentleman says about my coming home to practice law. He promises, if elected to Congress, he will not leave his seat. I leave you to judge, fellow-citizens, whether your interests in Washington will be best protected by his continued presence or his occasional absence.' Some one urged that an antagonist had made at least one good appointment. 'That may be,' answered Toombs, 'but that was not the reason it was made. Bacon was not accused of selling injustice. He was eternally damned for selling justice.'

The same shining vivacity of repartee seems to have been always ready, in private society as in public gatherings. That keen and passionate tongue must indeed have been somewhat dreaded. How bitter is the story of the red-headed man! Toombs was dining with General Scott and told of a woman who rushed about in a steamer explosion, crying, 'Save the red-headed man, save the red-headed man.' The red-headed man was saved, but the woman appeared quite indifferent. 'He owes me ten thousand dollars,' she explained. 'General,' said Toombs, turning to Scott, 'the Union owes you ten thousand dollars.' These outbursts must have done Toombs more harm than anyone else, as when he remarked carelessly, 'We are the gentlemen of this country,' and gave rise to William Whitmore's pamphlet of *The Cavalier Dismounted;* or when he stuffed an innocent English peer with monstrous tales of slave-holding obliquity which were afterwards recorded in print to the serious discredit of the narrator.

Yet there is general agreement that Toombs was one of the most brilliant and fascinating of talkers, and Linton Stephens, no bad judge, says, 'Toombs, or Tom Thomas, can, and frequently do, speak more witticisms in one night than Rabelais in a lifetime wrote.'

The sunniest, the sweetest, the most winning picture of Toombs and his laughter is that admirably given by Mrs. Davis. 'During the time of the highest excitement over the compromise measures, when Mr. Toombs was on his feet twenty times a day, he rose at daylight, took French lessons with his daughter, and became a good French scholar so far as reading the language went. He would sit with his hands full of the reporters' notes on his speeches for correction, with *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* in the other hand, roaring over the play. I said to him, "I do not see how you can enjoy that so much." He answered, "Whatever the Almighty lets his geniuses create, He makes some one to enjoy: these plays take all the soreness out of me."' Something to love here, is there not?

And if the man liked laughter, he liked sunshine and quiet also; country air, and trees, and flowers. He himself said that in a 'very busy and tempestuous life a spacious garden, with orchards and vineyards, was to him an unfailing source of recreation and pleasure.' He was a practical farmer, too, himself superintended vast plantations and had an army of slaves under his charge. Alexander Stephens, an unimpeachable witness, tells us that 'his plantation discipline and his treatment of his slaves was on a perfect

system of reason, justice, and humanity, looking as much to the welfare of his dependents as to his own pecuniary interests,' and that 'his system and its success were wonderful. He would have as overseers only men of sobriety, good sense, and humanity.'

In the personal relations of life also, Toombs seems to have been full of charm. One vice he had, the taste for alcohol, which in later years overcame him disastrously. But even this, throughout his active life, he could and did control when necessary, and in any case it was but a feature of his strong social instinct and his love for the warm contact of his fellow men. A true Southerner, he was ready to entertain everybody, and protested against the establishment of a hotel in his home town. 'If a respectable man comes to town, he can stay at my house. If he is n't respectable, we don't want him here at all.' He was sensitive, emotional, ready to respond to any stimulus of affection or pathos. 'In speaking of the death of Mr. Brooks the other day in the Senate, he broke out in weeping and had to stop,' writes Stephens.

Toombs's religious experience seems to have been somewhat elementary, but sincere. It was amusingly mixed with the impetuosity which characterized him in everything. When his wife was dying, he had some talks on serious subjects with the family doctor, who was anxious to put him in the right way. 'Why, doctor, I am a prayerful man. I read the Bible and the Prayer Book every day.' 'Then why not be baptized, general?' 'Baptize me, doctor,' was the prompt reply.

Especially attractive is Toombs's affection for his wife, and the tenderness apparent in the few published fragments of his letters to her. She was a woman well worth his attachment, and the perfect marital fidelity emphasized by all his biographers is distinctly noticeable in a man of such a vigorous and impetuous temperament, beset at all times by so many temptations. The frankness, sincerity, and genuine humility of his nature show well in a passage written to Mrs. Toombs after their daughter's death. 'God bless you! Pray for me, that I may be a better man in the new year than in all the old ones before in my time.' And equally attractive is the following expression of gratitude after twenty years of marriage. 'I know for whatever success in life I may have had, whatever evil I may have avoided, or whatever good I may have done, I am indebted to the beautiful, pure, true hearted little girl, who on the 18th November, 1830, came trustingly to my arms, the sweetest and dearest of wives.'

Toombs's excellent balancing traits were by no means confined to domestic and social life. We have seen something of his headlong fury; but this was constantly tempered by shrewdness, by foresight, restraint and moderation, when these qualities were clearly called for by circumstances. We have already heard Stephens testify that his friend was an admirable man of business. Adversaries even asserted that 'he loaned like a prince and collected like a Shylock.' Certain it is that he had a remarkable grasp of finance, could unravel a complicated web of figures with precision and rapidity, and seize and clarify the essential features of the most bewildering business tangle.

In his profession I have before referred to his immense labor in getting at the facts. He was quick to grasp essential points, but he did not neglect supplementing them by details which were essential also. 'Reading the report of a case, or an author on any subject, he at once seizes upon the real ideas, gleaning the vital part from the general verbiage by a process rapid as intuition,' says Stephens. And when

the material was thus once prepared, it was presented to the court, with vigor and passion, indeed, but also with method and thoughtful intelligence. 'As a lawyer, I have never seen his equal before judge and jury,' adds the same excellent authority.

And in law he was as honest as he was able. 'An able lawyer and an honest man,' writes Mr. Rhodes; 'though harsh and intolerant in expression, he was frank in purpose.' Good stories are told, illustrating his absolute probity and determination to keep his hands clean. 'Yes, you can recover in this suit,' he said once to a client, 'but you ought not to do so. This is a case in which law and justice are on opposite sides.' And on the client's insisting, Toombs remarked, 'Then you must hire some one else to assist you in your damned rascality.' Again, a lawyer asked him what fee should be charged in a certain case. 'Well,' said Toombs, 'I should have charged a thousand dollars; but you ought to have five thousand, for you did a great many things I could not have done.' And to the end of his life he boasted that he had never had a dirty shilling in his pocket.

Even in politics we find these curious contradictions of moderation and sagacity mingling with the ardor and violence of Toombs's general temperament. It was said of him that he was 'violent in speech but safe in counsel,' and many things prove that it was so. To one who has been startled by the vehemence of some particular outburst, the full reading of many of his speeches is a revelation of dignity, sobriety, and common sense. In numerous instances the course he recommended and urged and followed was the course of moderation and fairness. Thus, in 1851, he supported Clay and Webster in the Compromise measures, making himself extremely obnoxious to the Southern fire-eaters by doing so. And I think the importance of this action by the moderate Whigs cannot be too much insisted upon. They roused the wrath of the violent partisans in all sections, and Webster, at least, earned the hatred and contempt of a large number of his constituents. Yet it would be easy to maintain that the patriotic course of that group of Whig leaders in 1851 saved the Union, not only then, but forever. They delayed the conflict for ten years, and during those ten years the North had time to accumulate the resources which, even so, were barely sufficient to enable it to overcome.

Again, in the great Kansas struggle, Toombs's voice was given for moderation and prudence. 'Senator Toombs introduced a bill which, in fairness to the free-state settlers, went far beyond the measures that earlier in the session had been drawn by Douglas,' says Mr. Rhodes. And elsewhere, 'When Toombs said he was willing to take the will of the people [of Kansas] in a proper and just manner and abide by the result, he was sincere. An old Whig, he had the Whig love of the Union.'

Still another curious case of Toombs's moderation is the Boston speech above referred to. In going straight into the centre of the hostile country and speaking on the subject of bitterest contention, slavery, he was indulging all his native instincts of combativeness. But once there, the speech he made was a model of simple, honest, reasonable statement of the very best that could be said for his fellows and for himself. No more persuasive, more manly, more human argument for Negro servitude was ever uttered than Toombs presented in the headquarters of abolition on the platform of Tremont Temple in 1856.

And so, when we come to the last great crisis of all, we find Toombs, the revolutionist, the hothead, the fire-

eater, not doing his best at all times and at every opportunity to foment sedition and urge an outbreak, but keeping his temper, counseling moderation, anxious, to the very end, to cling to the old ties, if it were possible. It is true, he had his moments of forgetfulness. 'Toombs has just delivered a speech of the most abusive and inflammatory character of [*sic*] Judge Douglas. He spoke like a madman and acted like a fanatic,' writes Stephens. Yet, during much of the time, his counsel was for restraint, deliberation, and endurance as long as endurance was possible. With calm foresight he deprecated any contemptuous assertion that the people of either section of the Union would be found cowardly when the crisis came. 'Sir, if there shall ever be civil war in this country, when honest men shall set about cutting each other's throats, those who are least to be depended on in a fight will be the people who set them at it.' So late as December, 1860, he earned the ill-will of the violent party in his own state by opposing immediate secession. He thought that definite action should be fixed for March 4, yet even to this he adds the admirable words: 'I certainly would yield that point to correct and honest men who were with me in principle, but who were more hopeful of redress from the aggressors than I am, especially if any such active measures should be taken by the wrongdoers as promised to give us redress in the Union.' It is only when he is forced to abandon hope that he commits himself in final and characteristically decisive language. 'I will tell you, on the faith of a true man, that all further looking to the North for security for your constitutional rights ought to be abandoned.... Secession by the 4th day of March next should be thundered from the ballot-box by the unanimous voice of Georgia on the 2d day of January next.'

The same spirit of provident foresight followed Toombs even into the inception of the Confederate policy, when all the hotheads were clamoring for fire and steel. During the discussion in the cabinet over attacking Sumter, Toombs spoke vehemently and decidedly in opposition. 'Mr. President, at this time it is suicide, murder, and will lose us every friend at the North. You will wantonly strike a hornet's nest which extends from mountains to ocean, and legions, now quiet, will swarm out and sting us to death. It is unnecessary; it puts us in the wrong; it is fatal.'

We might, then, suppose that this arch rebel, with brains tempering his rebellion, who had been so prominent all through the long political contest, would have stood out among the first when rebellion took organized shape. It is most curious and instructive to see how, after all, the dominant instincts of his nature prevented this from coming to pass. At first his name was mentioned for president of the Confederacy, and he was thought of by many very seriously as a candidate. How far he himself sought the office may be questioned. Writing with entire frankness to his wife he disclaims all ambition: 'I want nothing but the defeat of the public enemy, and to retire with you for the balance of my life in peace and quiet in any decent corner of a free country.' But such disclaimers do not count for much.

Alexander Stephens, who liked Toombs and disliked Davis, but who was not usually much blinded by his feelings, would have preferred to see the former at the head of the government. 'Thrift follows him, unthrift Davis. Had Toombs been made President — that he was not, was only an accident — it is my conviction that the whole scheme of action, nay, the results would have been changed....

The object sought would have been less objectionable to the North. It would, after two years of war, have been gained by a special treaty because it was strictly constitutional. . . . But Davis, Davis — I know not why he was elected President of the Confederacy, except that he never succeeded in anything he undertook.'

In spite of Stephens's weighty authority, I cannot imagine Toombs succeeding at the head of a great government. Is it possible that one so utterly untrained to obey should ever have been able to command? Those who are inclined to Stephens's view should consider well the little scene depicted by the diarist, Jones, as occurring in the War Office at Montgomery, when the Confederacy was hardly born. Toombs was holding forth to members of the cabinet — in a public office, mind you, before the gaping clerks. 'He was most emphatic in the advocacy of his policy, and bold almost to rashness in his denunciation of the mainly defensive idea. He was opposed to all delays as fraught with danger. . . . He was for making the war as terrible as possible from the beginning. It was to be no child's play. . . . He denounced with bitterness the neglect of the authorities in Virginia. The enemy should not have been permitted to cross the Potomac. . . . Virginia alone could have raised and thrown across the Potomac 25,000 men, and driven the Yankees beyond the Susquehanna. But she, to avoid responsibility, had been telegraphing Davis to come to the rescue; and if he (Toombs) had been in Davis's place, he would have taken the responsibility.' This is the tongue which, Stephens thinks, could have saved the Confederacy!

Well, he did not become President, at any rate, and it is to be noted that he characteristically gave his hearty support to the election of Davis. What happened further? Davis, who realized how mighty a power the man had been, was ready to offer him a place in the cabinet, the most honorable, if not the most important. And Toombs became Secretary of State. He held the position about four months. His biographer implies that, having put everything in the best possible shape, he sought a more active life. This is not the general view. Some maintain that he had not the system or the practical gifts for managing so great an office, and they cite his sarcastic remark that he carried the records of the State Department under his hat. They misjudge him. We have already seen that he was master of all the details of handling a great plantation, and that in these he could be systematic enough. Such of his state papers and dispatches as have been printed are admirable in their vigor, brevity, and point.

The true explanation of his failure is supplied by Mrs. Chesnut in her usual terse and vivid fashion: 'Incompatibility of temper. Mr. T. rides too high a horse; that is, for so despotic a person as Jeff Davis.' And Toombs himself indicates the same condition of things in a letter to his wife referring to a later suggestion that he should be Secretary of War, — a post, by the way, for which Stephens considered him peculiarly qualified: 'I thought I had been very explicit on that point. I would not be Mr. Davis's chief clerk. His Secretary of War can never be anything else. . . . So far as I am concerned, Mr. Davis will never give me a chance for personal distinction. He thinks I pant for it, poor fool.'

There remains the army. Here, at least, Toombs should have shone out. Did he? A friend who knew him well said of him: 'He had one ambition, and that to the highest office within the Confederacy. That could not be gratified. He had another, to be Comman-

der-in-Chief of the armies. That could not be gratified. He had no more.' As to the ambitions, who shall say? The fact is that the disappointed statesman plunged into a military career with headlong energy, and that he came out of it pretty much as he had come out of the political. Why?

Certain excellent military qualities he had, undoubtedly. He was brave; rashly, extravagantly brave. He had the gift of inspiring others with his bravery. History will not forget his magnificent defense of the bridge at Antietam. General Lee's praise of any man is the most enduring badge of glory, and Lee said, 'General Toombs's small command repulsed five different assaults made by greatly superior forces, and maintained its position with distinguished gallantry.'

Also, Toombs was beloved by the men of his brigade and took excellent care of them. He looked out for their health and comfort in every possible way. 'Whether against Johnston, Longstreet, or Hill, the First Brigade, First Division, was sure of a fearless champion in the person of its commander,' says the ardent biographer.

The biographer seems to overlook the somewhat extraordinary sound of commending an officer with so much enthusiasm for his bellicose attitude against his own superiors. But here, as everywhere, we meet in Toombs the same old defect. He was a splendid individual fighter; but he could not learn that fighting, like everything else, to be fruitful and efficient, requires, first of all, subordination. He could not learn discipline.

Thus, one of his sick soldiers was refused hospital on account of some technicality. Toombs was told that the rules were fixed by General Johnston. He rode right up to the general's tent and spoke out in his emphatic fashion. 'You have been too rash,' protested his own surgeon, 'you will be arrested.' Johnston did not arrest him, because he liked Toombs and was generous himself. But another commander would have done so.

Again, Toombs was fond of holding forth, even to the common soldiers, on the proper conduct of the war. If he disapproved of the action of his superiors, he did not hesitate to say so, and often without very thorough knowledge of what his superiors were aiming at. He hated West Point because it meant discipline and training, and he hated Davis because Davis supported West Point. When the general rejoined his regiment after arrest, he is said to have cried out, 'Go it, boys! I am with you again. Jeff Davis can make a general, but it takes God Almighty to make a soldier.' Comment is needless.

Nor did he hesitate at direct disobedience, when it suited him. The attack at Golding's farm, during the Seven Days' battles, made against Lee's explicit orders, is a doubtful case, because Toombs claimed to have instructions from his immediate superior. But in the campaign of Second Bull Run, Toombs's brigade was ordered by Longstreet to guard a certain ford. Longstreet's delicious, patronizing account of the affair should be read in full. Toombs was absent at the time, dining with a friend. When he returned, he swore that nobody should put his men in an exposed position like that without his knowledge, and ordered them back to camp, for which piece of independence, with accompanying bravado, Longstreet very properly arrested him.

And ready as he was to criticize others, this fiery spirit had no notion of being criticized himself. D. H. Hill, not distinguished for his soft tongue, rode up in the middle of an action, and not understanding the circumstances,

blamed Toombs for the conduct of his troops. 'You are always crying out, fight, fight,' said Hill, in substance. 'Why don't you fight?' Toombs resented it bitterly and would have insisted on a duel, if Hill would have met him.

It is hardly necessary to follow Toombs the soldier any further. Many fine things are told of him, notably his whole-hearted submission when taken back to duty after his arrest by Longstreet. Longstreet liked him, as indeed did everyone, and is said to have remarked of him admiringly that he needed only discipline to make him a great general. Perhaps he needed some other things; but discipline was the crying need of his whole life, and it is indeed pathetic to see such exceptional gifts falling, falling, by rapid stages, from the candidacy for president to a petty and insignificant position in the Georgia militia. Mrs. Chesnut sums up his career with splendid vividness, if perhaps a little too vividly: 'Toombs is ready for another revolution, and curses freely every Confederate from the President to a horseboy. He thinks there is a conspiracy against him in the army. Why? Heavens and earth! Why?'

The Confederacy falls and Toombs falls with it, what distance he has left to fall. In his own opinion, at any rate, the North was thirsting for his blood, and the melodramatic incidents of his escape from capture must have afforded him infinite pleasure: flights, disguises, concealments, thrilling hints of treachery, also the protection of lovely and intellectual young women. He was 'a Chesterfield with ladies,' says his biographer. 'The general would walk to and fro along the shaded walks and pour forth, in his matchless way, the secret history of the ruin of the Confederate hopes.' I wish I could have heard him!

And now comes the last curiosity in this extraordinary career. Before the war, in times of organized society, the man had stood forth a splendid rebel. Then, when rebellion became the fashion and had spread to everybody about him, he sank into complete insignificance. Comparative peace was restored, comparative organization; and immediately, as a rebel and a fighter, he came again to the front. After he returned from his brief exile in Europe, he struck in at once with vehement battle against all the sins and errors of carpetbag reconstruction. It certainly was a fine opportunity! How he must have luxuriated in the tempest of epithets which he hurled against the dominant party that was over-riding him and his fellows. 'Its tyranny, its corruption, its treachery to the Caucasian race, its patronage of vice, of fraud, of crime and criminals.' What hearty wealth of honest egotism rings in his cry of disgust at the things that were going on about him. 'I am sorry I have got so much sense. I see into the tricks of these public men too quickly. When God Almighty moves me from the earth, he will take away a heap of experience. I expect when a man gets to be seventy he ought to go, for he knows too much for other people's convenience.'

In this later phase again, as so frequently before, we should observe the makeweights of sound common sense and real constructive intelligence. No one's brain was more helpful than his in framing the new constitution of Georgia. And in opposing everything in general, he opposed some particular things for which wise men can never commend him too much. He opposed the popular election of judges, and when told that it worked well where it had been tried, answered, with the classical colloquialism he loved to use: 'It is easy to take the road to hell, but few

people ever return from it.' He opposed the too hasty allotment of privileges and powers to railroads and other corporations. His words would find many to-day to echo them, few to improve them. 'What do I see before me? The grave. What beyond that? Starving millions of our posterity, that I have robbed by my action here, in giving them over to the keeping of these corporations. The right to control these railroads belongs to the State, to the people, and as long as I represent the people, I will not relinquish it, so help me God!'

A fighter, you see, while breath was in him; a rampant individualist, a champion of all the wordy ideals of the eighteenth century, the embodiment of passionate will, which would not be over-persuaded, or over-ridden, or broken-down. Although he nominally accepted Christianity, and even declared on his death-bed that he 'had not a resentment, I would not pang a heart,' yet he remained proud, haughty, self-confident, to the very end. 'Yes, I know, I am fast passing away. Life's fitful fever will soon be over. I would not blot out a single act of my life.' The United States government had conquered him, subdued him, constrained him. It governed Georgia and he was a Georgian. But he never forgave. 'Pardon?' he said, when they asked him to sue for amnesty, 'pardon for what? I have not pardoned you all yet.' And he declared that he would die as he had lived, 'an unrepentant, unreconciled, unreconstructed rebel.'

Together with not a few others of the admirable qualities of Milton's Satan, he had in a high degree the one quality which we respect most in that heroic, if somewhat unregenerate, type of Promethean rebellion: —

> The courage never to submit or yield,
> Aud what is else not to be overcome.

CAIN, THE KEY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

A SMALL blind girl sat on the veranda steps of the Lomax School for deaf and blind children, and blew upon a tin horn. She was an appealing scrap of humanity, with her thin little body and dreamy face, and her big blank eyes which had a wistful trick of rolling up and down and from side to side, suggesting a little the restless pacing of a caged animal, as they continually quested the dark for some tiny loophole of light.

At present she was utterly happy. The spring sunshine warmed her all over, and she drank it in at every sensitive pore. She had blown at first soft little tentative notes upon her horn, just tasting, as it were, its delightful possibilities all over; but now she had settled to one thrilling blast emitted again and again. It is possible that in the note's apparent monotony she divined shades of sound which the casual listener would have missed; but it was not merely sound to her, it was color, and emotion, and filled her with

a passionate delight. She had not lost her sight until she was ten years old, so that now at eleven she still retained the faculty of making mental pictures, and to her mind, intoxicated by the sound, that single note appeared like a red streak of flame going up and up into the sky. It made moreover a sharp background for all the impressions which her senses gathered for her, and presently these impressions began to translate themselves into a little silent chant. She seemed to see the words like a flock of small hurrying people that ran out of her mouth, through her horn, and by that bright flame-ladder of sound went scurrying away to the warm sky. The words said, —

'I am sitting in the sunshine, I can feel it pour all over me, and my beautiful horn gathers it up and blows it back into the air. I can hear the deaf children running and laughing and playing in their yard. I can hear Janey Simons practicing on the piano in the blind girls' sitting-room — and my beautiful horn it blows and it blows for me! The wind blows the smell of the Easter flowers in the garden to me. I think maybe the wind loves the flowers, and turns their little faces up one after another for the sun to see — and my beautiful horn it blows for me! I love Miss Cynthia. She will come presently, her footsteps as light and swift as the wind, and take us all back to school, and my beautiful horn —'

At this moment another blind girl came out of the sitting-room which opened on the porch, and, groping for the little horn-blower, caught her arm and snatched the horn violently away.

'For *mercy sakes*, Phœbe West! *Quit* blowing on that old horn like that!' she cried.

For a moment Phœbe was stunned by this sudden shattering of her entranced world; then, with a cry, she leaped to her feet and flung herself upon the other. They fought back and forth, struggling over the horn.

'Girls! Girls! Why, *Phœbe!* Janey! Why, I'm *ashamed* of you!'

Miss Cynthia, one of the younger teachers, came quickly along the porch, and separated the two.

'To think of two of my girls *fighting!*' she exclaimed.

'Well, she was enough to drive a person just *distracted!*' the assailant, a clumsy overgrown girl of fourteen, defended herself.

'She snatched my horn just when I — when I was *so* happy!' Phœbe cried passionately; and dropping down on the steps she burst into an agony of tears.

Miss Cynthia went on, —

'Why, if you girls take to behaving like this, I shall have to ask Mr. Lincoln to shut you up in that empty room at the top of the school, where he puts the boys when they've been fighting.'

'But I just bet Mr. Lincoln would n't do that to the girls!' Janey protested, the rudeness of her tone hardly masking its panic; and Phœbe stopped crying, and raised her head to listen.

'Why certainly he would if the girls behave like bad boys,' Miss Cynthia returned. 'And now,' she added as, recess being over, the bell rang, 'come along to school and I'll tell you something interesting. Come along, little girl.' Reaching down she took Phœbe's small hand which always clung so affectionately to hers, and jumped her to her feet.

Over in the classroom, Miss Cynthia's 'something interesting' proved to be that Mr. Lincoln, the Superintendent, to stimulate the imagination of the younger children, had offered the prize of a book for the best set of verses written within the next week by any blind child under fifteen. The whole Blind Department was to celebrate the occasion with ice-cream and cake; the cake to be a large fancy

one decorated with white icing, and to have the winner's name done in pink across the top, — a tribute from Mr. Hartwell, the baker, who, though himself a deaf mute, could always be counted upon to further any good cause in the school.

'I should feel very proud if one of my scholars were to win such a prize,' Miss Cynthia concluded impressively, 'and I have a feeling that there is a child here who might win it, if he or she — I won't say whether I am thinking of a boy or a girl — chose to try hard enough.'

'I just know Miss Cynthia means me,' Janey Simons whispered to her next neighbor with a satisfied little toss of her head, ''cause of that poem I wrote on Easter.'

But Miss Cynthia did not mean Janey. All her hopes were secretly centred upon Phœbe West, whose poetic fancy flashed out now and again like a sudden bright flame set vividly off against the unimaginative background of the other children's good average little brains.

Phœbe had lost her sight only a year and a half ago, and had therefore not been playing the difficult game of how-to-be-blind for very long; and with all the bright pictures of what the world held for seeing people still stored in her eager mind, which had always taken such passionate delight in lovely things, she found the game harder to play than did the children who had been at it longer. Despairingly hard it was at times, and at these times after she came to Lomax, her adored Miss Cynthia had understood, and had helped and comforted, and in consequence there had grown up between the two a very close tie of affection.

Whatever Phœbe may have been before the loss of her sight, the school only knew her as a docile and timid little creature who through her parents' misplaced solicitude had been so waited upon and led about by a large family of brothers and sisters that she was as yet very dependent upon some friendly hand to guide her in the dark of her little world. So usually fearful of finding her way alone was she, that Miss Cynthia was astounded, when returning that afternoon from a walk with one of the teachers, to catch sight some distance from the school grounds of a small blue-and-white gingham-clad figure huddled close in a corner of the rail-fence bordering the roadside.

'Why, Phœbe! Why, little girl, what are you doing out here all alone!' she exclaimed.

At the sound of her voice the child leaped up with a glad little tremulous cry.

'O Miss Cynthia!' she quavered, acute relief in her voice. 'Oh! I *hoped* maybe those would be your darling footsteps coming down the road.' She clung to the teacher's hand trembling a little, 'I — I was *scared*,' she whispered.

Here Miss Julia, Cynthia's companion, a much older teacher, saw fit to make a protest in behalf of discipline.

'Don't you know it 's against the rules to go out of the grounds like this?' she demanded.

Miss Julia was an estimable person, but one whose voice fell with no softness upon the sensitive ears of small blind people detected in disobedience. Miss Cynthia was conscious that Phœbe trembled faintly as she leaned against her.

'I do believe you were running away!' Miss Julia pursued severely.

'Yes — yes 'm,' Phœbe faltered and hung her head.

'You *were!* Why, I'm perfectly astonished! What were you doing it for?'

Looking down at the curve of the child's painfully crimsoning cheek, it seemed to Cynthia that an intangible veil of reserve and almost defiance was

drawn suddenly across the sensitive little face.

'I don't know,' the child answered, her voice almost lost in fear.

'Don't know! Of *course* you know! Don't tell *me* stories, and don't let me catch you out of bounds again, or I'll report you to Mr. Lincoln and he'll very likely lock you up all alone in that room where he puts the bad boys.'

At this second mention of that prison room Phœbe's nervous fingers twitched in Miss Cynthia's grasp, and the latter felt an acute indignation over the other teacher's severity; but Miss Julia was the senior in command and she dared not interfere.

If Miss Cynthia had been astounded to find Phœbe out on the high road all alone, events followed swiftly which were more than astounding; in the light of the small girl's heretofore affectionate and shrinking character, they were no less than appalling. At half-past ten the next morning, in Miss Cynthia's classroom, Phœbe West put out a small feeling foot, and deliberately tripped up Janey Simons as she was innocently passing the former's desk. Janey came sprawling to the floor, bumping her head and immediately bursting into wild tears.

Miss Cynthia rushed forward and picked her up. 'Why, *Phœbe!*' she cried in consternation.

Phœbe had started to her feet and stood trembling slightly, her whole little person keyed to an intensity of listening. Her face was white and horrified, and in a moment she too dissolved in tears.

Miss Cynthia soothed the frightened Janey, and put some hamamelis on the bumped head.

'For such outrageous conduct I shall report Phœbe West to Mr. Lincoln,' she announced, her usually sweet voice so alarmingly stern, that every small pupil applied frightened fingers diligently to the raised print of the lesson books, afraid to do more than wrinkle an inquisitive nose, and sniff very faintly at the smell of hamamelis, though at ordinary times it would have occasioned much pleasant conversation.

'Mr. Lincoln he — he won't put me up in that big room all — all alone, will he?' Phœbe's shaky little voice inquired, feeling its way unsteadily, as it were, through the dark.

'I don't know what he will think necessary to do to a little girl who for no reason *whatever* deliberately trips another one up,' Miss Cynthia returned coldly.

At this statement of the outrage committed upon her, Janey shed a few more tears.

Phœbe escaped the locking up, however, Mr. Lincoln ordering her to bed straight after supper, hours before the other children; a form of punishment over which Miss Cynthia drew a secret breath of relief. As a child she had suffered an acute fear of being locked into places, and she could not bear the thought of her timid little Phœbe's having to pass through such an ordeal.

The next day, however, she underwent a change of heart in the matter. When she entered her schoolroom with her bright 'morning face,' she found the children awaiting her, but not seated as usual at their desks. Instead they were in an agitated group surrounding her treasured rose-geranium, a plant which usually graced the window-sill, — lending a refreshing fragrance to the room, most grateful to small inquiring noses, — but which now lay shattered upon the floor. It had been dear to the whole room, for the gift of one of its spicy leaves pinned on the front of an apron, or stuck in the buttonhole of a coat, had been Miss Cynthia's highest mark of approbation; and the children bent over it in deep solicitude, feeling with delicate,

excited fingers the bruised leaves, and all the wreckage of earth and broken pottery.

'Oh my poor geranium! How *did* it happen?' Miss Cynthia cried.

Instantly all the little listening faces turned in her direction and a very babel of accusation broke forth.

'Phœbe —'

'Phœbe West she did it —'

'She pulled it right over on purpose —'

'She said, "I'm going to smash that old geranium," an' she did!'

'Yes, sir! Miss Cynthia, that's just what she did do!'

Miss Cynthia looked at Phœbe in consternation.

'Did you break my pretty plant on purpose?' she demanded incredulously.

Phœbe, conscious with her whole strained little body of her teacher's eyes upon her, showed a small tragic face; nevertheless she affirmed the accusation.

'Yes'm,' she whispered with an effort.

'But why? what do you mean by such behavior?'

Phœbe hung her head, but gave no answer.

Miss Cynthia regarded her a moment in a hurt and perplexed silence; then, 'Take your reader, and come with me,' she said. 'As you cannot behave properly with other children, and with pretty things, I shall put you upstairs in that empty room, where you will have to study all alone.'

In the oppressive silence and loneliness of the top story, Miss Cynthia, after trying in vain to win some explanation of her extraordinary conduct from Phœbe, left the child, a small desolate figure seated on the floor in the very middle of the wide bare room. The teacher's heart smote her as she turned the key in the lock, and she lingered a moment outside, dreading an outburst of panic-stricken tears. But all was silent. When she returned later to release her, however, there were signs that Phœbe had wept copiously.

The situation developed rapidly and appallingly. The next day Miss Cynthia's usually well-ordered classroom was reduced to pandemonium. Immediately after school was assembled, Phœbe West, with a set fatalistic little face, went on what might be termed a whirlwind campaign. Within the space of three short, stormy minutes she slapped Johnny Coleman's plump, surprised little face, snatched away Janey Simons's book, and gave Maggie Ridgeway's flaxen curls an agonizing jerk. After which opening she became a veritable little fury, attacking any and everybody with whom her fingers came in contact, until with a swift and terrible hand Miss Cynthia dragged her from a crowd of outraged children and marched her off upstairs. There, failing again to make the child explain herself, she locked her up once more, but this time she did not linger softheartedly outside. Closing the door firmly, she turned the key with a grating shriek, which she hoped might send a shiver of terror into the heart of the incomprehensible little culprit within.

That evening after supper the extraordinary behavior of Phœbe West was the subject of acute discussion in the teachers' hall.

'I *can't* make her out!' Miss Cynthia confessed in despair. 'In the last few days she has changed absolutely from the gentlest, dearest little child into a perfect demon, and I *never* know what she may do next. She acts as though she were possessed, as though something were driving her to do these things against her will.'

'I would n't be a bit surprised if she was losing her mind,' Miss Julia prophesied gloomily. 'I thought there was something funny about her that day

we found her out in the road all alone. That girl I had in my class from the Fells County Poorhouse went exactly that way. At first she was as sweet a child as you ever saw, and then she took to acting in a peculiar manner, and the next thing I knew she went right *off* her head and —' Here Miss Julia unfolded a terrible story of child suffering. 'And it would n't surprise me *one bit* if Phœbe West was going just that same way,' she wound up.

'Oh, no! Oh, *no*, she won't!' Miss Cynthia protested in horror.

'Perhaps she has adenoids, or her teeth need looking after,' suggested another teacher, one who had a firm belief that the only thing necessary to make the world a sweet and beautiful place, was the elimination of all adenoids and the straightening of all teeth.

'No, I don't think that's the trouble,' Miss Cynthia said. 'I have a feeling you know that there's a perfectly simple and natural explanation of the whole business if I could only find the key to it — if I could *only* find the key,' she repeated distractedly. 'And I *did* so hope she was going to win Mr. Lincoln's prize for the best verses!' she burst out presently. 'But of course, she won't now, she has n't written a thing, and that conceited little Janey Simons has hers all finished. They begin,

> I love my teacher dear,
> Her voice it is so clear.

She asked me this morning if I thought Mr. Hartwell would know how to spell Simons, and of *course* she's perfectly sure her name is going to be on that cake.'

Miss Cynthia tossed on a restless pillow that night. Miss Julia's terrible story returned to stare at her through the dark hours; and suppose, *suppose* Phœbe West were on the point of going off her poor little head! She entered her classroom the next morning in a high state of nervous apprehension. The day's lessons always opened with a selection from the Bible, and it was Phœbe's turn to read. Miss Cynthia would have given much if it had not been, though in times past she had liked to listen to the child's soft, slightly hesitating voice which had such pretty inflections, and always thrilled so to the sonorous Bible words. But now? To what outrageous act might not the command to read provoke her perhaps unbalanced mind? With a beating heart she spread open the huge volume of Genesis upon Phœbe's desk, and finding the day's lesson, placed the child's fingers on the raised dots of the opening verse. To her unbounded relief Phœbe began obediently to read, one slender forefinger following the other patiently across the page, as her butterfly touch translated the dots into words for her eager little mind.

'And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?'

She read steadily on until her fingers came to the sentence, 'A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.' Here she paused, spelling out the two long words for Miss Cynthia to pronounce.

'What does that mean?' she demanded abruptly.

With a start the teacher brought her mind back from a relieved contemplation of the soft spring sky seen through the windows, to the anxiety of the present.

'Why, it means that he was driven away from his own people because he was a murderer, and had to go out into the world all alone,' she explained.

'Into the world all alone — did it mean that he would be all alone?' Phœbe persisted.

'Yes, that's what it means.'

'In the wide world all alone,' the child repeated dreamily. Suddenly she

brought her hands up tight against her breast. 'Oh!' she cried poignantly, 'Oh, I *wish I* was Cain!'

And pushing the book from her, she buried her head in her arm and burst into passionate tears. A wave of startled emotion swept over the other children, and every little blind face swayed in the direction of those heart-broken sobs. They seemed to appreciate the teacher's anxiety, and to surmise that these were no ordinary tears.

Cynthia was appalled. Nevertheless, she forced herself to rise. If Phœbe were on the point of insanity, she must at least be taken away from the other children. Going over, she laid a quiet hand on the small grief-shaken figure.

'Come outside with me, dear,' she said.

Out in the big deserted hall, away from the strained curiosity of the other children, Phœbe continued to sob, but she clung with all her old trusting affection to Miss Cynthia, and the latter's heart melted within her.

'Poor little thing! Poor little honey!' she whispered tenderly, 'Tell me what the trouble is.'

Seating herself upon the lowest step of the stairs leading to the classrooms above, where the deaf children could be heard drilling over their vowel sounds monotonously in unison, — 'a-a-a-a, e-e-e-e-e-e-e,' — she gathered the child close in her arms, stroking the bowed head softly, and waiting for the tears to subside a little.

'Oh, I *wish* I was Cain!' Phœbe cried passionately again.

'But, darling, Cain was a dreadful man!' Miss Cynthia protested, distressed. 'Why he killed his very own brother.'

'But God let him be alone, and — and *that's* what I want to be!' the child cried; and catching her breath sharply she broke into a torrent of hurrying sobs — choked words. 'I'm never — *never* alone! I — I have to eat with other children, and play with them, and sleep with them, and study with them, and — and go to church and to walk with them! And I can never, *never* be by myself one minute out of the whole day! There're *always* other children just swarming *everywhere!* And at home it's the same way; my mother's got lots of us, and they *never* let me be one minute! The only time I'm ever really alone is — is when I wake up in the night when all the other children are asleep. But —' she sobbed, 'but I don't wake up very often! When I could — could see, I used to run away into the woods all by myself, and oh, I just loved it! And — and I tried to run away here, that day you and Miss Julia found me out on the road, but — but after I got out all by myself, it was — was all so sort of big and dark, that I — I was scared — it was n't like when I could see!'

'Phœbe!' cried Miss Cynthia, a great light dawning upon her, 'have you been behaving so badly for the sake of being put up in that big room all alone?'

The child hid her face close against the other's shoulder, but she nodded with a muffled sob. 'Yes, that was why, she confessed. 'But I — I could n't tell you, 'cause of course you would n't have put me there then. But — but it did n't do any good,' she added forlornly, ''cause I could n't think of anything after I got there but just how bad I'd been — it — it was *awful* to be so bad!'

'But why do you want to be alone, darling?' Miss Cynthia questioned.

'So I can think. There're all sorts of lovely things that I think about when I'm alone. And I wanted specially now to make up a poem for the prize 'cause — 'cause you said you'd be so pleased if one of your children got it. But now I won't be able to,' she went on with a little wail, ''cause the children are just

swarming and swarming, all the time, and they *never* let me be! I don't want to be alone much, only just sometimes, when my — my — I guess it 's my soul — wants to sort of breathe. Oh, you don't know what it is to have people around all day long — every minute — and at night, too! Folks that can see can get off to themselves whenever they want to — and I used to be able to — but — but now! I just *never* can!'

After a moment's silence Miss Cynthia spoke: —

'If you will stop crying now, and be very good all the rest of the morning, I will let you come this afternoon and sit a little while in my room.'

'All alone?' the child raised a tear-wet, tremulously eager little face.

'Yes, all alone.'

'With my horn?'

Miss Cynthia hesitated; the remembrance of that one plaintive nerve-wracking note in her mind.

'Why do you want your horn?' she evaded.

''Cause when I blow it, it says lovely things to me — it was just beginning to say beautiful things that time Janey Simons came and snatched it away.'

'Very well, then,' Miss Cynthia capitulated.

The child's face kindled with a transcendent happiness.

'Oh, I will be *so* good!' she cried. 'It'll be nice to be good again,' she added with a little weary sigh, as of a soul that has been lost and is found again.

That afternoon the thrilling note of a horn, blown over and over again, might have been heard coming from Miss Cynthia's room; and when that teacher returned from her afternoon walk, she found a happy child curled up in an easy chair by the open window, the air with its whiffs of spring perfume stirring her hair faintly; all the baffled strained expression smoothed from her face, and in its stead the tranquil, shining look of one whose spirit has been in sunny places.

'Oh, I have been *so* happy!' she cried breathlessly, jumping up and stretching out eager arms along which all the warmth of her heart seemed running to meet her teacher. 'And my horn made some poetry for me,' she added. 'It told me about spring at home.'

Dropping the other's hands, she stood a little away from her, and raising her entranced face turned it slightly from side to side, feeling unconsciously the soft air, first with one cheek then with the other, as she recited in a voice a trifle shaky from excitement: —

'My trumpet it blows and it blows for me,
And it makes bright pictures that I can see.
It tells me of spring and the jonquils gay
That bloom in the yard where I used to play;
That the children are running along to school,
But they 'll stop awhile to play in the pool,
To splash the water and laugh and sing,
'Cause children go mad when they know it's spring.
And father is burning brush to-day,
I can see the blue smoke go blowing away,
And the mousey turkey has gone to lay;
She'll leave her nest on tip-toe feet
So no one will guess where she took her seat.
And mother is scrubbing and cleaning, I know,
And making the house just as white as snow.
And the world it is all so full of spring,
That children and grown-ups just *have* to sing!
And my trumpet it blows and it blows for me,
And it makes bright pictures that I can see!'

'Oh!' she finished, '*that 's* why I love my trumpet 'cause it makes my mind see what my eyes can't see any more.'

Miss Cynthia felt a sharp ache in her throat.

'But any way,' she told herself, 'her verses are better than any of the other children's.'

Phœbe slipped her hand back into hers.

'I'd be glad if my poem took the prize,' she said, 'but I did n't really make it for that. I wanted to make it for you, 'cause, — cause I love you,' she whispered shyly.

ABUSING THE INSTRUMENT

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

READING of an incident in the childhood of the Japanese General Nogi, I was reminded of another nearer home. Having been dedicated to the profession of arms, Nogi was taken, while still a small boy, to see a criminal decapitated, and was rebuked for shuddering at the spectacle. After nightfall, when all was darkness and silence, he was required to go alone to the burial ground and bring back the culprit's head. The ordeal was designed to strengthen his nerves and teach him to fear nothing, living or dead.

A friend once described to me an experience of his, intended to cultivate in him a sense of reverence. He could not have been more than three or four years old, and was as heedless as most children of what was due his elders. One day he was very disrespectful to an aged woman who lived near by, and refused to ask her pardon. That night she died suddenly, and the next day he was taken to see her as she lay in her coffin. There a lecture was administered to him on the wickedness of treating old persons as he had treated this one, and he was reminded that now it was too late to seek her forgiveness: death had closed forever the door of reparation.

As long as he lived he carried with him the impress of that hour. It was a dreadful thing to come into the life of a little child, although doubtless the adults responsible had only a benevolent purpose. In their eyes, my friend was an infant sinner whose heart could not be moved save by a tragic lesson. The following night, and many another, his rest was troubled by visions of the old woman as he had seen her lying, speechless, sightless, still. Remorse preyed upon him, not because he unduly magnified his offending, but because of that inexorable decree that he should never be permitted to undo what he had done; and although with increasing years he came to look at death very differently, it was a long time before that first morbid association had worn entirely away. I dare say that only exceptionally favoring conditions prevented his suffering a revulsion of feeling which would have made him callous to the griefs of other persons when caused by bereavement, and even scornful of the great mystery itself.

I have dwelt thus on an unpleasant episode because every day we see some adult trifling with the emotional nature of a child, not realizing how like it is to a most delicate musical instrument. To the judicious touch of one who understands it, the response is harmonious and charming; struck by a rude hand, only harshness and discord result. Thrummed on carelessly and incessantly, it gradually shows the effect of wear in the dullness of its vibrations; it may simply cease to yield true tones, or it may become wholly mute.

The case of the juvenile Nogi stands by itself: the career marked out for him demanded physical fortitude and self-control as prime essentials, and his repulsive ordeal aimed not at stirring up, but at repressing, his emotions.

The experience of my friend, however, was deliberately designed to excite his imagination in a way which, in our more modern enlightenment, we know to be most unwholesome. Though I have never seen the experiment paralleled with any other child, I have repeatedly witnessed something quite as evil in its influence.

'Good-bye, dear! Kiss grandma again. She's getting very old, and you may not find her here when you come next time.' This by way of farewell as the little granddaughter is starting on her homeward journey after a visit. Even putting out of consideration the pall such a thought throws over the child's day on the road, and the haunting suggestions which becloud every memory of the leave-taking, reflect on what happens when, after two or three repetitions of the omen, grandmother continues to be found in her accustomed place with each return to the old homestead. Is the tenderest child heart-proof against the deadening effect of such frequent alternations between vague apprehension and commonplace reality?

'I'm sorry my boy does not love his mamma any more!' A phrase lightly used, perhaps, but with solemn face and manner, with hands spread over the eyes as if to hide mamma's tears for her child's defection, and repeated again and again after the little fellow has forsaken his naughty whim, professed repentance, and passionately renewed his vows of loyalty. How deficient is the mother's estimate of the impression all this makes upon the boy! He is only a baby, she reasons, and the memory of an hour's estrangement cannot last long with him. But that is not the point. What counts is the blunting of a fine sensibility which nature has planted in him for right use, not abuse. If that woman had a piano of rare tone, would she give it to the children for a toy? Would she house it in a boiler-shop?

Of a different sort, yet equally pernicious, is the error of overdoing a child's training in generosity. There is as wide a difference between generosity and unselfishness as between courage and fearlessness. It may be a comfortable trait to be destitute of fears, but it is not so fine as to have the fears, coupled with the courage to do your duty in spite of them. Likewise, while it is pleasant to be unselfish, there is no virtue in yielding to others what you yourself do not care for; all the nobility of generosity lies in having the selfish instinct but also the spirit of good will which masters it. I have seen parents train children in unselfishness by teaching them from their cradles to set no store by any of their childish treasures; as a consequence they have become, emotionally, like little wrung-out rags. The healthy child is selfish, and the training he needs is one which will not benumb his natural desires, but teach him to restrain their manifestation when he can thus give enjoyment to others.

There are parents, too, who go to the other extreme, and almost nauseate a child with delights by piling one a-top of another so that he has no chance to digest any of them. I have seen a Christmas festival almost turned into an occasion of mourning by following a deluge of gifts with a dinner of dainties and an evening at the circus. One half the presents, a matinée performance, a simple repast, and the hour or two before bed-time passed in an unexciting atmosphere, would have given the child more solid pleasure, and left him unsated and ready to put fresh zest into the morrow. Another form of the same mistake is where a child is playing in perfect content with one toy, yet the mother tosses it another from time to time. Its enjoyment is inter-

rupted, its interest distracted, and its cravings multiplied, all by her well-meant but thoughtless interference.

In these days, intelligent persons everywhere condemn such cruelties as the ghost and bogey stories which nurses used to tell children to make them lie quiet after the lights were out; but not a few who denounce this practice are nevertheless willing to amuse themselves by making some extravagant statement to a child in order to witness his wide-eyed amazement, and then its collapse when the narrator confesses that the whole thing is a joke. And here I suppose more than one reader is exclaiming, 'Would you have us forego all intercourse with our children except on the most matter-of-fact plane? Are we to avoid any form of reproof which sharply spurs their sensibilities? May we not jest with them as we do with other people? And if we are to stick always to the literal truth, what is to become of Santa Claus and the fairies?'

This is begging the question. There are calm, dignified ways of impressing a child's consciousness, without turning his mind into a chamber of horrors. You can introduce him even to the solemnity of death without exciting either his fears or his repugnance. You can bring him to a penitential frame without refusing to kiss him good-night, or pretending to believe that he has lost all his affection for you. Your fun with your adult friend is not confined to playing on his credulity and then letting him down suddenly to the hard ground of fact; then why depend on such a resource with your child, who is not so capable as your friend of seeing through your tricks of speech? The pleasant little romance of Santa Claus, typifying the universal Christmas spirit, is no more an offense against truth than such an allegory as the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It involves no severe emotional strain at the start, no violent reaction later; indeed, with the gradual expansion of his reasoning powers, the child works out for himself, first the improbabilities, and then the impossibilities, in the myth. As for fairy tales, there is of course a wide choice between them; but such classics as *Cinderella* and *The Three Wishes* are, like the Parables, mere fanciful garments clothing certain ethical verities.

In short, your aim should be to prove to your children that you are one rock of sincerity to which they may cling with implicit assurance. Till maturity and experience have fortified them against the ordinary vicissitudes of life, you should protect their emotional natures as you would protect a perfectly attuned harp. Appeal to their reason where you can, issue arbitrary commands where you must, but hold their emotions sacred. Not even a lesson in virtue should be emphasized by forcing these into unnatural activity or playing on them all the time. Contact with the busy world will in due course produce its dulling effect upon your children's susceptibilities. They will learn that sometimes pretense mounts to high places and false sentiment usurps the rule of sense; but do not add to these sordid revelations the shock of a lost faith in you, which will surely follow your abuse of the responsive instrument placed in their breasts for a wise and sparing use.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XIX (*continued*)

IN WHICH MR. KENDRICK PUTS HIS FOOT DOWN

No small amount of water has gone under the bridges since then, and Van Cleve has changed a good deal; by my count, he must be nearly forty years of age at the present date of nineteen hundred and twelve; but he has looked forty ever since he was twenty-five, so that now, for an oddity, he seems younger rather than older! And it was with a start that I heard him the other day allude to the time when he was 'a young fellow at the National Loan and Savings Bank'; that organization has been dead and buried so long, as we measure nowadays. Yet, as I say, Van has changed a good deal; he is much more genial and companionable than he used to be; he takes life easier, possibly because it *is* easier than when he was a hard, silent, care-laden boy, driving himself to the limit. Once in a while, he will even cast back to that time, not with any soft feeling of pity or sympathy for that earlier self, but in a mood of tolerance, wonder, and perhaps a little complacence. 'I had one of those chances that come to a man once in a lifetime, and I knew it too, but I did n't have the courage to take advantage of it,' he said to me on this same occasion, with a trace of the humorous pride he might have taken in the exploits of a son. And he told me about it.

Van Cleve has never learned the art of polite small-talk; he will not change in that respect if he lives to be a hundred, and this anecdote represents his notion of conversation with a lady. 'It was back in ninety-six,' he said. 'You remember the Democratic National Convention that year? Remember the "crown of thorns and cross of gold"? Yes, but what you probably don't remember or may not have known at the time is that the stock market was very uneasy just then. Standard Oil went back from three hundred and something to less than two hundred. I was a young fellow at the bank then; I had been there four or five years, and I had four hundred dollars saved up; and ordinarily I'd have thought of buying on the stock market about as soon as I'd have thought of buying the Mammoth Cave for a speculation. But after I read that Chicago speech, I said to myself: "This fellow is either another Abraham Lincoln, or — or he is n't. Now he's going to make a speech in New York, and we'll find out." Well, he went to New York and he made the speech, do you remember? At Madison Square Garden, I believe; and I went out and got a copy of the paper the minute it was out, and read it.'

'Well?' said I, a little at sea, as he paused. I do not know much about politics or the stock market, one or the other, and for the life of me cannot understand the connection there seems to be between them.

'Well, he was n't Abraham Lincoln,' said Van Cleve, with a slight smile; 'I

rushed off and telegraphed to a fellow I knew that had gone from here to Dominick & Dominick in New York, to buy me Standard Oil at anything under two hundred. But as quick as I was, I was n't quick enough. It had jumped already. He telegraphed back: "*S. O. 210. Advise immediately.*" And there,' Van Cleve said with a kind of smiling regret, '*there* is where I got cold feet. I ought to have telegraphed in the first place to buy at the market, but I did n't have the nerve. I gave up. I was just a young fellow, you know, and four hundred dollars was all I had in the world, and there were people depending on me. I had a good hunch, but I did n't have the nerve.'

He shook his head; and I preserved a look of intelligence, though inwardly unable to see the slightest relation between Standard Oil and Mr. Bryan's New York speech!

Some of us are certainly greatly fallen off from the strength and daring of our ancestors. It would not have been old Joshua Van Cleve, for an example, whose courage would have failed him; *he* would never have got 'cold feet.' By just such master strokes, undoubtedly, did Joshua accumulate his fortune. It is true that he was not, at Van Cleve's age, hampered by Van Cleve's responsibilities; but very likely he would not have taken them so seriously.

Joshua and the brussels-carpet story must have recurred to Van Cleve frequently and forcibly that winter, as he sat beneath the stare of the baby in the photograph, with the letters from Pass Christian on the table. His family would have been surprised and shocked could they have known what was passing though that wonderful brain for finance. The letters multiplied amazingly as the spring advanced. Van heard in succession that the ceaseless wind, at first so grateful, had begun to get on their nerves; then that the place had suddenly filled up with flashy people from Pittsburg and Memphis and elsewhere, who did nothing but drink highballs and wear diamonds, and among whom it would be useless (in fact, impossible!) for Evelyn to look for either pupils or purchasers; and for a climax, as summer came on, that the town was all but deserted, the heat and dampness absolutely tropical, the moonlight so intolerably brilliant that nobody could sleep at night; and that there was grave danger to northern people, who were invariably the first victims, from yellow fever which was liable to break out there at any time!

Over this last item, Mr. Kendrick knitted his brows in some slight worry; he had paid very little heed to the other complaints, even smiling broadly at more than one of the tragic statements. But Van had had experience along the southern coasts; he thought of Siboney, the hospital tents and huts, the sick faces, the hot breath of the jungle. 'Perhaps for the heated term, you had better come up here. I can get you rooms at the Altamont, I find, and though this town is n't considered much of a summer resort, you will be in a great deal cooler and pleasanter place than southern Mississippi,' he wrote them.

His intentions were of the best, but alack, as once before in his career, Van was not quick enough! Already the family had conceived a plan infinitely more picturesque and attractive; and with them, as he knew to his cost, to make a plan meant to carry it out. It was with a face of ill omen that he read the enthusiastic letter which crossed his on the way.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, was the ultimate Paradise! This was established by another shower of statistics, and sound, unassailable reasoning. They

would go to New Orleans, and from there by boat, themselves and their chattels, to New York, where they would trans-ship for Halifax, a way of travel so cheap that it would only take four hundred dollars, and Evelyn would put in her seventy-five from Moonlight on the Bayou, so that it would not come so hard on Van Cleve, dear, generous boy that he always was! They would not think of asking him for this now, but it was a matter of life and death. They were all losing strength day by day, and the doctor told them that if they waited, their vitality might become so diminished they would not have the energy to move.

Perhaps at this juncture Van Cleve again remembered the carpet anecdote; he answered very briefly.

There ensued upon this a brisk correspondence of which, fortunately, only a few scraps of letters have survived. I say fortunately, because it could not have been agreeable reading, to judge by the samples, or particularly creditable to any of the writers. Van Cleve told them that he could not, offhand, pick up such a sum as they asked, and in plain words that he would not if he could. That he was willing to believe that Pass Christian was not a pleasant or healthy place during the summer, and so offered them a reasonable change; but that, as to moving them to Nova Scotia or anywhere else again, he had no more money to spend on such whims. And he wound up by intimating in terms that were not wholly unkind that this was his last word; they could take it or leave it.

No outsider could describe, no outsider could even comprehend, the effect of this bombshell upon the ladies, upon Major Stanton who was the soul of patience and amiability himself, and had never contradicted anybody in his life. For persons who were, as they honestly believed themselves to be, in an all but dying condition from the dreadful circumstances of existence at Pass Christian, it was astounding with how much vigor the ladies remonstrated, how much ink and time and mental effort they expended. 'You poor darling, I know you are afraid you would never get your money back!' Mrs. Lucas wrote; 'but *of course* we mean to repay you, Van Cleve. We know how hard you work for your money, and you are right to think that you have done enough for us. We only ask you to *advance* this. Evelyn will repay you, we will all pay you, if we have to work our fingers to the bone.'

I dare say Mrs. Lucas, who was a thoroughly good woman, would have been dumbfounded to see the pain and anger on her nephew's face when he read her letter. It was perfectly true that they owed him their living, every comfort and every pleasure for ten years, since the first day Van had gone to work; then why should he have felt bitterly hurt and even insulted at their offering to pay him, if only a little? She would not have been able to understand it. She was a good woman, and she would have told you that she loved Van Cleve devotedly and would do anything on earth for him — anything!

The young man ignored this handsome proposal; he repeated his own. They could come to Cincinnati or not for the summer — as they chose. They chose not; and it would appear that Van Cleve had not unprofitably followed his grandfather's example, for the family, Evelyn, Mrs. Lucas, some one of them, must have been stung into some kind of action. However they raised, or saved, the money, they did move to Halifax, bag and baggage, at the beginning of August.

CHAPTER XX

OWING TO ILLNESS IN THE FAMILY, MISS GILBERT REGRETS, ETC.

It was a matter of occasional comment that Lorrie showed so little sign of the real trial and suffering she had had to undergo. A heartbreaking thing had happened to the poor girl, but she never allowed herself to look heartbroken. Her character forbade any sort of posturing, morbid dwelling on her woes, or exploiting them before her family and friends. In this as in most of the other acts of her life she was the same bright, sweet, and sensible woman, the same good, conscientious daughter and sister that she had always been; and, in the opinion of one person, a whole hogshead of tears and hours of daily lamentation would not have done her so much honor as the brave efforts she made to forget her trouble, or at least to put it out of sight, for the sake of other people.

If she spent an hour every night going over Philip's letters, or sitting silently before his photograph, and cried herself to sleep afterwards, no one knew anything about it. She always wore his ring; it had never been off her finger since he himself put it there and 'kissed it on,' as he said — and Lorrie could see him now bending over her hand, caressing it, as he half-knelt beside her at their old sofa; she could see his stooped head with the thick, smooth, fair hair that she had always wanted to stroke — ah me! It was all over; it had come and gone like a dream that ended in a nightmare. She thought of the journey south — Tampa — the crowds hurrahing — the lonely days — the two nurses with their officious sympathy — her mother's distracted letters about Bob — she thought of it all, and sometimes, when she looked in her glass, wondered at the fresh and unmarked youthfulness of the face that looked her back. She had not a gray hair or a wrinkle, yet she was twenty-nine years old and had put happiness — of one kind — out of her life forever. She did not often speak of Cortwright, or that dreadful time; and even her mother never saw Lorrie cry except the day when Van Cleve Kendrick brought her and Robert home, when the girl had clung to her father and sobbed hard for a brief moment; and one other time when Mrs. Gilbert, with tears in her own eyes, went to her with the little store of towels, napkins, dainty linens, marked with a monogram, *L. G. C.*, upon which they had both been working a century ago before anything happened. The skeins of white embroidery-cotton were still folded in with them; there was a needle yet sticking in the stitch. 'I'm going to lock them up in a trunk, Lorrie,' Mrs. Gilbert said; 'I know you can't bear to look at them.'

'No, no, we ought n't to do that — we ought n't to waste them. You ought to use them, don't you think? I don't mind — truly I don't,' said Lorrie, with a pitiful resolution and cheerfulness.

But her mother looked in her face, and both women broke down. Mrs. Gilbert took the things away and locked them up, as she said, in a trunk in the attic; and there they lie, yellowing, to this day.

Some time during the summer there arrived a letter from Philip's father, somewhat to the surprise of the Gilbert family, to whom he had never made any mention of the old gentleman, and who had supposed that both his parents were dead. There was nothing mysterious about the elder Cortwright, however, as it quickly appeared; his son's neglect or forgetfulness, indeed, needed no explanation to the Gilberts,

who knew by dreary experience that young men do not always keep in touch with their homes and their people. Mr. Cortwright senior wrote Lorrie a grave and dignified letter, referring to their common loss in adequate terms; if the Judge's periods were a little too flourishingly rounded, it came not ill, nevertheless, from a man of his birth and age and upbringing; and when he concluded by inviting himself to make them a visit in the fall, in order, as he said, to become acquainted with his dear boy's choice of a wife, — a matter in which the Judge did not doubt Philip had been happy and lucky beyond his deserts, — the Gilberts were ready enough to receive him.

When the day came, the Professor hurried through his papers after class to get down to the Southern Railway depot to meet their guest, without much idea of what he would look like, but eager in hospitality, and willing to take any trouble on Lorrie's account. Samuel was not a practical man; and though he was confident of miraculously stumbling upon Judge Cortwright and knowing him at once, he might have been there still, helplessly peering with his near-sighted eyes, and confounded by the size of the crowds, and the insane desire which everybody displayed to get somewhere at top speed, had not the Judge cannily picked him out himself. Judge Cortwright was thoroughly practical; and having been in his day an owner of race-horses, and a poker player of mighty renown, had probably made some study of his fellow man.

Professor Gilbert had just been vaguely speculating about the large, tall, Southern-looking man, and had inwardly decided against the possibility of his being their guest, when the other, after a moment's sharp scrutiny, walked up and spoke. 'Am I mistaken, or is this Professor Gilbert?' he said, in a deep, rich, husky voice; and as the Professor dazedly put out his hand, Judge Cortwright took and shook it warmly. 'If there had been time, I should have written you not to put yourself out to come and meet me, sir —'

'Not at all — not at all — I am very glad to. I — I am afraid I was a little slow in recognizing you —' stammered Samuel, taken aback at the big man's astounding perspicacity, and unwarrantably ashamed at his own lack of it. But further proofs of the Judge's unusual endowments were presently forthcoming, and Professor Gilbert added to his experiences at a rapid rate. Judge Cortwright, it turned out, knew the city quite well, — parts of it, I dare say, much better than his anxious and somewhat bewildered host, — though he had not visited it for ten years. Under his guidance, they stopped on the way home and had a drink at the Mecca while waiting for their car. Samuel had never been inside the Mecca in his life; he could not have distinguished a 'first-class saloon' — as his companion assured him it was — from a third class, or one at the very bottom of the scale, for that matter; and without doubt he made a queer and laughable figure in the midst of the mahogany and plate-glass and marble and dazzling brass fittings.

'I — I am not very fond of anything strong,' he said shyly; since Robert grew up and fell into his deplorable habits, the father had never taken a drink of any kind of liquor. 'I mean I find it does n't agree with me,' he added hastily, fearful of assuming a priggish attitude of disapproval. 'Would it be possible to get a glass of water here?'

'Sure! Fizz?' said the barkeeper, cordially. The barkeeper, to Professor Gilbert's bottomless astonishment, was a clean, tidy, muscular, civil, decent

young man, with an eye and complexion that would indicate absolute temperance! 'Milk if you want it. Buttermilk? Sure!' He divided a quick and measuring glance between them; and addressed the Kentucky gentleman with stupefying assurance and informality. 'What brand you drinking now, Colonel?'

'Pepper, son. Not Oscar — *James* Pepper,' said the Judge, genially emphatic, not in the least offended. And this cabalistic utterance was scarcely completed when the barkeeper pushed the whiskey bottle toward him. It was an amazing performance on both sides.

Thus with a libation did the Judge's visit begin. Whatever he thought of his host, it was nothing to the confusion of mind with which his host regarded him. Samuel felt with dismay that he did not know what to do with Judge Cortwright. For all his mutton-chop side-whiskers, and his pedagogue's view of life, the Virginia gentleman, after forty years' absence from his native State, was still enough of a Virginian to understand the Kentuckian, after a fashion. He may not have considered it altogether seemly for a man of his own age, or a shade older, to have the eye for women, the not too nice taste in speech and anecdote, the fondness for high-proof bourbon, and the other lively, youthful traits their visitor presently displayed, but the Professor was not disposed to criticize. Possibly his wife was not so lenient, nor for once so hospitable in spirit; I do not think the little lady much fancied Philip Cortwright's father. 'Well, anyhow, Lorrie was only going to marry his son. She did n't have to marry the whole family,' she remarked apropos of nothing, as they were getting into bed that night. As for Lorrie, nobody knew what she thought, not even her own father and mother. Other people noticed a rather terrifying likeness between the father and son; one could not help wondering if Philip would have aged in the same way.

Mr. Van Cleve Kendrick, coming up to the house and meeting the Judge, found means to take him off their hands for part of the time, much to the relief of everybody concerned, including Judge Cortwright himself, who must have found the Gilbert society a little dull after a day or so of it. Van always looked queer when questioned about this experience. 'Judge Cortwright? Oh, yes. Great old sport!' he would say with an enigmatic grin; 'yes, I took him across the river to Latonia to the races several times, while he was here. Hey? Oh, yes, I had him down at the club playing pool. Great old sport!' And sometimes other men commented wonderingly on the fact that Kendrick, who was as respectable a man as you could find anywhere, was everlastingly loading himself up with some down-and-outer, some thoroughgoing bum to take care of and police around!

They were not without justification, for later on, when Robert Gilbert suddenly came back from the West and was seen about our streets once more, it was more often than not with Van Cleve. Bob was very much better — cured, according to his own report — and appeared to have straightened up at last; that is, he was always straight in Van Cleve's company; and either Van, or Lorrie, or his mother, was with him most of the time. I saw him with the family in church one Thanksgiving morning; by this time, he had been away for a year in that climate which is supposed to be almost a specific for cases of tuberculosis, if taken soon enough, as the family insisted his had been; but, to tell the truth, in spite of all the sanguine talk, Bob's 'cure' was unconvincing. He did not look like a well man.

He was at home all that winter, housed for weeks at a time with what they called heavy colds. Lorrie gave up going out almost entirely so as to stay with him, read to him, keep him entertained. Robert would not have exacted any such sacrifice; he used to urge her to accept her invitations. 'You ought to go, Lorrie; you ought n't to stay here shut up in the house. It's bad enough for me to be jailed this way, let alone all the rest of you,' he said half irritably. 'Hang it, I wish you'd go out and hear something new, or see something new, so you could come back and tell us about it!'

'All right, Bob, I'll go then. Maybe Van Cleve will come over this evening, anyhow,' said Lorrie, to please him.

'He does n't have to. I don't have to have somebody hanging around me the whole time,' Bob said, grumbling. Then he added apologetically, 'It worries me to see all of you so worried. There's nothing really to worry about. I'll be all right in a little, as soon as this cold wears off. A cold always has knocked me out; don't you remember how they used to when I was a little fellow? Don't you remember, Lorrie?' he insisted.

'Yes, you've always had a horrid time with colds,' said Lorrie, with a twinge at her heart.

'Well then, you know it's not serious. Why don't you and mother go on to your teas and luncheons and things? I'm not going to open all the doors and windows and let the furnace go out, and go and roll in the snow with nothing on but my pajamas, just because you are n't here to watch me!'

'I — I don't really care much about it now, Bob, not the way I used to,' Lorrie said at last.

Her brother stopped his half-laughing, half-vexed remonstrances, eyeing her with a new expression in which there was compassion and regret and something else, some other feeling compounded, one would have said, of doubt and distress.

'You must n't let yourself think about that. You ought n't to let yourself dwell on it. On poor Phil, I mean,' he said gravely.

'I don't any more than I can help. I try not to. But you know I can't *forget*, Bob.'

Bob, who had been lying on the sofa among pillows and magazines with an afghan spread over his thin knees, threw everything aside and got up and began to walk about the room restlessly. 'You must stop that kind of brooding, I tell you, Lorrie,' he said, pausing by her low chair. He spoke nervously, almost angrily. 'Can't forget! Why, remembering won't bring him back. And if it did —' he broke off abruptly. 'If it did, things might n't be the same,' he finished, in an uncertain voice. He took another turn up and down the room and came back to her chair. 'I thought — I thought maybe you were beginning — I hoped maybe you'd — Van Cleve, you know, Lorrie — Van 's a splendid fellow — I don't believe he's ever looked at any other girl in his life —'

'Oh, don't, Bob — oh, please don't! I can't think about *that* any more, *ever*. It's not just Van Cleve — it's just that I can't think of marrying anybody. It's all over and done with. Don't you see? It's all out of my life,' Lorrie said painfully. 'Don't talk to me about it again. I try not to be silly. I try not to be selfish. I try to keep it to myself. You want to help me, don't you? You want to make it easier for me?'

'Lord knows that's what I've wanted to do, Lorrie. Lord knows that's what I ought to do after the time you've had with me!' Bob groaned out. He dropped on the sofa with his head in his two hands. 'I don't want

to make a mess of any more lives. I only thought you and Van Cleve — well, all right then, Lorrie, I won't say any more. I won't speak about it again.'

So when Van Cleve, who averaged about two evenings a week, — thus gossip calculated, — came over at eight o'clock that night, Lorrie, true to her promise, had gone to somebody's dinner and theatre-party afterwards; and Van sat down to a game of checkers with his friend without appearing especially cast down by her absence. It has been said many times that he was a philosopher. If the truth were known, if Robert had known it, before he blunderingly and good-heartedly put in his oar, Van Cleve had already spoken for himself to Lorrie and had got his answer.

'I think a great deal of you, Van, but not that way,' the girl said, sincerely pained at having to pain him; 'you're the best friend we have. I'll never forget all you've done for us — for Bob —'

Van Cleve interrupted her. 'Don't talk about that. Don't think that way. Even if it were so, I would n't want to hold that over you, or have you hold it over yourself,' he said harshly. 'Put all that out of the question. This is just you and me. You don't — you can't —' he fumbled and reddened like a boy over the words, but went on — 'you don't love me — you don't feel as if you could marry me, even if there had n't ever been anybody else, is that it? Or — or is it because of *him*, Lorrie?'

Lorrie nodded, her lips quivering. 'Oh, Van, you dear boy,' she said brokenly, and put out her hand to him. 'You are always our Van Cleve, the man I like and respect more than anybody else in the world. But I can't marry you. I can't marry anybody. I feel somehow as if I were a mean creature because I can't do the only thing you've ever wanted me to do — I can't give you the only thing you've ever asked of me. But would you think any the more of me if I forgot so easily, Van Cleve?'

He did not answer her directly. 'Well, I waited,' he said at last with a quick sigh; 'I thought you might have got over it. But you have n't got anything to reproach yourself with. You never encouraged me; you are just *you*, and I could n't help loving you, and you could n't have stopped me.'

'Van Cleve, I wish I could care for you that way,' said Lorrie, earnestly; 'I *wish* I could! You ought to have everything you want, you've always been so good to everybody.'

'Nobody cares for people because they're *good*,' said Van, with his dry smile. He looked at her wistfully. 'You don't mind my keeping on coming here? It won't annoy you? After all, you must have known how I felt long before this.'

'Why — I — I —' Lorrie turned scarlet under his shrewd, kind eyes; and Van Cleve smiled again.

'Well, then, it won't be any different from what it was before,' he said, practical as usual. 'Don't worry, Lorrie. I'm not going to persecute you about this. If you should ever feel differently — why, I'm here, that's all.'

And on this footing the old intimacy continued, Romeo playing his part with a cheerfulness and self-control in the very presence, as it were, of his blighted hopes, that goes to show of what exceedingly un-Romeo-like, plain, serviceable stuff his character was constructed. Van was more like an elder son in the house than ever, lending a hand to taking care of Bob and amusing him, consulted about their small finances, giving Lorrie presents on her birthday and at Christmas, which even her suspicious girl friends would allow

seemed to have no sentimental significance whatever; patient, thoughtful, sane, reliable, prosaic in his relations with them as he had always been with all the world.

And where, all this while, was Mrs. Robert Gilbert and what was she doing whose place was surely with her husband in his ill-health — his *temporary* ill-health, as the family were so bent on making the outside world believe, on making themselves believe, perhaps? Where indeed? Nobody liked to ask after the first innocent ventures, which were received by the Gilberts with a stilted and evasive courtesy so unlike them that the slowest-witted acquaintance they had must have seen at once that something was wrong. Bob's wife never came near him; it was to be doubted if he ever even heard from her; the last authoritative news was that she was living with her mother in New York. Somebody had met her there on the street, and said that she was just as pretty as ever, though a good deal 'made up,' and that her manners were unchanged, and that she never said a word about Bob. The marriage had evidently turned out one of those hasty ones to be repented at leisure which many of us had suspected on first hearing of it. They could n't get along. How could they have been expected to get along? Every one felt genuinely sorry for Bob's family, to whom the whole affair must be such a trial; it was not disgraceful, it was merely shabby, but people of good name and good breeding really suffer in such circumstances.

At about the time that everybody came to these conclusions it was reported that Bob was to be sent to some place in Vermont, some little town in the mountains where a well-known physician had established a sanatorium for such cases as his. His mother and Van Kendrick took him on east; and only a day or so after they had gone there came out in the court proceedings published in the morning papers, a notice which caused whatever readers stumbled on it a certain surprise and satisfaction, as at an oracle fulfilled. In the Court of Insolvency, No. 2459 (June 17, 1901), Paula J. Gilbert brought suit for divorce against Robert D. Gilbert. They were married in July, 1898; she charged him with desertion and non-support, and petitioned the court to annul the marriage and restore her maiden name. Marks, Schindler & Marks, attorneys.

CHAPTER XXI

IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER ISSUES A WARRANT

The Gilbert *vs.* Gilbert action did not afford much material for wagging of tongues; it went through court as speedily and quietly as possible, the husband making no defence, so that within a week Paula was free, and Miss Jameson again if she chose. Nobody saw her, though her presence in town must have been necessary, and nobody knew what became of her afterwards. The newspapers, indeed, scenting a 'story' which, however commonplace, would be a godsend in the hot weather and the dull times, would have made capital out of it; and from what we knew of Mrs. or Miss Paula she would have been ready enough to oblige them. But either she was greatly changed, or Messrs. Marks, Schindler & Marks, in their wisdom, interposed, for no 'interviews' with her were published. The reporters who called at the Gilbert house were defeated by the very courtesy of their reception. The elder Mrs. Gilbert and her son were at the Vermont sanatorium; Miss Gilbert was not to be seen; and I believe the thin old Professor, with his white hair and his

simple manners of a generation and a society so infinitely removed from their own as to be quite incomprehensible to them, completely puzzled and baffled these brisk, inventive youths. They could make nothing out of him; he was utterly valueless from the journalistic standpoint, as uninteresting to their average reader as the Hebrew Testament in the original.

They also sought out an intimate friend of the family, V. C. Kendrick, who was as affable as you please; and after he had answered all their questions, a discerning person might have observed that they were precisely as wise as they were before, and no wiser! Van had indeed given the Gilbert household some astute counsel when publicity seemed imminent. 'Now don't refuse to see the fellows from the papers, or have them shown out, or shut the door in their faces, or anything like that,' he warned Lorrie and her father; 'it's better to see them, and then they'll have something to say, no matter what. You don't need to *tell* them anything. They're going to talk anyhow, you know; they've got to fill their paper up with something. The reporters make their living by it, and they don't mean any harm. I say you don't need to *tell* them anything. Give 'em the chance to put in a lot of rot about "a petite brunette with sparkling brown eyes and a winsome grace of manner —"'

'"A petite" —? *What*, do you mean *Lorrie?*' said the Professor, recognizing this description with equal amazement and indignation; 'but surely it's not necessary for Lorrie to submit to their impertinences? She does n't have to meet them.'

'All right, *you* see them then. You'll be "a dignified gentleman of the old school, with a courtly elegance of phrase,"' said Van Cleve, not repressing his grin. 'What difference does it make? They'll have something to say, and that's all they're after. Nobody pays any attention to them, or believes one tenth of what the papers say. You don't yourself. Don't antagonize them, that's all.'

Professor Gilbert looked at the younger man, unfeignedly troubled. His every instinct, trained and native, rebelled against what seemed to him a cheap, time-serving, and spiritless piece of policy; yet there was something convincing about Van Cleve's argument. 'I'm afraid I'm very much behind the times,' he said with a kind of good-humored chagrin. 'Can you make any other suggestion, Van? For instance, supposing one of these young gentlemen calls on me, ought I to offer him entertainment? Cigars, eh?'

'You might, if you chose. But just give him *one*. If you give him any more, he'll think they're are n't worth anything,' said Van Cleve, entirely serious. It was at least a minute before he could make out why the old man suddenly broke into a chuckle. Hitherto, they had all been very grave, as well they might be, whenever Bob's difficulties had to be discussed.

It was that same year, but in the autumn, or at any rate some time after Paula got her decree, for everybody had long since stopped talking about that incident, — had completely forgotten it, no doubt, — that the Xylotite Hinge Company failed. This was probably the first news that many of us had that such a company existed; and although it has since been resuscitated, and they say is in a fair way of paying out after years of struggle, a large section of the community is still, like myself, in perfect ignorance of what xylotite is, and what kind of hinges are made of it, and who uses them, and why the manufacturers should have failed. Nevertheless I have been assured that it was an enterprise well-known in commercial

circles, employing hundreds of thousands of capital, and of a spectacular size and growth. It went down with a crash that (to be metaphorical) shook the foundations of more than one other established business; all at once you began to hear of So-and-So being seriously involved, of Such-a-One making desperate efforts to keep above water — 'he was interested in Xylotite, you know.'

Presently some person or persons in authority instituted a 'PROBE OF XYLOTITE AFFAIRS,' as the newspapers proclaimed. 'The Xylotite Company did business over a large territory, and we have found that a convenient form was to incorporate several companies, which was also used as a means of securing additional credit. Among these were: The Lawrenceburg Machine Tool Company, Columbus Weights & Pulleys, Indurated Rubber of Akron,' and so on and on. That was only one (a fair sample) of the damaging details brought to light.

Notwithstanding the sensational disclosures, however, few people that one knew, excepting possibly Van Kendrick and men like him who were buried heart and soul in business, cared much about the vicissitudes of Xylotite; nobody had any friends or relatives ruined by it; and if we must talk about financial troubles, there were rumors a great deal more interesting and also dismaying in circulation, which never seemed to get as far as the papers; they went the rounds of the private houses, the men repeated them after dinner when the coffee and liqueurs came in and the smoking began; there were allusions, headshakings, careful admissions, wise or satirical comments. It was all about the National Loan and Savings Bank, Mr. Gebhardt's bank, that bank that Van Cleve Kendrick had been with so long; it began at the Christmas holidays, and went on all winter in its curious subterranean way; without quite understanding it, everybody sincerely hoped that 'it was n't so.'

Most of us were fond of the Gebhardts, and disliked to think of them in money difficulties. The women of the family, being the people whom it touched the nearest, probably never heard a word of the reports; who would have told them? They could not even have suspected that the head of their house was embarrassed in the slightest manner. All the while that the obscure hints about the shakiness of the National Loan were spreading abroad, the Gebhardt girls danced, and dressed and entertained as expensively as ever; and the youngest of the four, Annette, who would be out next year, was getting ready to go to Europe for six months with a party of two or three girls from her Connecticut finishing-school, when — when the trouble came. Annette Gebhardt was a pretty girl, the prettiest one of them all; she has been a stenographer in the city office of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the last six years, I believe.

Xylotite had been forgotten in its turn, by the time the National Loan and Savings explosion occurred. It was Easter Monday when we took up our morning *Tribune* and read in the middle of the front page that, following discoveries made by Clearing-House Examiner Walter H. Fisher in the affairs of the National Loan and Savings Bank, that institution had been ordered closed. Mr. Fisher refused to talk for the papers; but it was learned from other sources that the bank was not absolutely insolvent; the expectation was that the depositors might recover in the neighborhood of forty cents on the dollar at the final clean-up unless further investigation revealed a worse condition; the shareholders would be completely wiped out. It

was intimated that the recent collapse of the Xylotite Hinge Company had hastened this other downfall. Officials of the bank (whose names were given) were uniformly reticent when approached, explaining that a full statement would be given out in a few days. Reporters had called at the magnificent home of the National's president, Julius Gebhardt, on Adams Road, the North Hill, but were denied admittance.

That was all for that one day, but it was enough. Rarely does a disturbance on 'The Street,' even of so grave a character, create such a flurry socially. All the women were talking about the National Loan failure that afternoon at their card-parties and luncheons; they quoted what their husbands had said at the breakfast-table, without much understanding, but with looks of awe; they asked one another anxiously what it was best to do? Would you telephone to Mrs. Gebhardt? Or call at the house and — and leave a message of sympathy, you know? It must be terrible for her and the girls. Would you write a note? Somebody was going to send flowers, but it was objected, not unreasonably, that that would look too much like a funeral. It would n't be tactful to be *too* sympathetic. If you showed too great an interest, it was liable to be taken for curiosity; but if you did n't show *some*, you would seem perfectly horrid and callous. The difficulty lay in steering the middle course. 'It does n't happen often enough for one to know what would be strictly proper,' one worried lady was overheard to sigh; 'if I had always been very intimate with Mrs. Gebhardt, of course I'd go right to her. But I feel I can't intrude that way, though we've known each other for years, and I've been entertained at her house hundreds of times, and she's on the Incurables' Board, and the Widows' Home, and the Flower Mission with me. It's dreadful. If it had just been a death in the family —! We're all used to *that!*'

Within two or three days, the promised statement came out, a whole column of it, headed by: 'PROBE OF NATIONAL LOAN AND SAVINGS, CONTINUED. SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURES. KENDRICK GETS PANNED' — a manner of calling attention to it which fully succeeded, thereby indicating (I suppose) that, in the journalistic view, the end justifies the means. For, when the friends of the bank and of the official named, after reading the above with surprise and concern, went on to the report itself, they found, as occasionally happens in our newspaper practice, that the headlines had only the most remote and exiguous connection with the actual facts! For one thing, the new disclosures could scarcely be called sensational, inasmuch as everybody had been expecting them, and they were in a sense an amplification of what was already known. Mr. Fisher with his clerical staff, aided by the head-bookkeeper of the National, V. C. Kendrick, and the assistant bookkeeper, R. Meyer, had worked till a late hour every night last week, leaving themselves the shortest possible intervals of rest. . . . After receiving the report, the Association, consisting of representatives from all the Clearing House banks in the city, Messrs. George Douglas, Edward B. Hooper, Morris Kuhn (the *Tribune* gave all the names), in a session that lasted four hours, the president and three directors of the National being present, finally reached the decision that an adjustment of the National Loan's affairs to enable it to continue business was impracticable. 'It is understood that the next move will probably be made by the shareholders, to call a meeting and decide what action, if any, shall be

taken. Rumors of a Federal suit involving Gebhardt and others were rife on the street to-day, but could not be confirmed.'

As to that 'Kendrick gets panned,' which had given persons who knew him such a shock, interviews with Mr. Fisher and one or two other authorities revealed that no such formidable process as 'panning' would describe what had taken place or anything resembling it. It was now made known that the Examiner, on his regular inspection, six months before, had sent a report to the Association that conditions at the National Loan were decidedly unsatisfactory. Later Mr. Gebhardt had made a trip to Washington to see the Comptroller of the Currency, and had received the ultimatum to 'clean up or be cleaned up.'

But, notwithstanding the warning, nothing looking toward any kind of straightening out was done at the National in spite of the personal efforts of Mr. Kendrick who, as it now appeared, since he had become aware of the exact state of affairs, had made repeated and vigorous protests to the head of the organization. Finally, on the 27th of March, in the course of a stormy conversation with the president, Kendrick had declared his intention of writing to the Examiner, and acquainting him exactly how matters stood. A young woman stenographer who had been within hearing of the controversy, which went on behind closed doors in the president's own room, reported that Kendrick had raised his voice and got very angry and profane; she had heard him say that he was no d—d dummy like the rest of them to sit still and do what he was told; that, by ——, he had smelled something rotten the first day he sat with the directors and found that the loans were not read. He had also said that that American Bung Company was only another infernal swindling *alias* for Xylotite; he would n't stand for it — you could n't play horse with *him* — and a great deal more in the same style.

Miss Nevins had not overheard any of Mr. Gebhardt's replies to all this; he had evidently been much more moderate; everybody in the bank, she said, liked Mr. Gebhardt, who was 'just lovely' to all of them, and had been in particular so good to Mr. Kendrick, she did n't see how he could talk to Mr. Gebhardt that way.

Sitting in the street-car that morning there were next to me two men who were discussing the National Loan all the way down town; it was curious and instructive to hear them say (for I listened unblushingly) that they never had trusted Gebhardt, that they always had suspected he was crooked — 'or plain fool; it's pretty near as bad when it comes to letting him handle other people's money,' one of them said. After Mr. Gebhardt's fall, everybody simultaneously found out that they had never trusted him, or that they had always had a poor opinion of his business sense! 'There's one honest man in the mix-up, anyhow, this Kendrick, the fellow that put the Examiner wise to what was going on. Wrote to him, it says,' said this gentleman, as he folded up the paper.

The other, who was chewing a toothpick, looked sceptical. 'Fisher would have been round and found out for himself in two or three weeks anyhow,' he said; 'looks to me like Kendrick was trying to get from under. Looks to me like it was a case of thieves falling out, more than anything else. You see Kendrick had that rumpus with Gebhardt, after they'd been as thick as could be for years. A man can't stay ten years in a bank and be as close as he was to the top without knowing more about it than Kendrick claims to have known. And a man don't get

that mad about somebody else's money being risked. If it was his own —!'

'Your idea is, it was just spite work then?'

'Sure. They had a quarrel, and Kendrick did it partly to get even. Why, look here, in that interview they got out of him, he admits that he'd borrowed money of Gebhardt. My guess is that Gebhardt would n't lend him any more, or refused to let him in on some deal, so he gets sore and makes up his mind to put Gebhardt out of business.'

'I did n't see that about the borrowing. Is that in the paper?'

'Yes — inside page. It seems they went through Gebhardt's private desk and papers along with the rest — Fisher turned everything inside out, you know — I expect the whole of that Xylotite loan business has n't come out yet. Anyhow, first thing you know they found some kind of begging letter from Kendrick's sister or mother or somebody representing that the family — they live away from here somewhere — were in some kind of fix and needed some money to help 'em out. And then there were some more letters acknowledging a loan, and thanking him for it and so forth — five hundred dollars, I think it was. Of course that's a small sum, but that just shows you how close Kendrick was to Gebhardt; and besides you don't know how many times they may have done that, how much they have got out of him in dribs, till Gebhardt got tired of it. Of course Kendrick himself don't ask for the money — oh no! All he does is to get behind the women and let them ask for it. He's been making a good salary right along; his family did n't need to ask Gebhardt or anybody else for money, unless he told 'em to. You'd probably find that every cent they've borrowed has gone to some bucket-shop; that's the way men get away with it, in just those little dabs. Anybody that wants money for any legitimate enterprise, goes out and borrows it openly, *you* know that. No, sir!' he spoke with righteous warmth, chewing vigorously on the toothpick; 'when I read that, it settled my opinion of Kendrick.'

'It don't look very good,' the other man admitted; 'what did Kendrick say when the reporters got on to this letter business, and asked him?'

'Did n't say anything, just acknowledged it. He could n't very well help himself, you know. Made some bluff about that being a private matter between himself and Gebhardt — some big talk like that. It's all in the paper — you read it yourself, and see what *you* think.'

'Well, I would n't want to condemn anybody wholesale. After all, Kendrick had the choice of letting things go on as they were at the bank and piling up bigger losses for everybody concerned, or of blowing it up at once and himself along with it —'

'That's what he did, and took a chance on getting out.'

'That makes him either a mighty honest man or a mighty desperate one,' said the other with a laugh; 'oh, well, give him the benefit of the doubt, anyway.'

These two probably represented fairly the varying opinion of the public, amongst whom there would be some on Van's side, or, at least, on the side of moderation and impartiality; and, it is to be feared, many more as critically biassed as the man with the toothpick. Van Cleve knew it; he knew his world. He felt no disposition to waste time attempting explanations, or demanding justice from the community at large. 'In the long run it does n't make any difference how much you've been wronged, or how well you talk, or what proofs you've got; all that people

know is that you're letting out an awful yelp about something, and they wish you'd quit!' he said sourly; 'anybody that does n't trust me can look up my record. I'm not going around showing it to people, but I have n't got anything to be afraid of or ashamed of.'

The morning after the final report appeared he went down to the bank for the last time, to clean out his desk; Meyer was to be there, too, and they were expecting Mr. Gebhardt. It happened to be market-day, and there was a keen smell of fresh meats and vegetables on the air; the stands and carts were ranked all along the curb, with, among them, many of those humble clients of the National Loan whom Van Cleve had grown to know so well.

The old German wife he knew the best came up to him, with her scared, trembling old face. 'Mr. Kentrick, Mr. Kentrick, meine Hilda she say der bank iss go bust mit all der mazuma!' She sobbed the grotesque words, clutching at the sleeve of his coat with toil-cramped fingers, a figure of Tragedy among the pots of hyacinths and Easter-blooming lilies, the onions and carrots and crocks of cottage-cheese. All the other old women, and the lank younger ones with their shawled or sunbonneted heads, the stoop-shouldered men and the children, who were bobbing about everywhere underfoot, crowded up, hanging on his words. Not all of them had lost by the bank's failure; on some of the faces there was no feeling stronger than curiosity, or a sordid excitement. 'Iss it true, Mr. Kentrick? It aindt true, aindt it?' clamored the old woman.

'Pretty near true, Mrs. Habekotte,' said Van Cleve, grimly. 'You'll get a little something back.'

She dropped her hands with a wail; some of the other women set up a sympathetic lamentation. 'Poor soul, ain't it awful! How much did she have in?' one of them questioned Van Cleve. Just as he was extricating himself, Mrs. Habekotte broke through her circle of condolence, and ran after him, 'Mr. Kentrick, your own money mit der bank got away also yet?'

'That's right. I'm about cleaned out.'

She contemplated him mournfully, with a kind of resigned and unenvious comparison of their lots. 'Vell, you are young, already! *Aber*, when one is old—!' She sighed, and plodded back to her stall, drooping, followed by her clan of neighbors.

Van Cleve heard some of them volubly reporting the fact that he too was 'busted,' something which appeared to establish his honesty to their minds.

Meyer was waiting for him on the steps of the bank, and they went in behind the familiar bronze gratings that had proved to be so disastrously costly, and went to work, but after a while found themselves 'stalled,' as Meyer said, by the non-arrival of their ex-president; he was to have been there at half-past ten, and was, in general, the most punctual of men. The minutes wore on, and still they lounged. At last, as it was striking eleven, Van Cleve went upstairs to the real-estate office on the third floor, to telephone, the bank's instrument having been disconnected. There was some trouble. 'I don't believe I can get you that number, party, they don't answer,' the telephone-exchange girl had just announced, when an agitated voice at the other end of the line broke in: 'Well, what is it? Do stop ringing! What is it? Who are you and what do you want?'

'Tell Mr. Gebhardt it's Kendrick, please; we're waiting for him at the bank.'

'Kendrick? Wait a minute!'

Van Cleve, standing with the telephone at his ear, was aware of a wild flurry of talk, sobbing, ejaculations,

going on somewhere near the other end. Then some one began again; it was a minute before he could recognize Mrs. Gebhardt's voice. 'Mr. Kendrick, is it you? Oh, won't you please go right away down to the — where did they say he had to go, Natalie? — to the Court-house — no, no, it's the Government Building — he's there — they would n't let me go with him — oh, I'm so afraid — never mind, Natalie, I'll tell Mr. Kendrick. He's with the Marshal — in the Marshal's office, I think they said. They would n't let me go with him, and I'm so afraid — he has n't been well, you know, since this terrible trouble came. Will you go down there, Mr. Kendrick?'

Van Cleve said that he would be glad to be of any use. And indeed he was; for he ran out and caught the next car and got down to the Government Building just as poor Julius Gebhardt, accompanied by the Marshal and the Chief Deputy and by his lawyer, and watched from afar by a little swarm of newspaper-men, was going into United States Commissioner Dixon's room for a preliminary hearing: he was under arrest, charged with having abstracted and willfully misappropriated certain of the moneys, funds, and credits of the National Loan and Savings Bank. Van Cleve reached there just in time to go out and hunt up bondsmen for him.

(To be continued.)

UPON THE THRESHOLD OF THE MIND

BY M. E. HAGGERTY

I

'So far as an exact science of animal conduct is possible, the experimentalist has the advantage over the free observer.' This admission from Mr. Burroughs in an *Atlantic* article, last year,[1] is generous in view of the contempt in which he holds the effort to arrive at an exact understanding of the animal mind. 'Anything like an exact science of animal behavior is, it seems to me, as impossible in the laboratory as out of it'; and he begrudges 'the time spent in learning' what seem to him the trivial bits of detail about animals.

So do I, and so does every experimentalist. How we should like to plunge into the complex mental processes and say, 'This is characteristic of the dog, and this is true of the cat. Here is an animal that is wholly controlled by tropisms, and here is one that is the victim of its instincts, and here is another that manifests intelligence.' Take the question of the evolution of mentality: how fine it would be if we could say that here at one end of the scale is man, and there at the other is the single-celled bit of protoplasmic substance called amœba, and then dispose the myriad forms of animal life each in its proper place in the ascending scale. Here belongs the dog and there the earthworm, and there the oyster and here the ape. But however much we may believe in the evolution

[1] February, 1912.

of mind, the materials for the definite placing of any one of the more complex animals in such an evolutionary scale are absurdly insufficient.

One thing seems sure as the result of experimental studies, and that is that the mind did not evolve as a whole. This is most clearly seen in the case of the senses. If one were to arrange the animal kingdom along an ascending scale as regards the sense of smell, man would probably fall very far below many of the higher mammals and possibly some of the birds. Another scale based on the development of hearing would probably reveal another order, and the sense of sight would show a still different arrangement. Possibly only in the latter would man stand at the top, and some of the birds, such as the hawks, might displace him even there. He doubtless would show the keenest sense of color, but hardly of movement. The dog might excel him in the case of smell, and the house-fly in the case of temperature. The cat may be more sensitive to touch and the bee to direction. Where each of a dozen different animals would fall in such an evolutionary programme cannot be determined by ordinary observation. Only the most detailed and persistent experiment can settle any single point finally.

Nor is this irregularity of development confined to the several senses. There are many different stages in the evolution of the memory. The single-celled animal has memory, and so has man. Both have good forgettories, however, and the balance between remembering and forgetting would by no means place the several animals at the same level of development at which the acuteness of their sense-powers would place them. In other words, the ability to remember has an evolutionary history of its own, and must be studied on its own account. The same is doubtless true of perception, of the ability to learn, of the evolution of thinking and self-control.

A corollary of these facts is that the animals would not fall to the same level in the scale of mental evolution as in the scale of structural evolution. It is generally accepted that monkeys stand nearer man than do the canine family. It is not at all established that their intelligence is of a higher sort than that of dogs and birds. If there is absolute correlation of structure with intelligence it is of structures that have not yet been made out. The fact is that in many cases we know more about the behavior of animals than we do about the minute structures upon which that behavior is supposed to depend. We must construct the tree of mental evolution out of the material which we can gather. In many cases it appears that such a mental tree would cut at right angles the tree of morphological evolution.

II

Apropos of the comparative abilities of animals Dr. Hamilton has recently published a study of trial and error reactions in mammals. He used thirty-seven different animals, distributed among several species as follows: eight normal human beings, men, boys and girls; two defective human beings; five monkeys; sixteen dogs; five cats; and one horse. In the experiment the subject passed through an entrance door into a room from which it could escape by one of four doors at the opposite end of the compartment. All that was necessary was to push against the correct door. Before the actual tests were begun the animals were given thorough familiarity with the inside of the room by being fed there, and by a series of steps they were trained to open the exit doors and pass out. 'The subject was considered "trained" as soon as he

had learned to seek the exit doors for escape from the apparatus and to push against them without hesitation.' The 'formal trials' were then begun. Three of the exit doors were locked on the outside by the experimenter without the subject's knowledge. On the inside the doors all looked the same but only one of them could be opened. When the animal escaped he was rewarded with food. The unlocked door was then locked, another was unlocked and the animal was put back for a second test. Thus the *unlocked door of the first trial was one of the locked doors of the second trial, and the animal could escape on this second trial only by pushing against one of the doors which had been locked on the first trial.* Which door it might be there was nothing before him to indicate. To discover how the animal would go about finding this unlocked door was the point of the experiment. In the course of a hundred trials, which were given at the rate of ten a day for ten days, each door was unlocked twenty-five per cent of the time and locked seventy-five per cent of the time. No door was unlocked twice in succession.

The behavior of the animals was carefully observed and tabulated. On the basis of what they actually did, Dr. Hamilton describes five types of behavior which he designates A, B, C, D, and E respectively. In type A, the animal makes the fewest useless movements. For instance, he does not try the door through which he has just escaped, this door always having been locked in the succeeding trial. Each of the other doors he tries once each, and in the very nature of the situation he will find one of them unlocked. Each of the thirty-seven subjects behaved a part of the time in the type A manner. 'This,' says the writer, 'is the most adequate possible type of classified reaction,' and he refers to it as the 'rational inference tendency.'

As regards their ability to react in the type A manner, the several species fell into the following order. The figures indicate the percentage of their trials which fell into this highest group. Human, 68.18; monkey, 18.41; dog, 13.35; horse, 8.00; cat, 7.69. These figures, which group all the animals of a species together, do not, however, give a correct understanding of the several individuals within the species; and the apparently clear-cut distinctions between species are shown to be false by the records of individuals. Thus, while the horse ranks above the cats when the latter are taken as a whole, the mature cats rank higher than the horse when they alone are considered. The monkeys as a group exceeded the whole group of dogs by almost three per cent; but the three best dogs, all pups under three months, averaged better than the three best monkeys by the margin of one per cent. The whole group of human beings, including the youngest and defectives, averaged higher than any group of lower animals, and the older human beings, individually, had better records than any single animal. On the other hand the two-year-old boy, whom the experimenter describes as 'very quick to form new associations' and whose intelligence he would not be likely to underestimate since he was his own son, fell below four of the monkeys and seven of the dogs in his ability to behave in the 'rational inference manner.' One three-months-old pup of mixed breed — Boston terrier and English setter — almost doubled the record of the boy as well as that of his own species. If, instead of taking the highest form of behavior as the measure of ability, one takes the poorest form, the E type, then the boy falls below the whole group of monkeys, the latter having an index of ability almost three times as great as the boy.

These facts offer rather formidable

propositions to the person who believes in a qualitative difference between the animal mind and the human. Superiority appears to lie with the four monkeys and seven dogs as against the two-year-old boy, on the one hand, and with the normal human beings as against the animals on the other. This is small ground upon which to affirm that the human mind is qualitatively superior to the animal. Nor is there much comfort in these experiments for the person who holds that animals have an invariable manner of reaction peculiar to their species, while man has the possibility of wide variation from the average of his race. In the eight normal human subjects the greatest variation from the average of the group was 9.6 per cent, whereas one dog varied 12.46 per cent from the average of the dogs, and another dog varied 6.65 per cent; one monkey varied 4.67 per cent from the average of the monkeys, and the variation of one cat was 4.55 per cent. The difference between the poorest dog and the best dog was 21.04 per cent, while the widest difference in the normal adult human group was only 16.48 per cent. Such figures as these show that animals present great variations of behavior within a narrowly defined group, and that it is never safe to conclude that the animal which you meet casually, and observe without previous study and selection, is a representative member of his species. It is always dangerous to conclude from the behavior of a single animal, even though it has been carefully observed, that such behavior is the fixed type for that 'level' of animal life.

Such a study as this does not of course show that the animal mind is on a par with the human mind, nor is one really interested in showing that. It was only in the eight normal human adults and in one defective boy that a majority of the efforts showed the highest form of reaction. Of this same group, however, practically 20 per cent of the reactions were of type B, the level of behavior which holds a large percentage of monkey and dog reactions. In fact one finds that the behavior of both animal and human subjects is distributed throughout the entire series of classified reactions. While none of the animals exhibit a large percentage of type A reactions, neither do any of the human beings confine their behavior to that mode. There is clearly much animal behavior in man, and some human behavior in dogs and monkeys. To unravel the complexities in each case is the task of the experimental method.

Everybody will admit that there is nothing final about Dr. Hamilton's results. Methods and results are always subject to the criticism of later investigation. Any student can suggest a multitude of questions that remain unanswered. Dr. Hamilton himself points out certain limitations of his methods, and is only in part responsible for the inferences that I have seen fit to make here. The next step is to refine the method, to eliminate errors, to extend the tests to a much larger number of subjects within the species and to other species, to collect such data in quantity, and then let the conclusions be whatever they turn out to be. The important thing just now is that the investigator has struck his pick into an important problem with some show of success. If he has merely widened a crevice so that the next blow will sink deeper, that is something.

III

Mr. Burroughs's denial of an exact science of the animal mind amounts to a denial of all real science whatsoever. 'The uncontrolled animal going its free picturesque ways, solving its life problems as they come to it in the

revolving seasons, using such mind as it has, without constraint or arbitrary direction, threading only the labyrinth which nature prepares for it, stimulated only by the sights and sounds and the odors of its natural habitat, perplexed by no puzzles but how to get its food, avoid its enemies, rear its young, hide its nest, or den, and get out of life what there is in it — how much more engaging and stimulating an animal under such conditions than the same creature being put through its paces under the controlled conditions of the laboratory.' How fine! And how true also of the human animal! What a joy to see him in action, solving his life problems as they come to him in the revolving seasons, using such mind as he has, without constraint or arbitrary direction, discriminating only between the colors of nature, attending only to the sounds of the woods and the streets and the voices of his fellows, remembering only the days of his childhood and the experiences which have been vital to him, fatiguing himself only with the joy of living, dreaming only the hopes of his youth, flinging himself in the front of the conflict, marshaling all his powers in an efficient commercial life, controlling his body in behalf of his neighbors' rights, loving with a beautiful passion, fearing moral and physical dangers, blazing in anger at injustice and following the instinct of curiosity into the woods and the laboratory — how much more engaging and stimulating a man under such conditions than the same creature testing his memory with a series of nonsense syllables, or studying his peripheral color vision with a perimeter, or testing his powers of action by a chronoscope, or exhibiting an emotion in such a manner as to show its influence on the blood pressure, or voluntarily submitting to strenuous labor in order to discover the laws of fatigue!

How the critics have laughed at the brass instruments and scorned the technique of the psychological laboratory! Even so recent and pretentious an authority as the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* speaks of American psychology as 'largely a matter of experiment and apparatus.' It omits altogether to give us an article on either experimental or comparative psychology, and fails to class some of the best-known students of mental life under the title of psychologist at all. We have been repeatedly told that experimental psychology is extremely limited in its possibilities. It gives us nothing but a psychology of sensation; the complex mental processes lie beyond its reach. Yet the simple fact remains that the last thirty years have been the most fruitfully productive years thus far in the history of psychological thought. The new psychology, to quote Professor Royce, has been one of the 'two notable movements of world-wide significance' which have characterized our time. This has been also the period of the development of experimental psychology, and no one doubts that the general movement, broader of course than 'the special scientific study of mind by the modern methods,' is under important obligations to the psychological laboratory. And just now, when we have been told that the complex mental processes are beyond the reach of our methods, there is arising an experimental psychology of thinking and of will, a rebuke to the faithless critics of the experimental method.

Why should we not say the same to physics and chemistry, and to every other experimental science? You are interested in sound. Then let us go to the symphony concert, to the seashore or the summer woods. How thin and juiceless seems the single sound wave produced by a single electric spark under the controlled conditions of the

laboratory! You want to know about light. There is the noon-day sun, the iridescent bow, the sun-splashed western sky. Why not the October woods and the glittering sheen of hill-set lakes, or the early peeping green of flowers and grass above the russet covering of the fields and woods? How stupid in contrast the attempt to determine the relative intensities of two tallow candles by the complicated apparatus and formulæ of the laboratory! How wasted seem the years spent making a machine to grind a micrometer screw to be used in grinding out a diffraction grating to be used in measuring the waves of light emitted from a sodium vapor flame! You want to know about electricity. Then take the storm when lightning tears the sky, crashes through the trees and licks up the foaming waves. In that you get the thrill beside which all the amperes, volts, and ohms of laboratory investigation seem dry rot, mere mental punk. Why not the grateful taste of luscious fruit, the odors of the fields and woods, the glitter of the polished gem, rather than the crucible, the test tube, and the chemist's balance?

The complexity of nature? We cannot stop at that, even though it be the complexity of human and animal nature. It is just because of natural complexities that science is called into being. Confronted with the multitudinous shifting forms and processes in the world about him, man tries to understand and to control. This is far easier when he can simplify and reduce to laws; and in the world-wide, age-long struggle the experimental laboratory has come to be the chief instrument of progress. Physics, chemistry, astronomy, biology with all its subdivisions, psychology, education, government, war, — one almost says, marriage and religion, with eugenics and social service, — have accepted the experimental method in one or another form, and it is probably fair to say that the most settled faith our people now have is faith in the results and methods of experimental science. There is hardly a religious tenet that is accepted with a more unquestioning faith than are the most fundamental postulates of science. The law of gravitation, the atomic theory, the evolution of life, these have, at least, as general acceptance as the doctrine of personal immortality or the authority of the church.

On the tangible results of experimental science our whole present social organization is absolutely dependent. One cannot realize what it would mean to drop out of our industrial life the products of the laboratory: $9,000,000,000 invested in the results of one man's work. We risk our lives with the machines science has given us; we trust our fortunes to a few wires and brass devices. Science is the servant who feeds and waters our urban populations; we stave off the spectre of death for days and years as the result of experimental science. We trust to science to cut out our viscera, to repair our brains, and to relieve our pain. It welds together the fragments of a divided personality, and lays down the laws for the propagation of a superior race of human beings. With the gifts of science we can now provide ourselves with the needs of existence and yet have leisure for the cultivation of life. As Professor Cattell has pointed out, we can now have leisure for all our people to a degree that has not hitherto been possible in the history of the world. Science thus becomes the real condition upon which we found our new democracy. No longer must culture be built upon the institution of human slavery. Our modern slave is science; from it we have the guarantee of that leisure and opportunity that will make possible a cultivated race.

Suppose the early heroes of the cult had said, 'You can't do it. Nature is too complex. You never can understand her as she is. If you take her into the experimental laboratory you will distort her so that you will have left but a phantom of the reality. You must stay in the open and wait until she reveals herself in her own capricious way.' Suppose they had said that?

IV

It is fair to ask, however, whether the achievements of the animal laboratory are so meagre as they sometimes seem. The experimental study of animal behavior has been a matter of concern in this country, to say nothing of Europe, for a dozen years, the merest infancy in the life of a science. Think how our knowledge of animal structure had to wait on the perfection of the microscope as an instrument of morphological research! Professor Michaelson has shown that the development of the science of spectroscopy has been paralleled at every step by advances in astronomy, the former being the instrument of the latter. A decade ago the new interest in the behavior of animals had no such elaborate instruments of research at its command. The technique had to be created outright. It is no disparagement of the results already accomplished to say that most of it yet remains to be worked out. For very few of our animal problems are there as yet adequate methods of investigation. The immediate concern of every student of animal psychology must be the discovery and the perfection of methods. The finished science is a hope and not an accomplished fact.

Is it not something, however, that in the comparatively short time a movement should have been created? That there are many signs of such a movement no one acquainted with the facts will deny. Experimental data on the behavior of animals have been forthcoming from a score of psychological and zoölogical laboratories of the leading universities of America and Europe. Half a hundred well trained men and women in this country alone, together with their students, are more or less actively interested in the problems of animal behavior. Loeb, Thorndike, Jennings, Yerkes, Parker, Sanford, Wheeler, Watson, Porter, Washburn, — these are a few of the names which have been most prominent.

More than a thousand monographs now confront the beginner who would master the work accomplished. A half-dozen books intended to condense and interpret this scattered literature have appeared, and more are promised. The publications for the year 1910 alone number one hundred and fifty. That the complexities of nature do not repel investigation is evidenced by the fact that twenty-five of these studies were devoted to vertebrates, specifically to fish, frogs, reptiles, birds, dogs, cats, mice, monkeys, and apes. Nor were the problems the merely simple ones. Color and olfactory discrimination in the fish, distance orientation in birds, imitation in English sparrows and other birds, the instinct of kittens to kill mice, the speed of migration of the salmon in the Columbia River, instinct and intelligence in the dog, and the mental processes of the rhesus monkey, were among the things inquired after. The year 1911 moreover witnessed the establishment of the *Journal of Animal Behavior*, and of the Animal Behavior Monograph Series.

One of the most important recent advances in animal psychology is the attempt to study the subject of instinct experimentally. For many years it has been the custom to think of instinct and intelligence as set over against each other. The former represents the

inherited reactions of the animal; the latter signifies those acts which the animal learns in the course of its individual life and its power to learn in this fashion. Instinctive acts are 'perfect the very first time,' while intelligent acts are slowly acquired. In so far as an animal is dependent on its instincts it is the victim of its ancestry and of its immediate environment. In so far as it is intelligent it can adapt its environment to itself, can rise above its immediate surroundings and act in the light of a distant end to be accomplished. Instinct is blind as to the outcome of its action; intelligence foresees and modifies its behavior in the light of its foresight. The supreme example of instinct has been the wasp going through an elaborate course of action to provide food for its yet unhatched offspring, seeking out a particular species of caterpillar, stinging every segment just enough to stun the animal but not kill it, and then depositing the worm at the bottom of its newly made nest where it has laid its egg, covering up the cell and then leaving, never to see the larvæ nor to live to do the same act another season. The supremely intelligent animal is man possessing the earth by the genius of his intellect.

Now no one doubts that the antithesis between instinct and intelligence points to very important phenomena in life. Just as certainly no one can read the literature of instinct without feeling that much of it is based on verbal and logical tangles rather than observed facts; and the more the latter have come to light the more certain has it become that current distinctions were unsatisfactory and barren of further insight into our problems. Evidence of the generally unsatisfactory nature of our understanding of the relation of instinct and intelligence is found in the several recent attempts to redefine these terms. Within a short time the effort has been made by the British Psychological Association, the Aristotelian Society, and the American Psychological Association, but with no very astonishing success in any case. The last-named body conducted a symposium at its Washington meeting on the relation of instinct and intelligence, and although it had at its hand the results of the British discussion, it is safe to say that not many persons present were gratified with the result. The difficulty seems to lie in the lack of concrete information regarding the part that instinct plays in the animal world; and it seems perfectly evident that further discussion of the subject will be but the mere juggling of words until we have a widespread accession to our knowledge of concrete facts.

In this unsatisfactory situation it is encouraging to know that the laboratory can do something to help us. Instincts are complex forms of behavior, and in many cases we have been merely throwing words at these complexes rather than analyzing them into their simpler elements. It is one thing to say that kittens have the instinct to feed, that birds have the instinct to fly, that children have the instinct to construct or to destroy. It is another thing to break these complex bits of animal behavior up into their simpler component bits of behavior and see the exact relations of these simpler elements to each other. The former method serves for a rough classification; only the latter will enable us to get at the roots of life-processes, to discover whether the ultimate explanation of animal conduct is to be in terms of the physical sciences, or whether it is explainable in any terms.

Several experimental attempts have been made to study animal instincts, but the one with most promise is the work of Professor Breed, who has stud-

ied the feeding instincts of newly born chicks. The pecking instinct in chicks is a complex bit of behavior made up of at least three elements, the striking, the seizing, and the swallowing reactions. By actual measurements Dr. Breed has shown not only that the pecking instinct is not perfect at birth, but that the three factors vary more or less, independently of each other. He shows that the pecking instinct improves with practice and with age, and that each of the three factors improves independently of the other two, at least to some extent. That is to say, the ability to seize the food does not improve exactly in coördination with the ability to swallow. His studies further show that the instinct varied from chick to chick and from group to group. And this with an animal where one might have expected to find, if anywhere, the supposedly invariable behavior. The important thing about this work, of course, is not what it shows regarding the instinct of the chick. The critics will doubtless say that they knew all this before. Far more important is it that an instinct has actually been submitted to measurement. If the evident indication of the work is followed there will be many studies of the instincts of the higher animals, and we shall be able to make mathematical statements about them. While it is exceedingly arduous, it is perfectly possible to make quantitative measurements of some of the instincts of the dog or the cat or practically any other animal which can be studied under controlled conditions.

Enthusiasm for the experimental method should not of course blind any one to such facts as appear without experimental search. There is no virtue in a fact merely because it has come through a laboratory, nor is a fact any the less a fact because it has been picked up in the woods. Nor should there finally be any opposition between the facts that have been gathered from the two sources. Possibly when we have pushed our work far enough we shall see that the two methods supplement each other. Certain it is that we can never dispense with the study of animals in their native environment if we would really understand them. Personally I have always thought that we should get our experimental problems from the observation of animals in their free life. Only by such observation can one really penetrate the strategic problems and invent the adequate experimental methods. Without a doubt we blunder in trying to apply the methods of human psychology directly to the animal mind, or in applying the method that has proved efficient in the case of one animal to an individual of a different species. For the correction of such blunders, and for the suggestion of important problems, we can never know too much of animals in the wild.

On the other hand, there is no longer any reasonable doubt that such knowledge as we get of free animals can be fruitfully supplemented by the exact information that we can get about animals in the laboratory. The elemental aspects of behavior that are covered up by the free-moving bird or mammal can be brought to light by the controlled conditions of experiment. How voluminously such investigations will add to our knowledge of the animal mind we have as yet only dimly realized. Animal senses, animal memory, animal instincts, animal learning, animal thinking, all have surrendered some of their secrets to the experimental method. What has already been achieved gives us sufficient reason to think that much more can be gained by the extension of the laboratory into this realm of nature; that, in fact, a new science will ultimately replace our at present inadequate ideas of the animal mind.

PRÆTERITA

BY LEE WILSON DODD

I WAS a poet once. To-day
How faint the rose within the gray.
Something has changed me, something cold
Has mingled with my blood, the old
Rapturous urge toward loveliness
Has quieted. I tremble less
When the reluctant sun has made
For passion's feet a purple glade,
A glade of quivering purple fire
On to the ramparts of desire.
No longer is my heart oppressed
By the sea's saturnine unrest;
My pulse no longer doubles when
The lurking moon leaps forth again
And with intenser magic fills
Some lonely winding of the hills;
Nor am I shaken inexplicably
By the unyielding mystery
Of shrouded houses and dark doors,
When through a village street there pours
Night's laggard legion blind with rain. . . .

Oh, utter joy to feel again
The ache of swift imaginings!
The spirit-tumult of mounting wings
Beating a tenuous ether far
Too bright and light to float this star,
This earthy star low-hung and deep
Below the vast where poets sweep
Flame-feathered pinions! Joy to feel
Once more the doubly wingèd heel
Spurn back the sullen weight of time!
Joy to be young again! To rhyme
The ringing changes of the heart!

Joy long past over . . . Now with art
I strain to half-remember these
Once vivid pangs, brave ecstasies
Sacred to youth and love and song!

Ye blessèd ones who wildly throng
Life's glowing portals, radiant, free,
Press not too swiftly inward! We
Who mount the stairs of memory
Yearn down upon you with regret.
Envy us not that we are set
Above you in life's temple. Wait,
Unwearied ones, by the rose-hung gate
While song's ineffable grace yet clings
To the bright soft plumage of your wings . . .
Wings ye must fold ere ye advance
Down the strait aisles of circumstance;
Wings ye must shed, alas, ere ye
Cumber the stairs of memory.

COMMON SENSE IN PRONUNCIATION

BY ROBERT J. MENNER

THE degeneration of the ways and customs of the present from those of the good old times, is a common and ancient source of complaint among people who have experienced the supposed benefits of the superiority of the men and conditions of former days. All of us have doubtless heard our grandmother or maiden aunt bewail the lack of reverence and the incapacity for useful work manifested by the younger generation. This same spirit, no doubt, leads them to deprecate also the many changed pronunciations and different modes of speech, which they stigmatize as new-fangled or ridiculous, and quite unheard of in their day. The younger members of the family may imagine that their own pronunciation has always been the standard and preferable one, and commiserate their elders for not having discovered it lurking in some corner of the dictionaries, the Webster, the Standard, and the Century, these three, — or rather in that particular one which they consider the greatest of these. They do not realize that the pronunciation recognized as correct half a century ago, when grandmother was young, often

differs very radically from that which prevails to-day.

Of course, we may refuse to admit that our pronunciation is degraded, but we cannot deny that it is different from the standard of usage of the previous generation. Language, it must be remembered, is in all its phases a growth, and every living tongue suffers change not only in form and significance, but also, and perhaps more noticeably, in utterance. From the period when our pre-historic ancestors first succeeded in communicating with each other by intelligible, articulate sounds, language has been undergoing a constant and inevitable change. The fact, therefore, that the pronunciation of a particular word has changed essentially in half a century or less, or even that in the process of change two pronunciations are coexistent, is by no means a cause for surprise and alarm, but rather an evidence of the vitality of our language. If the Ben Greet players, to give a specific example of this process, besides reverting to the Elizabethan stage-setting, or lack of it, should revive also the Elizabethan pronunciation of English, a modern audience would have great difficulty in understanding all but the very familiar lines of Shakespeare, so different from our own was the speech of little over three centuries ago. Pronunciations which in Johnson's time were decidedly vulgar or dialectical, have since become refined or national. Then, for instance, 'golden girls and lads,' as well as the washerwoman, asked for a 'cup of tay.'

What was ridiculous even fifty years ago is now unobjectionable, and what is in good usage at present may be antiquated in a decade. The realization that this conflict between the old and the new, the difficult and the easy, the conservative and the radical, is inevitable and associated with one of the fixed principles of language, is essential to a true conception of the question of our pronunciation, of its absurdities and its difficulties.

In the first place we must recognize that the difficulties which the subject of pronunciation presents to-day, though they are greatly magnified by the very general interest which the subject excites, are quite insignificant in comparison with those which existed a few centuries ago. Indeed, the orthoepic situation, so to speak, when contrasted with the anarchistic state of our language in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is not alarming or even deplorable. Uniformity of pronunciation necessarily varies directly with the advance of civilization. Among uncivilized races it is often impossible for the inhabitants of villages but a few miles apart to comprehend each other's dialect. In civilized countries, however, the existence of innumerable and widely diverse dialects is being rendered impossible by the increasing facilities for communication, the dissemination of newspapers and literature of all sorts, and the progress of education. At the present time we undoubtedly have greater uniformity of pronunciation than ever before in the history of the English language.

Nevertheless, one cannot be very sanguine of approximate uniformity in our pronunciation ever being attained, even among the educated classes, since the counteractive influences are often as deep-rooted as those which tend toward the desired goal. Our present orthography, with its inconsistencies and abundance of useless members, eliminates the possibility of our pronouncing according to the appearance of a word. The composite character of our language, and the consequent absolute lack of rule, are accountable for the fact that several English-speaking people, when confronted with a word hitherto unfamiliar, are certain to differ

in pronouncing it if it presents any possibility of variation; a situation in which Frenchmen or Germans would encounter no difficulty at all. Again, the increase, in every walk of life, of technical terms with which the layman is naturally unacquainted, is becoming a peculiar source of difficulty.

Perhaps the most potent of influences toward diverse pronunciation, especially difference in accent, is the fact that we seldom or never hear in conversation a vast number of words which nevertheless constitute an important and indispensable part of our vocabulary. 'By silent reading and neglect of conversation, language itself,' declares Richard Grant White, 'is coming into disuse.' The result of this practice is not only that we are always mentally registering pronunciations peculiar to ourselves, which we have no means of ascertaining to be uncommon or ridiculous, but also that the natural tendencies of our language, unrestrained by the conservative force which occasional use in conversation might exert, rapidly foster new pronunciations and produce a diversity of pronunciation even among the most careful speakers. All these influences obviously supplement each other in resisting any trend toward uniform pronunciation, and facilitate the progress of the tendencies of speech peculiar to our English tongue.

One of the strongest tendencies of language in general is toward ease of utterance. In English, especially, lingual laziness is responsible for many of the changes which have occurred and are still occurring both in the pronunciation and even in the written form of words. Thus *ac'ceptable*, *u'tensil*, and *con'fessor*, the prevalent pronunciation in Walker's time, have submitted to this principle. This same influence reveals itself to-day in the common pronunciation, *indissol'uble*, which threatens to supersede the very awkward *indis'soluble*. Similarly *splenetic*, which was formerly accented on the first syllable is now almost universally pronounced *splenet'ic*, in spite of the opposition of the dictionaries.

A tendency apparently contrary, but actually identical, is the gradual transference of accent to the first syllable of the many trisyllabic verbs which originally bore the accent on the second, in compliance with the familiar Latin rule that a vowel followed by two consonants is long by position. Thus *demonstrate* and *compensate* have been completely emancipated from this rule; *illustrate* and *enervate* are rapidly following their example; although *remonstrate* is still almost unaffected by the sedition of its brethren.

The case of the trisyllabic nouns from the Latin, noticeably those ending in *-ator*, is precisely similar. *Or'ator* and *sen'ator*, for example, have long been universal, although *dicta'tor* and *specta'tor* are still clung to by careful speakers. As with these words from the Latin, it is natural that we should accent all derived words for a certain length of time as they were originally accented in the foreign language from which they are borrowed. At present, *ally* and *address* are gradually conforming to our natural accentuation of disyllabic nouns, though the corresponding verbs are, of course, still accented on the last syllable.

Analogy, too, though its effect is too complex to be clearly distinguished or easily analyzed, affords an excellent opportunity even to those whose education has gone far beyond the three R's, for novel or unscholarly pronunciations. The word *extant* for example, which the scholar naturally associates with *distant* (one from Latin *extans*, the other from Latin *distans*), the layman, ignorant of etymology, just as naturally associates with *extent*, not from

any relation of derivation or meaning, but from the great similarity of appearance, and accordingly accents on the second syllable. The results of these tendencies and the conflicts necessarily arising between them may offer an additional proof that divided usage is both a natural and an inevitable condition.

These tendencies have, however, one common bond in that they find their readiest agents and their most loyal supporters among the less educated classes, who represent the radical movement as naturally as the more highly educated represent the conservative. The latter cling, quite unconsciously perhaps, to the Latin manner of accenting trisyllables, while those ignorant of Latin follow the natural tendency of the vernacular. While some remember the French origin of such words as *finance* and *romance*, those ignorant of the language accent the words on the first syllable, from the analogy with all our indigenous substantives. The pronunciation of the absolutely uneducated is not of course referred to, since, as Professor Lounsbury states, 'the language of the illiterate is to a great extent archaic.' Moreover it has at the present a negligible influence upon our orthoepic development. But the speech of those who have any right at all to profess themselves educated is tinged by no shade of unusual antiquity. From the less educated classes come the vast majority of our new pronunciations which assert themselves more and more and are finally established as standard.

This state of affairs is obviously an uncomfortable one for the purist. Even though

> A vulgo longe longeque remotus,

he has no control over the vagaries and destinies of pronunciation. The realization that he must passively observe his far more ignorant countryman assume, though it be only unconsciously, the rôle of innovator in orthoepy, is mitigated only by the fact that at least the better educated determine the time when such innovations may be deemed permissible in cultured speech. Though comparisons are somewhat odious in such a ticklish matter as pronunciation, the analogy with slang in this connection becomes at once apparent. In each case the position and relation of the purist and the innovator are the same. As the question is continually arising as to just when slang breaks the chrysalis of vulgarity and is transformed into legitimate speech, so we are continually in a quandary whether to regard certain pronunciations sufficiently wide-spread in educated and cultured circles as permissible or, as our pronunciation fiends maintain, correct.

The problem here is identical. Since the time of Johnson the dictionaries have attempted to record the pronunciations prevalent among the best speakers of English in their generation. That they should dictate pronunciation was of course as ridiculous as it would have been futile. But, as in the case of Cæsar, the honor of dictator seems to have been thrust upon them. Those who found themselves wallowing in the slough of despond because of conflicting pronunciations appealed to the dictionary as their arbiter and protector, and for their future safety exalted it to the position of a despot. Thus, while nobody searches the dictionary to avoid those words which it stigmatizes as slang, the pronunciation fiend is continually devouring its pages lest he commit the unpardonable sin of uttering a syllable not sanctioned by its authority.

Certainly, however, the decision of the dictionary regarding orthoepic problems is no more authoritative than its opinion on the question of slang. If

certain of us who pride ourselves on correctness of speech should examine the dictionary in order to avoid slang and vulgarisms of speech with the same avidity with which we devour its orthoepic decisions, we should be somewhat astonished at the impurity of our English. The fact is that the dictionary in each case is extremely conservative. In endeavoring to record the standard usage the orthoepists, whether from fear of departing from the path trodden by their predecessors, or from the inherent tendency of the scholar toward conservatism, are slow to record new pronunciations, some of which are continually used by the most careful speakers. When we once realize that diversity and change in pronunciation are natural conditions of our language, and that the orthoepists, quite uninspired by any mystical arbiter, face exactly the same problem — though, to be sure, with a wider range of observation — that every Tom, Dick and Harry of us faces, we ought to understand more clearly the true position of the dictionary, and view the whole question of pronunciation in a much saner and more unprejudiced light. There is of course no harm in preferring and consulting our particular dictionary, if we do not attempt to impose its single authority upon all those whose preference differs from our own.

Even the consensus of all the dictionaries is but an approach to an unattainable limit. A few examples will suffice to prove to what intellectual gymnastics obedience, even to the relatively indulgent sway of these combined authorities, would lead us. The pronunciation *per'emptory* was until very recently the only one recognized, at least by our American dictionaries. To be sure, Shakespeare so accented it, but it has long been almost universally pronounced with the accent on the second syllable. Similarly the *s* in *pre-sentiment* was given by all orthoepists only the sound of *s* in *sent* which it certainly had in its infancy, though usage, except in certain few localities, had long been overwhelmingly in favor of the *z* sound. When the victim of the dictionary-worship, struggling against the tide of universal usage to utter *per'emptory* and *pre-sentiment*, has finally conquered his tongue as well as his common sense, he discovers that after all his orthoepic deity has relented and he may revert to his original pronunciation.

We do not mean to advocate any anarchistic, anti-dictionary doctrine, though this would undoubtedly bring the greatest balm to the weary ever-corrected. It is not the use, but the misuse, of the dictionary that is deplorable. When one happens upon a strange word it is quite natural to refer to the dictionary, both for its meaning and its pronunciation. The pronunciation of technical terms of an art or science with which we are unfamiliar can often be learned in no other way. But when the dictionary is appealed to as an infallible however unreasonable judge, when monstrosities and century-old fossils are exhumed from its pages to be flaunted in the faces of our friends, it is time to recall its true function of mere recorder.

If we should use our energies, spent in this pleasant but absurd revival of antiquities, in occasionally noticing pronunciations which, though common, slight reflection would prove to be at least extremely careless, we should appease the goddess of orthoepy in a much more satisfactory manner.

Such are the pronunciations of *portentous* and *tremendous* as *portenshus* and *tremenjus*, of *sacrilegious* as *sacreligious*, of *zoölogical* as if it were spelled *zoo-ological*, and of *aeroplane* as if the *e* followed the *r*. These pronunciations, though not unaccountable, are quite

unwarranted by the spelling of the words. Such pronunciations, which the orthoepist and common sense concur in declaring unwarranted, are often used by the very persons who wage the futile war over different accents, which both the disagreement of the orthoepists and common sense prove equally permissible. Here, too, the dictionary might offer legitimate help, if only to fix in our minds the actual spelling of the word.

The question of accent, nevertheless, continues to be the centre of conflict among the enthusiasts in pronunciation, to give them a less opprobrious appellation. There are, indeed, several reasons why it should be the greatest source of dispute. It is naturally more noticeable than the difference in the sound of a single letter or syllable. Moreover, since it is not, like vowel sound, a difference in dialect, or rather a sectional variation of pronunciation, but a result only of the continual struggle between the old and the new, it affords greater ground for dispute among those dwelling in the same community. This distinction, though not absolute, may aid in destroying our distorted notions of the difficulties of pronunciation. The two accentuations of *advertisement* and *illustrate*, to choose but two of innumerable possible examples which will occur to every one, exist side by side in California as well as in New England. On the other hand, the natural pronunciation of the four words *bog*, *fog*, *log* and *moss* is in most parts of New England *bŏg*, *fŏg*, *lŏg* and *mŏss;* in the writer's section of Pennsylvania *bŏg* and *fŏg*, but commonly *lawg* and *mawss;* and in the southern part of Ohio, as in the South in general, *bawg*, *fawg*, *lawg*, and *mawss*. Difference in vowel sound is almost invariably a geographical difference, the exceptional instances being isolated and comparatively insignificant. Different accentuations, on the other hand, are rarely indicative of different localities. Both theory and practice, so to speak, support the validity of such a distinction. We judge a man a native of Louisiana or Vermont not because of the manner in which he accents his words, but because his vowels are different in quantity or quality from our own.

If, then, the question of accent may be considered one distinct phase of pronunciation it may be disposed of, though indeed no thoroughly satisfactory conclusion can be reached, quite apart from any discussion of the superiority of one dialect or geographical pronunciation over another. The premises of our conclusion regarding diversity of accent have already been stated. Since the accent is shifting according to the fundamental principles and tendencies of the English language, this diversity, it has been shown, is naturally inevitable, and universal agreement as to just when a pronunciation comes into good usage or falls into desuetude cannot be obtained. In a great number of cases two pronunciations are almost equally prevalent. Nor are we bound to be always consistent. If a person accents *illustrate* on the first syllable, it would be absurd as well as impolite to accent it consciously on the second. It is really as ridiculous to declare one person's pronunciation wrong, as it would be to declare his style of hat wrong. Antiquated or unbecoming it may be, but a personal preference ought to be respected in orthoepy as well as in fashion. As Ruskin tells us that we are all poets to a greater or less degree when we read poetry, so we may consider ourselves in a certain sense orthoepists when we pronounce words. Common sense is in most cases the best dictator. Though such advice may appear rather unsatisfactory, we may at least try to avoid what is outlandish, obsolescent,

and novel. For Pope's conclusion is the only reasonable one, and particularly applicable to pronunciation: —

> In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
> Alike fantastic if too new or old:
> Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

The time element, however, does not enter into the second phase of the question, that of geographical differences in sound. Nor can we speak of the pronunciation of the centre of population as furnishing possibly a satisfactory compromise between that of the different sections of our country. Even in the most cultured speech of each section we discern very obvious variations when compared with that of other regions. The above-mentioned sounds of *o* furnish an excellent example of these geographical differences. The so-called 'Italian *a*,' as in *father*, is, in such words as *laugh* and *path*, flattened to *a* as in *cat* in many sections of the United States. In most of these cases it would be difficult to abandon entirely our native pronunciation, if, indeed, any cogent reason could be urged for abandoning it.

A professor in a German university declares concerning this question of dialect in his native language: 'He speaks the best German who has to such an extent eliminated his native dialect that one cannot ascertain from which section of the country he comes.' There can, of course, be no objection to an American's cherishing this ideal. Here in America, however, where our dialects are by no means so marked and troublesome as in Germany, to attempt consciously to eliminate all traces of our native pronunciation is quite unnecessary and not particularly desirable, except perhaps in public speaking.

Orthoepic intolerance has not perhaps been manifested in the particular question of dialect so much as in other phases of pronunciation. In each case petty wars enough have been waged. These disputes may have furnished amusement for the family circle. They even may have aroused interest in the wonderful phenomena of language. But as a means of rendering our speech more intelligible and more refined, as an attempt to improve our English, to remedy its weakness and to preserve its power, the strife of the pronunciation fiend has been and was destined to be futile. For, it must be remembered, that even if there is no standard, even if there is no right or wrong in pronunciation, there must be a way by which we can improve it, a better mode of speech to strive to attain and a worse to endeavor to avoid.

What phase of pronunciation, then, if not one of these already discussed, is worthy of our attention, and will really reward our pains? If we should ask our transatlantic brethren, since we must not choose a judge among ourselves, the disputants, they would not complain primarily of our having abandoned any particular sounds which they still cherish. They would, however, and do complain that our utterance is in general slovenly and indistinct. Henry James, whose residence in England has perhaps forced him to this conclusion, declares: 'Our national use of vocal sound in men and women alike, *is* slovenly — an absolutely inexpert daub of unapplied tone.' If instead of imitating the Englishman's pronunciation of a few particular words, we should imitate his general distinctness of tone and proper valuation of sound, the improvement of our speech would be much more permanent and noticeable. Only in maintaining the secondary accent, which in such words as *difficulty* and *missionary* the Englishman is likely to omit altogether, can we be said to have any advantage over him in clearness of utterance. Even here it might be urged that we

go to the other extreme in giving these words two almost equal accents.

In all unaccented syllables, however, the American pronunciation is characterized by a general disregard of the vowel. The vowel in the final syllables of *profligate*, *target*, and *spirit* often has in ordinary conversation the same phonetic value as the *u* in *Farragut*. Though it is perhaps pedantic to give such final vowels their full value, to make no distinction at all between the unaccented vowels is certainly unrefined. That the endings *-ment* and *-ness* should be allowed to degenerate into the vague *-munt* and *-nuss* is really deplorable. This negligence is even more noticeable and inexcusable in vowels at the beginning of words. The ordinary pronunciation of *enough* and *opinion* might be represented by *unnough* and *uppinion*, though the first syllable is in fact nothing more than a grunt. No distinction is made even between such confusing words as *affect* and *effect*. The Sunday-school children sing invariably of 'Jerusa*lum* the goldun,' and loudly praise the 'blessud Trinuty.' Let those who pride themselves upon their pronunciation beware of the unaccented vowel, lest this one weakness in their speech bewray them! Richard Grant White declares unhesitatingly: 'It is in the delicate but firm utterance of the unaccented vowel with correct sound that the cultured person is most surely distinguished from the uncultured.'

Our carelessness is manifested not only in the particular instance of the unaccented vowel. Our consonants suffer likewise from our general negligence of speech. If any combination is at all difficult of utterance we offer no resistance at all to our tendency to change or omit a letter or two. We change *partner* into *pardner*, and '*used to*' into '*usta*' with the hissing sound of *s*. Moreover we are continually 'mouthing' and swallowing our words in a manner impossible of description or illustration. One needs, however, only to hear a conversation between two American children to realize that the utterance of Americans in general is marked by an unpleasant indefiniteness. This weakness, like every bad habit of our nation, has been ascribed to the hurry of our American life. To this it may be indirectly due. The direct cause is, however, our seeming unwillingness to change the position of our mouths, and our lack of training in exerting those organs which control the modulations of our speech. Our inertia, the effects of which threaten to be so pernicious to the speech of future America, both the home and the school should unite in attempting to eradicate.

This aspect of pronunciation has strangely never appealed to those who have been somewhat harshly designated as 'pronunciation fiends.' Mere indistinctness of utterance in any one instance might indeed seem to them a trivial matter. The total effect of this weakness, operating upon and enfeebling every word that we utter, must be recognized as no insignificant menace to the vitality of our speech. Since it is a spot where every American is vulnerable, we might combine our forces, instead of wasting them in useless civil strife. The difficulty of avoiding slovenliness is, it must be confessed, greater than that of changing our pronunciation in other respects. The danger of tolerating it is correspondingly greater, since this very carelessness is the most detrimental force at present working upon our speech. The endeavor to utter distinctly every syllable and to discriminate carefully every sound is the most reasonable and effective means of improving our pronunciation.

A ROMAN CITIZEN

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

I

'Look at him — a subject for his own verses — a grandfather metamorphosed into an infant Bacchus! Will he be a Mercury in swaddling clothes the next time? Oh, father, father, the gods certainly laid their own youth in your cradle fifty-two years ago!'

The speaker, a young matron, smiled into her father's eyes, which were as brilliant and tender as her own. Ovid and his daughter were singularly alike in a certain blitheness of demeanor, and to Fabia they made a charming picture now, both of them in festal white, against the March green of the slender poplars. Perilla's youngest boy had climbed into his grandfather's lap and laid upon his hair, still black and thick, a wreath of grape-leaves picked from early vines in a sunny corner. Fabia, and Perilla's husband, Fidus Cornelius, smiled at each other in mutual appreciation of a youth shared equally, it seemed to them, by the other three with the new-born spring.

It was Ovid's birthday and they were celebrating it at their country place at the juncture of the Flaminian and Clodian Roads. The poet had a special liking for his gardens here, and he had preferred to hold his fête away from the city in family seclusion, because Fidus was about to take Perilla off to Africa where he was to be proconsul. The shadow of the parting had thrown into high relief the happiness of the day. Perilla had always said that it was worth while to make a stir about her father's birthday, because he could accept family incense without strutting like a god, and was never so charming as when he was being spoiled. To-day they had spared no pains, and his manner in return had fused with the tenderness he kept for them alone, the gallantry, at once of worldling and of poet, which made him the most popular man in Roman society. Now, as the afternoon grew older and his grandson curled comfortably into his arms, the conversation turned naturally to intimate things. Perilla's jest led her father to talk of his age and to wonder whether he was to have as long a life as his father, who had died only two years before at ninety.

'At least, having no sons,' he went on, 'I shall be spared some of his disappointments. It was cruel that my brother, who could have satisfied him by going into public life, should have died. Father had no use for literature. He used to point out to me that not even Homer made money, so what could I expect? But I believe that even he saw that my student speeches sounded like metreless verse, and later on he accepted the bad bargain with some grace. He sniffed at what I considered my youthful successes. I was immensely proud over seeing Virgil once in the same room with myself, and when I came to know Horace and Propertius fairly intimately I felt myself quite a figure in Rome. But father had little respect for them — except when Horace turned preacher — and no patience at all with what I wrote.

Before he died, however, when these Olympians had passed off the stage, and he saw young men look up to me as I had looked up to them, and found I could sell my wares, he began to grant that I had, after all, done something with my time.'

'I never can realize,' Perilla exclaimed, 'that you are old enough to have seen Virgil! Why, I was n't even born when he died. I suppose those times, when Augustus was young, were very fiery and inspiring, but I am so glad I live in this very year! I would rather have you the chief poet of Rome than a hundred solemn Virgils, and surely life can never have been as lovely as it is now. Is n't Rome much finer and more finished?'

Fidus smiled. 'You are your father's own child,' he said. 'We certainly are getting the rustic accent out of our mouths and the rustic scruples out of our morals. In the mean time,' he added lightly, 'some of us have to plod along with our old habits, or where would the Empire be? I don't expect to improve much on the proconsulship of my grandfather.'

Ovid's eyes rested whimsically on the young man, and after a pause he said, 'Art is one thing, and conduct is another. I trust Perilla to you, but with no greater assurance of her happiness than I have of Fabia's entrusted to me. Soldiering and proconsuling have their place, but so has the brighter service of the Muses. While you are collecting taxes in Africa, we will make Rome a goal to come back to from the ends of the earth. After all, to live is the object of life, and where can you live as richly, as exquisitely, as you can here? You will find you cannot stay away long. Rome is the breath we breathe. I like to believe that will prove true of you. I cannot give up Perilla long — even with this young Roman as a hostage.' The child had fallen asleep, and with a light kiss on his tousled curls the grandfather turned him over to his mother's arms. 'Come,' he said to his son-in-law, 'let us rout our other boy out of his beehives and have one more game of ball before I get too old.'

Perilla watched the two men as they walked through the garden, then rose and, tucking her sleeping child among the cushions on a neighboring bench, threw herself on the grass by the older woman's feet, looking eagerly up into her face. Her forty-five years sat lightly upon Fabia, leaving her still lovely in the sensitive eyes of her husband and stepdaughter. A temperamental equableness and a disciplined character gave to her finely modeled face an inward tranquillity which was a refuge to their ardent natures. She only smiled now, as Perilla's lively tongue began again, —

'What a happy day we have had! How happy you make father all the time, any way! It keeps me from feeling too dreadfully about going away to Africa. Do you know, when you first came to us, I had an idea you would n't understand him! I was just old enough to realize that all your traditions were very austere ones, that your family had done wonderful things of which you would be very proud, things that were n't poetry and the joy of living at all. But I was far too young to know that just because you did belong to people like that, when you married a man you would sink your life in his. I have a feeling that within yourself your character stands like a rock, upon which all father's ideas could beat forever without changing it. But you never let that character make you into a force in the community apart from him. You have made his home perfect in every detail, but outside you are just his wife. Tell me, does that really satisfy you?'

Fabia's smile grew into a laugh. 'I seem very old-fashioned to you, do I not, dear child? It is not my age, either, for plenty of middle-aged women agree with you. It is quite in the air, is n't it, the independence of women, their right to choose their own path? I was invited to a reading of the *Lysistrata* the other day, and actually one woman said that she believed Aristophanes was only foreseeing a time when women would take part in the government! She was laughed down for that, but most of the others agreed that the whole progress of Society since Aristophanes's time was to be measured by the emancipation of women from the confines of the home and from intellectual servility. I, too, believe in the mind's freedom, but I notice that you all insist a great deal upon the rights involved in being individuals. I have never been able to see what you gain by that. My husband is a citizen of Rome. To be called his wife is my proudest title. It makes no difference to the state what I am or do of myself. I live to the state only through him.'

The younger woman had begun to speak almost before Fabia had finished, but the conversation was interrupted by the nurse coming for the child. Perilla returned to the house with them, declaring, with a laugh, that an hour with her boy at bedtime was more important than trying to change her perfect mother.

It was not yet time to dress for the birthday dinner which was to crown the day, and Fabia lingered on in the garden to watch the gathering rose in the sky above the tree-tops. An enchanted sense of happiness came to her in the silence of the hour. She did not agree with her husband that happiness was the main object of life, but she was very grateful to the gods, who had let her be happy ever since she was a little girl, left to the best of uncles by parents whom she was too young too mourn, and had crowned the latter half of her life with a love which had made her youth immortal. She had been married when she was a mere girl to a young soldier who had not lived long enough to obtrude upon her life more than a gentle memory of his bravery. The bearing of a child had been the vital part of that marriage, and the child had come into her new home with her, leaving it only for a happy one of her own. Her husband's child had been like another daughter to her. And throughout the twenty years of her life with Ovid, joy had consistently outweighed difficulties. Insolent tongues had been busy with his faithlessness to her. But after the first fears she had come to understand that, although other women often touched the poet and artist in him, none save herself knew the essential fidelity and the chivalrous tenderness of the husband. She had accepted with pride his shining place in public regard. It was no wonder that he loved Rome, for Rome loved him.

A nightingale broke into song among the rose-bushes. Her face was like a girl's as she thought of her husband, with the fresh green grape-leaves above his vivid face, young as the gods are young, seeking her eyes with his. A faint smell, as of homely things, rose from the familiar earth. Lights began to appear in the windows of the villa. She had come to this home when she and Ovid were married, and this morning she had again offered her tranquil prayers to the Penates, so long her own. The happy years broke in upon her. Ah, yes, she and her husband had the divine essence of youth within them. But they had something finer also, something that comes only to middle age — the sense of security and peace, the assurance that, except for death, no violent changes lay ahead

of them. She had only to nurture, as they faced old age together, a happiness that was already in full measure theirs.

As she turned toward the house she met her husband, come himself to seek her. In the recurrent springs of all her after life the faint smell of the burgeoning earth filled her with an unappeasable desire.

II

The next week Fidus and Perilla started for Libya, leaving the two children with their grandfather rather than expose them to the dangers of the African climate. Ovid and Fabia spent the summer, as usual, in the cool Apennines, at the old family homestead at Sulmo. They lingered on into the autumn for the sake of the vintage, a favorite season with them, and did not return to their beautiful town house at the foot of the Capitoline Hill until late in October. While Fabia was absorbed in the household readjustments entailed by the presence of the children with their servants and tutors, and before social engagements should become too numerous, Ovid undertook to give the final polish to his *Metamorphoses*. Patient work of this kind was uncongenial to him, and he always welcomed an excuse to avoid it. At the end of November, Fabia's cousin, Fabius Maximus, of whom he was very fond, went to the island of Elba to look after some family mines, and he made his wife's business interests a pretext for a holiday in the best of company. He was to be back soon after the Ides of December for a dinner with Macer, his fellow poet, in honor of some friends of both from Athens.

On the morning of the sixth day before the Ides, a message came to Fabia from the Palatine, asking where Ovid was. The inquiry seemed flattering and Fabia wondered what pleasant attention was in store for her husband. As it happened, she saw no one outside her own household, either that day or the next, being kept indoors by the necessity of installing servants — sent down from the estate at Sulmo — in both kitchen and storerooms. She was, therefore, entirely unprepared for the appalling public news which her uncle, Rufus, brought to her on the second evening. There was something almost terrifying in the wrench of her mind from placid details of linen chests and pantries to the disasters in Cæsar's household. Augustus, without warning, at the opening of what promised to be a brilliant social season, had risen in devastating wrath. Julia, his granddaughter, her lover, Decimus Junius Silanus, and, it was rumored, several other prominent men, had been given the choice of accepting banishment or submitting to a public prosecution. Everybody knew what that meant. The courts would condemn relentlessly, and the only way to save even their lives was for them to leave Rome.

'But the brutal suddenness of it!' Fabia exclaimed. 'It seems more tragic, somehow, than her mother's punishment. Is n't everybody aghast? And do you think she has deserved it?'

Rufus looked very grave and troubled. 'It is not easy to know what one does think,' he said. 'There has been a great deal of boasting about our prosperity, our victories abroad and our lustre at home. But some of us who have been watching closely have felt that there was no security. The Empire has been created at a great cost and cannot be preserved at a lesser price. Insurrections have to be put down in the provinces, efficiency has to be maintained in the capital. It takes harsh courage, inflexible morals, to do all that. Augustus has feared and fought against degeneracy. Julia, and

Roman society with her, have defied his legislation, as her mother and her set defied it ten years ago. Imagine the grief and despair of our old Emperor! He must do something savage, drastic, irrevocable, to save his state. My heart breaks for him, and yet I cannot help pitying our imperial lady. With her light grace and her audacious humor, among our stern old standards, she has often made me think of a Dryad, moving with rosy feet and gleaming shoulders within the gloom of a black forest. All our family, Fabia, have been like the trees, but perhaps Rome needs the Dryads, too. What is moral truth?'

Fabia smiled suddenly. 'Ovid would say it is beauty,' she said. 'That is an old dispute between us.' Her face fell again. 'He will be deeply distressed by this news. Julia has been very gracious to him, and he admires her even more than he did her mother.'

'When is he coming home?' Rufus asked.

'I did n't expect him till the Ides,' Fabia answered, 'but I think now he may come earlier. Cæsar sent yesterday morning to inquire where he was, and perhaps some honor is going to be offered that will bring him back immediately — a reading at the Palace, perhaps, or — But, uncle!' she exclaimed, 'what is the matter? You look so white! You are sick.' She came near him with tender, anxious hands, and he gathered them into his thin old ones and drew her to him.

'No, dear heart,' he said, 'I am not sick. For a moment fear outwitted me, a Fabian. You must promise me not to be afraid, whatever happens. Is it cruel to warn you of what may never come to you? But our days are troubled. Jove's thunderstorm has broken upon us. Your husband is among the lofty. It is only the obscure who are sure of escaping the lightning. Send for me if you need me. Remember whose blood is in you. I must go — there may yet be time —'

He kissed her forehead hurriedly and was gone.

Fabia never knew accurately what happened before the sun rose a second time after this night. Afterwards she recognized the linked hours as the bridge upon which she passed, without return, from joy to pain, from youth to age, from ignorance to knowledge. But the manner of the crossing never became clear in her memory. Details stood out mercilessly. Their relationship, their significance, were at the time as phantasmagoric as if she had been lost in the torturing unrealities of a nightmare.

Just after her uncle left she was called to the room of Perilla's youngest child, who had wakened with a sore throat and fever. Against the protests of the nurse, she sat up with him herself all night, through the shadows that darkened her mind groping after some service to her husband. When she was an old woman she could have told what was carved on the cover of the little box from which she took the medicine every hour until the fever broke, and the color of the nurse's dress when she hurried in at dawn. Practical matters claimed her attention after she had bathed and dressed. The doctor was sent for to confirm her own belief that the child had nothing more than a cold. The older boy's tutor consulted her about a change in the hours of exercise. A Greek artist came with designs of new decorations for the walls of the dining-room. The forenoon passed. A cold wind, early herald of winter, which had been blowing all night, died down. A portentous silence seemed to isolate her from the rest of the city.

At noon Ovid came home. She felt no surprise. They clung to each other,

and when he spoke he seemed to be saying what she knew already. The words made little impression. She only thought how old he looked,—as old as she was herself. His voice seemed to reach her ears from a great distance.

He was to go away from her to the world's end, to a town named Tomi, on the terrible Black Sea. The formal decree had stated as the cause the immorality of his *Art of Love*. Yes, the volume had been published ten years ago, and he had enjoyed the imperial favor as much since then as he had before. The real reason had been explained to him by the confidential messenger. It was not safe for her to know. Her ignorance was better for them both. He had made a ruinous blunder — the Emperor called it a crime — but he was innocent of evil intent. No; there was no use in making any plea. He had talked it over with Maximus, although he had not told him anything more than he could tell her. Maximus had been sure that nothing could be done, that the publicity of a trial would result only more disastrously. The Emperor was clement, his anger might cool, patience might bring a remission of the sentence. The only hope lay in obedience. Maximus had not been allowed to return with him in the hurried journey by government post. The officers had held out little hope to him. A change had come over Cæsar. Banishment was banishment. '*An exile?*' No, he was not that, he still had his property and his rights, — she was no exile's wife! Yes, she must stay in Rome. It was futile for her to argue, Cæsar was inexorable.

She asked him when he must go. He said before another sunrise — tomorrow must not find him within the city limits. The words held no new meaning for her. What were hours and minutes to the dead? They talked in broken sentences. She promised to comfort Perilla. He was glad his father and mother were dead. He hoped her daughter would come to her from Verona.

They were interrupted by the stormy arrival of a few friends — how few they were she did not realize until later. Rufus was the first to come, and she thought it strange that he should break down and sob while Ovid's eyes were dry and hard. Knowing the servants, he undertook to tell them what had befallen their master. Their noisy grief throughout the house brought a dreary sense of disorder. Sextus Pompeius arrived and, characteristically, out of the chaos of sorrow plucked the need of preparation for the long journey. He brought out maps and went over every stage of the way. Only the sea journey from Brindisi to Corinth would be familiar to Ovid, but Pompeius had seen many years of military service in northern stations from the Hellespont to the Danube, and knew what to recommend. Although Tomi was a seaport, he advised making the last part of the journey by land through Thrace. He knew what dangers to fear from the natives, what precautions to take against sickness, and what clothing and private supplies a traveler should have with him. They made out a list of necessary things and Pompeius sent some of the servants out to procure what they could before night. The rest could be sent on to Brindisi before the ship sailed; he would see to that. Fabia need have no care. It was a great disadvantage that they could not control the choice of traveling companions, but he would go at once and see if he could exercise any influence.

The packing consumed several hours. This unemotional activity would have strengthened Fabia, had it not had a completely unnerving effect on Ovid. The preparation for a wild and danger-

ous country seemed to bring him face to face with despair. He rushed to the fire and threw upon it the thick manuscript of his *Metamorphoses*. Looking with sullen eyes at the smouldering parchment, he began to talk wildly, passing from a protest that no one should see his unfinished work to a paroxysm of rage against all his poetry, to which he attributed his ruin. He walked up and down the room, pushed his wife aside and mumbled that he was going to take his own life. Only Celsus, who had come after Pompeius left, proved able to influence him. By a patient reasonableness he made headway against his hysterical mood and brought him back, step by step, to saner thoughts.

The servants, stirred to their duties by Rufus, brought in food, and Fabia made Ovid eat a little bread and fruit. The evening wore on. The December moon was mounting the sky. Voices and footsteps of passers-by were vaguely heard. In the distance a dog barked incessantly. Lights had been lit, but the usual decorum of the house was broken. The fire died upon the hearth. The children were brought into the room, roused from sleep and pale and dull with the unwonted hour. Midnight came and went. All sounds of city life died away. Even the dog ceased his howling. Ovid went to the window and drew aside the heavy silk curtain. The moon rode high over the Capitol. Suddenly he stretched out his arms and they heard him praying to the great gods of his country. At this moment Fabia's self-control, like a dam pressed upon too long, gave way. Except on ceremonial occasions, she had never heard her husband pray. Now, he who had had the heart of a child for Rome and for her was cast out by Rome and beyond her help. From her breast he must turn to the indifferent gods in heaven. She broke into hard, terrible sobs and threw herself upon the hearth, kissing the gray ashes. Recking nothing of those about her, she prayed wildly to the lesser gods of home, her gods. From the temple on the Capitoline, from the Penates came no answer.

His friends began to urge him to start. His carriage was ready, he must run no risk of not clearing Rome by daylight. Why should he start, he asked with a flicker of his old wit, when to go meant leaving Rome and facing Scythia? He called the children to him and spoke low to them of their mother. The morning star had risen. Again his friends urged him. Three times he started for the door, and three times he came back. At the end Fabia clung to him and beat upon his shoulders and declared she must go with him. What was the Emperor's command to her? Love was her Cæsar. Rufus came and drew her away. The door opened. The cold night air swept the *atrium*. She caught sight of Ovid's face, pitifully white beneath the black mass of his disheveled hair. His shoulders sagged, he stumbled as he went out. She was conscious of falling, and knew no more.

III

Ovid's second birthday in exile had passed. The hope of an early release, harbored at first by his family and friends, had died away. None of them knew what the 'blunder' or 'crime' was which had aroused the anger of Augustus, and every effort to bring into high relief the innocence of Ovid's personal life and his loyalty to the imperial family simply made them more cognizant of a mystery they could not fathom. Access to Cæsar was easy to some of them, and through Martia, the wife of Maximus, they had hoped to reach Livia. But these high personages remained as inscrutable as they

were relentless. At times it seemed as if even Tiberius, although long absent from the city, might be playing a sinister rôle in the drama. All that was clear was that some storm wind, from the fastnesses of the imperial will, had swept through the gayety of Rome and quenched, like a candle, the bright life of her favorite poet.

It was easy to say that an astonishing amount of freedom was still his. His books had been removed from the public libraries, but the individual's liberty to own and read them was in no way diminished, nor was the publication of new work frowned upon. In the autumn before his banishment Ovid had given out one or two preliminary copies of his *Metamorphoses*, and his friends now insisted that a work so full of charm, so characteristic of his best powers, so innocent of questionable material, should be published, even if it had not undergone a final revision. The author sent back from Tomi some lines of apology which he wished to have prefixed. He also arranged with the Sosii for the bringing out of his work on the Roman Calendar when he should have completed it. And he was at liberty, not only to keep up whatever private correspondence he chose, but to have published a new set of elegiac poems in the form of painfully candid letters to his wife and friends about his present life. A third volume of these *Tristia* had just appeared and more were likely to follow. He had an extraordinary instinct for self-revelation.

But in spite of this liberty to raise his voice in Rome, it was obvious that all that made life dear to Ovid had been taken away. The lover of sovereign Rome, of her streets and porticoes and theatres, of her forums and temples and gardens, must live at the farthest limit of the Empire in a little walled town, from whose highest tower a constant watch was kept against the incursions of untamed barbarians. The poet, to whom war had meant only the brilliance of triumphal pageants in the Sacred Way, must see the rude farmers of a Roman colony either borne off as captives or sacrificing to the enemy their oxen and carts and poor little rustic treasures. The man of fifty, who had spent his youth in writing love poetry and who had never ceased to have an eye for Venus in the temple of Mars, must wear a sword and helmet and dream at night of poisoned arrows and of fetters upon his wrists. The son of the Italian soil, bred in warmth, his eye accustomed to flowers and brooks and trees and fertile meadows, must shiver most of the year under bitter north winds, sweeping over fields of snow which melted neither under sun nor rain, and in spring could watch only for the breaking up of ice in the Danube, the restoration of the gloomy plains to their crop of wormwood, and the rare arrival of some brave ship from Greece or Italy. The acknowledged master of the Latin tongue, the courted talker in fastidious circles, must learn to speak and write a barbarous jargon if he wished to mingle with his fellow townsmen. The husband with the heart of a child, whose little caprices and moods, whose appetite and health had been the concern of tender eyes, must learn how to be sick without food or medicine or nursing, must, before his time, grow old and gray and thin and weak, dragged from the covert of a woman's love.

It was spring again, and the late afternoon air which came through the open window by which Fabia was sitting was sweet with the year's new hope, even though borne over city roofs. Fabia had dwelt with sorrow day and night until there was no one of its Protean shapes which she did not know intimately. She had even attained to a

tolerance of her own hysteria that first night, when her uncle and her servants had had to care for her till morning. It was the last service she had required of others. Her daughter had hurried to her and spent weeks with her in watchful companionship. Perilla had come back in the summer and gone with her to Sulmo. But neither the love of the one child nor the grief of the other had passed into the citadel where her will stood at bay before the beleaguering troops of Pain. Those troops were newer to her than they usually are to a woman of her age. The loss of her child's father had brought regret rather than grief, and her will had been disciplined through the years only by the habitual performance of simple duties which had given her happiness. But, untaught, unaided, it slew her enemies and left her victor. Her daughters had long since given over worrying about her, — had, rather, begun again to draw without thought upon her generous stores. Only her uncle, who knew the cost of warfare better, still silently watched her eyes. He knew that her victory had to be won afresh every night, as soon as the ægis of the day was lifted. For a long time this had meant nights of dry-eyed anguish which threatened her sanity, or nights of weakening tears. Through these months her uncle had come to see her every day. He had not doubted the strength of her will, but he had feared that the strength of her body might be sacrificed to its triumph. Her long days of self-control, however, repaired the ravages of the night hours, and little by little her strong mind, from which she had mercilessly withheld all narcotics, reasserted its sway over her nerves. She recovered her power to think. A clear understanding of principles, by which she was to decide the details of conduct, had always seemed to her essential.

To-day in this favorite hour of hers, when the mask laid by a busy day over the realities of life began to be gently withdrawn, she had set herself the task of analyzing certain thoughts which had been with her hazily for over a week. On Ovid's birthday she had sent little presents to the grandchildren and had written her stepdaughter a letter which she hoped would make her feel that she was still the child of her father's house. In doing this she had been poignantly reminded of the birthday fête of two years ago, and of Perilla's sweetness to her, and of the conversation, so lighthearted at the time, about woman's place in the state.

Since then she had been wondering whether she should still be able to say that it was enough for her to be a wife. She was perfectly sure that she did not miss the outer satisfactions of being Ovid's wife. Except as they indicated his downfall, she did not regret the loss of her place in society or the desertion of many of their former friends. Indeed, she had welcomed as her only comfort whatever share she could have in his losses. But was it true that her life, as a whole, had no meaning apart from his? Had the hard, solitary fight to be brave meant nothing except that she could write her husband stimulating letters and help his child to take up again the joys of youth? She had found and tested powers in herself that were not Ovid's. What significance was there in her old phrase — 'the wife of a Roman citizen'?

She began to think over what Ovid's idea of citizenship was. She realized suddenly, in one of those flashes that illuminate a series of facts long taken for granted, that the time when he had shown most emotion over being a citizen was on the night he had left home, when he had insisted that he still retained his property and rights. On the annual occasions when the Emperor

had reviewed the equestrian order and he had ridden on his beautiful horse in the procession, he had always come home full of enthusiasm. But she had felt vaguely, even then, that the citizen's pride was largely compounded of the courtier's devotion to a ruler, the artist's delight in a pageant, and the favorite's pleasure in plaudits in which he had a personal share. That he loved Rome she had never doubted. He loved the external city because it was fair to the eye. He loved Roman life because in every detail it was free from all that was rustic, because it gave the prizes to wit and imagination and refinement. The culture of Athens had at last become domiciled in the capital of a world-empire. Ovid's idea of citizenship, Fabia said to herself, was to live, amidst the beauties of this capital and in the warmth of imperial and popular favor, freely, easily, joyfully.

And what was her own idea? Fabia's mind fled back to the days when she was a little girl in Falerii and her uncle used to come to the nursery after his dinner and take her on his lap and tell her stories until she was borne off to bed. The stories had always been about brave people, and her nurse used to scold, while she undressed her, about her flushed face and shining eyes. The procession of brave ones walked before her now, as a child's eyes had seen it — Horatius, Virginia, Lucretia, Decius, Regulus, Cato — men and women who had loved the honor and virtue demanded by Rome or Rome's own safety better than their lives. Her favorite story of all had been the one about her own ancestors, the three hundred and six Fabii who, to establish their country's power, fought by the river Cremera until every man was dead.

She had grown old enough to read her own stories, to marry, to tell stories to her child and to grandchildren, but the time had never come when her heart had not beat quicker at the thought of men sacrificing life or children, will or well-being, to the need of their country. She had become a widely read woman in both Greek and Latin. Her reason told her that appreciation of beauty in nature and art, grace and elegance in manners, intellectual freedom and zest for individual development, were essential factors in the progress of civilization. She knew that if her husband had not believed in these things he could not have been the poet he was, and she believed that his poetry had done something for Roman letters which even Virgil's had not done. Not only had she loved, with the pure passion of her maturity, his charm and his blitheness and his gifted sensitiveness, but she had been proud of his achievement. His citizenship had satisfied her. But always, within the barriers of her own individuality, that faith which is deeper, warmer, more masterly than reason had kept her the reverent lover of duty and of honor, the passionate guardian of character, for whose sake she would deny not only ease and joy, but even, if the dire need came, beauty itself.

Their art the Romans had had to borrow. Their character they had hewn for themselves, with chisels unknown to the Greeks, out of the brute mass of their instincts. Its dignity, its constancy, its magnanimity, probity, and fidelity, Cicero had described in words befitting their massive splendor. To possess this character was to be a Roman citizen, in the Forum and on the battlefield, in the studio and the study, in exile and in prison, in life and in death. Ovid's citizenship, save for the empty title, had been ended by an imperial decree. In losing Rome he had ceased to be a Roman. His voice came back in cries in which there was no fortitude and no dignity. He was tiring

out his friends. Perilla no longer let Fidus see his letters. Even in her own heart the sharpest sorrow was not his exile but his defeat. Her love had outlived her pride.

The dreaded night was coming on. Would he moan in his sleep again without her quieting hand upon his face, or wake from dreams of her to loneliness? She rose impetuously and looked up through the narrow window. The sky was filled with the rose and gold of the April sunset. Of pain she was no longer afraid. But she was afraid to go on fighting, with nothing to justify her successive battles or glorify their result. Against the transfiguring sky rose the Capitol. Burnished gold had been laid upon its austere contours. Strength was aflame with glory. Suddenly an answering flame leaped within her. In that majestic temple dwelt the omnipotent gods of her country. Why should all her prayers be said to the Penates on her hearth? What did her country need, save, in manifold forms which obliterated the barriers of sex, the sacrifice of desires, the performance of duty, the choice of courage? The feverish talk of women about having rights had failed to hold her attention. Now, a mightier voice, rising from the graves of the dead, trumpeted from the lives of the living, filled her ears, calling to her, above the warring of her will with sorrow, to be a citizen of Rome. She had neither arms nor counsels to give to her country. She could not even give sons, born of her body, taught of her spirit. She was a woman alone, she was growing old, she was ungifted; she would be nothing but a private in the ranks, an obscure workman among master-builders. But she could offer a victory over herself, a character hewn and shaped in accordance with her country's laws. Her husband's citizenship had dwindled to a legal fable. She would take it and weld it with her own and, content never to know the issue, lay them together upon the altar of Rome's immortal Spirit.

The new moon rose out of the radiant west. On another moonlight night she had fallen by the ashes of her hearth and prayed in futile agony to the gods of her home. Now she stood erect and looked out upon the city and with a solemn faith prayed to the greatest gods. Later she slept peacefully, for the first time in fifteen months, as one whose taskmaster has turned comrade.

In the morning her uncle, who had been in Falerii for a few weeks, came to see her. He looked keenly into her eyes as she hastened across the wide room to greet him. Then his own eyes flashed and with a sudden glad movement he bent and kissed her hands. 'Heart of my heart,' he said, 'in an exile's house I salute a Roman.'

'LOOKING LITERARY'

BY ALEXANDER BLACK

In *The Real Thing* Mr. James expresses a disenchantment the like of which, it is to be feared, has come to many another. 'It was a truth,' he says, 'of which I had for some time been conscious that a figure with a good deal of frontage was, as one might say, almost never a public institution.'

Such a disenchantment may well be gradual and reluctant, for even the most sordid science seems to foster an expectation that phenomena will, in some recognizable degree, 'look the part.' To be sure, we may early encounter the shock of discovering that Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, had no heroic proportions, that they were little men, as men go; but history and poetry alike see to it that these figures are invested with abundantly identifying marks of greatness. We may have learned, then, to spare mere stature, dubiously as we may have done it in the case of the fighters, without altogether giving up hope that the natural lapse may be corrected in later evidences.

Mr. Howells has commented somewhere upon the popular attitude of mind as illustrated in the familiar remark, 'I thought he was taller.' That the marked man should be discovered not to be tall is, unquestionably, a fact perennially disappointing, even after something like resignation has been acquired. A stunted hero retains the capacity to give us a pang, even when he is not making Wagnerian love to a towering Brünhilde.

This attitude of mind is evidently not essentially vulgar or even juvenile. Writers of eminence have not been immune from the habit of halting before brevity of stature in other writers, for example, even when the discoverers are not so candid as Carlyle, who quite inevitably pounced upon De Quincey as 'one of the smallest men you ever in your life beheld,' and found Macaulay 'a squat, thick-set, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty.' The rather brutal tautology in the description of Macaulay had, of course, collateral provocation. You will guess what it was. Margaret Fuller, whom the caustic philosopher in Cheyne Walk set down as 'a strange, lilting, lean old maid,' remarked that 'the worst of Carlyle is that you can't interrupt him.' Macaulay, who was a pretty good torrent himself, with plenty, as Emerson put it, of 'fire, speed, fury, talent, and effrontery,' tried the impossible, and got all three adjectives. How much worse Miss Fuller might have fared is to be judged from Carlyle's memorandum that she was 'not nearly such a bore as I expected.'

Thus it was inevitable that George Ticknor should observe that Schlegel was a 'short, thickset little gentleman,' and that he should, apparently, be relieved to find Goethe 'something above middle size.' To be only 'something above middle size' seems only vaguely alleviating, but it serves the purpose of rescue from the class that is more sharply noted. If Chesterfield, for instance, could have grown perhaps a couple of inches further, Thackeray's

picture of him as 'a little, beetle-browed, hook-nosed, high-shouldered gentleman,' would have been shaven of at least its most accusatory term. And the term often is an implement of resentment. Lamb was irritated when he picked out a London contemporary as 'a middle-sized man both in nature and understanding.' Of course, even face-to-face opportunity does not always assure conclusive estimate. Miss Hawkins says that Walpole was tall; Pinkerton as flatly declares that he was short, though both agree that he walked 'as if the floor were wet.'

And here is our great difficulty when it comes to calling up images of the literary great by the agency of personal testimony. 'Figure,' says Carlyle, 'a fat, flabby, incurvated personage, at once short, rotund and relaxed, with a watery mouth, a snuffy nose, a pair of strange, brown, timid, yet earnest-looking eyes, a high tapering brow, and a great bush of gray hair; and you have some faint idea of Coleridge.'

Not so faint an idea, perhaps, if we went no further. But how shall we reconcile the Carlylean brutality with Wordsworth's portrait of the 'wrapt one with the godlike forehead, the heaven-eyed creature'? It is such disparities that might well drive us to a Cubism which forgot the outward and visible signs altogether, and showed us Genius in a geometrical litter.

Yet it is just these outward and visible signs that are least likely to go unsought and unmentioned. Neither nicety nor ardor of description has ever seemed certain to insure forgetfulness of the outward shell. No adversities of contact deter us from eagerly reading descriptions which may disturb, or from writing the same sort of thing to jostle someone else's preconceptions. Sometimes, it is true, the meeting or the description may be pleasantly or at least interestingly corrective. 'Instead of having a thin and rather sharp and anxious face, as he has in his pictures,' writes Professor Ticknor, after his meeting with Byron, 'it is round and open, and smiling; his eyes are light and not black; his air easy and careless, not forward and striking.' But we shall meet our shock, you may be sure, before we have gone far. We shall have idealized a Fielding, then wince to learn that 'a few pensive lines about the nose showed that snuff and sorrow had been there.' We shall have developed a fine reverence for Dr. Johnson, then run across a description of the spectacle he presented at dinner. Indeed, the anguish of discovering that our giant is not tall will pale before vastly more distressing readjustments.

Yet we shall, it seems, go on hoping if not expecting to objectify our ideals and our prejudices. The instinct cannot be wholly sentimental. Though we may be piqued by the paradoxes, surely there is something elementally practical in this expectation that 'looking the part' will become a fact. Despite Macbeth, there surely is an art 'to find the mind's construction in the face,' —an art to be questioned, to be sure, when it is made a profession, yet one not at all in contempt when it is practiced by individuals. Nothing in post-Darwinian science seems to scold us for the expectation.

Moreover, since life imitates art, there must be psychic pressure which will stamp its influence, however subtly, on physiognomy, and if Epictetus was serious in saying that 'we ought not even by the aspect of the body to scare the multitude from philosophy,' it need not be entirely fanciful to suspect that exponents of literature have felt the same obligation with regard to the multitude. Indeed, Mr. Zangwill dares assert that Tennyson 'dressed for the part almost as well as Beerbohm Tree could have done.'

This influence of the multitude is to be reckoned with. Max Müller, who was astonished that English universities should try to develop manliness without dueling, admitted that in German universities 'pistol duels are usually preferred by theological students, because they cannot easily get a living if the face is scarred all over.' While Epictetus, like the clergyman, was influenced with regard to the 'aspect of the body' by the conditions surrounding the delivery of philosophy in person, and while the literary man is not commonly a man of the forum but of the study, the chance that the writer may hide behind his book grows daily smaller. The psychological century is the most pictorial of all.

Epictetus did not specifically insist that the philosopher should look like a philosopher. Max Müller has not said that the clergyman must look like a clergyman, but the multitude will, you may be sure, go on matching the mask to the fact. Gil Blas found Dr. Sangrado to have 'a medical face.' Lucky Dr. Sangrado, to fulfill all logical requirements and escape the halting obscurations! Shakespeare, who lived before photography, is assumed to have looked sublimely poetical, and thus avoids infinite explanation of one sort at least. Nowadays, shouldered by the camera, the painter must be so literal that we cannot hope to beg the question. Even Futurism does not sweeten the details.

'He does not look like a literary man.' There you have it, much reiterated, in newspaper descriptions, in 'literary gossip,' current and between stiff covers. How he should look, to look literary, we are never told. How he does look now that he does *not* look literary, we are informed in a thousand phrases. To get at the theoretic image we must creep by the eliminations.

In earlier times it was different. There can be no pretense that genius ever advertised itself by infallible signs. But there were good old days when you were supposed to tell a poet as quickly as you would a policeman. This must have been a great comfort. If you doted on poets you could be grateful for the label that made it easy to pick them out. If you disliked poets, or if you were merely conservative about them, you might be equally grateful. The long hair was an immense help to the imagination — to the poet's, I have no doubt, as well as to the spectator's. It became a sign, and much of humanity joins the Tammany chieftain in welcoming the 'symblem.'

The danger always was — and it came in for remark long before Mr. James's skepticism as to the 'public institution' — that ample locks and a Byronic collar could be acquired by persons who were not literary at all, much less poets or real Parnassian toffs of any sort. Nature will have its joke and men will connive. If no one could be so great as Daniel Webster looked, I have no doubt that no one could be so transcendently literary as some of the counterfeits have succeeded in looking.

But this does not change the fact that the poet, for example, once was standardized. There are a thousand descriptions which prove the existence of an accepted mould for the literary personality, though most description goes by resentment of variation. Goldsmith reminded Miss Reynolds of 'a low mechanic,' particularly of 'a journeyman tailor.' Rogers was never forgiven for being ugly — so gracious an observer as Mr. Whipple saw 'something withered and ghastly in his appearance.' The same writer was quite sure that Lewes was 'one of the homeliest men in Great Britain.' Miss Evans said that he looked like a 'miniature Mirabeau,' though she afterward

(that was a richly significant afterward for both!) admitted that 'he is much better than he seems.' DeQuincey was well enough pleased with the head of Wordsworth, but Lamb's head, he declared,' was absolutely truncated in the posterior region — sawn off, as it were, by no mean sawyer.'

Tennyson was an instance of the popularly acceptable type. Mrs. Carlyle, who evidently regarded him as extraordinarily handsome, discerned 'something of the gypsy' in his appearance, and for her this was 'perfectly charming.' Comments on the impressiveness of Tennyson recall the ardor of Pope in ascribing to Wycherley 'the true nobleman look.' But of all handsome authors our own Motley appears to have been most fervently described. Lady Byron declared that he more resembled her husband than any person she had ever met. To Wendell Phillips this was not praise enough, for he insisted that Motley was handsomer than Byron. Bismarck, who met the American at Göttingen University, says that Motley's 'most striking feature' was his 'uncommonly large and beautiful eyes,' and that he 'never entered a drawing' room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies.'

However we may hesitate to commit ourselves to any theory of form, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Dr. Hale, all surely 'visualize well'; so well that the vivid impression of their utter distinction might easily embarrass any effort to determine the later type.

And when we turn to the later type it is difficult not to feel that the last vestiges of picturesqueness are slipping away to join the periwig, the lace, the buckles, and the snuff-box. For the Delilah of convention has shorn the world. Can the august modern author feel the complacency of Mr. Pepys when he had used his new 'razer' after a week of lying fallow? 'How ugly I was yesterday,' he bursts forth in his diary, 'and how fine to-day!' Are we to watch the ruthless snipping of the new *Zeitgeist* without a word of protest?

The hard contemporary fact is that the gloriously maned authors are becoming sadly rare, even rarer than long-haired actors. The long-haired musician is still with us, though one of the most eminent masters of the pianoforte has yielded something to the modern spirit by submitting briefly to the shears. Individual age has here a potent influence — age, or the getting through with things. What a wonderfully picturesque person Dickens was at twenty-five! And how matter-of-fact at forty! Browning suffered a similarly sobering and averaging effect. The same thing is true of many other figures in that period, and it is not easy to guess whether the changing fashion set in during their middle years, or whether advancing age would have effected the same change in any case.

Those of us who feel bereaved by the departure of the endeared aureole from the head of the type will dwell with the greater warmth of feeling upon memories inspired by Mark Twain, by George Meredith, by Parke Godwin, by Donald G. Mitchell, by Joaquin Miller, as well as by the bearded ones, like Fields and Scudder and Stedman and John Fiske. It may be that my impression of John Fiske's head was affected by the bigness of the man, but surely that head was more than ordinarily impressive. Beecher one day called to one in his audience to join him on the platform. 'Come up here, you shaggy man!' was his challenge. It was Edward Eggleston. But, alas! Eggleston trimmed that splendid mane in his twilight years — a calamity as profound, it seemed to me, as if Walt Whitman had trimmed his.

It might, then, be urged that a

change of fashion has made identification of the literary man a nicer, a more exacting matter, though this would be to affront the tradition that there really is a 'literary face.' But it does not at all explain why literary men are so frequently held to look specifically like something else.

Close upon twenty years ago one critical commentator noted that Ibsen 'did not look like a poet,' but 'like a prosperous railroad president.' It was earlier, I think, that I read of George William Curtis as looking 'the beau ideal of the English country gentleman.' Mr. Davis described Coppée, seen at the Grand Prix, as 'suggesting a priest or a tragic actor.' James Payn looked 'more like a prosperous physician than author.'

Again 'prosperous,' mark you. There is something in that which should, perhaps, be examined. Mr. Howells is not so often described as looking like a 'prosperous banker' as he was, say, a score of years ago. Evidently the phrase has had its day. Authorial prosperity has become trite. New descriptives are needed. Yet what other prosperous thing *can* you look like after you have looked like a prosperous banker? Most of us would be willing to stop there.

And having ventured among the moderns, is there any entirely proper form in which I may, conscientiously, offer the opinion that the evidences to-day are strangely puzzling? John Burroughs and Dr. Mitchell certainly seem to touch the traditions. So does Hall Caine, and perhaps Barrie. But Kipling, and Hardy, and Hewlett and Riley and James we are likely at any moment to see designated as typifying some abstractly professional or merely gentlemanly embodiment. Chesterton, though he suggests Dumas, is no more literary looking than Conan Doyle or H. G. Wells. I have not seen Sir Gilbert Parker for many years, but here is a photograph of him talking to Edward VII, and it is evident that, so far as traditional signs go, he might be no more differentiated than a king.

These personal contentions are made in the face of the fact that some one with a Futurist perspective will rise to insist that 'there ain't no such animal,' which would be equivalent to maintaining that looking literary is, or has been, either a trick or a delusion. This cynicism belongs with the ancient superstition that the feminine literary type was to be traced by its clothes. If the clothes were antiquated, particularly if they did not fit, the lady was literary. Happily this absurdity is obsolete. Now that literary women are (as I am told) quite commonly fashionable (fancy a 'hobbled' blue-stocking!), even the clothes flippancy cannot aid in an identification that always was precarious.

Let us not be diverted by skepticisms. Science and sentiment alike point to the probability that the type still holds true if there be eyes to see. It is not a matter of asking for any reiteration of the 'serene Olympian beauty' of Goethe, not a matter of objectifying either the ascetic or the rebellious on archaic lines, or of risking the receipt of a fling like that of Henley at Thackeray as 'representing the gentlemanly interests.' Surely it is a matter of re-standardization, under the correcting influence of which we shall, like Hogarth, be able once more, and with closer nicety of discrimination, to 'see the manners in the face.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE VALUE OF SENTIMENT

'No one can fail to see,' writes Miss Repplier, in an article on 'The Cost of Modern Sentiment,' in the May *Atlantic*, 'that sentiment is the motor-power which drives us to intemperate words and actions.' This is true, and no one can fail to see, who reads history and psychology understandingly, that emotion, or sentiment, is the motor-power which drives us to most of our words and to all of our actions, and hence to our foolish as well as to our wise ones.

It seems as impertinent to quote a classic to Miss Repplier as to the ghost of the scholarly Tomlinson, and yet it was 'writ in a book' that 'the chief component of the mind is feeling'; that 'no movement is made but what is preceded by a prompting feeling, as well as a prompting thought'; that in all of our actions 'the emotions are the masters, the intellect is the servant.' William James says, 'Every pulse of feeling which we have is the co-relate of some neural activity that is on the way to instigate a movement.'

To-day the dominant world-movement that is being instigated by emotion is the new religion of social reform. Like all religions in their early stage of active eruption, it is so hot and vehement that some weak minds are swept from their moorings by excess of feeling. But even the extremest manifestations of this new fervor are calm and rational compared with the excesses of the religionists who were flagellants, penitents and crusaders — when whole nations gave up their lives in the hope of seeing the walls of Jerusalem. In spite of our wonder at the trances and scourgings of frenetic piety, we still must realize what tremendous actualities were instigated by the wills set in action by that emotion. Out of those unparalleled raptures of the past, that stamped the stigmata upon ecstatic palms, grew the most substantial monuments, in governments and in stone, ever raised by the hands of man; just as from the passionate desire for liberty and fraternity, of the maddest revolution of modern times, has come the inspiration of those governments which have, at least for their ideal, the rights of man.

From our new religion, with its heightened sense of shame and responsibility, — its anguished sense of failure as a brother's keeper, — have come inevitable exaggerations: a self-accusatory pity for the prostitute, an unreasoned compassion for the criminal, a brooding over the unmerited sufferings of animals; the old, familiar prostrations of the spirit before the symbols of sorrow, but grown how gentle with the lapse of time! We knew stronger, stranger raptures when the world was young, in the *auto-da-fé*, in the torturing of the Jews, in trances and genuflexions before the handkerchief of St. Veronica, in foot-washings of beggars, embracings of lepers, in the hair shirt and the scourge. To-day's excesses contrast soberly with all that, and make us ask ourselves if we have grown a feeble folk, that we take our new revival so sanely.

When we have fully realized that it is only under super-heated human emotion that the big lump of selfish humanity becomes malleable to great and

disinterested ideas, that the 'cake of custom' can only be melted at white heat, we no longer cry out that certain mutable parts of the mass splash over and form into fantastic shapes.

History shows, a hundred times over, that the inevitable order of social growth is, first, passion with the conception of the new ideal, then its birth and modification. If enthusiasm and moderation could be produced together, enthusiasm would be stillborn, and with this loss the world would lose its power to create new horizons and new moralities. Each 'Thou shalt not' that has been written in man's actual code — not in his decalogue of prophetic vision — has been written with a finger of fire. If excitement were absent from the making of this new mandate, we should be justified in fearing that we are having only one more sterile, intellectual vision, and not the stuff of which realities are made. From the fervor of the present movement we have reason to hope that the emotions of the whole people are becoming involved, and that the great mass is warming toward its next remoulding.

All that was said for sixty years in Congress, with what Miss Repplier would commend as 'good taste and judgment,' was less influential in arousing public sentiment, and therefore public action, against slave-owning, than the emotional and inexact pictures of plantation life — so hotly resented by the South — in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And if, to-day, the factory-slave, in turn, has raised to her defense the trembling voices of impassioned advocates, we may be sure that they will do more toward building up for her substantial justice, than the measured utterances of impeccable debaters. The value of this type of fiction is not in exact scientific statement, its value is in its personal and emotional appeal, because in such wise, and no other, is man brought to a conviction of sin, and his will prepared for the sacrifice of his selfish interest to the larger interest of society. It was not abstract considerations of justice that shaped Lincoln's convictions about human slavery into the purpose that set itself when he cried out, 'If I ever get a chance to hit this thing, I'll hit it hard'; it was seeing just one Negro girl standing on the auctioneer's block and facing a crowd of leering dealers in human flesh. If sentimentality will do harm, as Miss Repplier points out, it is equally true that without emotion we shall do nothing. It is not so much that 'a campaign cannot be directed by a debating society,' in Macaulay's much-worn phrase, as that it will not be directed by a debating society.

Perhaps the real difference of opinion lies in whether or not we want to see things changed so much that we are willing to accept the full cost of change. Miss Repplier speaks of our 'safety,' and she says that we cannot 'even afford errors of taste and judgment' to-day. This talk of our safety has always had within it the lurking element of humor. The same grim humor that the prudence of the man in the life-boat has for the man in the open sea. But there are many besides the drowning who are questioning this safety. Is it, they ask, the safety of children in factories, or of their fathers, who cannot earn enough to keep them? Or is it the safety of segregated prostitutes, or of widows who cannot hold their families together?

None of these are new things to the intelligence, but men and women are feeling them differently, hotly. A new, emotional ethic is forming in their hearts and consciences, the 'cold and neutral state of intellectual perception' is past. They, too, have seen things as they are, but they are not like the ageing

Fontenelle, they do not ask to die; they are full of the hot blood of youth that will gladly spend itself in labor, drop by drop, to make this world a fit habitation for the children of men.

HOT-WEATHER REFLECTIONS

EVERY one who has studied the code of popular weather-signs must have been impressed by its lack of hot-wave warnings. Winters of unusual length, intense cold and heavy snows, are foretold with abundant assurance, the indications of rain are listed and classified, in a half-dozen other lines the prophets seem to feel entire confidence in themselves; but every long term of heat takes us unawares. How are we to account for the silence of the weather-wise on this one point? Do not the squirrels, which lay in an extra store of food against a long winter, do something or other to prepare for the opposite extreme? There are the nuts whose mature shells indicate by their thickness the degree of cold to be looked for in the coming season: have they no hint to give us, in their embryo stage, of what to expect in July and August? Have the rabbits, whose coats are reputed to thicken in advance of a great fall in temperature, no hot-weather deshabillé to point us the other way? The oak and the ash are trusted in England to foretell, according to a rule of priority in budding, the coming of a wet or a dry season; cannot they do anything for us later? In Gloucestershire the gardeners watch for the mulberry tree to burst into leaf, as a sign that all the frosts are over; and the tradition is as old as Linnæus which credits the teazle with closing its prickles at the approach of rain. Can none of these plant worthies forecast for us the advent of a torrid wave?

When once the wave has arrived, no course is left us but to make the best of it. There are no clear avenues of escape from the heats of summer, as from the cold of winter or the rains of spring and autumn. A waterproof coat and umbrella and overshoes are panoply enough with which to brave the dripping clouds. Woolens and furs out-of-doors and a roaring fire on the hearth will render the worst fall of the thermometer contemptible. But with what defense can man provide himself against the terrors of the dog-star? It is out of the question to dwell continuously in a bath-tub or under a shower; there is a limit to the capacity of the normal human stomach for iced drinks; one cannot spend one's entire time exchanging damp for dry undercloth-ing. Electric fans help a little, but, like sitting in grateful drafts, are attended with risks of influenza, neuralgia, and stiffened cords. Undoubtedly, we moderns who live in civilized communities burden our bodies with too much raiment in summer, and of the wrong sort. So convention-ridden are we that we feel disposed to apologize even for the shedding of that superfluous garment, the waistcoat. It is forty-odd years since women discarded, in the informal costume of the morning, a lot of silly wrappings, and adopted the sensible shirtwaist. Somebody organized a league, not so very long ago, for spreading the same wise fashion among the other sex; but it went the way of the single-season fad, and the best concession that can now be got from the typical male swelterer in the streets is an occasional removal of his coat, to be carried over the arm as a badge of subservience to grundyism and a creator of almost as much discomfort there as when worn on the back. Even the starched-collar habit is too firmly fixed to be easily pried out, though the mercury go soaring among the nineties.

For those of us who are forced to spend most of our summers in cities,

there are a few consoling thoughts. One is that the severest heat does not prompt men to crime, as the social statisticians have found that the severest cold does. Another is that the worst temperature we are called upon to face falls a long way short of the endurance limit of the human body and brain, as proved by French experiments at the 250-degree level. Another comes from the discovery through the newspapers, with every prolonged hot wave, that we are 'breaking the record' in some line or other. This ought to be a stimulus to our pride; and if we wish to carry further the beneficent influence of mental suggestion, all we need to do is to compare what is happening to us with what has happened to various other peoples at various other times. For instance, when the encyclopedias tell us that in A.D. 627 the heat in France and Germany dried the water-sources and a multitude of people died of thirst; that in the battle of Bela, in 1260, more soldiers were killed by the sun than by the weapons of the foe; that in 1303 three great rivers of Western Europe went dry; that in a Russian city, in 1889, the noon temperature reached 144 degrees and a sunshade was necessary at five in the morning, we are bound to conclude that we are not so badly off, after all.

Already our age of invention has evolved ideas of artificial refrigeration which need only a little further expansion to enable us to rent offices or apartments with a cold-air and a hot-air supply pipe against every wall, and a landlord's guaranty that the temperature shall never, without the tenant's desire, exceed a certain limit in either direction. Then we shall be fairly independent of the changes of season, no matter if we are tied to the densely settled places.

Outside of a city, the most comfortable spot for a hot-weather sojourn is a clean, roomy, natural cave. The Mammoth, in Kentucky, which is not patronized as a summer resort so much as it deserves, boasts a uniform temperature of 54 degrees throughout the year. Since not all of us can hope to find caves situated conveniently for our needs, those who cannot might do the next best thing and burrow underground on their own account. Is it too bold a prophecy that the time is coming when no rural home, of however modest pretensions, will be deemed complete without its hot-wave cellar, just as to-day on the windy prairies of the West, the cyclone cellar is a standard domestic institution? If we are obliged to live through superheated terms, why not enjoy life instead of merely enduring it? And surely, from the most practical point of view, it is as important to protect one's family from melting as from blowing away.

THE CAT AND THE BELL-COLLAR

It was, by sorrowful count, the twenty-seventh bird Fur-Cat had killed that spring — song-birds all, and protected by law from gun and trap, but not from claw and tooth. The decree went forth that Fur-Cat must be belled, and a bell-collar was accordingly procured. The offending one was called, and came, rubbing and purring against chair-legs and folk-legs all the way. With a touching confidence he submitted to having the collar fastened on, and it settled most becomingly into its place — a dash of red melting into deep gray fur. When he was released there was a moment of pause, then the purrings and rubbings changed to frantic clawings and chewings, aimed at the millstone and designed to remove it instantly and forever from the outraged person of Fur-Cat. There followed a dash through the open door and across the lawn.

We felt anxious. Would the fluffy neck be clawed to ravelings? Would insanity set in? Suddenly Fur-Cat reappeared, bounding lightly and gayly, scarcely touching earth. He came on, with little whirls and pirouettings, toying daintily with his tail; he leaped into the air to paw at some creature of his fancy, he chased imaginary worsted balls about over the grass and the piazzas. Finally, in a burst of enthusiasm born purely of his own mood, he shot up a tree and poised himself, in beautiful ease, on an upper branch.

We laughed, and we marveled a little too. Fur-Cat was not young, the days of his kittenhood lay in a dim past. Yet now the kitten in him had reasserted itself — nay, more than reasserted, for in his antics there had been not only all the gay and whimsical impulses of youth, but all the power of maturity. It was a complete, a satisfying, a deeply artistic expression of cat-nature in all its possibilities.

'If this is what a bell-collar can do,' we said, 'let us give all cats bell-collars.'

But why stop at cats?

For the incident set me wondering how a bell-collar could be provided for this or that friend of mine — picturing what the effect would be.

I fancy that most of us need to have worked in us just the change that the bell-collar brought about in Fur-Cat. Not that I desire to see every lady of my acquaintance bounding lightly about her lawn, or posturing in the tree-tops, or toying with fancied images of the air. These things were right in Fur-Cat because he was Fur-Cat. They were the expression of his nature and therefore beautiful. It is a correspondingly complete and satisfying expression of their inherent nature that I long for in the good ladies, and good gentlemen, of whom I am thinking.

It is, perhaps, a habit of the Northern races to repress extreme impulses. It is certainly a habit of the New Englander. Do we not know many and many a character whose natural colors are veiled — are overlaid indeed — with the deep gray of reserve or the pale gray of hesitation? These are they whom I want to draw to me for a moment, slip on the bell-collar, — and then see!

Sometimes I have watched this very thing happen. There is, for instance, a young man who in ordinary life is bound hand and foot by his own self-consciousness. Eye and tongue are held in slavery to it, and he walks as one compelled, looking neither to the right nor to the left. He sits, as it were, always on the edge of his chair. But give him a rag or two of costume, and a song to sing, and a miracle is wrought. He grows taller, his step is firm and elastic, his bearing has the grace of complete ease, he looks the world gayly in the eye, he not only sings his song and acts his part, but he flings out extempore witticisms and meets unforeseen emergencies with blithe unconcern. On a wave of sympathy and success he is carried, not out of himself but into himself. He enters into possession of his own personality.

And when the bell-collar is off, is the spell over? Not quite. Something remains. Each time the transformation is effected it leaves behind it traces. Some day, I believe, he will no longer need the material bell-collar. He will carry one, as Rosalind did *not* carry her doublet and hose, in his disposition.

There are many to whom the bit of rag and the song, or the speech, bring a similar emancipation. But there are more for whom these would never break chains, but rather fasten them tighter. Fortunately, there are other bell-collars, and not the least among them is raiment. Undoubtedly clothes are abused, yet they have their uses,

aside from those of protection. Look at Cinderella! Does any one suppose she would have come into her own place without the help of those gorgeous gowns and those little glass slippers? Does any one fancy her manners were the same, her eyes as bright, her wit as ready, when she sat among the cinders in her dingy rags? No indeed! The slippers and the gowns and the golden coach were an enfranchisement; they were her bell-collar. The Prince was never so dull as to fall in love with a thing of satin and glass. What charmed him was the adorable spirit within, which these had served to release.

Would that we had each of us a fairy godmother to fasten on us, at the right moment, just the right, the magic collar!

The world, out of fairy books, is chary in furnishing its fairy godmothers, yet most of us have friends at whose touch we become more truly and happily ourselves than at other times. They seem able to endow us, through some magic of their own, with the beauteous vestments and the glass slippers that free the spirit. These are our fairy godmothers. We do well to love them and pay them good heed, for through them we may enter into such possession of the precious gifts that we need have no dread of the striking hour. This, we must suppose, is what Cophetua did for his beggar-maid. At his glance, the queen in her blossomed, which later all the world could see.

Some there are, indeed, who are able to play the beneficent part, not to one alone, or to two or three, but to all whom they meet. They go among people flinging bell-collars to right and left. I have seen such a person come into a room, and instantly every one in it grew more vivid, more truly and happily individual. These fairy godmothers themselves are never quite aware of the spell they exert; they think, perhaps, that the room was the same before they entered it. They see people, inevitably, with their bell-collars on, and to them the world never looks as it often does to the rest of us — a little colorless, a little dull, a little unresponsive.

Success to their magic wands! It is through them, if at all, that the boulevards of the world grow rich with golden coaches, and the assemblies of the world grow bright with the gleaming robes and crystal slippers of spiritual enfranchisement.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEA-CAKES

THERE is a fine art in choosing the food that shall be served with afternoon tea. Although the true lover of the cup concedes that no sort of blunder can wholly destroy his exaltation, yet he admits that his joys may be inexpressibly enhanced by a wise discrimination in what is set before him.

Of muffins and tea we have heard much, and who is there to deny the succulent ecstasy thereof? Toast, well buttered and even jammed or marmaladed, has, too, its own unassailable propriety when taken with The Beverage. Of all kindred dishes one needs not much to speak. No voice can justly be raised against them; yet they are of the tea-room, the dining-room, the A.B.C.; not of the drawing-room, where one holds his cup and chats, refills, and chats again.

Anyone who serves wafers with tea is lacking in gastronomic imagination. Drinking tea and eating a wafer is like having a picnic in the wood-shed, or wearing an Easter hat with goloshes. It is a hueless compromise where there might be a vivid delight. Many otherwise excellent hostesses fail to perceive the relation between afternoon tea and its edible accompaniments. They will

serve you a hard obstinate biscuit that you break, red-faced, on the rim of your saucer, sending as likely as not, your cup bouncing over the other edge, and your tea splashing into your neighbor's lap; or they generously provide you with a huge, gelatinous cube of cake that adheres to your saucer, and renders you temporarily web-fingered, the while you attempt to formulate an epigram on Henry James, or discourse glibly as to why women like men. There is yet another type of hostess who passes with your tea a dribbling sandwich, oozing salad-dressing at every pore and containing, half concealed, a malicious, indivisible lettuce leaf. People who thus fail of maintaining the fitness of things at the tea-hour have no genuine appreciation of the drink which they dispense.

A friend of mine divides the human race into two classes, — those who eat 'Nabiscos' with tea, and those who do not. For myself, I see nothing invidious in a liking for the frail, tasteless little slabs; they are neat and innocent to the eye, they leave no sticky crumbs, and they create no havoc with white kid gloves. If they are a trifle lacking in distinction, why, so are no end of estimable articles and persons in the world. I should, however, be inclined to place more stress upon a taste for caraway cookies. To me, a caraway cooky is a delectable tid-bit, losing nothing if eaten by itself, but gaining incalculably if nibbled with afternoon tea. Those who do not regard it with joy puzzle me a little, I confess. In what spirit, I ask sadly, do they look upon existence, if a caraway cooky fails to stimulate within them a pious gratitude for the privilege of living?

Some of the Chinese dainties are not bad — but that is the best that an Occidental can say of them. The flat rice-cookies derive their interest from the temples and grottoes and running streams cameoed palely upon their discs. One eats them gingerly, conscious of the fact that he is sweeping away a country-side at a bite, and demolishing a whole landscape at one crunch of the teeth. They are, after all, ephemeral insipidities, quite incapable of pleasing the palate, though they may afford a moment's languid pleasure to the eye. There are, too, the Chinese cakes that come in blocks, like a quart of brick ice-cream, and peel off in layers, after the manner of a writing tablet; a red swastika appears smugly in the centre of every slice, guaranteeing good luck in the eating and no undue qualms afterward. These dainties are anæmic confections enough, that tease the tongue and distract the mind, but make not for that beatific blending of sense and spirit which is the consummate prerogative of afternoon tea.

The discerning tea-drinker finds nothing, perhaps, more appropriate to his mood than some variety of the old-fashioned pound cake. It has a delicate persuasiveness of its own when it appears upon the drawing-room horizon — smooth, golden, firm yet melting, topped with a deep brown crust, and scattered through with red sultanas or translucent parings of citron. Pound-cake in slices not too thick, piled upon a jade-colored Sedgi plate or one of blue-and-white Canton is a little hill of gold ingots, more seductive than Spanish bullion because less evanescent in its blessings. Still more satisfying to the demands of the occasion is the light sponge-cake baked with a rose geranium leaf in the bottom of the tin, — enchanting stuff, exhaling an aroma that puts it with the foods of high romance — not the dull substantials of every-day existence. And who would ask for substantials at afternoon tea? It is not a meal but a rite, founded in the hallowed past by — if not the Fathers, then one may justly say

the Mothers, and preserved by an unbroken apostolic succession of devotees. We dare not say that the food of the flesh in the hour of sacrifice is beneath the nicest consideration. Surely the Greek thought not when he brought forward to the altar his cakes of poppy-seed and honey.

It is fitting, then, that one select with judicious finger the viands that one spreads before her guests when the tea-cup circulates at the dropping of twilight. There should be no too, too solid, over-unctuous, or deadly commonplace comestibles to destroy the perfect harmony of meat and drink. For with perfect harmony the gods are pleased, and thus in their beneficence they slip a gracious charm into all the recurring monotonies of human life.

LETTERS TO MR. BRADFORD

[Mr. Bradford's 'Portraits' in the *Atlantic* have stirred many readers to express their likes and dislikes with freedom. On account of their intrinsic interest we print two or three from as many hundred. — The Editors.]

Dear Mr. Bradford, —

It has always been a pleasure to read your articles in the *Atlantic Monthly;* in fact, it has well-nigh become a habit. So, anticipating my usual pleasurable half hour I read the article on Judah P. Benjamin which appeared in the last number of that excellent magazine.

That your point of view of Mr. Benjamin's life-activity should differ from mine is your prerogative. That in the course of your article you should have cast a slur upon his people, — my people too, — I cannot but feel to be outrageous and improper. Writing of his having made good a large note which he indorsed for a friend, you say that it was noteworthy for a Jew; such a remark is certainly aside from the supposed object of the article, and a gratuitous reflection upon a group in American life, whose commercial standing and integrity is at least up to that of their Gentile neighbors and competitors, if not at times a little above it.

I feel certain that if you would take the trouble to look into the matter you might learn some mighty interesting things about the commercial morality of the Jew. I should like you to inquire into the Nipissing incident, in which the Guggenheims — now so prominent in public denunciations — showed a standard of commerical integrity rare in Wall Street or in any other financial quarter. I could tell you of an incident here in this city of an old Jewish money-broker who sacrificed a quarter of a million dollars to his sense of loyalty to a firm in difficulties, who at one time had been trusted clients. I might add several personal experiences, not least of which was the act of a small tailor, whose son I have the honor to be, who paid out the small — yet to him princely sum — of five thousand dollars rather than allow paper to be dishonored which bore his name as guarantor. And I am sure this list could be extended indefinitely.

I feel certain that, with the general prejudice prevailing even in such minds as yours against the Jew, had he not

treated his customers and clients in the business and financial world honorably he never would have attained the position he holds in those circles to-day. Jacob Schiff is still spoken of as the White Man of Wall Street, and in European circles Rothschild is synonymous with honor and steadfastness. What Mr. Benjamin did in this case was what every other Jewish or Christian gentleman would have done under the same circumstances; and surely no rogue, be he Christian or Jew, would have felt in honor bound to respond to the claim.

Why in God's name and in the name of truth, honesty, and justice, cannot gentlemen like yourself write a straight account of an historical character without dragging in perforce such asides as the one to which I have the honor of calling your attention in these lines?

Very respectfully yours,

MARTIN A. MEYER.

[*Rabbi Temple Emanu-el, San Francisco.*]

DEAR MR. BRADFORD, —

Will you permit me to tell you how very much I have enjoyed reading your *Lee the American?* I had already seen some of the chapters, but I reperused them with the same pleasure with which I read the others. The book from beginning to end is scholarly, fair, and delightful, and I am glad, as a Harvard man myself, that Mr. Adams and yourself have been the means of showing Lee's character not only to the people of the North, but to us of the South as well. I am also immensely proud, as a Southerner and a great admirer of Lee, that two Massachusetts men see him in the same light that I do.

I wonder whether you have read *Stuart's Cavalry,* by John S. Mosby? It occurs to me that it throws some light on General Lee's anxiety at Gettysburg. The fight there was brought on prematurely by Generals A. P. Hill and Heth, but General Lee accepted it, and found a little later that he had stumbled into a hornet's nest. No wonder he was anxious. It may be that this is the real reason of his statement that the battle and its result was all his fault. I think we should not place much confidence in General Longstreet's book. It was written when he was old and peevish, and his peculiar relation to the people of Georgia on account of his politics, the difference in the way he and Gordon were treated by them, etc., made the old gentleman very sore. He used General Lee's splendidly magnanimous letters to him after the war in a way he should not, and altogether he is not to be taken too seriously. As you of course know, his argument about Gettysburg is absurd, amounting to this, that he did not approve of Lee's plans, and General Lee knew it; therefore he should have ordered some other general to carry them out; therefore Longstreet is to be exonerated from blame in being so terribly slow on two occasions that the fate of the battle was possibly changed by it! Just or unjust, the opinion of practically all the men at Gettysburg is that Longstreet was to blame for the merely partial victory on the second day and the defeat on the third day. The late Major Weston, of the 26th N. C., once said to me with flashing eyes, 'If Stonewall Jackson had been at Gettysburg he'd have had Longstreet shot on the field for disobedience of orders.'

Splendid warrior as he was, General Longstreet was notoriously obstinate, ridiculously so. When he was besieging Knoxville, an old farmer went to him and told him that the Federals were receiving supplies by means of flatboats from the loyal Union people in the N. C. mountains, and that if the

French Broad were blockaded these boats could be stopped and the supplies diverted to the Confederates. Longstreet said, 'What nonsense! The French Broad comes into the Holston *below* Knoxville.' 'But, General, I know better, — I live just where the rivers come together, 5 miles *above* Knoxville, and I see the boats floating down.' For answer Longstreet showed him a military map on which some careless draughtsman had made the French Broad come into the Holston below Knoxville, and nothing the old fellow could say would change his conviction. So Dr. James Park, of Knoxville (who related the story to my father-in-law), hearing of this conversation, went himself to Longstreet, and corroborated the old farmer's story. By that time Longstreet was very cross, and dismissed Dr. Park almost roughly, nor did he even send scouts to find out. The whole Knoxville campaign showed how ill-fitted Longstreet was for a completely independent command.

But I have no right to take your time in making you read of matters about which you are doubtless more familiar than I, who am but a lay student of the war, as it were, in my spare hours. But I have always been a great admirer of General Lee, as I said before, and anything about him is of interest to me. So I thank you again for the treat you have given me and thousands of others in your book.

Very truly yours,
A. H. Patterson.
[*Dean of the University of North Carolina.*]

Dear Mr. Bradford, —

In common with all who served under General Lee, I have read with sincere admiration your articles upon him in the *Atlantic Monthly*. I do not know in all literature so profound a study of a man's character drawn from books and not from personal contact. I have to say that these articles have been read and re-read by my friends who served under General Lee, and their *entourage*, and we are grateful to the author. . . .

I beg leave to enclose to you some anecdotes of General Lee which you may not have seen, and which illustrate phases of his character, and beg you to return me the manuscript after you have read it.

There are two other stories of General Lee which you may not have seen: one his conversation with General Hampton after the War, in which he said that he did what he thought was right at the time and would do the same under similar circumstances again, referring to his resignation from the Army and acceptance of service in the Confederate States; and another his conversation with the Governor of Texas, at the White Sulphur Springs, in which (referring to Reconstruction) he said, 'If I had known what use they would make of their victory, I would have died with my sword in my hand and in the midst of my men.' If you have never seen these stories in print, I can send them to you.

Again expressing my profound admiration for your work, I beg leave to ask if the same will be published in book form, which we hope, as it will save us from the necessity of binding your articles taken from the pages of the magazine, which we would otherwise have to do.

Very truly yours,
Frederick M. Colston.
[*Formerly Captain C. S. A., and Assistant to Chief Ordnance Officer, Army of Northern Virginia.*]

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1913

THE MINIMUM WAGE

BY JOHN BATES CLARK

Of pending measures of economic reform few appeal so strongly to public feeling as does the minimum-wage act, and perhaps none has a better right to appeal to it. If in every large city thousands of persons must continue to work hard and get less than a living, the fact is an indictment of civilization. Labor, as Robertus said, is an 'economic merit' which deserves good and sure returns; and if a competitive system of industry necessarily starves many of its workers, it is time to give to Socialism or some other new plan of living a candid hearing. If the starving is due, not to the basic quality of the existing industrial order, but to a fault which can be remedied, the responsibility for it rests, not on the system as such, but on all of us, in so far as we can control public action and remove the fault. As citizens let us do our duty, and the evil will shrink and perhaps vanish.

The situation certainly calls for some action by the state; and the measure which has been adopted in a few cases, and demanded in many more, consists in legally fixing rates below which wages may not go. How effective is law for this purpose? Can wages be raised by the *fiat* of the state? It certainly cannot conjure into existence a fund of new wealth from which the additional wages can be drawn. Ordering mills, shops, mines, farms, and so forth, to produce more than they do would be like ordering the tide to rise. No one intelligently supposes that the government has an Aladdin's lamp with its magical quality raised to the *n*th power, but there are many who think that it has a supply of talismans which would enable workers to conjure modest sums of money out of employers' pockets into their own. Are they right in this opinion? Whoever will support a law which fixes minimum rates of pay needs first to assure himself that the thing can be done, and be done without causing more hardship than it remedies; but it is more emphatically true that whoever will reject such a law should exhaust the power of study and research before concluding that it cannot be done without causing a balance of harm. The proposal makes for itself a vast *prima facie* claim, in that it promises to end untold hardships and wrongs; and it is safe to say that no one at present can be sure enough that it is not workable to justify him in definitively rejecting it. If it were our own lives and comfort which were at stake, we should sift to the bottom any argument that should claim that nothing could be done for them.

Practical tests of the proposed policy

are now in progress in Australia and New Zealand, in England, and in our own State of Massachusetts, and the results of these trials will be carefully watched; but a few things can be asserted in advance as necessarily true. We can be sure, without further testing, that raising the prices of goods will, in the absence of counteracting influences, reduce sales; and that raising the rate of wages will, of itself and in the absence of any new demand for labor, lessen the number of workers employed. The amount of this lessening of the force will vary with the amount of the raising of the rate of pay, and some of the legal minimum rates actually proposed would throw great numbers of persons into idleness. In some quarters rates are demanded which, if actually secured, would have an effect akin to that of a tornado or a Mexican revolution on the business immediately affected.

Enforcing a minimum wage of ten or twelve dollars a week for working women would cause a grand exodus from many industries; and yet even such rates are supported by plausible arguments. That they ought to be paid is asserted without due regard to the question whether or not they can be paid. They have been pronounced 'necessary for decent living,' and it is invidious for well-to-do persons to say that they are not so. The real issue, however, is whether industry can be made to yield these rates. If the demand that they be made obligatory carries with it a confidence that they will actually be paid without further ado, and that few workers or none will be discharged, the expectation is based on a vague trust in the great returns which the business is supposed to yield, and an undue confidence that these can be utilized for the purpose in view.

Now, first of all, certain basic facts concerning wages need to be realized. The rate that can be paid is limited by the specific productivity of labor. The man A must be worth to his employer what he gets, and so must B, C, and D. The total product of the business as a whole is not the basis of the payment, but the part of that total which is due to the presence of particular individuals; and if any person asks more than his own labor yields, he is virtually asking for a ticket of leave, with permission to return only when his demand is reduced or his product increased. Only when his specific product equals his specific pay can he expect to continue in the employment.

Now, there are several reasons why some workers create more wealth than others. Not only do they vary in personal quality, but their employers vary greatly in their capacity to make the most of their laborers' quality, and one may get five dollars a week and another six dollars or seven dollars from the product of workers who are personally on the same plane of productive power. If we look at an industry as a whole, we often see evidences of large profit. Some employers are clearly rich, and it is easy to infer that the industry in its entirety represents a great income, some of which is ground out of the very lives of the workers. There may be thousands of women employed who, with the hardest labor, barely keep soul and body together; and if some of them, under such pressure, barter virtue for food, the business takes the guise of a devil's traffic, the cruelty of which is enhanced by the gains secured by it.

What we need above all things is discrimination. An entire department of business does not stand condemned because of grave evils in some parts of it. If there is cruelty, we must find it where it exists, rather than conclude that it exists everywhere. The gains of the business as a whole do not afford the needed evidence. Of the employers

some get large returns, some small ones, and some none; and a certain number are always getting a minus quantity and are on the ragged edge of failure. There is no available way of drawing on the returns of the successful employers to make up a fund to increase the wages paid by the unsuccessful ones. The policy we are discussing does not propose to annul rights of property, and short of doing that we cannot tax the returns of A, B, and C and make over the proceeds to the employees of their rival, D.

In the shops in which they are employed, workers need to produce all that they get in the way of wages, and there are always 'marginal' shops in which they barely do this, since in these the gross returns from the business, over and above what is paid to labor, barely yield enough to make good the wear and tear of machinery, the cost of replacing antiquated appliances, and perhaps interest on borrowed capital. If so, these particular employers are already in a bad way, and a forced increase of wages will send them out of business. If it be a fact, however, that they are already foreordained to fail in any case, it may not do much permanent harm to precipitate the failure. On that point there is not a little to be said, and we must return to it. What is clear at present is that, if we do precipitate a failure, we shall throw laborers for the time being into idleness.

Again, we cannot tax the product of efficient workers and make over the proceeds to the inefficient. Unless the employees A, B, and C are worth to their employer six dollars a week, we cannot make him pay them that amount, even though D, E, and F are worth seven dollars. The employer who is enjoined from paying less than seven to any one will do the assorting which his interest impels him to do and will keep those who are personally worth what he has to pay them.

Finally, we cannot make an employer pay to a force that in mere number is large, as high wages *per capita* as he could afford to pay to a smaller force. Here we go a little more deeply into the law of wages. Mere quantity of labor employed in connection with a fixed amount of capital has an effect on its productive power per unit. With one million dollars in capital it is possible to employ nine hundred laborers or one thousand or eleven hundred; but if we make no change in the amount of the capital, the laborers will be worth each a little more when there are only nine hundred of them. The larger force will produce fewer goods per capita than the smaller force, although it produces a larger total output. It would carry us too far afield to prove this particular point; but it is not likely to be denied by many persons who have had practical experience, that crowding mills fuller and fuller of laborers would lessen the importance of each one to his employer, and that depleting the force would increase the importance of each of them. If we compel the owner of a factory to pay more than he can pay to his present force, he will reduce it till he can afford to pay the higher rate to the persons who remain.

For all these reasons, a forcible raising of the rate of wages for workers of the lowest grade will lessen the number employed. Some producers who can barely run their factories at present will drop out of the ranks. Some of the workers who produce barely enough to hold their places even under successful employers will drop out. Some establishments that can afford to keep a large number of workers at a certain rate of pay will find it for their interest to keep a somewhat smaller number when the rate is made higher. How

great the effect of any one of these influences will be, no one can predict with confidence, and it will require not a little experience to take this problem out of the realm of crude guesses; but what can be asserted with entire confidence is that the higher the obligatory rate of pay, the larger will be the number of persons remanded to idleness. A twelve-dollar rate would deplete many shops where a six-dollar rate would have relatively little effect in this direction. A rigorous qualitative assorting of employers, a similar assorting of employees, and the survival of the fit in both cases, are the most obvious effects of a law which increases in any considerable degree the wages of a class of laborers.

Now it is perfectly clear that the legitimacy of such a policy depends on the rate of pay that the law requires. A certain low minimum rate may be clearly and wholly legitimate; and moreover, prescribing even this rate may have a very important effect in ruling out some of the hardest practices that now prevail. In the absence of a strong trade union an employer may take advantage of the necessities of an individual employee and secure his or her labor at a rate that is distinctly below what it is worth as measured by the productivity test. This fact affords the clearest justification of the principle of the trade union. Hunger-discipline disqualifies the worker for making a successful bargain, and if the employer were everywhere at liberty to take men for what, under such pressure, they might individually offer to work for, he might get them for very little. If when they became better fed they should demand more, he might conceivably turn them off and replace them by others whom the discipline of starvation would by that time have made amenable to such treatment. A process of rotation, whereby the working force should often be recruited from the ranks of necessitous men and women, might reduce the general level of pay below that which the test of actual productivity would yield.

Trade unions go far toward removing this evil, and in the absence of such unions the law might remove it. If it should place the rate of wages at the level fixed by the productive power of the individual workers, it might not cause many to be discharged and it might raise the rate of pay for a larger number. It would thus change for the better what passes for the 'market rate of wages,' provided that this market rate has been reduced by starving the candidates for employment; and yet it might not change the legitimate market rate, as determined by the productive power of the laborer himself.

Suppose, however, that the law goes much further: suppose it fixes a minimum rate which is distinctly more than many workers are worth. It is self-evident that some will be discharged, and that they cannot be reëmployed in the ordinary way unless they manage to acquire a greater productive power. Till they can do this they must wait for employment, and, under a law that calls for double the amount they have heretofore been receiving, there is a good chance that they may wait until the end of their lives. Only such a drastic cutting down of the working force as should create a labor famine would raise the minimum of pay from five dollars a week to ten or twelve, as has sometimes been demanded. Even though the discharged workers could make themselves personally as competent as other members of the force, they could not be reëmployed, since that would put an end to the scarcity of labor and, by mere increase of supply, reduce the value of the individual laborer to his employer. Between the

conservative policy, which estimates as best it can the productive power of labor in ill-paid occupations and prescribes a corresponding amount as the minimum of pay, and the radical policy which boldly demands whatever labor needs for a life of modest comfort, there are various gradations of policy, and the guiding principles in choosing between them are: first, that any legal rate above the value of labor to its employer will cause idleness; second, that the amount of the idleness will be greater the higher the rate established; and third, that any idleness created in this way and not relieved by natural causes will give to the workers an unanswerable claim on the state for emergency employment.

But will not the employers give the required pay and pass the tax at once on to the public? Will they not keep as many workers as ever and simply add the amount of the extra wages to the prices of their goods? Would not this make the community stand the cost of rescuing the class that at present has to bear the worst buffets of civilization — a burden which it may properly be asked to accept? It will not do naïvely to assume that producers can add what they please to their prices. They are now getting all that they can get for the amount of goods that they are putting on the market. If they continue to produce as much as they now do, they cannot get higher prices for it. An added cost will not, in itself, help them to get it. If they raise their prices, they will to some extent reduce their sales; and that will cause them to discharge some workers — which is the point we are studying. Raising prices will cause some discharges.

What is probable, even as the result of a more modest legal increase of pay, is as follows. Of the lowest grade of workers some would be promoted to a higher rank and some would be discharged. The output of the business would be reduced, and that would make it possible to raise the prices of its products, and thus pay the legal wages to all the workers remaining in the industry. Discharging some of them is the condition of getting the advance in prices and so retaining the others.

Will automatic changes relieve this evil? In a paper recently read before the Social Science Association, Professor H. R. Seager mentions movements which tend in this direction. The law which ends the 'sweating' of home laborers may give a stimulus to factory labor and select the more capable of the discharged workers for transfer to that sphere. In the course of the transfer some workers may change their residence to better localities than the tenement districts. It is not claimed that these influences will relieve those who are unable to make the transfers, or that they will act promptly enough to give immediate relief to any class.

The transfer from homes to factories and from the poorer factories to the better ones is, indeed, the chief means which, in the future, may be counted on for gradually raising the general level of pay. Many factories are now so efficient as to afford higher wages than home labor and still compete successfully with it. And as time goes on they are destined to become more and more efficient, since it is in them that the influences which make industry progressive or, as the term is, 'dynamic,' operate most effectively. If the discharged workers were in a position to wait for such changes, they might have their recompense for suffering in the interim; but asking them to rely on this is asking that they satisfy the hunger of the present with the bread of the future; and the state that, with its eyes open to what it is doing, puts them in that position, incurs a

clear obligation to care for them while they are thus helpless.

Mere need and helplessness give citizens a certain valid claim on the state, even though it has done nothing to cause their troubles. Privation that is traceable to social defects makes a more cogent claim. This, in fact, is the basis of the demand for minimum-wage laws, since the ill-paid workers are regarded as victims of social arrangements. Curing the evil, however, by laws that throw any class into idleness is causing suffering by a direct and purposeful act; and this suffering is more intense, though probably less widespread, than that which it cures. If five dollars a week means privation for thousands, nothing per week would mean quick starvation for hundreds; and this might result from too radical a change of the minimum wage. If five dollars a week forces persons into vice, no wages at all would do it more surely and quickly; and here is a further claim upon the state which no one can for a moment question. Emergency relief needs to accompany the minimum-wage law, and effective measures for it must be ready to act the moment the law is passed. It will not do to discharge the workers and then debate the question as to how best to give them work. Moreover, such employment as we furnish should be such as self-respecting persons may properly accept.

The amount of emergency relief which will be needed will vary with the extent of the rise in pay which the law requires. If the statute does nothing more than correct the harsh action of competition and establish a rate corresponding with the existing productive power of labor, it may be that not more persons will be thrown into idleness than the present agencies of relief can be made to care for. Even that implies some stimulating of these agencies to do more rapid and effective work, and a law which should go far enough to make the required rate materially higher would demand a new and elaborate system of relief. Are we ready to establish it? If not, we are not justified in enacting the law that would require it. Moreover, although we might invent a system or borrow it from a foreign country, the question would arise whether we could introduce it without encountering strong opposition. Emergency employment has never been easy to provide. Keeping prisoners at work has often been difficult, and during a recent period of business depression, committees which met to devise measures of relief for idle workers found every proposal thwarted by some interest, and they ended by doing practically nothing.

Can we avoid this fate and so be justified in causing unemployment by our own action? A benevolent despot might conceivably do it. It looks much as though a democratic government could not do it without devising a system which would depart from all American precedents. The conditions call for something which, besides being very thorough-going, will be free from the objections which organized labor has offered to proposals heretofore made.

The situation, then, is briefly this: Minimum-wage laws are urgently demanded. If they greatly raise the present minimum, they will throw workers out of employment and make it far more difficult than it now is for them to find new places under private employers. Without efficient relief in readiness, the measure would amount to starving some of the workers in order to avoid half-starving the remainder. The relief system will need to be more extensive than any which has ever been undertaken, and will need either to avoid or to overcome the opposition which has defeated efforts of this kind during business depressions.

What are some of the qualities which the system of emergency employment must have? First, it must provide a living that is at least as good as that which is afforded by the worst wages now offering. Secondly, it must not offer attraction enough to lure workers from private employment. If the positions furnished by the state are better than those furnished by private employers and yielding the new minimum rate, the relief bureau is likely to be swamped by throngs of applicants. Thirdly, it must not make products which would be sold in the market in a way that would afford a basis for the accusation that wards of the state are competing with independent labor and reducing its pay. To meet these three conditions will involve a bold departure from plans which, in America, have thus far been tried.

These conditions point to such an organization of all the idle and needy workers that they can supply their own wants by their own labor and send little or nothing to the market. It would amount to creating a self-contained society, including all for whose living the state provides; and it would be nearly independent of markets in buying and in selling. Its relation to the private merchants would be like that of a New England farm before the Revolution, or a modern baronial estate in a region where feudalism lingers; but it would be more completely independent than they are of commercial traffic. It would make all manner of articles for itself; and if it needed to draw anything from markets of the ordinary kind, it could do it by a bartering process which would not react appreciably on values or on wages.

If the pay of the workers were altogether in kind — if it consisted in food, clothing, shelter where necessary, and a moderate number of articles of comfort — such real wages might be fairly high without making the general attractions of the system great enough to deplete private shops or congest the public ones. It would be a large experiment in governmental production, and it would be of advantage to incorporate into it some industries now going on in prisons and workhouses. It could be made to afford a certain practical test of the capabilities of Socialism, and would at least be a better object-lesson than is elsewhere afforded, since it would consist, not in an agricultural colony selling its own products and buying others from merchants, but in a little community directly making nearly everything it would consume. It would not be politically independent, since laws would be made for it by a state legislature and enforced by state and local policemen; but in economic relations it would be as self-contained as a modern community well can be.

State Socialism challenges a comparison between its results and those of private industry generally. To justify itself it would have to make its workers better off than they now are under successful employers and highly paid trades. Such a community within a community, as is here described, would challenge comparison only with the less successful parts of the present system, and would need only to make its workers better off than the more ill-paid ones now are. It would be a socialistic society reduced to a microcosm, and enjoying the great advantage of having the present state as its guardian. Behind it there would always be a government able to sustain it if its own finances should show a deficit. On the side of profit and loss it would have the disadvantage of having to depend on workers taken from an unsuccessful class, but would enjoy the compensating advantage of having

capital furnished by the state and free from interest charges.

The chance of securing competent management would be vastly greater than it would be if the whole burden of general industry were to be assumed and the direction of it were to be given to elected officers. The management of the little society could watch private shops and keep pace with them in improving its machinery. If they did not do it, an inference could be drawn as to what progress they would make without these examples to guide and incite them. Something which we greatly wish to know is whether state industry is naturally progressive — whether it has within itself the springs of origination, and will be inventive and enterprising. A microcosm which will picture a collective state will reveal facts that we are profoundly interested in knowing, and throw light on an even larger problem than that of minimum wages. A confident Socialist should welcome it in order that he may see the claims of collective industry justified, and a confident opponent of Socialism should welcome it in order that he may see them refuted; but a candid inquirer should willingly consent to it in order that a vital question may be fairly decided.

There are not wanting several paradoxes and a certain grim humor in the situation that would face us if we should enact a law placing the minimum wage much above the market rate. This would involve some form of radical treatment of the problem of involuntary idleness. The whole policy would be judged largely by its relation to State Socialism. The proposed wage law leads logically to a bold assertion of the duty of the state to furnish employment for a helpless class, which, in this case, is a class made helpless by a still bolder public action. To relieve privation which already exists, the government will intervene by its legal minimum of pay. It will proceed on ethical grounds, and undo an effect of demand and supply. In rescuing workers who are suffering under the influence of an economic law, it will forbid some of them to earn the living which they now get.

In order to undo the harm caused by this prohibition, the state will come to the rescue of its own victims. It will, perhaps, do an unprecedented thing and set up within the field of competitive industry a completely coöperative society. It will recognize, however, that this is an emergency measure, and will hope that no capable workers will long stay in public employment. To justify this hope, and guard against the danger of having greatly to enlarge the public workshops, the sponsors of the policy will resume an orthodox attitude and appeal from the state to a natural economic tendency, which they hope will turn the tide of unplaced labor toward private shops. In doing so they will single out what has been called a particularly cruel feature of a competitive system. They will cherish the hope that factories will grow larger and more efficient by natural selection, and that displaced laborers will later find places in them. We should thus be invited to pin our faith to the crushing of small shops by big ones, and of inefficient employers by efficient ones. It is the process which is now going on against many protests, and which furnishes the ground for sharp denunciation of the system which permits it. We should expect to give it a new impulse and to hope that it will act quickly and sweepingly.

We know that the legal raising of wages to the extent proposed will crush some employers who might have survived, and will hasten the crushing of those who are foredoomed to this fate; but after the state has forced wages

upward we have to trust to this sacrificing of the less capable, and to the increased growth of the large and successful shops, to provide for the workers whom the new statute displaces. Of the employers who will be driven from the field we are not thinking. We have workers only in view; and we say to the employers something akin to what Dickens makes the lawyer, Tulkinghorn, say to Lady Dedlock: 'The sole consideration in the case is the workers. Under other conditions we should have been pleased to make you a consideration.' Our philanthropy has brought us to a reliance on the crushing of the unfit, and the survival of the fit among the captains of industry. It is, indeed, a sure reliance, though not a favorite one with philanthropists.

Society certainly must secure more and more efficient production, and laborers particularly must have it. The sole hope for future comfort and modest luxury for the working class is dependence on the law of survival of productive methods and efficient managers. This tendency, whose remote effects give promise of translating all labor to a higher level of comfort, affords, by its nearer effects, the best promise of rescuing the workers who lose their places in consequence of the minimum-wage law. The action of it, however, is at best gradual, and we are forced again to appeal to the state and ask it to furnish emergency employment. The state must do this on a scale that will suffice to provide for the number of laborers whom its wage law will displace. If its policy is very conservative — if it only legalizes a rate that a normal market would itself yield — the relief measures may not need to be planned on any radically new lines. If the law itself prescribes no minimum, but creates a commission with power to prescribe it for each particular occupation, there is ground for thinking that this commission may proceed in such a conservative way that its action will displace relatively few persons. If so, the system may do an unexpected amount of good and avoid a grave danger.

To displace many laborers and count on taking them into public employment would be hazardous; but displacing them with no such provision would be an inhumanity outclassing that which critics find in the present condition. As between such a devil and a moderately deep sea of experiments in relief, the latter is preferable, but a wise conservatism will keep clear of perilous depths.

OUR LOSS OF NERVE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

If any lover of Hogarth will look at the series of pictures which tell the story of the Idle and the Industrious Apprentice, he will feel that while the industrious apprentice fitted admirably into his time and place, the idle apprentice had the misfortune to be born out of date. In what a different spirit would his tragic tale be told to-day, and what different emotions it would awaken. A poor tired boy, who ought to be at school or at play, sleeping for very exhaustion at his loom. A cruel boss daring to strike the worn-out lad. No better playground given him in the scant leisure which Sunday brings than a loathsome graveyard. No healthier sport provided for him than gaming. And, in the end, a lack of living wage forcing him to steal. Unhappy apprentice, to have lived and sinned nearly two centuries too soon! And as if this were not a fate bitter enough for tears, he must needs have contrasted with him at every step an industrious companion, whom that unenlightened age permitted to work as hard as he pleased, even for the benefit of a master, and to build up his own fortunes on the foundation of his own worth. Hogarth's simple conception of personal responsibility and of personal equation is as obsolete as the clumsy looms at which his apprentices sit, and the full-skirted coats they wear.

Yet the softening of the hard old rules, the rigid old standards, has not tended to strengthen the fibre of our race. Nobody supposes that the industrious apprentice had an enjoyable boyhood. As far as we can see, going to church was his sole recreation, as it was probably the principal recreation of his master's daughter, whose hymn-book he shared, and whom he duly married. *Her* home-life doubtless bore a strong resemblance to the home-life of the tumultuous heroine of *Fanny's First Play*, who tells us with a heaving breast that she never knew the joy of existence until she had knocked out a policeman's tooth. Hogarth's young lady would probably have cared little for this form of exercise, even had the London policemen of 1748 been the chivalrous sufferers they are to-day. She is a buxom, demure damsel; and in her, as in the lad by her side, there is a suggestion of reserve power. They are citizens in the making, prepared to accept soberly the restrictions and responsibilities of citizenship, and to follow with relish the star of their own destinies.

And all things considered, what can be better than to make a good job out of a given piece of work? 'That intricate web of normal expectation,' which Mr. Gilbert Murray tells us is the very essence of human society, provides incentives for reasonable men and women, and provides also compensations for courage. What Mr. Murray calls a 'failure of nerve' in Greek philosophy and Greek religion is the relaxing of effort, the letting down of obligation. With the asceticism imposed, or at least induced, by Christianity, 'the sacrifice of one part of human nature to another, that it may live in

what survives the more completely,' he has but scant and narrow sympathy; but he explains with characteristic clearness that the ideals of Greek citizenship withered and died, because of a weakening of faith in normal human resistance. 'All the last manifestations of Hellenistic religion betray a lack of nerve.'

It is with the best intentions in the world that we Americans are now engaged in letting down the walls of human resistance, in lessening personal obligation; and already the failure of nerve is apparent on every side. We begin our kindly ministrations with the little kindergarten scholar, to whom work is presented as play, and who is expected to absorb the elements of education without conscious effort, and certainly without compulsion. We encourage him to feel that the business of his teacher is to keep him interested in his task, and that he is justified in stopping short as soon as any mental process becomes irksome or difficult. Indeed, I do not know why I permit myself the use of the word 'task,' which by common consent is banished from the vocabulary of school. Professor Gilman said it was a word which should never be spoken by teacher, never heard by pupil, and no doubt a well-disposed public cordially agreed with him.

The firm old belief that the task is a valuable asset in education, that the making of a good job out of a given piece of work is about the highest thing on earth, has lost its hold upon the world. The firm old disbelief in a royal road to learning has vanished long ago. All knowledge, we are told, can be made so attractive — if only we have a very up-to-date teacher — that school-children will absorb it with delight. If they are not absorbing it, the teacher is to blame. Professor Wiener tells us that when his marvelous little son failed to acquire the multiplication tables, he took him away from school, and let him study advanced mathematics. Whereupon the child discovered the tables for himself. Mrs. John Macy, well-known to the community as the friend and instructor of Miss Helen Keller, has informed a listening world that she does not see why a child should study *anything* in which he is not interested. 'It is a waste of energy.'

Naturally, it is hard to convince parents — who have the illusions common to their estate — that while exceptional methods may answer for exceptional cases (little William Pitt, for instance, was trained from early boyhood to be a prime minister), common methods have their value for the rank and file. It is harder still to make them understand that enjoyment cannot with safety be accepted as a determining factor in education, and that the mental and moral discipline which comes of hard and perhaps unwilling study is worth a mine of pleasantly acquired information. It is not, after all, a smattering of chemistry, or an acquaintance with the habits of bees, which will carry our children through life; but a capacity for doing what they do not want to do, if it be a thing which needs to be done. They will have to do many things they do not want to do later on, if their lives are going to be worth the living, and the sooner they learn to stand to their guns, the better for them, and for all those whose welfare will lie in their hands.

The assumption that children should never be coerced into self-control, and never confronted with difficulties, makes for failure of nerve. The assumption that young people should never be burdened with responsibilities, and never, under any stress of circumstances, be deprived of the pleasures which are no longer a privilege, but their

sacred and inalienable right, makes for failure of nerve. The assumption that married women are justified in abandoning their domestic duties and dawdling about Europe, because they cannot stand the strain of home-life and housekeeping, makes for failure of nerve. The assumption that invalids must yield to invalidism, must isolate themselves from common currents of life, and from strong and stern incentives to recovery, makes for failure of nerve. The assumption that religion should content itself with persuasiveness, and that morality should be sparing in its demands, makes for failure of nerve. The assumption that a denial of civic rights constitutes a release from moral obligations makes for such a shattering failure of nerve that it brings insanity in its wake. And the assumption that poverty justifies prostitution, or exonerates the prostitute, lets down the last walls of human resistance. It is easier to find a royal road to learning than a royal road to self-mastery and self-respect.

A student of Mr. Whistler's once said to him that she did not want to paint in the low tones he recommended; she wanted to keep her colors clear and bright. 'Then,' replied Mr. Whistler, 'you must keep them in your tubes. It is the only way.' If we want bright colors and easy methods we must stay in our tubes, and avoid the inevitable complications of life by careful and consistent uselessness. We may nurse our nerves in comfortable seclusion at home, or we may brace them up in Paris and Nice; it does not matter; we are tube-dwellers under any skies. We may be so dependent on amusements that we never call them anything but duties, or we may be as devout as La Fontaine's rat, which piously retired from the society of other rats into the heart of a Dutch cheese. We may be so rich that the world forgives us, or so poor that the world exonerates us. In each and every case we destroy life at the roots by a denial of its obligations, a fear of its difficulties, an indifference to its common rewards.

The seriousness of our age expresses itself in eloquent demands for gayety. The gospel of cheerfulness, I had almost said the gospel of amusement, is preached by people who lack experience to people who lack vitality. There is a vague impression that the world would be a good world if it were only happy, that it would be happy if it were amused, and that it would be amused if plenty of artificial recreation were provided for its entertainment.

A few years ago an English clergyman made an eloquent appeal to the public, affirming that London's crying need was a score of 'Pleasure-Palaces,' supported by taxpayers, and free as the Roman games. Gladiators being indeed out of date, lions costly, and martyrs very scarce, some milder and simpler form of diversion was to be substituted for the vigorous sports of Rome. Comic songs and acrobats were, in the reverend gentleman's opinion, the appointed agents for the regeneration of the London poor. It is worthy of note that the drama did not occur to him as a bigger and broader pastime. It is worthy of note that the drama is fast losing ground with the proletariat, once its stanch upholders. A very hard-thinking English writer, Mr. J. G. Leigh, sees in the substitution of cheap vaudeville for cheap melodrama an indication of what he calls loss of stamina, and of what Mr. Murray calls loss of nerve. 'When the sturdy melodrama with its foiled villainy and triumphant virtue ceases to allure, and people want in its place the vulgar vapidities of the vaudeville, we may be sure there is a spirit of sluggish impotence in the air.'

To-day the moving pictures present

the most triumphant form of cheap entertainment. They are good of their kind, and there is a visible effort to make them better; but the 'special features' by which they are accompanied in the ten and fifteen-cent shows, — the shrill songs, the dull jokes, the clumsy clog-dances, — are all of an incredible badness. Compared with them the worst of plays seems good, and the ill-paid actors who storm and sob through *Alone in a Great City*, or *No Wedding Bells for Her*, assume heroic proportions, as ministering to the emotions of the heart.

The question of amusement is one with which all classes are deeply concerned. *Le Monde où l'on s'amuse* is no longer the narrow world of fashion. It has extended its border lines to embrace humanity. It is no longer an exclusively adult world. The pleasures of youth have become something too important for interference, too sacred for denial. Whatever may be happening to parents, whatever their cares and anxieties, the sons and daughters must lose none of the gayeties now held essential to their happiness. They are trained to a selfishness which is foreign to their natures, and which does them grievous wrong. A few years ago I asked an acquaintance about her mother, with whom she lived, and who was, I knew, incurably ill. 'She is no better,' said the lady disconsolately, 'and I must say it is very hard on my children. They cannot have any of their young friends in the house. They cannot entertain. They have been cut off from all social pleasures this winter.'

I said it was a matter of regret, and I forbore to add that the poor invalid would probably have been glad to die a little sooner, had she been given the chance. It was not the mere selfishness of old age which kept her so long about it. Yet neither was my acquaintance the callous creature that she seemed. Left to herself, she would not have begrudged her mother the time to die; but she had been deeply imbued with the conviction that young people in general, and her own children in particular, should never be saddened, or depressed, or asked to assume responsibilities, or be called upon for self-denial. She was preparing them carefully for that failure of nerve which would make them impotent in the emergencies of life.

The desire of the modern philanthropist to provide amusement for the working-classes is based upon the determination of the working-classes to be amused. He is as keen that the poor should have their fill of dancing, as Dickens in his less enlightened age was keen that the poor should have their fill of beer. He knows that it is natural for young men and women to crave diversion, and that it is right for them to have it. What he does not always clearly understand, what Dickens did not always clearly understand, is that to crave either amusement or drink so weakly that we cannot often — very often — conquer our craving, is to be worthless in a work-a-day world.

Miss Jane Addams, in her careful study of the Chicago streets, speaks of the 'pleasure-loving girl who demands that each evening shall bring her some measure of recreation.' Miss Addams admits that such a girl is beset by nightly dangers, but does not appear to think her attitude an unnatural or an unreasonable one. A very capable and intelligent woman who has worked hard for the establishment of decently conducted dance-halls in New York and elsewhere, — dance-halls sorely needed to supplant the vicious places of entertainment where drink and degradation walk hand in hand, — was asked at a meeting last winter whether the girls for whose welfare she was pleading never stayed at home. 'Never,'

was the firm reply, 'and will you pardon me for saying, Neither do you.' The retort provoked laughter because the young married woman who had put the question probably never did spend a night at home unless she were entertaining. She represented a social extreme, — a combination of health, wealth, beauty, charm and high spirits. But there were scores of girls and women in the audience who spent many nights at home. There are hundreds of girls and women in what are called fashionable circles who spend many nights at home. There are thousands of girls and women in more modest circumstances who spend many nights at home. If this were not the case, our big cities would soon present a spectacle of demoralization. They would be chaotic on the surface, and rotten at the core.

It is claimed that the nervous exhaustion produced by hours of sustained and monotonous labor sends the factory girl into the streets at night. She is too unstrung for rest. That this is in a measure true, no experienced worker will deny, because every experienced worker is familiar with the sensation. Every woman who has toiled for hours, whether with a sewing machine or a typewriter, whether with a needle or a pen, whether in an office or at home, has felt the nervous fatigue which does not crave rest but distraction, which makes her want to 'go.' Every woman worth her salt has overcome this weakness, has mastered this desire. It is probable that many men suffer and struggle in the same fashion. Dr. Johnson certainly did. With inspired directness he speaks of people who are 'afraid to go home and think.' He knew that fear. Many a night it drove him through the London streets till daybreak. He conquered it, conquered the sick nerves so at variance with his sound and righteous principles, and his example is a beacon light to strugglers in the gloom.

Naturally, the working girl knows nothing about Dr. Johnson. Unhappily, she knows little of any beacon light or guide. But, if she be a reasonable human being, she *does* know that to expect every evening to 'bring her some measure of recreation' is an utterly unreasonable demand, and that it can be gratified only at the risk of her physical and moral undoing. She has been taught to read in our public schools; she is provided with countless novels and story-books by our public libraries; the lightest of light literature is at her command. Is this not enough to tide her over a night or two in the week? If her clothes never want mending or renovating, she is unlike any other woman the world has got to show. If there is never any washing, ironing, or housework for her to do, her position is at once unusual and regrettable. If she will not sometimes read, or work, or, because she is tired, go early to bed; if her craving for amusement has reached that acute stage when only the streets, or the moving pictures, or the dance-hall will satisfy it, she has so completely lost nerve that she has no moral stamina left. She may be virtuous, but she is an incapable weakling, and the working man who marries her ruins his life. Such girls swell the army of deserted wives which is the despair of all organized charities.

The sincere effort to regenerate the world by amusing it is to be respected; but it is not the final word of reform. The sincere effort to regenerate the world by a legal regulation of wages is a new version of an old story, — the shifting of personal obligation, the search for somebody's door at which to lay the burden of blame. It is also a denial of human experience, inherited and acquired, and a rejection of the only doctrine which stands for self-

respect. 'Temptations do not make the man, but they show him for what he is.' Qualities nourished by this stern and sane doctrine die with the withering of belief.

So much well-meant but not harmless nonsense — nonsense is never harmless — has been preached concerning women and their wages, that we are in the predicament of Sydney Smith when Macaulay flooded him with talk. We positively stand 'in the slops.' A professor of economics in an American college offers, out of the innocence of his heart, the following specific — and novel — remedy for existing ills. '*My idea* is that one of the best ways to get an increased remuneration for women is to make them worth it.'

'My idea'! This is what it is to have the scientific mind at work. A perfectly original proposition (what have we been thinking about with our free schools for the past hundred years?), unclogged by detail, unhampered by ways and means. And if we do not see salvation in truisms, if we are daunted by the gap between people who are theorizing and people who are merely living, we can take refuge with the reformers who demand 'increased remuneration for women' whether they are worth it or not; who would make the needs of the worker, and not the quality of the work, the determining factor in wages.

That such a law would swiftly relegate the inefficient to beggary, because, in the final issue, nothing in this world can command more than it is worth, does not seem to trouble its upholders. That to lift from the worker the incentive to work well is to undermine the foundations of character, does not seem to trouble anybody. That to break down the barriers of restraint, to furnish a girl with a plausible excuse for following the line of least resistance, to give her to understand that she is not responsible for her own moral welfare, is to blight the hardy growth of honesty and courage, might trouble us all, if we were in the habit of considering consequences. The choice between poverty and prostitution is not an 'open question.' It is closed, if human reason and human experience can speak authoritatively upon any subject in the world.

The injury done by loose thinking and loose talking is irremediable. When the State Senate Vice Investigating Committee of Illinois permitted and encouraged an expression of what it was pleased to call the 'shop-girl's philosophy,' it sowed the seeds of mischief deep enough to insure a heavy crop of evil. I quote a single episode as it was reported in the newspapers of March 8, — an episode which, if inaccurate in detail, must be correct in substance. A young woman named Emily, who had been in the employ of Sears, Roebuck & Co., was on the stand. She was questioned by Lieutenant Governor O'Hara.

'If a girl were getting $8 a week, and had to support a widowed mother, would you blame that girl if she committed a crime?'

The witness looked up frankly and replied, 'No, I would n't.'

'Would you blame her, if she killed herself?'

'No, I would n't,' came the emphatic reply.

'And would you blame her, if she committed a greater crime?'

The young Lieutenant Governor's meaning was in his embarrassed tones and his heightened color. The girl was the more composed of the two. She paused a moment, and then repeated distinctly, 'No, I would n't.'

The room had been painfully quiet, but at this there was a round of applause, led by the women spectators.

It was the first general spontaneous outburst of the session. 'Emily' was then dismissed.

Dismissed with the 'round of applause' ringing in her ears, and in her mind the comfortable assurance that her theory of life was a sound one. Also that a warm-hearted public was prepared to exonerate her, should she find a virtuous life too onerous for endurance. Is it likely that this girl, and hundreds of other Emilys, thus encouraged to let down the walls of resistance, can be saved from the hopeless failure of nerve which will relegate them to the ranks of the defeated? Is it likely that the emotional hysteria of the applauding audience, and of hundreds of similar audiences, can be reduced to reason by such sober statistics as those furnished by the Bureau of Social Hygiene in New York, or by the New York State Reformatory for Women at Bedford Hills? Less than three per cent of seven hundred girls examined at the Bedford Hills Reformatory pleaded poverty as a reason of their fall, and, of this three per cent, more than half had been temporarily out of work. On the other hand, twenty per cent were feeble-minded, were mentally incapacitated for self-maintenance, and as much at the mercy of their instincts as so many animals. These are the blameless unfortunates whom vice commissioners seem somewhat disposed to ignore. These are the women who should be protected from themselves, and from whose progeny the public should be protected.

It is evident that triumphant virtue must have strong foundations. Income and recreation are props, but slender ones. Becky Sharp was of the opinion that, given five thousand pounds a year, she could be as respectable as her neighbors; but, in our hearts, we have always doubted Becky. 'Where virtue is well rooted,' said the watchful Saint Theresa, 'provocations matter little.' All results are in proportion to the greatness of the spirit which has nourished them. When Cromwell made the discomforting discovery that 'tapsters and town apprentices' could not stand in battle against the Cavaliers, he said to his cousin, John Hampden, that he must have men of religion to fight with men of honor. He summoned these men of religion, fired them with enthusiasm, hardened them into consistency, and within fourteen years the nations which had mocked learned to fear, and the name of England was 'made terrible' to the world.

For big issues we must have strong incentives and compelling measures. 'Where the religious emotions surge up,' says Mr. Gilbert Murray, 'the moral emotions are not far away.' Perhaps the mighty forces which have winnowed the world for centuries may still prove efficacious. Perhaps the illuminating principles of religion, the uncompromising principles of morality, may do more to stiffen our powers of resistance than lectures on 'Life as a Fine Art,' or papers on 'Eye-Strain and Mental Hygiene.' Perhaps the stable government which insures to the Industrious Apprentice the reward of his own diligence, is more bracing to citizenship than the zealous humanity which protects the Idle Apprentice from the consequences of his own ill-doing.

THE MAGIC FORMULA

BY L. P. JACKS

I

MANY years ago I had a schoolfellow and a bosom friend whom I knew as Billy, but whose name as it stood in the Register was William Xavier Plosive. Where his family came from, or where they got their outlandish name, I know not. From its rarity I infer that the Plosive family has not multiplied lavishly on the earth. Only twice, since the days of my friendship with Billy, have I encountered that name. There is, or was, a wayside public-house in Devonshire, the landlord of which was a Plosive; it bore the sign of the 'Dog and Ladle,' which the sign-board interpreted by a picture of a large retriever in precipitate flight with a tin-ladle tied to his tail. The other Plosive of my acquaintance kept a shop in a Canadian city; he was a French half-breed, and, as I have heard, a great rascal.

Billy's father was a Roman Catholic; and I infer from the name he bestowed on his son that he had a turn for waggishness of a sort. Plosive senior must have foreseen what would happen. No sooner, of course, was the name William X. Plosive seen on the outside of the poor boy's copy-books than a whisper passed through the whole school, —'Billy Burst.' And that name remained with him to the end. It was more appropriate than its bestowers were aware of.

'*When* did Billy burst?' '*Why* did Billy burst?' 'Will Billy burst again?' and a hundred questions of the like order were asked all day long apropos of nothing. They were shouted in the playground. They were whispered in class. They broke the silence of the dormitory in the dead of night. With them we relieved our pent-up feelings in hours of tedium or of gloom. Introduced *pianissimo*, they profaned the daily half hour devoted to the study of Divinity. Innumerable impositions followed in their train. One morning the Rev. Cyril Puttock, M.A., who 'took' us in Divinity, saw written large on the blackboard in front of him these words: 'What burst Billy?' I spent my next half-holiday in writing out the Beatitudes a hundred times.

Billy and I slept in the same dormitory and our beds were side by side. Both of us were bad sleepers, and many a deep affinity did our souls discover in the silent watches of the night. As a place to observe the workings of telepathy I know of no spot on earth to compare with the dormitory of a boarding-school. The atmosphere of our dormitory was, if I may say so, in a state of chronic telepathic saturation, and the area where the currents ran strongest was in the space between Billy's bed and mine. This is the sort of thing that would go on: —

'Billy, are you awake?'

'Yes; I knew *you* were.'

'Shall we talk?'

'I want to, ever so.'

'I say, we are going to have that beastly pudding for dinner to-morrow.'

'That's just what I want to talk about.'

'I've got an idea. Billy, I found out yesterday where they cook those puddings. They boil them in the copper of the out-house, and the cook leaves them there while she looks after the rest of the dinner.'

'Ripping!' answered Billy. '*I'll* tell you what we'll do. — Hush! Is old Ginger awake? — All right. Well, we'll sneak into the out-house to-morrow when the cook is n't looking, pinch the puddings out of the copper and chuck 'em in the pond.'

'Why, Billy, that's just what I was going to say to you. But won't we scald ourselves?'

'I've thought of that. We'll get the garden fork and jab it into the puddings. They boil 'em in bags, you know.'

'There's a better way than that. We'll get in before the copper has begun to boil.'

'I had n't thought of that, *but I was just going to*,' said Billy. 'Yes, that's the way.'

Enterprises such as these, however, were episodic, and merely serve to show how great souls, born under the same star, are united not only in the grand trend of their life-directions, but in the minor details of their activity. The seat of our affinities lay deeper. Both Billy and I were persons with an 'end' in life, and breathed in common the atmosphere of great designs. We were like two trees planted side by side on a breezy hill-top. Our roots were in the same soil; our branches swayed to the same rhythm; we heard the same secrets from the whispering winds! We were always on the heights. I cannot remember a single day of our companionship when we were not infatuated about something or other; and I sometimes doubt whether even yet I have outgrown the habit, so deep was its spring in my own nature and so strong the reinforcement it received from the influence of Billy. Sometimes we were infatuated about the same thing; and sometimes each of us struck out an independent line of his own; but always we were the victims of one mania or another.

At the time this history begins the particular mania that afflicted me was the collecting of tramcar tickets. My friends used to save them for me; I begged them from passengers as they alighted from the cars; I picked them up in the street; and I had over seven thousand collected in a box. I thought that when the sum had risen to ten thousand the goal of my existence would be reached; and it may be said that I lived for little else.

Billy's mania was astronomy. He would spend the hours of his playtime lying on his stomach with a map of the stars spread out before him on the floor. Oh, yes, Billy was a great astronomer — in secret. On the very day when he and I were being initiated into the mysteries of Decimals, he whispered to me in class, 'I say, I wonder how people found out the weight of the planets.' He was an absent-minded boy, and many a clout on the head did he receive at this time for paying no attention to what was going on in class. Little did the master know what Billy was thinking of as he stared at the wall before him with his great, dreamy eyes — and not for ten thousand worlds would Billy have told him. He was thinking about the weight of the planets, and the problem lay heavy on his soul; and Billy grew ever more absent-minded, and spent more time on his stomach every day. At last he suddenly waked up and began to get top-marks not only in Arithmetic but in every other subject as well. And later on, when we came to Quadratic Equations and the Higher Geometry, the master was amazed to find that Billy required no teaching at all.

'What has happened to Billy?' asked somebody; and the answer came, 'Why, of course, Billy has *burst*.'

So he had. Billy had found out how 'they weighed the planets,' and the mass of darkness that oppressed him had been blown away in the explosion. About the same time I burst also. On counting up my tickets I found there were ten thousand of them.

Then came a pause, during which Billy and I wandered about in dry places seeking rest and finding none. Life lost its spring and the world seemed very flat, stale and unprofitable. Conversation flagged, or became provocative of irritable rejoinders. 'I say, what are you going to do with all those tramcar tickets?' asked Billy one day. 'Oh, shut up!' I replied. Shortly afterwards it was my turn. 'Billy, tell me what they mean by "sidereal time."' 'Oh, shut up!' said he.

We were both waiting for the new birth, or the new explosion, utterly unconscious of our condition. But the Powers-that-be were maturing their preparations, and, all being complete, they put the match to the train in the following manner.

The usual exchange of measles and whooping-cough had been going on in our school, and Billy and I being convalescent from the latter complaint, to which we had both succumbed at the same time, were sent out one day to take an airing in the Park. On passing down a certain walk, shaded by planes, we noticed a very old gentleman seated in a bath-chair which had been wheeled under the shadow of one of the trees. He sat in the chair with his head bent forward on his chest, and his wasted hands were spread out on the cover. He seemed an image of decrepitude, a symbol of approaching death. He was absolutely still. A young woman on the bench beside him was reading aloud from a book.

I think it was the immobility of the old man that first arrested our attention. The moment we saw him we stopped dead in our walk and stood, motionless as the figure before us, staring at what we saw. We just stared without thinking, but even at this long distance I can remember a vague emotion that stirred me, as though I had suddenly heard the wings of time beating over my innocent head, or as though a faint scent of death had arisen in the air around; such, I suppose, as horses or dogs may feel when they pass over the spot where a man has been slain.

Suddenly Billy Burst clutched my arm — he had a habit of doing that.

'I say,' he whispered, 'let's go up to him and *ask him to tell us the time*.'

We crept up to the bath-chair like two timid animals, literally snuffing the air as we went. Neither the old man nor his companion had noticed us, and it was not until we had both stopped in front of them, that the reader looked up from her book. The old man was still unaware of our presence.

'If you please,' said Billy, 'would you mind telling us the time?'

At the sound of Billy's voice the old man seemed to wake from a dream. He lifted his head, and his eyes wandered vaguely from side to side unable for the moment to focus the speaker. Then they fell on Billy and his gaze was arrested.

Now Billy was a beautiful person — the very image of his mater. The eyes of the houri were his, the lids slightly elevated at the outer angle; he had the mouth of them that are born to speak good things; and about his brow there played a light which made you dream of high Olympus and of ancestors who had lived with the gods. Yes, there was a star on Billy's forehead; and this star it was that arrested the gaze of the old man.

A look of indescribable pleasure overspread his withered face. It almost seemed as if, for a moment, youth returned to him; or as if a breath of spring had awakened in the midst of the winter's frost.

'The time, laddie?' said he, 'Why, yes, of course I can give you the time; as much of it as you want. For, don't you see, I'm a very old man — ninety-one last birthday; which I should think is not more than eighty years older than you, my little man. So I've plenty of time to spare. But don't take too much of it, my laddie. It's not good for little chaps like you. Now how much of the time would you like?'

'The *correct* time, if you please, sir,' said Billy, ignoring the quantitative form in which the question had been framed.

So the old gentleman gave us the correct time. When we had passed on, I looked back and saw that he was talking eagerly to his companion and pointing at Billy.

'I'll tell you what,' said Billy as soon as we were out of hearing, 'I've found out something. *It does old gentlemen good to ask them the time.* Let's ask some more.'

So for an hour or more we wandered about looking out for old gentlemen — 'to do them good.' Several whom we met were rejected by Billy on the ground that they were not old enough, and allowed to pass unquestioned. Some three or four came up to the standard, and at each experiment we found that our magic formula worked with wonderful success. It provoked smiles and kind words; it pleased the old gentlemen; it did them good. Old hands were laid on young shoulders; old faces lit up; old watches were pulled out of old pockets. One was a beauty with a long inscription on the gold back of it. And the old gentleman showed us the inscription, which stated that the watch had been presented to him by his supporters for his services to political progress and for the gallant way in which he had fought the election at So-and-so in 1867. Yes, it did the old gentlemen good. But, be it observed, Billy was the spokesman every time.

From that time onward, Billy and I were two magicians, nothing less, infatuated with our magic and devoted to our formula. The star-books were bundled into Billy's play box; the ten thousand tramcar tickets were thrown into the fire.

Never since the world began, thought we, had a more glorious game been invented, never had so important an enterprise been conceived by the wit of man and entrusted to two apostles twelve years old. A world-wide mission to old gentlemen was ours. Never would we have believed there were so many of them. They seemed to spring into existence, to gather themselves from the four quarters of the earth, in order that they might receive the healing touch of our formula. We met them in the street, in the Park, by the river, at the railway station, coming out of church — everywhere. And all were completely in our power. Oh, it was magnificent!

So it went on for three or four weeks. But a shock was in store for us.

At first, as I have said, Billy was the spokesman. But there came a day when it seemed good that some independence of action should be introduced into the partnership. Billy went one way and I another.

Going on alone, I presently espied an old gentleman, of promising antiquity, walking briskly down one of the gravel paths. He was intermittently reading a newspaper. Trotting up behind him, I observed that in the intervals of his reading he would be talking to himself. He would read for half a

minute and then, whipping the newspaper behind his back, begin to declaim, as though he were making a speech, quickening his pace meanwhile so that I was hard put to it to keep up with him. Indeed I had to run, and was out of breath when, coming up alongside, I popped out my question, 'If you please, sir, what o'clock is it?'

'Go to the devil!' growled the old ruffian. And without pausing even to look at me he strode on, continuing his declamation, of which I happen to remember very distinctly these words: 'I cannot, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulating the government on the disgrace into which they have brought the country.' I recall these words because they resembled something in a speech of Chatham's which I had to learn by heart at school, and I remember wondering whether the old gentleman was trying to learn the same speech and getting it wrong, or whether he was making up something of his own.

Be that as it may, I had received a blow which produced what I must still reckon the bitterest disillusion of my life. Moreover I was personally insulted. As a professional magician I was flouted, and my calling dishonored. And, worst of all, the magic had broken down. For the first time the formula had failed to work — had done the old gentleman *no good*. It cut me to the heart.

I ran about in great distress, seeking Billy, whom finding presently I informed in general terms of what had happened.

'What did you say to the old beast?' asked Billy.

'I said, "If you please, sir, what o'clock is it?"'

'Oh, you ass!' cried Billy. '*Those are the wrong words*. If you'd said, "Would you mind telling me the time?" he'd have gone down like a ninepin. Only cads say "what o'clock." He thought you were a cad! Oh, you idiot! Leave me to do it next time.'

Thus it came to pass that the partnership was resumed on its old basis, with Billy as the predominant member and spokesman of the Firm.

And now we entered on what I still regard as the boldest enterprise of my life. We determined, after long colloquy in the bedroom, to waylay this recalcitrant old gentleman once more, and repeat our question in its proper form, and with Billy as spokesman. Had I been alone, my courage would certainly have failed to carry me through. But with Billy at my side I was never afraid of anything either then or afterwards — O Billy, if only you had been with me — then — and then — and then, if only I had felt your presence when the great waters went over me, if only I could have seen your tilted dreaming eyes when — I would have made a better thing of it, indeed I would. But one was taken and the other left; and I had to fight those battles alone — alone, but not forgetful of you. I did not fight them very well, Billy; and yet not so ill as I should have done had I never known you.

Well, for several days the declaiming gentleman, whom we now knew as 'the old beast,' and never called by any other name, failed to appear. But at last we caught sight of him, striding along and violently whipping his newspaper behind his back, just as before.

On the former occasion, when I was alone, I had operated from the rear, but with Billy in support, I at once proposed that we should attack from the front. So we threw ourselves in his path and marched steadily to meet him. On he came and as he drew near, down went the newspaper, and, as though he were spitting poison, he hissed out from between his teeth a fear-

ful sentence, of which the last words were: 'the most iniquitous government that has ever betrayed and abused the confidence of a sovereign people' — staring meanwhile straight over our heads.

'If you please, sir,' said Billy in his singing voice, 'would you mind telling us the time?'

'Go to—' But at that moment the gentleman lowered his fierce old eyes and encountered the gaze of Billy, who was standing full in his path.

Have you ever seen a wild beast suddenly grow tame? I have not, but I saw something like it on the occasion of which I speak. Never did a swifter or more astonishing change pass over the countenance of any human being. I really think the old fellow suffered a physical shock, for he stepped back two paces and looked for a moment like one who has been seriously hurt. Then he recovered himself; lowered his spectacles to the tip of his nose; gazed over them, at me for a moment, at Billy for a quarter of a minute, and finally burst out into a hearty laugh.

'Well,' he exclaimed, in the merriest of voices, 'you're a couple of young rascals. What are your names, and how old are you, and what school do you belong to, and who are your fathers?'

We answered his questions in a fairly business-like manner until we came to that about the fathers. Here there was an interlude. For Billy had to explain, in succession, that he had no father, and no mother, and no brothers, and no sisters — indeed no relations at all that he knew of. And there was some emotion at this point.

'Bless my soul,' said the old gentleman, 'that's very sad — very sad indeed. But who pays for your schooling?'

'A friend of my mater's,' said Billy. 'He's very good to me and has me to his house for the holidays.'

'And gives you plenty of pocket-money?'

'Lots,' answered Billy.

The old gentleman ruminated, and there was more emotion.

'Then you are not an unhappy boy?' he said at length.

'Not a bit,' answered Billy.

'Thank God for that! Thank God for that! I should be very sorry to learn you were unhappy. I hope you never will be. You don't look unhappy.'

'I'm not,' repeated Billy.

All this time the old gentleman seemed quite unconscious of my existence. But I was not hurt by that. I was well used to being overlooked when Billy was with me, and never questioned for a moment the justice of the arrangement. But now the old gentleman seemed to recollect himself.

'What was it you asked me just now?' said he.

'We asked if you would mind telling us the time.'

'Ha, just so. Now are you quite sure that what you asked for is what you want? You said "*the* time" not "time." For you must know, my dears, that there's a great difference between "time" and "*the* time."'

Billy and I looked at each other, perplexed and disgusted — perplexed by the subtle distinction just drawn by the old gentleman; disgusted at being addressed as 'my dears.' ('He might as well have given us a kiss while he was about it,' we thought.)

'We want *the* time, if you please,' we said at length.

'What, the whole of it?' said the old gentleman.

'No,' answered Billy, 'we only want the bit of it that's going on now.'

'Which bit is that?' said our venerable friend.

'That's just what we want to know,' answered Billy.

This fairly floored the old gentleman. 'You'll be a great Parliamentary debater one day, my boy,' he said, 'but the bit of time that's going on now is not an easy thing to catch. My watch can't catch it.'

'Give us the best your watch can do,' answered Billy.

This made the old fellow laugh again. 'Better and better,' said he. 'Well, the best my watch can do is a quarter past twelve. And that reminds me that you two young scamps have made me late for an appointment. Now be good boys, both of you; and don't forget to write every week to your moth — to your friends. And put that in your pockets.' Whereupon he gave each of us half-a-sovereign.

We walked on in silence, not pondering what had happened, for we pondered nothing in those days, but serenely conscious of triumph. A potent secret was in our hands and the world was at our feet.

'It worked,' said Billy at length.

'Rather!' I answered.

'It did him good.'

'Rather!'

'We beat him.'

'Rather!'

Presently we were greeted by the Park-keeper, who was a friend of ours.

'Well, young hopefuls,' he said, 'and who have you been asking the time of to-day?'

We pointed to the old gentleman, whose figure was still visible in the distance.

'Him!' cried the Park-keeper. 'Well, bless your rascal impudence! Do you know who *he* is?'

'No.'

'Why, he's Lord ——.'

The name mentioned was that of a distinguished member of the Cabinet which had recently gone out of office.

Did we quail and cower at the mention of that mighty name? Did we cover ourselves with confusion? Not we.

'I'm awfully glad we asked him,' said Billy as we walked away.

'So am I — I say, Billy, I wish we could meet the Pope. He's jolly old, and I'll bet he's jolly miserable, too.'

'You shut up about his being miserable,' answered Billy, who, as we know, was a Roman Catholic. 'He ain't half as miserable as the Archbishop of Canterbury. I wish we could meet *him!*'

'Or the Emperor of Germany,' I suggested.

'Yes, he'd do. I'd ask him, and you bet he'd tell us. But' — and here Billy's manner became explosive — 'I'll tell you what! *I wish we could meet God!* He's a jolly sight older than the Pope, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Emperor of Germany. I believe he'd like to be asked more than any of them. And I'd ask him like a shot!'

'But *he's* not miserable,' I interposed.

'How do you know he is n't — *sometimes?* It would do him good any how.'

I was getting out of my depth. As a speculator I had none of the boldness which prompted the explosions of Billy, and an instinct of decency suggested a change of conversation.

'What shall we do with those half-sovereigns?' I asked.

'Hush!' said Billy, '*they'll* hear you.'

'Who'll hear me?'

'Never mind who. They're listening, you bet. Never say "half-sovereigns" again.'

'But what are we to do with them?'

'Keep them. Let's put a cross on each of them at once.'

So we took out the coins, and with our penknives we scratched a cross on the cheek of her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria.

Both coins are now in my possession. The cross on the cheek of Queen Victoria has worked wonders. It has brought me good luck. In return I have hedged the coins with safeguards both moral and material. When I am gone they will be — But I am anticipating.

And now the fever was in full possession of our souls. I believe we were secretly determined to bring all the old gentlemen in the world under the sway of our formula. We were beneficent magicians. Had we been older, a vast prospect of social regeneration would have opened before us. But all we knew at the time was that we possessed a power for rejuvenating the aged. An ardent missionary fervor burned in our bones; and we were swept along as by a whirlwind. Never was infatuation more complete.

As a preliminary step to the accomplishment of these great designs we resolved to ask ten thousand old gentlemen to tell us the time. Making a calculation we reckoned that, at the normal rate of progress, nine years would be required to complete the task. We were a little disconcerted, and in order to expedite matters, we resolved to include old ladies, and any young persons of either sex who, in our opinion, showed signs of prematurely growing old. This led on to further extensions. We agreed, first, that anyone who looked 'miserable' should have the benefit of our formula; next, that all limitations whatsoever, save one, should be withdrawn, and the formula allowed a universal application. The outstanding limitation was that nobody should be asked the question until he had been previously viewed by Billy, who was a psychologist, and pronounced by him to be 'the right sort.' What constituted the 'right sort' we never succeeded in defining; enough that Billy knew the 'right sort' when he saw it and never made a mistake. We believed that all mankind were divided into two classes, the sheep and the goats; in other words, those who were worthy to be asked the time and those who were not, and Billy was the infallible judge for separating them the one from the other. To ask the question of any person was to seal that person's election and to put upon him the stamp of immortality.

I believed and still believe that many whom we accosted were instantly conscious of a change for the better in their general conditions. Years afterwards I met a man who remembered these things and bore testimony to the good we had done him. 'It so happened,' said he, 'that just before I met you boys, that day, I had been speculating heavily on the Stock Exchange and had had a run of infernal bad luck. But the moment that little chap with the tilted eyes spoke to me I said to myself, "The clouds are breaking." And, by George sir, my luck turned that very day. I walked straight to the telegraph office and sent my broker a wire which netted me a matter of £7000.'

As became a firm of businesslike magicians, Billy and I kept books, duly averaged and balanced, entering in them day by day the names of the persons to whom we had applied the formula. Are the names worthy of being recorded? Perhaps not. But a few specimens will do no harm and may incidentally serve to reveal the scope and catholicity of our operations. One of these books is before me now, and here are a few of the names, culled almost at random from its pages. The reader will observe that in the last group our faculty of invention gave out and we were compelled to plagiarize.

Mr. Smoky, Mr. Shinytopper, Uncle Jellybones, Aunt Ginger, Lady Pepper-

mint, Bishop Butter, Canon Sweaty, Dirty Boots, Holy Toad, Satan, Old Hurry, Old Bless-my-soul, Old Chronometer, Miss No-watch, Dr. Beard, Lord Splutters, Aurora, Mrs. Proud, Polly Sniggers, Diamond Pin, Cigars, Cuttyperoozle, Jim, Alfred Dear, Mr. Just-engaged, Miss Ditto, Mr. Catch-his-train, Mr. Hot, The Reverend Hum, The Reverend Ha-ha! So-there-you-be, Mrs. Robin, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Heady.

II

All of a sudden, and in the most unexpected manner, these vast designs of ours contracted their dimensions, or, as one might say, our outlook became focused on a single point. From a world-wide mission to all mankind we narrowed down at a single stroke to a concentrated operation on a special and, I believe, a strictly limited class. But I can tell you that what our mission lost in scope it gained in intensity. You shall hear how all this happened and judge for yourself.

One night Billy and I were lying awake as usual, and the question 'shall we talk?' had been asked and duly answered in the affirmative. We had raised ourselves in bed, leaning toward each other so that our faces were not more than six inches apart.

'Billy,' I whispered, 'I've got a ripping notion — a regular stunner. I'm bursting to tell you.'

'What is it?'

'Put your ear a little closer, Billy, and listen like mad. — Suppose you were to meet a beautiful woman — *what would you do?*'

Quick as thought came the answer — 'I should ask her to tell me the time.'

'Why, that's *exactly* what *I* should do. We'll do it, the very next time we meet one. And, Billy, I'm sure we shall meet one *soon*.'

'So am I.'

Next day, the instant we were freed from school we bolted for the Park, exalted in spirit and full of resolution. A lovely Presence floated on the air above us and accompanied us as we ran. Arrived in the Park we seemed to have reached the threshold of a new world. We stood on a Peak in Darien; and before us there shimmered an enchanted sea lit by the softest of lights and tinted with the fairest of colors. Forces as old as the earth and as young as the dawn were stirring within us; the breath of spring was in our souls, and a vision of living beauty, seen only in the faintest of glimpses, lured us on.

Think not that we lacked discrimination. Not we. 'Let's wait, Billy,' I said, as he made a dart forward at a girl in a white frock, 'till we find one beautiful *enough*. That one won't do. Look at the size of her feet.'

'*Whackers!*' said he, checking himself. And then he made a remark which I have often thought was the strangest thing Billy ever uttered. 'I would n't be surprised,' came the solemn whisper, 'if her feet were made of clay.'

So day by day we ranged the Park, sometimes together, sometimes separate, possessed of one thought only — that of a woman beautiful enough *to be asked the time*. Hundreds of faces — and forms — were examined, sometimes to the surprise of their owners; but the more we examined, the more inexorable, the more difficult to satisfy, became our ideal. At each fresh contact with reality it rose higher, and we were on the point of concluding that the world contained no woman beautiful enough to be asked the time. Never were women stared at with greater innocence of heart, but never were they judged by a more fastidious taste. And yet we had no definable criterion. Of each new specimen examined all we could say was, 'That one won't do.'

But *why* she would n't do we did n't know. We never disagreed. What would n't do for Billy would n't do for me, and vice versa.

Once we met a charming little girl about our own age, walking all alone. 'That's the one,' cried I. 'Come on, Billy.'

I started forward, Billy close behind. Presently he clutched my jacket. 'Stop!' he said. '*What if she has no watch?*'

The little girl was running away.

'We've frightened her,' said Billy, who was a little gentleman. 'We're two beasts.'

'She heard what you said about the watch,' I answered, 'and thought we wanted to steal it. She had one after all. Billy, we've lost our chance.'

As we went home that day, something gnawed cruelly at our hearts. Things had gone wrong. An ideal world had been on the point of realization, and a stroke of contingency had spoiled it. In another moment 'time' would have been revealed to us by one worthy to make the revelation. But the sudden thought of a watch had ruined all. Once more we had tasted the tragic quality of life.

With ardor damped but not extinguished, we continued the quest day after day. But we were now half-hearted and we became aware of a strange falling-off in the beauty of the ladies who frequented the Park.

'We shall never find her here,' said Billy. 'Let's try the walk down by the river. They are better-looking down there, especially on Sunday afternoon. And I'll bet you most of them have watches.'

The very day on which Billy made this proposal a nasty thing happened to us. We were summoned into the Headmaster's study and informed that complaints had reached him concerning two boys who were in the habit of walking about in the Park and staring in the rudest manner at the young ladies, and making audible remarks about their personal appearance. Were we the culprits? We confessed that we were. What did we mean by it? We were silent: not for a whole Archipelago packed full of buried treasure would we have answered that question. Did we consider it conduct worthy of gentlemen? We said we did not, though as a matter of fact we did. Dark hints of flagitiousness were thrown out, which our innocence wholly failed to comprehend. The foolish man then gave himself away by telling us that whenever we met Miss Overbury's school on their daily promenade we were to walk on the other side of the road.

Billy and I exchanged meaning glances: we knew now who had complained (as though we would ever think of asking *them* to tell us the time!). Finally we were forbidden, under threat of corporal chastisement, to enter the Park under any pretexts or circumstances whatsoever.

'The old spouter does n't know,' said I to Billy as we left the room, 'that we've already made up our minds not to go there again. What a "suck in" for him!'

Necessity having thus combined with choice, the scene of our quest was now definitely shifted to the river-bank, where a broad winding path, with seats at intervals, ran under the willows. Here a new order of beauty seemed to present itself, and our hopes ran high. Several promising candidates presented themselves at once. One, I remember, wore a scarlet feather; another carried a gray muff. The scarlet feather was my fancy; the gray muff Billy's.

I think it was on the occasion of our third visit to the river that the crisis came. We sat down on the bank and held a long consultation. 'Well,' said

Billy at last, 'I'm willing to ask Scarlet Feather. She's ripping. Her *nose* takes the cake; but, mind you, Gray Muff has the prettier *boots*. And I know Scarlet Feather has a watch — I saw the chain when we passed her just now. But before deciding I'm going to have another look at Gray Muff. She's just round the bend. You wait here — I'll be back in half a second.'

I was left alone, and for some minutes I continued to gaze at the flowing stream in front of me. Suddenly I saw, dancing about on the surface of the water — But doubtless the whole thing was hallucination! My nerves were in high tension at the moment, and in those days I could have dreams without going to sleep.

The dream was interrupted by the sudden return of Billy. He was white as the table-cloth and trembling all over.

'Come on!' he gasped. 'I've found the very one! Quick, quick, or she'll be gone!'

'Is it Gray Muff?' I asked.

'No, no. It's another. The Very One, I tell you. The One we've been looking for.'

'Billy,' I said, 'I've just seen a Good One too. She was dancing about on the water.'

'Oh, rot!' cried Billy. 'Mine's the One! Come on, I say! I'm certain she won't wait. She looked as though she would n't sit still for a single minute.'

'What is she like, Billy?' I asked as we hurried away.

'She's — *oh, she's the exact image of my mater!*' he said.

Billy's mater had died about a year ago. At the age of twelve I had been deeply in love with her, and to this hour her image remains with me as the type of all that is most lovely and commendable in woman. O Billy's mater, will these eyes ever see you again? How glad I am to remember you! I know where you lie buried, but I doubt if there lives another soul who could find your resting-place. I will lay a bunch of lilies on your grave this very night.

Well, we ran with all our might. Scarlet Feather, Gray Muff, and the dancing 'good one' on the surface of the water were clean forgotten as if they had never existed, — or perhaps one of them never did. 'Just like my mater!' Billy kept gasping. 'Hurry up! I tell you she won't wait! She's on the seat watching the water; no, not *that* seat. It's round the next bend but one.'

We turned the bend and came in sight of the seat where Billy had seen what he saw. The seat was empty. We looked round us: not a soul was in sight. We checked our pace and in utter silence, and very slowly, crept up to the empty seat, gazing round us as we walked. Was there ever such a melancholy walk! Oh, what a *Via Dolorosa* we found it! Arrived at the seat, Billy felt it all over with his hands and, finding nothing, flung himself face downwards on the turf and uttered the most lamentable cry I have ever heard.

'I knew she would n't wait,' he moaned. 'Oh, why were n't we quicker! Oh, why did n't I ask her the time the minute I saw her!'

As, shattered and silent, we crawled back to school, continually loitering to gaze at a world that was all hateful, I realized with a feeling of dread and awe that I had become privy to something deep in Billy's soul. And I inwardly resolved that, so far as I could, I would set the matter right, and put friendship on a footing of true equality, by telling Billy the deepest secret of *mine*.

'Billy,' I said, as we lay wakeful in the small hours of the next morning, 'come and stay with us next holidays, *and I will show you something*.'

'What is it?'

'You wait and see.'

The great adventure was over. It had ended in disaster and tears. Never again did Billy and I ask any human being to tell us the time.

Before I can explain what the 'something' was which I had promised to show Billy, I must briefly digress.

All my life long I have been profoundly interested in the problem of Time. My speculations on this subject began when I was nine years old, and they began in a place most appropriate for such speculations, — to wit, in church.

In the church-tower of the village where I was nurtured there was an ancient and curious clock, said to have been brought from Spain by a former owner of the parish. This clock was worked by an enormous pendulum which hung down, through a slit in the ceiling, into the body of the church, swinging to and fro at the west end of the nave. Its motion was even and beautiful; and the sight of it fascinated me continually through the hours of divine service. To those who were not attentive, the pendulum was inaudible; but if you listened you could detect a gentle tick, tock, between the pauses of the hymns or the parson's voice. 'Let us pray,' said the parson. 'Tick,' whispered the pendulum. 'We beseech Thee — ' cried the clerk, (tick!); — 'to hear us good Lord' (tock!). The clerk had unconsciously fallen into the habit of timing his cadence in the responses to correspond with these whispers of the pendulum. For my part I used to think that this correspondence was the most beautiful arrangement in the universe. I loved the even motion of the pendulum; but I loved the faithful whispers more. To this day I have only to shut my eyes on entering a village church, and sit still for half a minute, and sure enough, stealing through the silence, comes the 'tick, tock' of that ancient pendulum.

Of all the religious instruction I received during the eight or nine years we attended that church I confess I have not the faintest recollection. I cannot remember whether the sermons were good or bad, long or short, high, low, or broad. I know they never wearied me, for I never listened to a word that was said. The pendulum saw to that. There were two parsons in our time. The first I have heard was a very good man, but by no effort of memory can I recall what he was like. The second I do remember, and could draw his face on this sheet of paper, were I to try. I respected and admired him, not, I am sorry to say, for the purity of his life or his faithfulness in preaching the Gospel, but because he had fought and licked our gardener, whom I detested, outside the village Pub. With a little concentration of mind I can reconstruct the scene in church during this parson's tenure of office. I can see the old rascal in the pulpit plodding through his task. I can hear the thud of the hymn-book which my father used to toss into the clerk's pew when he thought the sermon had lasted long enough. Immediately the sermon stops and a great bull-voice roars out, 'Now to God the Father,' etcetera. But all such memories are accessory to the main theme — the restless curve of the swinging disc, and the whispered syllables of Time.

The question that haunted me was this: Did the pendulum stop on reaching the highest point of the ascending arc? Did it pause before beginning the descent? And if it stopped, did *time* stop with it? I answered both questions in the affirmative. Well then, what was a *second?* Did the stoppage at the end of the swing make the second, or was the second made by the

swing, the movement between the two points of rest? I concluded that it was the stoppage. For, mark you, it *takes* a second for the pendulum to reach the stopping point on either side; therefore there can be no second till that point is reached; the second must *wait* for the stoppage to do the business. I saw no other way of getting *any* seconds. And if no seconds, no minutes; and if no minutes, no hours, no days, and therefore no time at all — which is absurd.

I found great peace in this conclusion; but none the less I continued to support it by collateral reasonings, and by observation. In particular I determined, for reasons of my own, to make a careful survey of the hands of the clock. With this object I borrowed my father's field-glass, and retiring to a convenient point of observation, focused it on the clock-face. Instantly a startling phenomenon sprang into view. I saw that the big hand of the clock, instead of moving evenly as it seemed to do when viewed by the naked eye, was visibly *jerking* on its way, in time with the seconds that were being ticked off by the pendulum inside. By George, the hand was going jerk, jerk! The pendulum and the hand were moving together! Jerk went the hand: then a pause. What's happening now? thought I. Why the pendulum has just ticked and is going to tock. Tock it goes and — there you are! — jerk goes the hand again. 'Why of course,' I said to myself, 'that proves it. The hand *stops*, as well as the pendulum. The evidence of the hand corroborates the evidence of the pendulum. The seconds *must* be the stoppages. They can't be anything else. There's nothing else for them to be. I'll tell Billy Burst this very day! But no, I won't. I'll wait till the holidays and show it him.'

Such was the secret which I resolved to impart to Billy in return for what he had disclosed to me.

Some months after this amazing discovery Billy came down for the holidays. He arrived late in the afternoon and I could hardly restrain my impatience while he was having his tea. Hardly had he swallowed the last mouthful when I had him by the jacket. 'Come on, Billy,' I cried. 'I'm going to show you something' — And we ran together to the church. Arrived there, I placed him in front of the pendulum, which seemed to be swinging that afternoon with an even friendlier motion than usual.

'There!' I said, 'look at him.'

Billy stood spell-bound. Oh, you should have seen his face! You should have seen his eyes slowly moving with their lambent lights as they followed the rhythm of the pendulum from side to side. If Billy was hypnotized by the pendulum, I was hypnotized by Billy. Suddenly he clutched my arm in his wonted way.

'I say,' he whispered, '*it knows us*. Here, old chap' (addressing the pendulum), 'you know us, don't you? You're glad to see us, are n't you?'

'Tick — tock,' said the pendulum.

'Can't he talk — just!' said Billy. 'Look at his eye! He winked at me that time, I'll swear.' And, by the Powers, the very next time the pendulum reached the top of the arc I saw the crumpled metal in the middle of the disc double itself up and wink at *me*, also, plain as plain.

'Billy,' I said, 'if we stare at him much longer we shall both go cracked. Let's go into the churchyard. I've something else to show you.'

So to the churchyard we went, and there, among the mouldering tombstones, I expounded to Billy my new theory as to the nature of Time, reserving the crowning evidence until Billy had grasped the main principle.

'So you see,' I concluded, 'the seconds are the stoppages.'

'There are n't any stoppages,' said he. 'Pendulums don't stop.'

'How can they go down after coming up unless they stop between?' I asked.

'You wait till you get to the Higher Mathematics.'

'Then where do the seconds come in?'

'They don't *come* in: they *are* in all along.'

'Then,' I said triumphantly, 'look at that clock face. Can't you see how the big hand goes jerk, jerk?'

'Well, what of that?'

'What of that? Why, if the seconds are n't the stoppages, what becomes of time between the jerks?'

'Why,' answered Billy, '*it's plugging ahead all the time.*'

'All *what* time?' I countered, convinced now that I had him in a vicious circle.

'Blockhead!' cried Billy. 'Don't you remember what that old Johnny told us in the Park? There's all the difference in the world between *the* time and *time*.'

'I'll bet you can't tell me what the difference is.'

'Yes, I can. It's the difference between the pendulum and the clock-hand. Look at the jerking old idiot! *That* thing can't talk: *that* thing can't wink; *that* thing does n't know us. Why, you silly, it only does what the pendulum tells it to do. The pendulum *knows* what it's doing. But *that* thing does n't. Here, let's go back into the church and have another talk with the jolly old chap!'

A few years afterwards when Billy, barely twenty-four, had half finished a book which would have made him famous, I handed him an essay by a distinguished philosopher, and requested him to read it. The title was 'On translating time into eternity.' When Billy returned it, I asked him how he had fared. 'Oh,' he answered, 'I translated time into eternity without much difficulty. *But it was plugging ahead all the time.*'

Shortly after this, Billy rejoined his mater — a victim to the same disease. Poor Billy! You brought luck to others; God knows you had little yourself. He died in a hospital, without kith or kin to close his eyes. The nurse who attended him brought me a small purse which she said Billy had very urgently requested her to give me. On opening the purse I found in it a gold coin, marked with a cross. The nurse also told me that shortly before he died Billy sat up suddenly in his bed and, opening his eyes very wide, said in a singing voice, —

'If you please, sir, would you mind telling me the time?'

THE TRIBULATIONS OF AN AMATEUR BOOK-BUYER

BY JOHN L. HERVEY

ANTOINETTE being naturally somewhat satirical, I have become used to hearing her describe the family as a small body of humanity entirely surrounded by books; but this morning, when she observed at the breakfast table that, 'There are books everywhere in this house except the bathroom and the fire-escape,' I felt obliged to reply with a certain show of firmness, —

'My dear, your statement is incorrect.'

'Indeed?' — with an indescribably ironic rising inflection, of which only the feminine voice is capable. 'And may I ask why?'

'Because, my dear, the fire-escape is not in the house. It is something quite exterior. However,' I went on hurriedly, seeing my chance and boldly resolving to seize it, 'I have been thinking of the fire-escape for some time. It has occurred to me that it could be enclosed at a trifling expense and would in that form afford a good deal of wall-space and shelf-room which I could utilize to advantage, at the same time leaving ample room for egress in case of need.'

The worm turns so seldom in our household that I knew this would have an immense effect upon Antoinette, especially the closing allusion, for she is fond of remarking that in case of fire I would look out for my Japanese vellum *Don Quixote*, with illustrations by Vierge, first, and her afterwards. And I was right. My temerity, so sudden and so extreme, smote her speechless, and in that condition I left her, making a skillful exit to ruminate upon some problems which Mr. George P. Brett, in his admirable article entitled 'Book-Publishing and Its Present Tendencies,' in the April *Atlantic*, failed to take into account.

For Mr. Brett's article, so informed and informing as it is, so authoritative and so carefully considered, is written from the professional standpoint. And so have been all the articles devoted to this subject, and kindred ones, that I recall having seen. Their authors have been either publishers, editors, or writers; the general body of the book-buying public has remained inarticulate, and what, in default of anything better, I may term the 'amateur spirit,' has remained unexpressed. Yet it is a very considerable factor in the equation to be solved, and what it represents deserves, perhaps, some attempt at elucidation.

For the book-buyer, like the book-publisher, like the editor and the writer of books, has his troubles, and one which cannot be avoided is precisely that which gives rise to so many of Antoinette's caustic sallies. I sometimes wonder if the book-publisher of to-day ever really takes into full consideration the question of the space which even a private library of moderate size demands? It is true that pocket editions, flexible covers, and India paper display a tendency to increase and multiply, but thus far they are not more than a drop in the bucket. While, on the other hand, the books which the publishers

apparently aim at making as large as possible have come to be the rule. In these days, when rooms, apartments, and houses are constantly diminishing in size, particularly in all large centres of population, where the bulk of the book-buyers reside, while rents and taxes are as constantly increasing, the result is inevitable: namely, a forced decrease in the number of books bought, from sheer inability to house them.

The format of a book is something at once artistic and utilitarian, — or properly should be, — and when either of these features is unduly exploited at the expense of the other, the mistake is a palpable one. The number of these mistakes, nevertheless, appears to be legion. Take, for instance, such a representative one as this: —

There have been for some time past in course of publication, in both England and America, the complete works of a celebrated French writer, in an English translation. This writer is above all things what we term an 'intimate' one; with the exception of one excursion into the field of historical biography, his works consist of novels, romances, tales, essays, criticism and *causerie*, all eminently distinguished for the quality to which I have referred. While a man of immense erudition, he carries it so lightly that his words are always winged — there is not a *longueur* or a heavy page to be found in any of his books. Fitness, then, should dictate for the format of the translation something similar. Instead, it is being brought out in a series of large, bulky volumes, in size and appearance resembling formidable works of history or science, and printed upon paper so thick that the amount of space which the books take up is inordinate. I began to buy these volumes as they were first issued, but after I had accumulated a half-dozen or so I was compelled to stop, for I found that one of them which contained but two hundred and forty pages took up nearly half as much space again upon my shelves as a work like George Brandes's critical study of Shakespeare, although the latter contains seven hundred and nine pages, and is well printed upon good paper. I estimate that when the entire set of these volumes is complete it will require at least one and a half sections of any modern sectional book-case. I cannot afford the space, particularly when I am able to house the whole *Comédie Humaine* in less than one section, well printed, tastefully bound and illustrated, while in gross amount of printed matter it far exceeds the works of the other writer.

This is only one typical case, but it is excellently illustrative. From the point of view of the average book-buyer, this set of books is a failure, alike artistically and economically. Despite wide margins, rubricated title-pages, and decorated end-papers, it is not so tasteful as the familiar originals printed in Paris in that format so much more appropriate in size, in shape, and — a very important factor — in price. For the Parisian originals can be obtained in the familiar yellow paper covers for 75 cents per volume, or neatly bound for $1.25; whereas the purchaser of the edition under discussion must pay $1.75, *net*, per volume. I have, however, a stray volume of a translation of one of this author's books, beautifully printed on fine paper, in a format resembling the Parisian original, and bound in full flexible leather, which sells regularly for $1.00, as one of a copyright series of selected novels by French writers. It is a pleasure to read this book, to own it, to handle it; for it gratifies the eye, does not burden the hand, and occupies but a fraction of the space which one of the volumes of the edition referred to requires. As between it at $1.00 and the other at $1.75,

it is much to be preferred — indeed, from my standpoint, it still would be were the prices reversed.

I have now been buying books, and forming a library, for over thirty years, during which period I have bought books personally in San Francisco, Chicago, New York, Boston, Berlin, and Moscow, while by mail I have acquired them as far afield as Yokohama. I now have something like three thousand volumes of all sorts and conditions, bought direct from the publishers, from middlemen, at regular retail stores, at department stores, at second-hand shops, at auction, from solicitors, and in various other ways. My financial resources have never enabled me to become a 'collector,' and such first editions as I possess are, with few exceptions, books which I purchased on the date of original publication or chanced to pick up unexpectedly without paying fancy prices. I have also been obliged to deny myself, for the most part, such things as 'de luxe' editions, Zaehnsdorf bindings, and elaborately illustrated works devoted to the fine arts; nor have I ever practiced the gentle art of Grangerism.

My one wanton extravagance in these directions has been that Japanese vellum *Don Quixote* with Vierge illustrations, for which, in a moment of madness, I affixed my signature to the contract presented by a solicitor whose seductive and well-chosen words I could not choose but hear, for he had nothing to learn from the songs which the Sirens sang to Ulysses, and I was not subtle enough to seal my ears with wax and have my hands tied behind my back. Of course I had to conceal this transaction from Antoinette as long as possible; but in order to preserve the books from the moth and worm that devour and the smoke and smut that besmudge, after they were delivered, I at length had to bring them home from the office; and then — also of course — I was obliged not only to represent to her that I had bought them on the installment plan, but to lie, deliberately to lie, about the price. Otherwise I should not have dared to bring them home at all. I never flattered myself that Antoinette regarded them, and my representations about them, without suspicion, but, fortunately, that set of books was not widely advertised in the magazines, or I should have been detected and disgraced, and left with nothing to console me but the knowledge that I had made a sublime sacrifice to the benign shade of Cervantes.

In all this time, — the thirty years of which I have spoken, — my tribulations as an amateur book-buyer have arisen, chiefly, from two causes: the question of price, and the question of storage. And while I am not, perhaps, exactly what I have termed myself, an 'average book-buyer,' these questions are, undoubtedly, those which give the average book-buyer the most of his or her troubles. Reduced to its essentials, the problem, alike to the publisher, the distributor, and the purchaser of books, inheres in the fact that as our books are published, distributed, and purchased to-day, they are a luxury instead of a necessity, whereas the exact opposite should be the case. In one of his *Lettres à l'Etrangère*, Balzac announces that, although in the nethermost deeps of financial despair, he has taken a box for the season at the Italian Opera, 'because opera is as necessary to me as bread.' We all ought to look at books in the same manner, and, if I were a legislator, to bring the recalcitrant into line and encourage the habit, I should advocate a statute providing that every person with an income above a certain fixed sum, should be obliged to expend a certain percentage of it annually for books. Many a possessor of such an income might never read any of the

books that he bought (that attitude of mind being by no means uncommon among the financially elect), but some one else would, and they would get into circulation instead of gathering dust on the booksellers' shelves or having their covers ripped off and going back into the vats of the paper-mills. Along with this I should also advocate some sort of Government inspection of books thus purchased. Not one that in any way interfered with the palladium of our liberties, but one unmerciful to false labels, light weights, bogus bottoms, red gauze, etcetera, promptly confiscating any and everything transgressing the literary pure food laws.

But — even assuming these Utopian impossibilities were possible — what then? Well, the probable result would be little change in the present situation unless many other present methods were altered. For it is a melancholy fact that as a rule the true book-lover, the book-buyer actual or would-be, is not often a person whose income would place him within the provision of the law; while in case he were, that law would, in his case, be unnecessary. You may recall that Erasmus (I made my 'approach' to Erasmus via *The Cloister and the Hearth*, as, O reader, you too may have?) once wrote to one of his friends that when he could get some money (of which he had not at that time a groat) he would first buy some books, and, if any were then left, some clothes. Many of us resemble Erasmus in this respect if in no other; and if we did not we should never have any books. (That Erasmus wrote *The Praise of Folly* is a negligible detail.) I suppose there are large numbers of persons with incomes of as much as $5000 per year, but personally I have not attained that pleasant estate, nor do I indulge any fatuous hopes of ever being able to do so. I have to be content with much less than that, — very considerably less, — and the great majority of my bookish friends are in the same predicament. But let us imagine that the average book-buyer had an income of even $3000 per annum, and that he was able to set aside six per cent of it for the purchase of books (these are Utopian assumptions, as incredible as the building of an air-castle in a vacuum; but once we pass the line of incredibility everything becomes credible, so let us complete the assumption), how far would such a sum carry him in the purchase of such books as he desired? I mean not first or 'de luxe' editions, or other potential impossibilities, but mere current publications of the day? At the present scale of prices it would not, in the expressive vernacular of our Olympic Games, get him to first base. For it is the deplorable fact that the price of the average 'serious' book precludes any other result.

Most of the books which I acquire at first-hand I purchase from what is said to be the largest retail book-store in the United States, and as I have bought books there for years, I have a regular salesman to whom I always look for service. In the course of time we have become good friends, and he often talks over the book-buying question with me. It is his conviction, as expressed frankly to me, that the prices of 'serious' books are, except in occasional instances, prohibitive. 'Seventy-five per cent of my sales are of fiction,' he avers, 'and I have found it impossible to do better with serious works. Many people look them over, and many would like to buy, but when they learn the prices they put them down and go back to the fiction counter, where the average price is something like $1.35, or else they go out without buying at all. There is a small class of works that will sell well, or comparatively well,

at almost any price, owing either to their subject or their author; but there is no proper gradation even in these respects. And they are all too dear. Quite a good many people will pay as much as $5.00 for a two-volume set of history, biography, science, or the like; but when the price goes up to $6.00, $7.50, $8.00, or more, as is so apt to be the case, only people either wealthy or extravagant can afford them, save as a rarity. I sold quite a number of sets of Wagner's *My Life* at $8.00, for there was wide interest in it; but I could have sold three times as many, I am certain, at $5.00.'

I pointed out a new work, in two bulky volumes, written by a celebrated explorer and describing his latest and greatest achievement, and asked how it was selling. 'Fairly well,' was the response, 'there is certain to be quite a demand for such a thing; but nothing like what you would expect. The author recently visited this city, as you may recall, and lectured upon the explorations described in the book. This lecture, which he repeated several times, was illustrated by colored views and motion pictures, and probably five or six thousand people heard it, perhaps more. The best seats were $1.50 each, I believe. After these lectures a good many people came into the store and inquired for his book, but when they found that the price was $10.00 most of them did not buy, as after they had heard his lecture for $1.50, or less, they thought the price of the work excessive; which, in fact, it is.'

I have before me, as I write, a publisher's announcement of new and recent works of 'travel, adventure, and description,' which he is 'featuring' this season. The total number of items in the list is ninety-six, of which only sixteen are priced at less than $2.00 each, as against eighty ranging in price from $2.00 up to $15.00 each, though in no case does any item include more than two volumes. A brief computation discloses the average net price of the entire ninety-six items to be $3.46. Most of the really desirable ones cost more than that, while those that list at $2.00 or less are, for the most part, either guide-books or works strictly ephemeral.

This is only one publisher's list. There are many others, and they include numerous books, which I ardently desire to buy; but I cannot afford them, save in isolated instances. The prices estop me at every turn; while, in addition, their almost invariably unnecessary bulk acts as a strong second deterrent. As a devout Erasmian I may manage to squeeze out the money to pay for a few of them; but, having bought them, what am I to do with them, with no space left either beneath the bed or in the kitchen cabinet?

It is the contention of Antoinette, which she upholds with rigor, that the number of books published is monstrous and immoderate, and that this is the real cause of all the mischief; she is becoming embittered against all publishers, and their activities she openly denounces. But this phase of the problem has been subtly argued by many massive intellects and I will not attempt to lay any of the ghosts that haunt its hinterland. As a lover of good books, it is difficult for me to argue myself into the opinion that too many of them can be published. Moreover, if the activities of the publishers were to be curtailed, what would become of the 'remainder'?

As all book-buyers probably know, there is growing up a large trade in 'remainders of editions'; and, as many of them are equally well aware, the 'remainder' is oft times much larger than that portion of the edition of which the publishers were able to dis-

pose in regular course. This practice is becoming so general that many book-buyers — I am one of them — wait before purchasing many books of more than moderate cost, knowing that frequently the 'remainder' will save them many dollars. The trade in this class of works is at present very large, thriving in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and elsewhere. Indeed, I know of one broker in a small city of less than 25,000 inhabitants, who handles, in the course of a year, thousands of volumes of this description.

'Remainders' are purchased by all classes of book-buyers, and if I am correctly informed, librarians are coming to lean heavily upon them as an ever-present help in time of dismay caused by the treasurer's report. I have seen it stated, and, I presume, correctly, that publishers nowadays rely largely upon the purchases by libraries for the successful marketing of their wares. But, as a matter of fact, only the libraries of large financial resources can stand the strain of present-day prices for serious books in large quantity. In consequence, the minor libraries buy comparatively few such works first-hand, at time of publication, and supply their needs later on by means of the 'remainder' and the second-hand store. There is one second-hand dealer of my acquaintance who tells me that the bulk of his trade comes from the libraries, and that he could double the volume of his business if he could fill all their orders promptly. Does not this in itself reflect a condition radically wrong?

The philosophy of the 'remainder' — for which I have the most distinguished consideration, it being replete with the quality of mercy for the impecunious book-buyer — is something which I will not attempt lightly to expound; but in nine cases out of ten I believe it to be true that it exists not because the books so offered failed to reach their public upon their literary merits, but because that public could not afford them at the publication prices. But, in any event, their get-up is often more than insensately extravagant. Those people who are desirous of reading, let us say, the Life and Letters of a Great Man, are willing to pay adequately for the privilege; but they do not ecstatically yearn or feverishly desire to pay also for etched portraits of his wet nurse, color-plates of his kitchen-garden, photogravures of the back stairs at No. 411 Rue des Maisons Mauvaises, where he had apartments during his memorable visit to Paris, or for half-tones of the ink-stand from which he dipped up *The Economic Determinism of the Subliminal Ultimate*, or of the umbrella that he carried during his tour of the Hebrides. These things are all delightful — but, alas, the cost of their purveying renders them, as one of my friends is wont to remark, 'structural incongruities.' So also are works which, by means of large type, wide margins, and heavy paper, the publisher swells from one volume to two or three, at a proportionately increased tariff.

This brings me naturally to another crux — namely, the apparent and frequent failure of the publisher to consider and plan for the different publics to which his different publications make each its special appeal. It is an incontrovertible and unhappy fact that, class for class, readers interested in special orders of books are unable to indulge in expensive ones, and unwilling to indulge in unworkmanlike or impracticable ones. This applies particularly, as a case in point, to that species of works devoted to literary subjects — namely, books about books and the writers of books, of which in these days there seems to be an ever-increasing horde. These are, for the most part, caviare to the general, and

always must be; while the readers to whom they are well-nigh indispensable, being usually of limited, often of uncertain income, cannot purchase them unless they are moderate in price. I lately saw announced a volume of essays on literary subjects by a very agreeable writer. I had read several of these essays in the magazines and enjoyed them, and I thought that I should like to possess them in permanent form. But when I inquired for the volume I found that the price was $2.50. As the contents did not extend to two hundred and fifty pages, and the type-matter per page was small, while none of the essays was new, all having previously appeared in various periodicals (which, indeed, the prefatory note candidly stated), of course I did not buy; for, plainly speaking, the price was preposterous.

The same condition obtains in many other fields. Philosophy, for example, is terribly dear. He who would keep pace with Pragmatism alone needs an unequivocally pluralistic pocket-book, one quite capable of 'adaption to reality' in the matter of book-prices current. As those of us philosophically inclined are notorious for our lack of affluence, is it surprising that so many of us adhere to systems and sages which flourished before the age of international copyright? Only the drawing-room philosopher with coupon-clipping facilities can hope to become a complete Bergsonian or aspire to reach the high altitudes of the Dionysiac superman. Alas, the olive grove of Academe has been cut down and converted into wood-pulp, and Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird trilled her thick-warbled notes all summer long, resounds with the roar of the printing-presses turning out twenty-volume philosophic systems and swarms of commentaries and expositions thereof which it would bankrupt any ordinary individual to acquire. Antoinette is perpetually protesting that I buy altogether too much philosophy, as it is; but as most of it bears the imprint of Bohn or Everyman, I feel that in this regard I am beyond her reproaches, even if behind the times.

Antoinette, whose literary tastes are, I regret to state, neither classic nor philosophical, often feels impelled to apologize to those of our friends and relatives who honor us with occasional visitations, by remarking that we have a house full of books but nothing to read. She refers, in this elliptical manner, to the paucity of current fiction on my shelves, which is another of her standing grievances. But why should I buy current fiction when that is the one thing that every one else buys? If I, and such as I, did not buy 'serious' books, who else would, even in 'remainders'?

Indeed, I often wonder how the publishers, or the booksellers, can expect to market anything but current fiction, so preoccupied are they with its exploitation. And the same thing is true of our literati, to use the term now somewhat *déclassée* but, after all, more descriptive than any other. The 'serious' book is reviewed, often conscientiously and competently, sometimes even illuminatingly and entertainingly — and there's an end on't; for if it is criticized, if it is really taken up and discussed, it is in the controversial or the laboratory style, which means death to it so far as any stimulation of the interest of the general reader is concerned. With the literati the 'literature of power' no longer has any chance to succeed unless its power takes the shape of a fictitious personality, as, for instance, that of *Jean Christophe*.

To all intents and purposes, modern literature is the literature of personality, of so-called 'human interest,' purely. It is only in fiction, in some

of its protean shapes, that our critics seem capable of becoming eagerly interested. The 'book of the week,' or the month, or the year, is almost inevitably a work of fiction, preferably a novel — an immortal masterpiece destined to be forgotten in a week or a month or a year. Our literary arbiters seldom concern themselves with anything else unless in deference to that impulse which prompts the Thespian momentarily to desert Pinero for Shakespeare in order to prove that he is 'really an actor.' I am informed that this is because the true critic devotes himself only to work that is 'creative.' But most of the 'creations' produced nowadays impress me as if their creators had labored upon them not to exceed six days and promptly rested upon the seventh and called them perfect. Moreover, as the populace can always be trusted to find its way without a guide to the big tent which houses the sawdust, the spangles, the trick mule, and the bass drum, where the experienced prestidigitator and the unabashed mountebank borrow its empty hats and take out of them the best-sellers which they put into its empty heads, how or why is profound critical interpretation of the performance other than a melancholy waste of intellectual effort?

Meanwhile, the genuine literary event creeps past, unattended by the drums and tramplings of conquest, and secludes itself in its obscure corner, there to await the future which belongs to it. Has any other event so important in the literary history of America as the publication of Emerson's *Journals* occurred since the twentieth century was ushered in? Yet it has not excited a tithe of the interest that has been lavished upon a succession of best-sellers, most of which are already disappearing in oblivion, hopelessly out of date, while many of its pages read as freshly, although written generations ago, as if inspired by the life of this very day and hour. Here is a work that, if any ever printed in this country can be said so to have done, fulfills the high Miltonic definition that a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life. Imagine how such a thing would be received by the literati of France, supposing it were to be a legacy from the pen of Montaigne, or by that of Germany supposing it were one from the pen of Goethe, and contrast it with the reception which the literati of America have accorded this one, and we may begin dimly to realize the why of the everlasting aridity of the Great American Literary Desert, and of some of the conditions of which publishers, book-sellers, and writers so bitterly complain. How can we expect such works to interest the general reading public if they do not interest those whose function it is to indicate to that public what is worthiest of its interest, and to do so in a dynamic, stimulating way?

Consider, likewise, the cases of the two most significant serious writers of recent times identified with American literature, the one as thinker, the other as artist — I refer to William James and Lafcadio Hearn. Beyond brief magazine articles, no leading American critic has occupied himself with Hearn. The only independent book upon him thus far published in this country is one that was, apparently, published solely in order to air a personal grievance of the author's against him, he being dead and unable to defend himself. If we desire one truly critical, we must go to France, to England, or otherwhere beyond seas. As regards James, while he has inspired numerous books and articles here, it was not until Europe had acclaimed him that America discovered him to be eminent, and no

American critic has as yet attempted any adequate interpretation of him that is neither polemical nor pedagogical.

But this is becoming — or appearing to become — a piece of literary criticism, which I have neither the purpose nor the talent to make it; so I must return to my last and give it a final tap by alluding to a feature which deserves a set article of itself, but to which I can devote only a word in passing. That is the ever-encroaching sea of newspapers and magazines, destined, so those with accurate barometers are foretelling, eventually to swallow up the Book completely; which, thereafter, will survive only mythically as a sort of literary Atlantis. This will not come to pass in my time; but when it does come, no gift of seership is required for me to name the two principal causes of the catastrophe. Newspapers and magazines are moderate in price — when they are not downright cheap — and convenient in form. That is to say, they are calculated, to the last detail, to reach their public and make themselves necessities, not luxuries. By that sign will they conquer. That and the coördinate one which Antoinette, who is devoted to their perusal, is fond of introducing to my attention: namely, that they contain all the best reading matter of the day, in advance of its appearance — if at all — in book form. And as she is always ready to prove her assertions by the citation of chapter and verse, what is there left to be said? The rest, indeed, is silence.

LAMENT OF YASMINI

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

God made me in an idle hour,
A chalice fit for wine alone.
O would that he had made a flower,
A wandering planet, or a stone.

O would he had not pleasured him,
Dallying, that day among the days,
To mould the cup's curved perfect rim,
That soon the red wine should upraise.

Alas, wan in the waning light
The wine that to his gaze was given.
The cup was full of tears . . . That night
God wept upon the throne of Heaven.

LIVING INDIA

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

I

THE CIVILIAN

WITHIN the narrow limits of this article I wish to consider the Indian Government and its ideas; that is to say, the men and the laws by which they govern.

First, take the *personnel*, for there is no complaint more insistent on all sides than that the officers of to-day are not the same as those of fifty or more years ago. They are out of touch with the people.

It was for some time supposed by Government that this was only partially true. That Government itself, that is, the Secretariats, were out of touch, was felt and avowed. But it was supposed that this arose from the specializing of function. The work of Secretaries had become so difficult, so special, so different from district work, that instead of there being interchange of officers, the Secretaries usually passed all their official lives away from actual contact with the realities of the people. Orders were passed that in future this was not to occur; men were to come and go, to do district work for a while, then secretarial work, bringing to the latter knowledge gained in the former.

But it was quickly seen that this had little or no result. If the Secretaries were out of touch, the district officers were hardly less so. Government as a whole had separated from the people. English and Indians were divided; nothing was gained.

What then was the difference between the men of the past and those of the present? Let us consider.

They went out younger in those days: sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, were the usual ages. The usual age for cadets was twenty. Clive, Warren Hastings, Nicholson and John Lawrence went out at eighteen, Henry Lawrence at seventeen, Meadows Taylor at fifteen. Many of the administrators were soldiers first, and they too went out young. Lord Roberts, for instance, was sixteen when he landed in India. Addiscombe cadets joined at sixteen or seventeen. When Haileybury was established the average age was raised to twenty-three or more, and at that age it now remains.

Thus, as the first year in India is also spent in training, out there a man is now not far from twenty-five before he is allowed to act independently; he used to be twenty-one or less. This is a great difference.

In England the age when a boy attains his majority and has full freedom before the law is twenty-one, and in order to elucidate this question I have tried to discover why the law of England fixed twenty-one. In Rome a boy was legally of age as regards his person at fourteen, though he had a curator over his property till he was twenty-five. Therefore this age of twenty-one does not come from Roman law. It seems to have arisen from a general consensus of observation that at twenty-one the average young man is fit to be free and should be free.

There seems to be about that age a critical mental stage of adolescence corresponding to the physical stage at fourteen. However this may be, there seems to be no doubt that to keep a young man in tutelage till he is twenty-four or twenty-five is bad for him. The powers of initiative and the sense of responsibility which mature at twenty-one atrophy thereafter if not fully used. And no book-learning can replace them. Thus nowadays tutelage is too long continued.

Again, education began later in those days than now, and there was less of it. Boys ran wild far more than now, when they are cramped up in schools and conventions at a very early age.

Thus the men of old had individualities; they had not been steam-rollered flat by public school and university; their boyish enthusiasm and friendliness were still in them. They had no prejudices, had never heard of 'the Oriental mind,' were not convinced beforehand that every Oriental was a liar and a thief, but were prepared to take men as they found them. They were willing and eager to learn. Their minds were open as yet to new impressions. They had not been 'fortified by fixed principles' to 'safeguard them' against acquiring any sympathy with Eastern peoples. Therefore they did so understand and sympathize.

If you will read the records of the past you will see this in a most marked degree. Englishmen had Indian friends; how rarely do they have such now! They knew the people's talk, their folklore and their tales. They looked on them as fellow humans. And the feeling was reciprocated. See, for instance, how they kept the same servants throughout their service. Nowadays there is a general howl of the badness of Indian servants and their untrustworthiness. It was not so then. One of the most pleasing features of that old life was the affection often shown between masters and servants. Dickens has noted it. How much of that do you find now? Not much. A little still there is — who should know better than I? And if now it is so rare, where is the fault? Good masters make good servants. And it requires so little goodness in the master, — only a little consideration, a friendly word sometimes. They give back far more than they receive. If there are many bad servants, who makes them bad? Their masters; those with whom they began their service, who did not know how to treat them, how to help them, how to keep them. At Arcot the sepoys gave the rice to their officers and took the conjee themselves; how many regiments would do that now? There may be one or two.

I do not say that there was ever close personal intercourse between English and Indian; there was not, and in the nature of things there could not be. But there was mutual consideration and respect. 'We have different ways and customs; we have different skins. But underneath it all we are both men.' So they thought in the old days.

Thus in the old days the embryo official came out young, free from prejudices, full of enthusiasms, ready to learn: to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest all phases of Oriental life about him. Even thirty years ago, when I first went to India, there were many of this type still left. They thought it their duty, as it was their pleasure, to study the people in order to understand what lay beneath their customs. It must be thirty years ago that an old civilian turned on me sharply when I made some ignorant remark about some Malabar custom and said, 'The custom has arisen out of the circumstances of life, and no peculiarity of nature in the people. All peoples are much alike in fundamentals, and great

apparent differences are but superficial and arise from environment.'

The absurd doctrine of the 'Oriental mind' had not then arisen to be an excuse for ignorance and want of understanding. Nowadays it is supposed to be the mark of culture to talk of it; to the old officials it would have been the mark of a fool; they thought it their duty to study the people.

But it is not so now. Young civilians come out with their minds already closed, and as a rule closed they remain. The harm is done in England before they start. Let me give instances.

It is a custom, when a young civilian joins, to send him to a district headquarters for six months first, to learn his way about before posting him to any specified work. One such was sent to me ten years ago, and if I give an account of him it will do for all. For nowadays they are all turned out of the same mill, have all the same habits of mind and thought, and their personalities are submerged. If anything, he of whom I speak was above the average in all ways. He was a very nice young fellow, with charming manners, and I greatly liked him.

He became an officer of great promise and would have risen high, but he is dead now, and therefore what I say cannot offend any one. Besides, I have nothing to say that would offend. He was, I think, twenty-three years of age, of good people, educated at a public school and Oxford, and was as nice a boy as could be found. He had passed high in the examinations. He was said to be clever, and as regards assimilating paper knowledge, he was able, but his mind was an old curiosity shop. He had fixed ideas in nearly everything. He was full of prejudices he called principles, of facts that were not facts. He had learned a great deal, but he knew nothing; and worse, he did not know how to obtain knowledge. He wanted his opinions ready-made and absolute first, and only sought for such facts as would support those principles. He had no notion how to make knowledge by himself. He wanted authority before he would think. Give him 'authority' and he would disregard or deny fact in order to cling to it. I will take a concrete instance.

There is among Englishmen in Burma a superstition that the Burmese do not and cannot work. They are 'lazy.' The men never work if they can help it, and all the work that is done is done by women. How this idea arose is an interesting study in the psychology of ignorance, but I need not enter into that now. The idea obtains universally, and is an acknowledged shibboleth. My young assistant was not with me many days before he brought it up.

'Oh,' he said, 'the Burman is so lazy.'

'You are sure of that?' I asked.

He stared at me. 'Why, every one says so.'

'Every one said four hundred years ago that the sun went round the earth,' I answered; 'were they right?'

'You don't mean to tell me,' he said, 'that the Burmese can work.'

'I don't mean to tell you anything,' I answered. 'Here are a quarter of a million Burmese in this district. Find out the facts for yourself.'

The necessity of having to support his theories with facts seemed to him unreasonable. 'But,' he objected, 'I can see they are lazy.'

The Burman is lazy. That is enough said. What have facts to do with it? He did not say this, but undoubtedly he was thinking it. However, at last he did find what he considered a fact.

'You remember, when we rode into that village the other day about noon, the number of men we saw sleeping in the veranda?'

'True,' I said.

'Does not that show it?'

'Suppose,' I said, 'you had got up at four o'clock in the morning and worked till ten, in the fields, would you not require a rest before going out at three o'clock again?'

'Do they do that?' he asked.

'You can find out for yourself if they do or not,' I answered.

He looked at me doubtfully.

'But,' he objected, 'it is notorious.'

'So is the fact that the standard of living in Burma is very high. How do you reconcile the two? Laziness and comfort. The comfort is evident and real, perhaps the laziness is only apparent.'

'A rich country,' he said.

'Is it?' I asked. 'Look at the dry bare land, of which nearly all the district and most of Upper Burma is composed. Is it rich? You have eyes to see. You know it is not rich; why do you say it is?'

He shook his head almost as if I had hurt him and searched about for a defense.

'But Lower Burma is rich.'

'Certainly; and if you look at the export returns you will see the enormous amount of rice it grows and exports. Is that rice the product of laziness?'

'But,' he said at last in despair, 'if this laziness of the Burman is untrue, how did the idea become general?'

'Ah,' I answered, 'that is another matter. Let us stick to one thing at a time. We are concerned now with whether it is true or not. Decide that first. See for yourself. Find out an ordinary man's work, and I think you will find it is sufficient. You have the opportunity of judging, and unless you use that opportunity you have no right to an opinion at all.'

He said no more at the time, but a few days later he returned to the subject. A high official had been opening a public work in Mandalay and had made a speech. Much of the labor for the work had been Burmese, where usually such labor is imported Indian, and he referred with satisfaction to the fact.

'I am glad to see,' said the High Official, 'that the Burmese are taking to hard work.'

My assistant brought this up. 'Here is authority,' he said.

'Certainly,' I said, 'there is authority on one side; now let us look at fact on the other; whether it is better to be a peasant proprietor on your own land, or a day laborer?'

'The proprietor, of course,' he said.

'This has been a bad year in some districts. Crops have failed. You can read that from the weekly reports in my office. Many cultivators have had to abandon their holdings and turn to day labor. Is that good? Are they to be congratulated on it?'

The boy looked downcast.

'No,' he admitted.

'Well, then,' I asked, 'what will they think of a government which says such things?'

He reflected for some time. 'But,' he said at length, 'when one authority (the high official) says one thing, and another authority (you) says the reverse, what am I to believe?'

Then came my opportunity. 'You are to believe nothing,' I said. 'You have eyes, you have ears, you have common sense. They are given you to use and see facts for yourself. The facts are all round you. You will never do any good work if you refuse to face facts and understand them. If you are to be worth your salt as an official you will have to work by sight, not by faith.'

He laughed. At first he seemed puzzled; then he was pleased. He had been educated to accept what he was told

and never to question. His mind had been stunted and the idea of exercising it again delighted him. To judge by himself was a new idea to him entirely and he welcomed it. He began to do so. For the first time since childhood he was encouraged to use that which is the only thing worth cultivating: his common sense. But even yet he could not emancipate himself.

Some time later a new subject came up. This time it was the disappearance of the Burman. He is supposed to be dying out. The Indian is 'outing' him. Before long there will be none left. My assistant had read it in the paper and heard it almost universally, therefore it must be true. I said nothing at the time, but that day when I went to office I sent him the volumes of the last two Census tables with a short note. 'Will you kindly,' I wrote, 'make out for me the Burmese population in 1891, and the same in 1901, district by district, and let me know where there have been decreases, also increases, and the percentage of increase.'

The next day he came to me with an amused expression on his face and a paper of figures in his hand.

'I have made them all out,' he said, 'as you wished. Here they are.'

'Then,' I said, 'let us take the districts with the decreases first. Please show me them.'

'There are none,' he answered. 'They all show increases.'

'Large?' I asked.

'Yes, large,' he said, 'from a population of about nine million to ten million in ten years is a good increase. The Burmese are prolific.'

'But,' I remarked also, 'I thought the Burman was disappearing? You said so on authority. How is that?'

He laughed; he had taken his lesson.

And again, another point. I had received an order from Government which I thought was mistaken, and I said so. He was a Government official also, and I could say to him what I could not say to others.

'Then you won't carry it out?' he asked, surprised.

'I am here to carry out orders, and of course I shall carry it out.'

'But why then do you criticize it, if it must be carried out?'

'Look here,' I said, 'before very long you will be sent to a subdivision of my district to govern it. I shall send you many orders, and shall expect you to carry them out.'

'Right or wrong?'

'Right, or, as you may think, wrong. You must do as I say. Without this, government is impossible. But I do not want you to think as I do. I want you to think for yourself. If an order appears to you issued from a misconception on my part, you must not refuse to obey, but I should expect you to tell me any facts that would lead me to better knowledge. Your business is not merely to carry out orders, but to furnish me with correct information how to better those orders. You are not merely to be part of the district hand but of its brain too. I should want you to criticize every order in your mind, try to understand it, and if you disagree with it, examine your reasons for disagreement and see if they are good.'

'And let you know?'

'Whenever you are sure that I am wrong, and the matter is important.'

'But wouldn't criticism be "cheek?"'

'Not if it is true and valuable. You would be doing me a valuable service. It is what I want. How do you suppose we are ever to get on if opinions are to be stereotyped? Thought must be free. But don't give me opinions or "authority." I don't care for either. Give me facts, and be sure of your facts.'

'I see,' he said.

'You can be quite kind about it, you know,' I suggested.

'Is that what you are to Government,' he asked, 'when you disagree with them?'

'I try to be,' I said. 'I put myself as far as I can in their position and give them what I would like to receive.'

Again it was quite a new idea to him that any one should want criticism. He had been educated to believe that any doubt of what authority said was a sin, perhaps inevitable sometimes, but anyhow always to be concealed; and he had been told that every one, from the Creator down, resented criticisms and would annihilate the critic. That any one should prefer knowing the truth, even if it prove him wrong, seemed to him impossible. He did not like ever to admit that he had been wrong. He thought truth was absolute and fixed, whereas it is comparative and always growing. He had, unconsciously, the mind of the Pharisee in the Temple.

Now, these three instances will point out what seems to me to be wrong in the previous training of young men sent to India, and in fact in all training. Their minds instead of being cultivated are stifled. They are taught to disregard fact, and to accept authority in place of it. They are not only to do what they are told, which is right; but to think what they are told, which is wrong. And they do. They are taught to repeat in parrot manner stock phrases and imagine they are thinking. And this habit once acquired is difficult to get rid of.

There is throughout nearly all English officials (and non-officials) in India not only a disregard of facts about the people among whom they live, but a want of any real sympathy with them, which is astonishing. They often like the 'natives,' they often are kind to them, wish them well, and do their best for them, but that is not sympathy. Sympathy is understanding. It is being able to put yourself in another's place.

I could tell many stories illustrating this want of understanding. One will suffice. An official I knew well — an excellent fellow, kindhearted, humorous and able, holding a good position then and a high one now, with a charming wife, living among the Burmese and ruling them, with Burmese servants, clerks and peons, and continual Burmese visitors of all classes — called his dog 'Alaung.' Now, 'Alaung' means something very similar to 'Messiah' and is a sacred word. A parallel would be if, say, a Parsee in England called his dog 'Christ.' I have seen this official's servants wince when he called out to his dog. Yet I am sure it never struck him that there was anything out of the way in this nomenclature. I am sure he never dreamed he would hurt any one's feelings by it, or he would not have done it. He certainly intended no jeer at the religion of his subordinates. It was simply that he wanted understanding.

Now, sympathy is inherent in all children, and is the means whereby they acquire all the real knowledge they have. A girl being a mother to her doll, a boy being a soldier or hunter, is exercising and training the most valuable of all gifts — imaginative sympathy. It is the only emotion which brings real knowledge of the world about you. Without it you never understand anything.

II

THE TRAINING OF A CIVIL OFFICER

Therefore there is a wide difference between the men as they came out in the old days and as they come out now. Then they were young, not very well instructed, but capable of seeing, understanding and learning; nowadays they are so drilled and instructed that

they can deal only with books, papers and records, whereas life has been closed to them; they can enforce laws, but not temper them.

After they come out the difference of life and work is still greater. In the old days, for instance, they picked up the language quickly and well. The time to learn a language is when you are young, the younger the better. We learn our own language as children. The older we grow the harder it is, because it means not merely learning by heart a great many words, not merely training the palate and tongue to produce different sounds, but adopting a new attitude of mind. Nothing definite has been discovered as to the localization of faculties in the brain, therefore nothing certain is known, but it has always seemed to me and to others whom I have consulted that when you learn a new language you are exercising and developing a new piece of brain. When you know several languages and change from one to another, you seem definitely to change the piece of brain which actuates your tongue. You switch off one centre and switch on to another. You will always notice in yourself and others that there is a definite pause when the change of language is made. Now it becomes every year more difficult to awaken an unused part of the brain and bring it into active use, and to begin at twenty-three is late. True, languages are taught them at Oxford before they come out, but the result seems *nil*. You must learn a language where it is spoken. Moreover, the way they have been taught Latin and Greek is a hindrance, for living languages are not learned that way. A child, for instance, learns to talk perfectly without ever learning grammar. I never heard that any great English writer had a grounding in English grammar. There is no real grammar of a living language, because it grows and changes. You can only have a fixed grammar of a dead language.

The fact is that correct talking is the outcome of correct thinking, not of any mechanical rules. You must think in a language before you can speak it well.

But at twenty-three it is far too late for the ordinary man to learn to think in Hindustani or Burmese or Tamil. Of course there are occasional exceptions, but the way these languages are usually spoken is dreadful. I could tell tales about myself as well as others, for although I worked very hard for years, I never knew Burmese well, nor yet Canarese, nor yet Hindustani. Yet who will doubt that it is very important, the most important acquisition in fact that you can make. Without it you can never really get near the people. So that in this way the old-time civilian had again a great advantage.

Once upon a time there was a district officer and there was his district, and for some reason they did not seem to agree. At least the district did not like its Head. It felt uneasy and it became restive, and at last it complained. It took up many grievances and amongst them was this: 'There is a good deal of building wanted in various parts, and there is timber and there are sawyers, but no licenses can be obtained. When the Head comes round on tour we ask him, but he always refuses. So all building work is stopped.'

An inspecting officer went to inquire, and he began with this complaint. 'Why do you refuse them sawpit licenses when on tour?' he asked.

'I don't,' the Head replied.

'They say you do.'

'But they never even applied; so how could I refuse?' he answered.

'Very well,' said the inspecting offi-

cer, 'let's see the file of your petitions received.'

A clerk brought it out, and there, written in Burmese of course, were many sawpit applications, and below each, written by the Head, was his indorsement, —

'I cannot allow more *guns* to be issued.'

Then the machine of government was far less perfected than it is now. There were of course laws and rules, and there was supervision, but to nothing like the present extent. The district officer then had a personality. He was required to have one, for local conditions differed more than they do now, and he had far more latitude. Moreover, the machine being less effective, he depended a great deal upon his personal influence to keep the place quiet and get things done. He could not ask for orders because there was no telegraph, and he could not get help quickly because there were no railways. Therefore he was obliged to acquire a personal knowledge of people and peoples, of individuals and castes and races, which he thinks is not so necessary now. The result was that all laws and orders passed through his personality before reaching the people, thus acquiring a humanity and reasonableness that is now impossible. He studied his district, and used his powers, legal and otherwise, as he found best. If he found a law harsh, — and in the last resort all laws are so, — he would ameliorate its action. Nowadays he cannot do that. Formerly he administered, as best he could, justice; now he administers the law, a very wide difference. Thus he was forced by circumstances to acquire a knowledge and sympathy which are unattainable to-day; for you only learn things by doing them.

The old district officers were known personally by name and by reputation all through their districts. The people looked to them for help and understanding and protection as much against the rigidity and injustice of the laws as against other ills.

But nowadays, except the government officials and headmen, I do not believe that any one in a district knows who the head is. At all events it makes practically no difference, because the application of the laws is supervised and enforced and the district officer must 'fall into line.' If any personality has survived his schooling it must now be killed.

Now, few men, I think, learn anything except from two motives: a natural driving desire, or necessity. But a natural desire to study the people round you is scarce, and the necessity of other days has passed away. A district officer can now do his work quite to the satisfaction of Government and know next to nothing of the people. In fact, sometimes knowledge leads to remonstrance with Government, and it does not like that.

Again, there has crept into secretariats a cult of energy and efficiency, and a definition of these words which acts disastrously upon the district officer, both when he is under training and subsequently.

Now the proper meaning of an efficient officer is, I take it, one who sees the right thing to do and does it quickly and effectively; and probably Government really has this in its mind when it uses the word. This is what it wants; but very often what it gets is almost the opposite, and it is as pleased with this as if it got what it expected. In fact, it does not seem to know the difference. An example will explain what I mean.

There is, we will say, in a district a good deal of cattle theft going on, and the thieves cannot well be detected. Cattle graze in Burma in the fields and

in the jungle on their outskirts; they roam about a good deal, and it is easy enough to steal them; detection is difficult.

But there is in Burma, as in parts of India, a provision of the Village Regulation which is called the Track Law, and it is substantially as follows: —

If cattle are missing their tracks can be followed. When they pass out of the area under the jurisdiction of the village wherein the owner lives and enter another village land, that village becomes responsible. The tracker calls the headman of that village and shows him the tracks, which he must follow up and demonstrate that the cattle have not stopped in his jurisdiction, but have gone on. In this way the tracks can be followed till they are lost, when the village in whose land they are lost is considered as being the village of the thief, and is therefore responsible for the lost cattle. It can be fined, and the owner of the lost bullocks indemnified.

This act is taken from a very old custom common to most of India and also, I believe, to places in Europe; and several hundred years ago, when villages were widely separated by jungle, it had some sense.

There was then a presumption either that the stolen bullock had been taken to that village, or that some of the villagers had seen it pass. The thief would probably have stopped there for food or rest, as it was a long way on. But nowadays, in most of the country, village fields are conterminous, with little or no jungle between; there are many roads, and except where the tracks actually go into the village gate the presumption does not arise. Cattle are common, and the villagers are not expert trackers. Moreover there is a very strong premium on dishonesty, or at least carelessness in keeping to the right tracks. Suppose the right track lost in a wet place, or a dry bare place, why not pick up some other? Most cattle tracks are very similar. The owner wants his compensation.

Yet the 'energetic' officer will be expected to work this act *à pied de la lettre*.

I saw a good deal of its actual working at one time, when I was a subordinate officer. Every time a beast was lost it had to be tracked, and the village where the tracks were lost had to pay. It made no difference whether there was any reasonable presumption against the village, — there the law was. The tracks might be lost two miles from the actual village, simply crossing its boundary; the law was there.

I remember one village had a bad time because it was near a frequented road, and when the tracks got on this road they were always lost, as the surface was hard. So the village had to pay. Yet what evidence was there against the village? None. I had the curiosity for some time, whenever a case wherein a village was fined was subsequently cleared up, to find out what village had been fined and see if that village had been in any way cognizant of the theft. It never had. The fine was purely gratuitous, was worse than useless, for it was wrong.

Yet it is a government rule — not I think actually laid down, but understood — that whenever an offense occurs, unless the culprit is arrested, a village must be held responsible.

Now the points that I wish all this to illustrate are these. Men at the headquarters of Government, out of touch with real life, read the Track Law, think it most useful and just, and insist on its being enforced. Officers on the spot, accustomed to accept all law as the epitome of justice, follow the act without thinking. The responsibility is really on them, as Govern-

ment tells them to judge each case on its merits; but they fear that if they reported that no case under the Track Law ever had any merits they would be written down as 'wanting in energy.' Moreover not having been trained to think for themselves they do not do so. They fulfill all the requirements of the act and are satisfied. Moreover, subsequently, to justify their own action they must praise the act. Therefore a vicious circle is created. Government says, 'District officers praise the act, therefore have it stringently enforced, for they know its actual value.' And district officers say, 'Government declares this to be an admirable act, therefore I must enforce it.' No one ever investigates the facts. If a district officer have doubts he discreetly smothers them as babies, lest they grow.

And this is but one instance. I might mention others, but even many instances would not expose its whole evil. It is the spirit that renders such things possible that is disastrous. So are officers trained to believe that when anything untoward happens they must do something; they must punish somebody. The idea that if they act without full knowledge the something they do will be wrong, and the persons they punish will be innocent, is not allowed to intrude. They will of course always act by law, but then, *summum jus, summa injuria*. In the old days this could not have happened. In the first place, Government trusted its officers, and its trust was not misplaced; now it trusts its laws; yet there is nothing so unintelligent, nothing so fatal as rigid laws — except those who believe in them. In the second place, officers with the personality and knowledge of the men of former days would have insisted on seeing for themselves and judging for themselves. They would have cared nothing that they might be supposed not to have 'energy.' They would know that they had something better than that — they had understanding.

The possibility of making our laws and our government generally endurable to the people depends on the personality of the district officer. Nowadays he is sent out with his personality crushed, and it gets still more crushed out there. He becomes in time, not a living soul, but a motor engine to drive a machine. Whatever knowledge he acquires is of the people's faults and not of their virtues. When you hear an official praised as 'knowing the Indian' or 'the Burman,' you know that it means that he knows his faults. He knows the criminal trying to escape, the villages trying to evade revenue. It does not mean that he knows more than this. Some do, especially among the police and the forest officers, but then, they have no influence.

III

COURT REFORMS

The regeneration of India must bring forth great changes in the penal law. The pressing need in criminal procedure is, I think, a change in the treatment of an accused person when he is arrested.

The first instinct of an offender is as I have said to confess, even if an understanding person is not available to confess to. He has offended the Law, he wants to make all amends he can by confessing to the representative of that offended Personality. I have seen very many first offenders and talked to them before they got into the hands of pleaders and others, and my experience tells me that a man who has committed his first offence is very like a man who has caught his first attack of serious illness. He is afraid not so much of the

results as of the thing itself. Sin has caught him and he is afraid of sin. He wants protection and help and cure. He does not want to hide anything; his first need is confession to some understanding ear. Many, many such confessions have I heard in the old days. That is the result of the first offense.

But this tendency to truth is choked when it is ascertained that as a result the offender will be vindictively punished and made in the end far worse than he was at the beginning. Naturally the offender says to himself: 'I am bad now. What will I be after two years' jail? Better fight it out. If I win and get acquitted, at least I will have a chance to reform. If convicted, that chance will be taken from me forever. And fighting will not lose me anything. The penitent prisoner who confesses gets no lighter punishment than if he had put the court to the expense of a long trial. Why, therefore, repent? It will do me harm, not good.' That is the case now; under reasonable laws it would be the other way. But even yet in country places he often confesses to the police by whom he is arrested.

Now, by Indian law no confession to the police may be offered in evidence. The reason of this is that the police in their keenness to secure a conviction may torture a prisoner to secure a confession, and there have been in fact enough of such cases to cause doubt and to prevent the police being allowed to receive a confession. Therefore, if the offender wishes to confess, he is taken now to a magistrate; there his confession is recorded. Then he is sent back to police custody. He is visited by his relatives, a pleader is engaged for him. His folly in confessing is pointed out to him and he withdraws the confession, alleging that he had been tortured to confess. His confession is not only negatived, but a slur is cast on the police which is hard to remove. Their case and evidence appear tainted, and the accused often secures an acquittal although the magistrate *knows* that the confession was true.

All this is very common both in Burma and India, and it is disastrous to allow and to encourage such things as by our procedure we do encourage them. There should be a complete change.

When a man is arrested, some such procedure should be adopted as this. He should be told by the police that he is being taken direct to the magistrate who will try the case, who will hear anything that he has to say. He should be warned to say nothing to the police. Then he should be taken direct to the magistrate, who should explain to him fully what he is accused of and ask him what he has to say.

Whatever his statement be, the magistrate should tell him that he will himself at once investigate it and summon witnesses; meanwhile the accused should be remitted to custody, but *not* to police custody. That is where all the trouble comes in, and all opportunities for making charges against the police. If there be no jail there should be a lock-up in charge of Indian police who are under the magistrate and are not concerned in the guilt or innocence of the accused. The investigating police should have access to the accused only by permission of the magistrate. He should, however, be allowed to see his friends and a pleader if he wish. But I am sure of this, that the first offender would rather trust the magistrate if he were a person who he knew would help him, than any pleader.

Further, if a man confess truly, his punishment should be greatly reduced. I do not say that this should be done be-

cause he gives less trouble, but because the frame of mind induced by a free and full confession is a sounder frame of mind on which to begin reformation than are the defiance and negation now inculcated by our system.

The trial need not wait till the case is complete. The magistrate could summon the police witnesses at once, and he should examine them himself, allowing the police only to suggest questions if they wish. So with the witnesses for the defense: they could be examined as they came in, and should be examined by the magistrate himself. No one but the magistrate should be allowed to speak directly to any party to the case.

All cross-examination should be absolutely prohibited. If either side have matters they wish brought out of a witness, they should tell the magistrate and he would ask such questions as he thought fit. There is no such curse now to justice as cross-examination by a clever pleader or barrister. It is a sort of forensic show-off by the advocate at the cost of the witness, and frequently at the cost of justice. For naturally no one cares to be bullied by a licensed bully, and witnesses consequently will not come to court if they can help it. When in court they are bamboozled and made to contradict themselves where they have originally spoken the truth.

I have often been told that acute cross-examination by a clever barrister is the greatest safeguard justice can have from false evidence. I do not believe a word of it. A magistrate can, by far fewer and simpler questions, expose false evidence better than an advocate does, because the magistrate is intent only on his business, — to find the truth; the advocate is advertising himself, and trying to destroy truth as well as falsehood.

But if the magistrate did all the questioning I believe there would not be much false evidence. Witnesses will lie to the opposite side, but not to an understanding court. Perjury would disappear. What is its present cause? Contempt for the court and sympathy with either complainant or accused, which sympathy sees no chance of justice for its object except by perjury. Because a trial is a fight. There is not a human being east or west who would not be ashamed to lie to a court that he knew was trying to do its best for all, parties and public. It is because the courts as at present constituted do as much harm as good that perjury is rampant and condoned. It is so in all countries; it has been so in all periods.

Then, as soon as possible, juries should be introduced. This cannot be done until the law, especially as regards punishment, is greatly altered in accordance with the common sense of the people, but it is an objective to be aimed at as soon as possible. Until the public coöperate with the courts in all ways you will never have a good system of justice. Crime hurts the people far more than it hurts Government. Don't you think the people know that? And don't you suppose they want it prevented even more than Government does? In any case that is the fact. They hate the courts now because they don't prevent or cure crime; they only make matters worse.

The only objection I see to this proposed alteration is that it will take more time and so cost more money. At first it may do so, but even then, what the public loses by more taxes it will more than save in having to pay less to lawyers. How much unnecessary money is now paid to lawyers? Enough I am sure to double the magistracy and then leave a big balance. Now, courts are made for the people, not for lawyers. And in time crime

would so decrease that there would be saving all round.

The reform of the civil courts should follow somewhat the same lines. A man should not have to wait to see a civil judge till his case is all made out. He should be able to go to him at once and confide in him, and the judge should send for the other party and try to make an arrangement between them, so that no suit should be filed. Not until that has been done, and not unless a judge give a certificate of its necessity, should a suit be allowed to be filed as it is now.

And then, when it is filed, the judge should conduct the case and not the advocates on each side. That is the only way to stop the perjury, which increases and will continue to increase. Magistrates and judges must cease to be umpires of a combat, and become investigators of truth.

As regards the laws of marriage and inheritance, no great change can be made until there is a real representative assembly to make these changes, but even there something could be done. That fossilization of custom described by Sir Henry Sumner Maine should stop. Because a high court proved a hundred years ago that a certain custom existed, there is no evidence that it does or should exist now. To establish precedents of this nature is to stop all progress of every kind; we have a vision different from the poet's

> Of bondage slowly narrowing down
> From precedent to precedent.

Why should not fresh inquiries into custom be made from time to time, it being understood that any court ruling should apply only to that time and place and should not bind the future? Something must be done. Things cannot go on as they are. We reproach the Indians for want of progress, but we ourselves are the main cause of that stagnation. We bind them, and they cannot move.

As regards land policy, there is this to be said, — that fixed ideas are a mistake.

In Bengal there was at one time a fixed idea that all land must and did belong to large landowners, and so, partly out of sheer ignorance, partly out of prejudice, a race of zemindars was created out of the tax-gatherers to the Mogul Empire. The result has been sad.

Again in Burma the same idea prevailed for a while, and headmen were encouraged to annex communal waste as their private land. This was unfornate.

Then came a reaction, and all large estates were denounced as bad. There was to be a small tenantry holding direct from Government, forbidden to alienate their land, and all leasing of land to tenants was forbidden.

This I understand to be the policy still. It is a policy of fixed ideas, and as applied to anything that has life, like land tenure, it is unfortunate, no matter what the fixed idea be.

If there be one truth above another that is clear in studying land systems, it is that no one permanent system is good. The cultivation of land, like all matters, is subject to evolution and change. What is good to-day may not be good to-morrow. The English system of large estates cultivated by tenants did at one time in English history produce the best farming in the world. English farming was held up as an example to all countries, and was so regarded by them. The system of large estates allowed of the expenditure of capital, experiments in new cultivation and new breeds of cattle and variety of crops. It suited its day well. And though its full day has passed there will never be a time when some large estates will not be able to justify them-

selves. Even if, as apparently is the case now in England, 'petit culture' is that best adapted to the cultivation of the day and the needs of the people, yet there is still room for large estates. A dead uniformity of small holdings could not but be very bad for any country.

Further, although excessive alienation of land through money-lenders may be very bad, yet stagnation in ownership is bad also. India and Burma are progressive, and changes must take place. Cultivators will become artisans and traders; city people will like to return to the land. There is an ebb and flow which is good for all. Too great rigidity of system will stop progress. A good system of land tenure is that which is in accordance with the evolution of the people it applies to, and assists in that evolution. While recognizing that for the bulk of the people small holdings are best, it will not forbid larger estates; while admitting that the alienation of land through borrowing recklessly from money-lenders is bad, it will see that the progress of the people from a purely agricultural state toward a state of industrial activity is not checked. It takes all sorts to make a state.

It may be good for the cultivator to hold direct from Government, but if Government is to be the landlord it must act up to its name. It must give compensation for improvements when a tenant has to relinquish the land. Otherwise no tenant will improve, and the necessity for improvement — for wells, irrigation, manuring, embankments, and so on — is the greatest necessity of agriculture. In my own experience I have seen that the system of state land tenure in Upper Burma does stop improvements.

That is the light in which the land question has to be worked out, on broad comprehensive lines which, while acknowledging the present, see also the future; which, while seeing one form of good, do not deny another.

So with an understanding and a sympathetic *personnel* the administration would be brought nearer to the people, until at length, when their capacity for self-government had developed, they would be able to take over our administrative machine little by little and work it themselves.

They could never do that now. If by any chance they did get possession of the machinery now, they would set to work to smash it till none remained.

A PLEA FOR MATERIALISM

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

I AM taking the word with the worst reputation I know, to describe what I mean, because it seems better to err on the side of frankness than to hide radical ideas under the cloak of conservatism. Jacques Loeb uses a better expression in his *Mechanistic Conception of Life*, but the term is new, despite its frequent use. Materialism is good enough, except for its reputation; and the ideas which are to follow will not be so precise as to call for great nicety in name.

We call everything bad, everything low, everything undesirable, 'material,' whereas we exalt those things we hold in high esteem as 'spiritual.' It is a smug and lazy method, and because the two expressions have never passed through the alembic of slang, they find themselves in gross misuse in high places. As an evidence of that misuse, we are disposed to regard the miser, hoarding his money and his securities, as a material creature; but he is above all things an idealist, having perverted ideals, and cherishing only the potentialities of wealth and property. As an evidence of its correct use, we consider the man of research and vision, who finds in physical reactions the explanation, or at least the indication, of the great processes of life, a materialist. Now a materialist he is, but he is also a true seer, and as his visions are borne out by research, he becomes a prophet.

By materialists I do not mean those Philistines who seek and follow only the peaks of business and pleasure. They are not materialists in the sense here presented, for I am proposing materialism as a philosophical conception, and they are not philosophers at all who are strangers to the delectable valleys where culture abides. The substance of this materialism is a greater faith in the processes of nature, and a greater belief in our ability to understand them. This demands strict integrity of thought. There is no place in it for the foxy trickster of logic, or for the intellectual dodger who takes a conclusion for granted because somebody of repute has reached it before him.

It is remarkably easy to let others do our thinking for us, and in many respects we must. 'The innate laziness of human nature,' as Professor Sumner called it, is of great use. We surely cannot begin at the beginning of knowledge and, thanks to nobody, find out everything for ourselves. But when we acknowledge, complacently, those things to be true which we know are not true, it seems to me that we are neither fair nor honest. Of course, we have to compromise all along the line. We live under many laws which we do not believe to be just, and yet we submit. But if we can improve them, it is our business to do so. We maintain social conditions which we know are absurd, but if we can better them we are not dealing righteously if we do not try to do so. We make advances by learning more and then adjusting our affairs to conform to this greater knowledge. The innate laziness of human nature is

only one of our many qualities. When it dominates us, we go backward.

The purpose of this paper is to bring forward a few arguments concerning the measure in which human life would be augmented and the social order improved, if we were to welcome materialism, not only into literature, but into our lives, without prejudice. I propose to go even further than this, and to urge the acceptance of as much materialism, as much of the mechanistic view of life, as our philosophy will hold. In other words, my plea is, not to soil the sense of that which is spiritual by loading upon it those things which we can work out for ourselves.

There is no possibility that we shall ever know everything; that any man or woman will have a vision of the whole of life. We have neither the organs of apprehension nor the storage capacity nor yet the sense of coördination. The truth, by which I mean all the facts in their right relation, is and always will be beyond us. Some of us see things only near by, and others are far-sighted and have a better vision of the distance than of that which is near. Some are marvelously gifted, and others of us — God help us! — are very nearly blind. But my plea is against the blindness of volition; against the resolution not to see that which is before us, because it is easier or more pleasant or more comfortable to look the other way. There will always be room, far over and above all that we can learn and know, to believe in God. Legends may fade away and prophecies of old may crumble like ancient temples, and creeds and dogmas disappear as fog in the sun, but the catholic man will always know that beyond the human knowledge is the greater expanse. There is all that is beyond life, and life is very, very short.

From what we read it would appear that the philosophic world is divided into two camps, those who hold to the mechanistic theory and the vitalists, engaged in battle *à l'outrance*, with no quarter given. But in point of fact on all sides are earnest men, seeking the truth; and just as we have learned that party government does not assure public welfare, so we should learn that advancement in knowledge and understanding is not to be accomplished by fighting for the one side or the other. Let us get out of our minds the legal fiction that the truth is a verdict or a prize, to be given to the conqueror in a fight. 'There are two sides to every question,' is the first peep of the pettifogger. Very often, indeed, there are but two sides, one of which is right and the other wrong. But often again there are more than two sides; a question may be polygonous and have more sides than King Solomon had wives.

While it would seem that every movement, every act, every thought of a man is explained by the mechanics of, and the chemical reaction within, his structure, the fact remains that he is a conscious entity, with grave responsibilities. We may analyze him to the extent of his whole being. Then, in turn, he may synthesize, and we are foolish indeed to quarrel over the nature of the master spirit within him. Foolish, because we do not know, and the most we can get out of our discussion is a quarrel. I may think that the mechanistic theory explains everything, and proceed to insult you for thinking otherwise and rouse you to anger, and then, when all is over, I shall find that I have reached the limitations of my knowledge long before, and have maintained untenable premises, while you will probably have said more than you mean, — and neither of us will be right. Let us seek the knowable and achieve wisdom. The unknowable will always be a greater field, and there a simple faith will help

us more than a cantankerous dispute.

There is no easy formula whereby the truth may be achieved, but there are available working hypotheses whereby we may advance toward it. The danger point, the hindrance, the place of stumbling, is where we demand of any one that he acknowledge as the truth that which he does not believe to be so. This seems to me to be fundamentally wrong. The little tricks of apologetics whereby one says one thing and means another, or means anything at all, will not do. It is a poor plan to talk with your tongue in your cheek.

Now let us assume ourselves to be materialists as far as we can be, — not as far as we care to or are willing to be, — and see what might happen.

Nature always seems to be wanting to do something. It is always busy. It seems sometimes to have an all-wise, and sometimes to have a very stupid purpose. Sometimes it seems malicious. The fact is, nature is always busy acting according to its own laws, and a great deal of what is called the divinity in us consists in our ability to make nature serve us and our kind. And the more we know of nature and its ways, and how to control it, and to kill and utterly destroy forms of life that are inimical to human welfare and growth, the better hope we shall have of increasing this divinity and approaching the great light of truth, which is always beyond us, but which may be much nearer to us than it is now.

Let us consider every man and every woman as an apparatus. And instead of attributing their acts to the good or evil spirits which inhabit them, let us consider rather their several structures, and seek our explanations in their reactions. Science has only touched the outer edge of these things, and yet it has gone further than is dreamed of by those who do not know the language. But if we close our minds to the light that is dawning there, because by an unfortunate neglect we did not adjust them to scientific understanding when they were fallow, we are ranging ourselves along with those forces of denial which Goethe recognized and called Mephistopheles.

Now, this is no plea for stupid credulity toward science, but it is a plea for an open mind. So, if we see the most beautiful thing in the world, a mother turning to her child, we shall find our vision enlarged by the knowledge that she is acting in conformance with unerring physical and chemical laws; that definite reactions take place within her; and that, if she is devoid of mother-love, the reason is that a part of her equipment is atrophied and so out of use. The exquisite nicety with which the good mother meets the needs and looks out for the welfare of her child is a development of the ages; innumerable generations of loving mothers have contributed to the type that can do this thing so wonderfully well. Far more beautiful is she than the carved and painted madonnas of an age when men believed in the love of the Mother of God and wrought statues and pictures of such marvelous beauty that we go thousands of miles to see them. Now this very beauty is all around us, in our homes, everywhere, and we should have eyes to see it if we did not assume that it is entirely due to a casual spirit, inhabiting a 'temple of clay,' with us to-day and gone to-morrow. We pay all sorts of prices for pictures of beauty that show us the phenomenon of mother-love, — and we do well to cherish the ideals that are so clearly shown there. But we have just such human marvels with us, everywhere, with all the wonderful reactions and responses taking place before our eyes, and we should be able to see them if we only had a larger understanding of their nature.

If you and I go into a crowded room to hear a lecture, a room deficient in oxygen, we know why we cannot follow the speaker. We are far enough advanced to know that our thinking apparatus does not work well, for a purely chemical reason. This is materialism.

The modern method of meeting disease is much more material than that of mediæval days. The Holy Inquisition was convinced, because of its closed mind, that disease was a manifestation of a spirit which was called the Devil. The more or less worthy Fathers sought with praiseworthy diligence to find some one in league with Satan whom they presumed to be his agent, and they proceeded with rack and wheel to bring about a betterment of conditions. The modern method of driving out this same devil is wholly unpicturesque, and the literary merit of the exorcisms, or orders to clean up, is far inferior to that found in the liturgy. Literary merit is subordinated to the more important features to be found in the determination of what steps shall be taken. This is as it should be; it is a nearer approach to Things in their Right Order, which we have set up as our idea of the truth. It is no argument against literary merit; the point is that literary merit is not the dominant feature in the process of overcoming disease.

This is no place to discuss the fertilization of the eggs of animals by chemical means, or the remarkable researches of physiological laboratories, which add so much to the knowledge of the processes of life.[1] But if we proceed along this line of thought and look for the physical causes of acts, we shall recognize the bearing of physical conditions upon the human will. We shall greatly enlarge our understanding by it, and prepare the way for better social conditions. In doing this we are not combating spirituality or denying religion; we are seeking a higher plane from which to consider life.

If we were only informed, for instance, of the whole process of anger, of what poisons are secreted under it, of the nerve-reactions whereby understanding is inhibited and the attention narrowed down to an overpowering lust to destroy, we should pity the poor madman that the man in anger is, but we should not listen to him; we should know that his wrath is a pathological condition, and treat him accordingly.

If our equipment of the mechanism which functions as understanding is superior to our equipment of that mechanism which responds to anger, — no matter in how intimate a manner they may interact, — we are in a position to control ourselves; and if the mechanism which functions as sympathy is in good working order, we do control ourselves.[2]

So, with the mechanistic conception of life in mind, we should judge with far more discrimination than at present. In sitting in judgment upon a man charged, let us say, with assault, we should by no means have finished the task when we had determined whether he committed the act or not. There should also be established, so far as possible, every reaction within the man which led up to it. By that time a righteous judge would know what to do — but not before.

With more materialism, more knowledge of the mechanics and the reactions of life, the reasons for being angry would decrease. We do not grow angry at a machine. We look for the cause of the trouble, if it will not operate. And in the very measure that we study

[1] See *The Mechanistic Conception of Life*. By JACQUES LOEB. Chicago University Press. 1912. — THE AUTHOR.

[2] See *The Origin and Growth of the Moral Instinct*, by ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, for the theory that sympathy is the key to advancement in the evolution of mankind. — THE AUTHOR.

the processes and reactions which lead men to act, we increase our understanding. On the other hand, if we consider our neighbor solely as a spiritual entity, taking for granted that his spirit does as fancy dictates, we are very likely to lose patience over him, because we place the entire responsibility for everything he does upon the poor man's fancy. 'How could he be so cruel?' we ask. As materialists we should at most blame his judgment. If he is cruel, we know that his sympathetic mechanism is atrophied, perhaps because of his bad judgment in not forcing it to function; but there is no more occasion to be vindictive toward him than to strike a blind man who has lost his sight through carelessness.

This is the method of materialistic philosophy: to seek the stimulus to each reaction as far as we may. There is no occasion to tangle up the honest search for the causes of phenomena, human and otherwise, with the ancient agony about free will. We know that the faculty of judgment is one of the functions of the human creature, and we also know that an act is a response to a stimulus, and may be justly considered from a mechanistic point of view.

With the development of materialism, good taste will rise to a higher level. It will cease to be a shallow imitation of one another by people in the name of style; a buying of things expensive because scarce. We shall know and confess frankly when our æsthetic responses are induced, and there will be no occasion to lie about what gives us delight. We shall also be unable, even among the uncultured, to gain a reputation for good taste by declaring everything we see to be ugly. We shall know the value of the æsthetic sense, and cultivate it accordingly. So, if we truly seek beauty we shall find it, and the dawn of a new era of art may be upon us.

And consider how practical its workings will be! With larger understanding, we shall know better how to consider those distressing things which are brought to our attention under such guises as 'Realism in Art' — from which we fellows of the earlier vintages suffered so sorely in our youth. We shall know, when the next influx of realists is at hand, that they offend against the truth by publishing in a false relation to other things what they desire to set forth, and that they offend against good taste exactly as does the billboard. It is not right to force upon you and me, as we go our quiet way, photo-chemical reactions which cause us distress. We do not, for instance, want to chew Somebody's Superior Plug Tobacco. In our present unenlightenment we are obliged to receive the impression that we should chew it, thousands of times, because we do not know or think about photo-chemistry and the injury done to the nervous system by repeated reactions which cause irritability. If we knew, as photo-chemistry would teach us, that the effect of billboards on the health of the nerves of a community is bad, we should soon be rid of a very common nuisance.

In considering plays, it is maintained on good authority that the plot is eighty-five per cent of the play, and the lines not over fifteen. Beautiful expression, exquisite phrases, perfection of style, will not carry a play that is not a real drama. But with a good play the lines may be indifferent: it will carry itself. 'You cannot kill a good play,' is another way of putting it. In considering life we are disposed to devote eighty-five per cent or more of our attention to talk, guesses, idle speculation and miscellaneous wondering, and fifteen per cent or less to a consideration of the nature of vital processes, — which is where we err. If we can

get far enough ahead to recognize as due to physical causes as many of the phenomena of life as we can understand to be of that nature, we shall make headway in understanding. There will be abundant opportunity for metaphysics after that. As soon as we recognize a physical process we may begin to study it with some hope of enlightenment. So long as we bar physics and chemistry in the study of the phenomena of life, we close our minds to enlightenment.

An interesting argument in favor of the mechanistic view of life is the absurd similarity of our emotional reactions; and of these the most monotonously recurrent is our interminable justification of ourselves. Surely this is an automatic reaction! On every hand we see people doing absurd things, each an immediate response to some stimulus, and without any forethought whatever. Then comes the justification, which seldom has any relation to the real cause. If we looked for the true reactions which take place in people we should not be so mediævally credulous when they explain themselves. We should know better. If in an apparatus we want to induce an electric current we proceed to apply the stimulus by mechanical means. If the current does not generate we know that there is something wrong with the machine. Under the right conditions and with the proper stimulus, a current is sure to be generated. There is no reason why, with a better understanding of the human mechanism, the sympathetic reactions should not likewise be developed, be induced to respond more readily than they do at present. In this way human kindness would greatly increase, and the world would be a far better place to live in. Unfortunately, many are developed in remarkable measure except as to their equipment of sympathy, which is woefully inert. Such powerful men are sometimes of great value to their kind, and sometimes their works are a veritable pestilence. But your conscientious materialist would not give way to anger against such a man, and thus put his own faculties out of operation. He would recognize his abilities and his possible use as a member of society, point out his deficit of sympathy, and seek to find a stimulus that would produce the necessary reaction in him. The powerful man without sympathy would be very loath to admit himself to be such a mental cripple and would, under pressure of intelligent public opinion, try by his acts to prove the contrary.

Under certain conditions certain fish will swim toward the light. This is not curiosity on their part, nor does one of their number influence the others to do as he does. This passion, this urgent drive toward the light, is brought about by adding a chemical reagent to the water in which they swim. They straightway leave everything and swim toward the light, because of certain photo-chemical reactions which take place within their nervous systems.

Somewhat like this is the phenomenon of a nation going to war. Where peace and order reign, something suddenly happens. Newspapers rave, orators shout, brass bands play, and then there is neither peace nor order. The stimulus, whatever it is, has induced a secretion of anger-bodies which cause a condition of wrath which drives to war. Just as the fish are pointed and driven toward the light by a reaction which takes place within them, so do men go forth to kill and destroy. Sympathy and reason become empty phrases, glib upon the tongue, but crowded out of consciousness by the passion for ruin.

Very complex indeed are we, and very difficult to understand, — but so is a sewing machine and so is an electric

generator until we understand the mechanical principles under which they operate. Now, men and women are machines, vastly complex, but operating under definite laws; and the golden rule to a better understanding of them is to learn the nature of their reactions.

Let us make a rough examination of the interesting phenemenon of a bad man becoming good. The mechanism of his sympathy is inert, and his responses to the stimulus of any wish or passing fancy are without inhibitions. Then, under the stimulus of a friend whom he trusts, or aroused by a memory, or called to consciousness by a bar of music or a passing smell, the sympathetic mechanism is aroused. This will automatically check the responses to desire which were theretofore without check, and his angle of vision will be changed. Nerves, like muscles, respond more quickly through exercise, and by repeated and diligent exercise he may reach a condition of efficiency to society. Then he will be good.

The burglar who goes out to rob your house is seeking his welfare in his work, just as you and I do in ours. If he cannot consider your welfare in his business he is like a great many of the rest of us; he finds life a little too complicated to take in other interests than his own. You are his legitimate prey, just as your competitor in business is your legitimate prey. Socially, you and I differ from the burglar in that we play the game according to different rules, and we like to feel that we are of some use to the world at large. The burglar has a narrower view, and his social aspirations and desire for usefulness are restricted to the under-world. Then, too, he is probably undeveloped in sympathy and imagination. His sensitiveness to emotions of sympathy is probably slight. But neither sympathy nor imagination nor sensitiveness to anything except pain may be driven into his soul by making him suffer in order to satisfy your resentment against him. Your resentment may drive fear into him, and through fear he may cease to be a burglar; but statistics do not encourage us much in the hope for this.

We have so tangled up goodness with dogma that the very thought of righteousness has become almost an offense to many because of the assumptions of dogma that righteousness should conform to it. Under the mechanistic view, dogma will cease to offend, and will become an exponent of mental equipment. One of the most persistent of nuisances, the hypocrite, will then find his way of life so difficult that he will be likely to choose another. Thus, if I see you in dire distress, but, being too lazy to save you, I piously clasp my hands and say, 'It was the will of God, and must be for the best,' I may claim to be spiritually minded, but you will know better, and so will everybody else who has the mechanistic conception of life. You will know very well that my way is not God's way; you will know that I am a creature of inertia and that I am trying to call my fault something that it is not. In fact, under this view of life we may shout and declaim about our wonderful qualities and how our hearts are bursting with love and sympathy for our kind, but our appeals will fall upon empty ears, because the scientific way of thinking will have become current, and then all the lawyers in the land will be unable to help us.

Not a thing that has been said in this essay is a denial of the human soul. You are you, and I am I, and within us both is the Mystery. But to attribute a single thought or a single act to it that may be attributed to causes which we can understand is a denial of the belief that the truth shall make us free.

THE DRIFT TO THE CITIES

BY G. S. DICKERMAN

It is safe to take into consideration our losses as well as our gains. The thirteenth census tells of a decade of growth in the United States. In 1900 the population was less than seventy-six millions; in 1910 it is nearly ninety-two millions, an increase of about sixteen millions. In the list of 225 cities having over 25,000 inhabitants, all but three show an increase of population, and among the 1172 smaller cities having over 2500 inhabitants, the story is much the same. Among the forty-eight states there is only one, Iowa, which does not rejoice in an increase.

But some communities have not grown. In Massachusetts, with 25 large cities and 172 smaller ones and with an increase amounting to 20 per cent, there is Barnstable County that has been steadily declining for half a century, having had a population in 1860 of about 36,000, while now it has but 27,000. In Maine, there has been a good increase, especially in some of the cities; but Waldo County on the Penobscot once had a population of over 47,000, while now it numbers less than half of that; and Lincoln County, which had a population in 1860 of nearly 28,000, now has but little over 18,000.

The most surprising lapses, however, are in the great states of the Mississippi Valley whose prosperity has been almost proverbial. In Missouri, with such growing centres as St. Louis and Kansas City, which together show an increase of 196,000, we find 71 counties out of 100 in which the population has declined, with an aggregate loss of 132,000; and with an increase in urban territory of 255,000 there has been a decrease in the rural parts of 68,000. Iowa has 71 counties out of 99 which have lost an aggregate of 108,000; yet most of her 77 cities have gained, and the increase in urban territory is about 113,000 while the decrease in the rural parts is 120,000. Indiana has 57 counties out of 92 which have lost; her urban territory has gained 267,000, but there has been a falling off in the rural parts of 83,000. Illinois has 50 counties out of her 97 which show a loss; in her urban territory the increase has reached the enormous number of 810,000, but the gain in the rural territory has been only 6,455. Wisconsin, adjacent to Illinois and Iowa, makes a little better showing, yet 21 counties have lost in this state over against 50 which have made a gain; the population in her urban territory has grown 193,000, while that in the rural has increased by 71,594.

Not to pursue this record of particular states any further, it is enough to say that among the 2941 counties in all the states, we find 798 in which the population was less in 1910 than it had been ten years before. If we compare with this the record of the previous decade, we find that between 1890 and 1900 there were 378 counties in which there was a decline; and going back to the tenth census we find that between 1870 and 1880 the number was little over a hundred. This is interesting in connection with the fact that the increase of population in urban territory

throughout the country in this decade was over eleven million and in the rural less than five million. It all points to a widespread movement from the farm to the town and the metropolis.

It was to be expected that a decline would appear in the products of the farm. The following are examples of this. The corn crop of 1910 was less than that of ten years before by 114,000,000 bushels. The wheat crop was greater on account of the better yield, but the number of acres on which it was grown was less by over 8,000,000. The apple crop was smaller by 27,876,000 bushels, and fewer small fruits were grown by 36,653,000 quarts.

The right way of estimating a country's products, however, is in their proportion to the number of people. As our population has increased about sixteen million, the amount needs to be much greater to afford each individual an equal quantity for maintenance. The fair way of reckoning, then, is by the amount produced for every thousand inhabitants. Proceeding thus, we find that in 1910 for every thousand inhabitants wheat was grown on 212 fewer acres than in 1900, with a product of 1236 fewer bushels, but with a valuation greater by $2283; 30.6 per cent less land, 14.3 per cent less production, but 46.9 per cent greater value. Corn was grown on 178 fewer acres for every thousand inhabitants, with a product of 7337 bushels less, but with a value $4743 greater; 14.7 per cent less land, 20.9 per cent less product, 43.5 per cent greater value. Taking all cereals together, for every thousand inhabitants, the acreage in 1910 was 341 less, the product 9310 fewer bushels, but with a value $9460 greater than in 1900; 14 per cent less land, 16 per cent less product, 48.9 per cent greater value, For orchard fruits, including apples, pears, peaches, oranges, and the like, the number of trees of bearing age, for every thousand inhabitants, in 1910 as compared with 1900, was 1586 less, the product 446 bushels less, the value $430 more; 32.6 per cent fewer trees, 16.1 per cent less fruit, 39 per cent greater value. For all crops, for every thousand inhabitants, the acreage in 1910 was less than in 1900 by 342 acres, while the value of the product was estimated to be $20,202 greater; 9.18 per cent less land under cultivation and a product costing 51.2 per cent more.

With such a decrease in crops, particularly those required for feeding animals, it was inevitable that there should be a falling off in the amount of live stock on farms. The census enumeration tells us that in this decade the number of neat cattle decreased 5,916,000; of swine 4,682,000; of sheep, 9,056,000. The proportions to population are as follows: For every thousand inhabitants the number of cattle on farms decreased 219, while their value increased $2.38 per head; the number of swine decreased 195, and their value increased $3.17 per head; the number of sheep decreased 238, and their value increased $1.67 per head.

It is argued in explanation that the enumeration for the census of 1900 was made on June 1, while that of 1910 was on April 15, in the midst of the bearing season, when the numbers would naturally be lower than at the end of that season. But we do not find any such decrease in the number of horses, mules or goats; rather a large increase. Again, it is said that the passing away of the great cattle-ranges of the western plains is the cause of the decrease. But this does not explain why a dozen of the older Northern states show, every one, a falling off in the number of cattle on their farms, amounting in all to nearly two million head, with a corresponding decrease in their number of swine and sheep. The plainer explanation is the

decline of rural population in so many counties and the decrease in those products of the farm which are necessary to the feeding of these animals.

So the rising prices of beef, pork, and mutton are directly traceable to the decline of our rural population. It is the same, of course, with the rising prices of cereals, fruits, and all the other products of the farm. This touches other people besides those within the boundaries of the United States. Heretofore large quantities of bread-stuffs, meats, and fruit have been exported to other countries and have borne an important part in their sustenance. Of necessity there is a decrease in these exports. Higher prices must then follow in all the countries with which we have commercial relations, and wherever there is want of food we may expect the want to be aggravated. This is involved in our world-wide relationships at the present time.

There is a more serious consequence, however, than scarcity of food; it is lowering of character. Governor Eberhart of Minnesota tells of a visit he made to Minneapolis in a harvest emergency, for laborers to gather wheat.[1] The farmers were at their wits' ends to save their crops. It was said that the city was full of the unemployed who were looking everywhere for jobs. He found them, as he says, 'seated on the park benches in all sections of the city and overflowing to the curb stones. Work, it seemed, could not be found. Some of the men were on the verge of starvation, and the charitable organizations of the city were taxed to their utmost capacity to provide for them.' It looked as if his task would be an easy one and he could take back as many men as he wished. He picked out his men and told them he wanted their help. They were eager for the chance and said they could do anything. He spoke of the service he had in mind in the country and on the farms, when instantly their faces fell and they were as glum as they had been before. Their answer was: 'We don't want to go to the country, boss. We don't want to live on a farm. There's nothin' for us there, — no life, no entertainment, no lights, — nothin' but monotony and work. We'd rather stay in the city and starve than go to the country an' have nothin' to do but work. No, sir, we stay right here.' And stay they did. He could n't get one of them to go with him, and the farmers had to harvest their wheat as best they could while the city held in its grasp, unemployed, enough men to garner all the crops of the state.

We cannot suppose that Minneapolis was any worse than other cities in this particular. It is likely that a proposal of this sort would have been received by the unemployed in any one of a thousand American cities in much the same way. And that is the worst of it, for it means an essentially wrong attitude of mind in multitudes of people. Willingness to lie idle rather than to undertake anything they do not quite like, to hang on charity rather than to go where they are wanted and can be of use, with callous incapacity for hearing any call of duty or feeling any thrill of interest at a summons for help in an hour of somebody's crying necessity. That is the kind of men that our cities make, or too many such.

People flock to the cities for the advantages there offered, and find disadvantages. Parents sell their wholesome country homes because of their children, and go where there are grand churches, superior schools, and attractive libraries, to find themselves in close proximity to drinking saloons, dance-halls, gambling dens, and indescribable

[1] 'What I am Trying to Do.' By Adolph O. Eberhart. *The World's Work*, April, 1913, p. 671. — The Author.

allurements to vice. Is that better for their boys and girls, or is the new atmosphere heavy with influences that are a peril? There are fifty churches in a city and a thousand saloons. The churches are open one day and two or three evenings in each week. The saloons are open every week-day all day long and far into the night. Boys and young men are not attracted to the churches. The saloons hold out all sorts of attractions to beguile them within their doors. What wonder that so many city boys grow up with disordered appetites and depraved tastes! A gentleman was recently heard to say, 'As I go along the street the sight of cigars in the store windows makes me want to smoke and I step in and buy when otherwise I should not think of it.' This gentleman is an eminent scholar, a principal of a boys' school, an advocate of reforms, and influential in church and society. If the temptation of the store windows was too much for him, can we expect his pupils to be proof against it?

Do we understand the extent to which these artificial appetites are being cultivated and what this means? With a lessening of the food-supply there comes a more constant resort to stimulants and narcotics. The hungry go for solace to drink and tobacco, sometimes to more powerful drugs. We can easily imagine that those loungers whom Governor Eberhart saw in the parks of Minneapolis were, most of them, habituated to these indulgences. But these practices grow in prevalence among all classes of people. They are not so common in the country, but are most rife in all our centres of population. And abundant provision is made for them. The prices of flour and meat may advance, but somehow the cost of whiskey and tobacco is kept within the reach of even the very poor. Cigarettes to-day do not cost more than half what they did ten years ago, and three or four times as many of them are used.[1]

Some products of the farm have not decreased during this decade. Barley, which goes largely to breweries and distilleries, was grown on 3,228,000 more acres in 1910 than in 1900, the product was greater by 53,709,000 bushels, and the valuation by $50,826,000. Tobacco was grown on 193,451 acres more, its product was greater by 187,652,000 pounds, and its valuation by $47,315,000. We find too that while exports of breadstuffs and meats have declined, it has not been so with tobacco; on the contrary, the export of leaf tobacco increased within the ten years including 1912 some 79,000,000 pounds.

Our Internal Revenue receipts offer a measure of the amount of these products. The taxes derived from distilled and malt liquors and from tobacco, as reported by the United States Commissioner, in 1912 amounted to $290,250,000. This was considerably more than the entire congressional appropriations for the army and navy; and in sixteen months these taxes pour into the treasury more than the estimated cost of the Panama Canal. These taxes have nearly doubled within twenty years, indicating how rapidly these habits of cultivating and indulging artificial appetites have been spreading throughout our country.

In a highly organized community there is a possibility that children will grow up to be like the parts of a machine fitting snugly into their little places and moving there with hardly a thought of what their life means; making

[1] The number of cigarettes on which revenue tax was paid for the year ended June 30, 1906, was 3,793,359,903; for the half-year ended December 31, 1912, it was 7,121,012,610, equivalent to over fourteen billion a year. This is the increase in seven years. — The Author.

of custom a slavery; bowing in craven fealty to a boss, to a business, a sect, an order, a party, any sort of fashionable convention, with never a sentiment of devotion to any burning truth or any grand cause, and with scarcely any recognition of those responsibilities which give to life its dignity and splendor. Many great human qualities come to their best in a life of comparative isolation. A big tree, an oak or elm, standing out in an open field, has a toughness of fibre, a spread of boughs and roundness of shape that are never seen in a tree that stands in the woods. So people get individuality by being much alone. They become self-reliant by relying on themselves. They gain clear opinions by thinking things over, and thinking them out to their necessary conclusions. They acquire inflexibility of purpose by facing obstacles and conquering them. The pioneers of our country and the fathers of the republic were such men. The projectors of great undertakings carried through triumphantly have acquired their power in this way. The country is the natural nursery of such qualities. People are wanted on the farms to raise corn and grow stock for the markets; but they are wanted there far more for the training of manhood and womanhood in moral worth, in religious sensibility, in all the traits of a strong, upright personality. In the future as never heretofore, our cities with their multiplying wealth and lavish luxury are likely to need the country for that steady renewal of their better life which shall keep them from relaxing into sensuality and sinking into decay.

A HOPEFUL VIEW OF THE URBAN PROBLEM [1]

BY MARK JEFFERSON

ONE has heard so much of late years about the exodus from the country, in the United States, that it is time someone pointed out that no such exodus has taken place. Individuals leave some country places for the city or other country places, but generally speaking the country is gaining inhabitants at a fairly rapid rate. These are not figures of speech, but rather figures from the Census. The Census defines country places now as all those with less than 2500 people in a single settlement, and states that there were in 1910 over four million more people in them than in 1900. If one cares to look further back, in the last thirty years the country people have increased by more than fourteen millions. As to rate of increase, our country dwellers have increased in the last decade by eleven per cent. The whole German Empire, cities and all, has only increased by thirteen. The American exodus from the country is one of the three great myths of the nineteenth century!

There are counties in which country people are diminishing. There are even

[1] Mr. Jefferson's essay, originally entitled 'The Birth of the Cities,' was written without knowledge of Mr. Dickerman's article, with which it is here contrasted. — THE EDITORS.

ten states out of our forty-eight which show losses of country people. These are Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont. Their losses in the decade were 469,702. But the gains of the other thirty-eight states were so great that the whole country had 4,963,959 more country people in 1910 than in 1900. These figures are taken from a recent bulletin of the Thirteenth Census entitled 'Population of Cities.' It divides the United States into nine districts, in two of which the country had losses: 5150 in New England, and 4220 in the East North Central States. The other seven gained: the Mid-Atlantic 445,558, the West North Central 439,446, South Atlantic 996,979, East South Central 474,205, West South Central, 1,456,524, the Mountain States 586,681, and the Pacific States 573,930.

Men and families have been lost to the country, but for one that has gone nine have come. Our population is a shifting one; many of those whom we see leaving one country district have merely gone to swell the country dwellers elsewhere. The facts observed are not those habitually stated.

What is really happening is an extraordinary upspringing and growth of cities. We had 1894 cities in 1900. In 1910 these had become 2405, and their inhabitants had increased from thirty-one and a half to forty-two and a half millions, a gain of thirty-five per cent. If we look back thirty years instead of ten we shall see 1102 cities become 2405 and a population of 14,772,438 grow to 42,623,383. This is the spark of fire behind so much smoke. Rural population is growing fairly well, but cities are growing by leaps and bounds. Not an exodus from the country but the development of cities has been the phenomenon of the generation.

Now, this thing that has been happening is natural and normal in a nation taking possession of a land. We should not fail to note that the number of cities has grown as well as their population. Not merely are they three times as populous at the end of the decade as at the beginning, but over twice as numerous. The public mind has thought of the cities as if they had always been there, over against the country and independent of it; as if in matters concerning the growth of population everything were possible, — that the cities might have grown slower than the country, or that it was in some way to be expected that town and country should normally grow alike. As a matter of fact, our cities are the outcome of the growth of country population; are an outgrowth of the needs of the country people, first for exchange and distribution of products, second for some working over and manufacturing of those products; and they must grow faster than the country population that creates them, from the conditions of modern life and industry.

Thirty years ago, more than half our cities did not exist. The new ones number no less than 1303. These have not been 'gone to' by people from the country, but have just grown on their sites out of rural communities. Of course, part of the number is fictitious. With the discrimination between rural and urban communities at 2500, a 'country' community of 2490 becomes a 'city' on adding ten new inhabitants without any change of character. But the total increase in number of cities of from 2500 inhabitants to 5000 is only 563. Not all of these can have just grown over the limiting size as suggested, and they leave over 700 to be accounted for as new.

With us, cities are as sure to spring up with the increase of country population as the forests are to disappear. City and country are organically re-

lated. Crops cannot be grown without fields, nor exchanged and manufactured under the modern system of division of labor, without cities. Only in the rudest pioneer settlements do men dispense with this division of labor by doing everything painfully and badly on the farm. Such settlements are retarded and hampered until they have towns for the city part of the work. When we estimate that the average inhabitant of New York may have but a few score square feet for his own use, we are apt to forget that he can only exist on them because somewhere in the country there are acres of ground producing for him, as really and definitely for him as if he owned them and hired the labor on them, — what Professor Penck has called his 'sustenance space.'

In this connection it is remarkable that twenty of the twenty-two cities which have doubled in population in the last ten years are in the South and West; and that only one of these, Los Angeles, had 100,000 in 1900. Almost all of them, therefore, are small new growths in the agricultural parts of the country. The two northern cities are Schenectady, New York, and Flint, Michigan. Flint owes its overgrowth to the same automobile boom that has lifted Lansing and Detroit also out of their former class.

Where the author lives, in southern Michigan, the farms of from forty to eighty acres have their houses strung along the highways at considerable distances. At road corners every few miles we may find a little cluster of them by a church or a school-house, and especially by a country corner-store. This is important in the life of the whole district for its social opportunities, but it lives on its usefulness as a point of local supply and collection. Here eggs and butter are brought from all the farms around. Every one obtains here his flour, sugar, tea, coffee, kerosene, lamps, common plates, rough cloth and clothing, hammers and nails; the things that some one within a few miles is certain to want every day. At longer intervals one comes on villages with better goods in larger assortments; things not so constantly needed; so that a wider clientèle must be appealed to for their sale. In the same way every county has its little city, with banks and higher schools and theatres and factories, and stores with costlier grades of furniture and clothing and objects of luxury. Here or in the village will be sold the farmer's crop. To them he will look for the culture he wants in the form of religion, of education for his family, or of social intercourse and entertainment. Here he and his wife hope to spend their last days, with the farm rented or worked by some one on halves. Each of these grades of communities has been created by the settling of the region. Each has grown as more forest was cut away; villages have grown into little cities, little cities have grown into large ones in which manufacturing becomes more and more important with size, for only in the large ones are assured ease of movement of raw and manufactured material and a constant supply of labor of varied training and capacity. The few really strategic points in the whole country, for interchange of commodities, will foster the growth of a few cities to overwhelming size. But all of these cities alike have their roots in the country fields. If the country folk ever really take it into their heads to flock to the cities, no city can either last or grow.

In 1870, Michigan and Wisconsin together had but ten cities of ten thousand or more. In 1910 they had forty-one. In 1870 the only city of a hundred thousand inhabitants between Buffalo and the Mississippi was Chicago, then

about as large as Cincinnati is to-day. Now there are five of them, and six more of over fifty thousand. In the better settled part of the region the cities were then a matter of a hundred miles apart, now they are barely twenty-five. These two states have nine hundred thousand more country people than they had thirty years ago. Their cities have increased by a million and a third in the same time, but it is the country increase that has made this possible. The total natural increase of the country population cannot remain on the farms without entailing a rapid subdivision of the farms.

Now, American farms are going to be smaller, but it will happen by the introduction of intensive methods of agriculture or by the taking up of the farms by Europeans who understand those methods. There are signs enough that the thing is happening already, but it is a slow process compared with the increase of the population. It is the nature of the case that the man in the field can raise the raw produce for seven or eight. That is about what he was doing in this country in 1900, and he will produce for more and more with every year. Between 1855 and 1894 the introduction of seven different machines used in raising and harvesting corn reduced the man-labor in a bushel of corn from four hours and thirty-four minutes to forty-one minutes. For a bushel of wheat the similar reduction has been from three hours and three minutes to ten minutes. To get the same produce from the ground, one man in the field suffices where then sixteen were needed. Of course such an application of machinery is ideal, and not attained in wide practice. The essential farm population must always be thin, and if it becomes too dense, economic forces tend to thin it at once. But the operations connected with the manufacture and interchange of commodities need not be kept near the fields. On the contrary, they can best be carried on under the conditions of village and city life, at points well placed for power and transportation.

City population normally adds a portion of the natural increase of the population of the country to its own increase: it must grow faster than the country population does.

The modern census figures of many lands teach us that extensive farming of the American type exists with population densities of from 25 to 125 to the square mile. That figure includes the cities that are sure to complement such farms. The actual country population in our great farming states is but 31 in a *total* population density for the same region of 43. The European, intensive style of farming, which puts more labor, more fertilizer, and more knowledge into smaller fields, and gets much larger crops from them, goes with populations of from 125 to 250 to the mile. Densities above 250 imply that manufacturing of raw materials from outside fields of supply is beginning to prevail; densities under 125 that the land is not completely farmed, but has portions in forest, or used for grazing, or too dry for any agricultural use, as in many of our western states. These occupational densities cannot be separated by sharply drawn lines, but if they are taken for wide enough areas they are really decisive. More than the average density for the occupation is overgrowth, and has to be compensated for by some special advantage or it causes distress. Any overgrowth in the country is at once drawn to the city by the varied possibilities for occupation there, aided by the attractiveness of city life that is always operative on the country, even on those profitably busied there.

To the density of city population there is hardly any limit. Some wards

in New York are settled at the rate of five hundred thousand people to the mile; all Manhattan island averages about a hundred thousand, but this is, of course, mere 'home space.'

There are many difficulties in drawing distinctions between city and country, as we must for statistical purposes. I have tried to lay emphasis above rather on their interrelation and essential unity, yet the line must be drawn somewhere. It was General Francis A. Walker, Director of the Census in 1870, who suggested 8000 as a critical size; all communities with fewer inhabitants than that being defined as 'rural.' The Twelfth Census reduced this number to 4000, the Thirteenth to 2500. What has been the effect of this change of standard on computations of country growth? Apparently to make country population *seem* to grow more slowly by about a fifth of its total amount. The Census gives us the total populations for cities of 100,000, for those of 25,000, of 10,000, of 5000, and of 2500. If we make the experiment of regarding each of these sizes in succession as a limiting size between country and city, we shall get for the country growth of the last decade the successive estimates, 16, 13, $11\frac{1}{2}$, 10, and 9 per cent; smaller values as you set the city limit further down. For this example I have taken no account of the passing of 'rural' communities into the 'urban' class during the decade. With this allowance — that is, counting the increase of population during the decade of *the area that was rural in 1910*, whether it stayed so or not — our nine goes up to eleven.

If the 'city' minimum were set a little lower, the case might be made to look worse yet for the country.

The reductions in the limit to 4000 and 2500 appear to have been made with the eyes rather on the *rus* than on the *urbs*. Is a place of 2500 really a city? The dweller in one of 100,000 will hardly think so. Form of government is of course not a satisfactory means of distinguishing; but surely there is some common element in the usual notion of *city*, *citified*, and *urban* that can be used in defining. I think the words carry for all of us the idea of paved streets, compactly and continuously closed in by permanent buildings several stories high and pretty crowded with people. Public parks do not interrupt the city concept at all, nor do waterways which are used for traffic. The community at the mouth of the Charles is really one city, although governed by several mayors and councils.

Rural population lives in isolated houses. Such is the country population that I find widespread about here with a density of 31 to the square mile; but between this rural life and city life is another type, that of the village or small city. Village life is marked by a drawing together of homes; that is its distinction from the true country. Perhaps the greatest hardship of country life is the lonesomeness, above all for the women. The village is built up by this country longing for society, and the village appears therefore as soon as two houses stand side by side. When they are so clustered and grouped that they have no farms annexed, it is plain that the village has arrived. The space occupied is an essential part of the idea. Not how many are the people, but how near together do they live? The Michigan General Laws are suggestive when they authorize the incorporation as a village of any community that has at least 300 people on at least one square mile of ground.

The city appears in the growth of the village when the increasing material nearness of men brings about social repulsions. It is the delight of moving to the village that I may have neighbors;

of going to the city that I need not know who my neighbors are. Material crowding of men has brought evils in its train against which the city must defend itself. To prevent vehicles from sticking in the mud of heavily traveled streets, the streets must be paved, and as further defenses we must now have city lighting, policing, sewerage, and water supply, all because there are now so many of us so near together.

The blessings of the village become curses with further growth, unless 'city' remedies are applied. The very crowding brings a thinning out at the centre. In the heart of the great modern cities nobody lives but janitors and caretakers of store and office buildings. While each of the twenty-odd square miles of Manhattan Island has more than a hundred thousand residents, the business centre, in Wards Two and Three near the southern tip of the island, has less than seven thousand to the mile. The great example of course is London, with its old 'City' steadily dwindling; but more than that, the central fifth of the whole County of London has fewer inhabitants with each decade, as shops and offices take the place of homes.

Country people live in isolated homes, village homes are neighborly, and the city defends its inmates from neighbors who may not be desired. The line cannot be sharply drawn between them; the best thing to use is the average from the facts of many large cities. We learn from that how people do live in large cities.

From studies of many large cities in Europe as well as in America, it appears that a reasonable lower limit of density of population for a city is ten thousand people to a square mile. This is not far from the official average for American great cities.[1] All areas continuously settled at the rate of over ten thousand to the mile are *cities;* all areas less densely settled, *villages*, until the houses come to be isolated, when we have reached the *country*. This throws Charlottenburg in with Berlin, Hoboken and Jersey City with New York, and makes Cambridge, Somerville, Chelsea, and Brookline essential parts of Boston, with a total population this year, 1913, of nine hundred thousand people.

Most of our cities contain City part, Village part, and Country part. So does Vienna, but most European cities have expanded beyond their limits and citified their suburbs. London has invaded several counties.

The land has been settled, population has been developed slowly in the country, as befits the sparse agricultural occupation of the land; in the cities, rapidly, at the demand and under the stimulus of country development. No exodus from the country has occurred except as the country, exuberant and life-giving, brings forth a population in excess of agricultural needs. This it is always doing, and with this surplus it creates the cities that supplement and crown the life of the land.

[1] *Bulletin of the American Geographical Society*, September, 1909: 'Anthropography of Great Cities.' — The Author.

THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF ZELOPHEHAD

BY MARGARET LYNN

THE idea was John's originally; but Henry annexed it so promptly that in a minute or two it seemed to have been his all the time. That was no unusual occurrence. John and Henry presented, in practical matters, the relation of a colony and a mother country — with constant taxation of ideas and grudgingly allowed representation in results. It did seem in those days as if Henry had the making of a statesman in him, his sense of relations was so clear and practical.

This time John's notion concerned finance, an unheard-of thing in John. Henry was hypothetically the financier of our body, although, as our resources rarely passed out of his hands, that made little difference to the rest of us. All our pecuniary transactions seemed to take much the same form, — a magnificent conception on Henry's part, his gracious permission to the rest of us to fill subordinate places in its execution, and then a gathering in the fruits by Henry himself. Not being entirely inexpressive, we sometimes demurred at this; but there always seemed to be a good masculine reason why this conclusion should be quite just and legal. John, with his dreamy head somewhere in the sky, did n't care much for money anyway, and I, being feminine, was quite unconvincing, and Mary was too young to command much attention. So the spending of our small common profits, as well as the laying of our united financial schemes, remained in Henry's hands.

The source of our profits was usually the heads of the family, or some of the adult members of the household — all adults seemed to be loaded with money, often having whole dollars in their pockets at once — and our processes were rather industrial than commercial. Hence John's sudden proposal was fascinating enough from its very novelty. He suggested, in fact, that we should go out into the public mart and engage in trade. We all held our breath for a moment at the enterprise of the plan. And then Henry, recovering his, made the scheme his own in two sentences; and John immediately became a subordinate, a mere fetch-and-carry. Mary and I waited to be assigned places in the plan of things.

The notion was so simple yet so adventurous in its way that it is a wonder none of us had ever thought of it before. Out in the orchard were ripe apples and grapes and some peaches, more of all than the household needed; at the end of our drive ran the county road, along which passed the hungry public. Could there be a more suggestive juxtaposition of supply and demand? Henry visualized it instantly — the road a public mart, the eager passer hungrily demanding, the immense profits certainly consequent upon trade. He was out in the world, a merchant, a financier, a capitalist. He expanded visibly before us as we eyed him. Awhile he mused, then assumed active command of us all.

On Wednesday there would be a meeting at the little county-seat, the road to which lay past our gate. Its

purpose was negligible—politics, probably; we had not even thought of asking to be allowed to go. But we had gathered from talk at the table that many men would be there. The meeting would begin in the early afternoon; that meant that from ten o'clock on there would be a constant passing by our gate. Some of these travelers would come from the far west of the county, some from the scantily settled expanse to the northwest. They would all be hungry. Henry laid his plans.

Mary was sent to spread the scheme, in its most meagre outlines, before my father and mother. Mary's participation in an enterprise often ended with that. But somehow, in Mary's serious and honest telling, any exploit seemed to take on not only plausibility but positive merit. This time, however, my mother looked dubious, my father amused. Maldy lingered on a passing foot at the open door, and looked at Mary with the complacence which Mary alone won from her. She recovered from that, however, to frown at Henry, skulking in dignified indifference outside the open window, and to express unsolicited disapproval — Maldy's opinion often outran solicitation — of the whole scheme.

'I want to make some money,' said Mary gently but persistently. Mary was guileless as the rising moon, but it was wise for her to say *I* instead of *we*.

'Huuf!' said Maldy, and went on.

'Oh, let them do it,' said my father in answer to my mother's look of reluctance. My father was in a hurry to be off somewhere. It was a truly venturous one who went to ask a favor when the authority was in a hurry. The decision was instantaneous, but one could never tell whether the necessity for haste would work for or against the petitioner. 'It won't do them any harm so long as people are going toward town — as soon as they begin to come back the children must come in. Do you understand?' My father raised his voice, and Henry's head now appeared at the window.

I heard that injunction regretfully, not because it curtailed the profits, but because it limited the experience. If men — the kind of men who went by on the road — were in any way different when they came back from a political meeting, I should like to see them. That mysterious thing called drunkenness, of which we read in temperance stories, along with its well-detailed symptoms, I had never had a chance to observe. Henry submitted with a less impersonal reluctance; he saw nickels slipping past him.

But a 'stand' at the roadside we were to have. Henry promptly issued orders — certain duties for me, certain others for John, minor ones for Mary. On Monday the stand was to be built, on Tuesday the fruit gathered and our minds prepared, on Wednesday the great transaction would begin, about ten o'clock. Henry was so busy giving orders that the time seemed to fly. He came out several times to help me get the baskets of grapes, but he always remembered something else that must be superintended, and hurried off abruptly. The first time I heard the term captain of industry I knew instantly what it meant, remembering Henry.

Tuesday night everything was ready. Inside the screened porch was our stock-in-trade, scores of apples and early peaches, baskets of grapes, a few of the ripest pears. A serious question had arisen while we gathered them. As connoisseurs in fruit, within the limits of our own orchards, we knew to the last, finest degree, the palatability of every variety. There are people to whom an apple is an apple, and a peach, a peach. But we were none of that sort. We recognized delicate

gradations of toothsomeness, and balanced nicely the relative allurements of choice varieties. A man might as well call himself frankly Philistine and barbarian at once, as voluntarily eat a Ben Davis and call it good. As amateurs of apples we could hardly bear the thought of offering a customer any but what we knew to be the best. It was a betrayal of our own good taste. But, on the other hand, would it pay to sacrifice our cherished General Grants or our last, high-in-the-tree Benonis, when the cottony Sops of Wine or the flat saccharine Ramsdale's Reds would suit the undiscriminating public quite as well, and were bigger and rosier at that? Henry considered the matter and settled it from the point of view of commercialism rather than that of art. It would be an insult to *give* any one a Sops of Wine — we always had difficulty with that plural — but there would be no offense in selling them, if we could do it.

So our rosy baskets, which looked so enticing, really contained many of what we small epicures regarded as the discards of the orchards, refused by our finer taste. If these did not prove enticing enough — if our customers had better taste than we expected — Mary and I could hurry back and hastily gather some of the others, Henry said. 'Anyway,' he added, 'we're not going to try to sell to them when they come back.'

We sat in the dark, considering prospects. A vague expectation of unsatisfaction disturbed me, but I postponed formulating it.

'I wish we had some watermelons,' said Henry, raising his voice but the least degree.

Maldy was sitting, also in the dark, just inside the kitchen window, and we knew it. But Maldy said nothing.

After a pause crowded with suggestion, Henry pursued, with the manner of one filling time and ears with pleasant conversation, 'Everybody likes watermelon this time of year.'

There was still no sound from within the kitchen, and conversation lapsed.

All the watermelons on the place belonged to Maldy; I don't know why, but this was the custom. My father said it was because she was the only one who could protect them adequately. Certain it was that no man or child interfered twice with Maldy's watermelons, even though they were the first to ripen and the finest to taste in the whole country. Maldy always made a show of being very stingy with them, and ended by being so generous that her own profits were scanty. Certainly these earliest ripe watermelons would be a great attraction on our stand. But Maldy said nothing.

Henry, by feeling, counted his change, the combined capital of all four of us. It was conveniently all in small pieces.

'I,' said Mary dreamily, 'am going to buy a gold bracelet with my money.' She ran imaginative fingers about her round little wrist. 'Aunt Ella will get it for me when she goes back to New York.'

'And,' I broke in enthusiastically, 'I'll get a new *David Copperfield* with mine.' *David Copperfield* had come to us already old, and its choicest sections had long since been read into annihilation.

'We're not going to divide up the money,' said Henry with simple authority. 'We're going to take it all and get a new gun with it.' Then to our silence he added, 'We need a new saddle because mine is getting too small. But I guess we'll get the gun.'

After a pause I spoke out. My spirit was Patrick Henry's, but my words were my own. I have forgotten them now, but at the time they seemed eloquent and should have been convincing. That they were not was due to the

limitations of the language, not to any lack of spirit behind them. But Henry's position was unchanged.

'Anyway,' he said, 'John and I are going to do all the selling. You will have to keep back in the grove when there is anybody there.'

I paused abruptly in my rush of argument and contumely. This was a fresh blow. I had already had visions of myself in the new and attractive rôle of sales-person, and had practiced little graces and urbanities among the grape-vines, combining, as nearly as I could, my mother's gracious manner with her poorer visitors, and that of a shoe-clerk who had sometimes fitted me and whose ease I greatly admired. I had expected to add largely to our sales by my charm — and who knew what further it might all lead to?

'Well, I guess not, Mr. Henry!' I burst out, with indignation which fettered expression.

'When there's nobody passing,' went on Henry, now fully committed to setting forth his policy, 'you can come out. And you can bring rags and keep the dust wiped off everything — and things like that. But it ain't the place for girls.'

I was meditating a sufficient answer for this when Mary spoke.

'You are a mean thing,' she said.

She rose and said it again with greater emphasis, 'You 're a mean thing!'

Vituperation was foreign to Mary's tongue, and her phrases were limited. She felt around on the dark floor for the prim elderly doll still dear to her eight-year-old heart, and took her departure. Just beyond the door she paused again and her serious little voice came back to us out of the darkness with less of indignation in it than of sober conviction. 'You're a mean thing!' she repeated once more.

I heard Maldy's chair scrape on the kitchen floor and her solid step on the back-stairs as she followed Mary, to see her to bed. Old as we were, Maldy had no faith in our putting of ourselves to bed; and her vesper visit to us was as certain as my mother's. We could not help thinking, however, that there was a precautionary element in Maldy's final look at us which my mother's lacked.

While we continued to sit there, in an uncomfortable, unadjusted silence, I could hear the distant murmur of her voice in Mary's little room above, and I knew that she was comforting Mary. When Mary was in trouble she rarely said anything; but every one in the house — except the cause of her distress — wanted to comfort her. I used to wonder how she accomplished it; there were times when I went without comforting.

The silence downstairs continued, unimpaired by conciliatory remark, until we were once more called from our musings to go to bed. In harassed moments life sometimes seemed to consist entirely of regretful retirings and reluctant arisings.

In the morning Mary seemed to melt away from the breakfast-table without any one's noting her departure. That was not surprising. When Mary was at outs with the world she simply disappeared — usually to my mother's room — until either her mood or the situation was readjusted. My own policy was different. I was accustomed to remain active on the field of battle. It was not considered technically correct to call in a higher authority to arbitrate differences. This time my method was, I confess, inartistic, but it accomplished something. A dinner-pail full of strong brine, poised in unsteady hands over the finest baskets of grapes, brought Henry to a compromise. All the money we made above what the gun cost I could have. As I appeared in-

credulous, he went a step further. I could have half the bounties on skins from his killings for the first year. That really left me still unexpectant, but it held a show of victory. And anyway it would be no fun to stay at the house all the morning when the novel excitement of traffic was in full blare down the road. I assisted in carrying the baskets down to the stand while Henry made out his scale of prices. That done, I was allowed to sit in partial concealment behind the hedge and make up 'pokes' of heavy paper; Maldy had afforded us only a very meagre supply of paper bags.

Mary lived on her pride in some seclusion or other, and did not approach us. I was aware that I had compromised with my independence — But what of that? I could be proud any day and we could n't have a stand at the road every day. Curiosity and interest in life conquered.

The stand was built under the shade of an osage-orange tree, allowed to grow for shade above the rest of the trimmed hedge. John and Henry arranged the best-looking of their wares tastefully upon it and then everything was ready. We awaited custom. We had a point of vantage at the top of the hill, from which we could command a view of the road in each direction. It was a bare dusty way, its yellow thread enclosed on each side by a stretch of weeds, now in August ripeness, wild hemp and sunflower and dog-fennel, with an occasional stretch of prairie grass not yet crowded out by the weeds of civilization.

A team approached down the neighboring hill, with a wagon full of people. About the stand excitement swelled. 'Now you keep back,' Henry dropped over his shoulder to me. 'It's a whole lot of men.' The feminist crouched low behind the thickest part of the hedge. Henry and John took easy commercial attitudes at the stand. The wagon rolled on in its little yellow dust-cloud, made the slow ascent of the hill, quickened its speed as it touched the upper level, and rattled past us without a pause. Its occupants were the Bledsoes, who lived two miles beyond us and had fruit at home. Ikie Bledsoe waved a jeering hand at us from the rear of the wagon, where he sat with his knees doubled over the endgate, and dropped an indistinguishable remark as the horses started to trot down the other side of the hill.

Henry looked along the empty road for a few silent minutes and then sent John to get a corn-knife and cut down the weeds in front of the stand. The sight of John's activity revived everyone's spirits. Presently an old man jogged up the hill on a ragged sorrel horse, rode up to the stand, and after long consideration bought a nickel's worth of peaches. The sorrel, as they turned away, snatched an apple from the stand, knocked off three others and stepped on one of them.

Two women, both in gingham sunbonnets and half-hander gloves, drove past next. They stopped and looked at our wares, but only, apparently, to see how ours compared with what they had at home, as if we were a fruit exhibit at the county fair. Henry was sober. At that moment the gun did n't look any bigger than a revolver to him.

A long spring-wagon full of men came next, and the men made a combined purchase of thirty-five cents' worth. It was a great comfort at least to have money enough to rattle. Henry let John hold it part of the time. The next man bought a nickel's worth of grapes, and then two more, evidently hired men taking a holiday, bought a dozen apples, haggling over the price. Then it seemed to be time to dust the stock off and Henry sent me to the house to get one of Maldy's turkey-wings.

Maldy's fortunate absence from the kitchen made it possible for me to secure one without question, and also to sample the cookies on which I found Ellen experimenting. I complimented the result very cordially, and Ellen received my remarks with more than wonted graciousness and gave me a handful to take back to the road.

When I returned to the stand I found there a gloom which even the distribution of cookies did not entirely lighten. I gathered, as I wielded my turkey-wing, — and found it a not very pliable or sympathetic implement, — that successive vehicles had passed inattentive. Even at this moment a wagon, full to the dashboard, lumbered past, dully indifferent. Henry forgot to send me back to cover. A spring wagon followed, its occupants regaling themselves with watermelons and impassive to the out-spread charms of more aristocratic fruits. A mover-wagon followed, its engulfed inhabitants also enjoying watermelon, the driver thrusting his head out from under the canvas like a turtle, to eject the seeds, and somebody in the vague interior discarding well-cleaned rinds through the hole in the rear.

'I'll bet they stole them,' said Henry acidly. Of course it was true that movers did not have the best of reputations among us.

A man coming from the other direction bought a few grapes to take home and said that if his woman was there she might want a whole basketful. But that was colorless comfort to us. A wagon containing two young men and two girls and great hilarity approached, and for sheer gallantry the young man in the back seat must treat to grapes and peaches. Our sky brightened. Conversation turned to comparison of different makes of firearms.

Now as noon drew on a pretty regular stream of vehicles began to pass — a wagon with two men on the seat and two women, each with a baby, on kitchen chairs behind; a second wagon, with sideboards on and boards laid across them for seats, all full of people; other conveyances of the same kind, all crowded full and overflowing with sociability. They all creaked up the hill slowly, greeted by our rising hopes, and then rattled down it noisily, pursued by our indignant disappointment. They rarely stopped, even at the boys' shrill announcement of their wares. I remained behind the hedge continuously.

One thing began to seem strange. About half of these people were eating watermelon. The coincidence seemed more and more remarkable — that they should all have brought watermelon along and with one mind have begun to eat it at this precise point. We considered the practical improbability of this. As we did so, another thing came to our notice. We could trace a coming wagon down the long hill opposite us and almost into the hollow. Then a little interval would always elapse before we could see the horses' bobbing heads as they climbed the hill to our station. Now we noticed that this interval was often unnecessarily long. Men did not usually rest their horses at the bottom of a hill. What were they doing? We traced a certain white and bay team down the opposite slope and into the hiatus at the bottom. Then minutes elapsed while we craned our necks at the top of the hill and waited for the white ears and bay ears to appear in the line of the yellow track. Finally the wagon was in front of us — and the people in it were eating watermelon! We fixed our eyes on the next wagon approaching — with precisely the same resulting observation.

Henry bade John watch the stand, and raced away down the hill. John

bade me do so, and followed him. An hour before, I had coveted this position. Now, after a moment of reluctant obedience, I swept all the stores behind the hedge and followed John.

At the bottom of the hill we at first saw nothing unusual as we came racing up. Then, when we were opposite the big cottonwood tree which stood by a farm-gate opening into a field, we saw. A team advanced down the other hill at the very same moment, the men behind it talking loudly and absorbedly until they reached us. Then they too saw, and stopped. At the very foot of the cottonwood, on a small solitary patch of blue-grass set among the daisy-flowered dog-fennel, were two little round piles of watermelons, their striped and splotched greenness a beautiful thing to the hungry eye. And between the two piles stood Mary, in a little blue dress, her soft childish arms tightly clasping a big mottled green melon, around which they could barely reach. The whitish-gray trunk of the tree stretched up behind her and its tinkling, glinting leaves sounded and shone overhead.

Mary uttered not a word as the wagon stopped. She gave one appealing look at the occupants, and then drooped her head until her brown hair touched the top of her green burden. Her cheeks grew pinker and pinker and she clasped her melon tighter and tighter, but she stood her ground bravely, waiting. The men looked for a moment and then one of them called in a jolly way, 'What do you want for it, sissy?'

'Only fifty cents,' said Mary, shyer than ever.

The man jumped out and came to get it and Mary relinquished her solid burden and took his two quarters with the same sedate diffidence.

'See here,' demanded Henry when the wagon had rattled on, 'what are you doing this for?'

'I wanted to get some money to buy a bracelet,' said Mary simply, looking the piles over to select another melon.

'Well, gee whiz, how do you think we're going to make any?'

'You would n't give me any of yours,' said Mary in the same impersonal way, wiping the new melon off with a dish-towel she had had secreted neatly behind the tree.

'Well, I'd like to know what right you think you have to do this — Where'd you get these melons anyway?' he broke off, shifting his line of arraignment.

'Maldy gave them to me. She brought them down here for me,' answered Mary with the same natural simplicity, a manner especially exasperating to Henry when he was in a belligerent position. When one simply told the whole truth, secreted nothing, colored nothing, defended nothing, what was there for her antagonist to attack or to continue to attack?

Henry came to an abrupt stop which seemed to jolt his ideas all to pieces. 'I'll bet she did n't!' he exploded.

Mary made no answer. From behind the tall weeds which formed a thick fringe beyond the clipped hedge rose Maldy, eyeing Henry impassively.

Henry looked at our assembled forces. Mary, supported by Maldy, was invulnerable. I, of course, was on their side; John was never a hot-headed partisan.

Maldy's look spoke stolid triumph. 'Got your gun yet?' she asked grimly.

That evening when Maldy was putting us to bed — we were tired that night and willing to retire early when the notion was suggested to us — the voice of an itinerant Methodist preacher, who had timed his travels so carefully that he arrived at our house just at supper-time, kept rising to us from the porch below. The preacher had

looked in at the convention on his way, and his thoughts were on politics and large matters of statesmanship. He discoursed broadly on democracy and then dropped to a detail — I missed the connection.

'Woman is the greatest moral force in the world,' he said authoritatively, '— er, that is, one of the greatest, of course. The Lord never intended her to take any part in government. She has always ruled by love and gentleness, and if she tries any other way she will lose all her influence.'

'Huuf!' said Maldy, as she tucked Mary in. Then she went clumping down the stairs to cut a watermelon and distribute it on the porch.

Left alone, Mary lay quiet a long time, in her still little way. Then she suddenly sat up in her bed. 'Barbara,' she said, 'I am going to give you and Henry and John some of my money. I'm sorry about Henry.'

FINANCING THE RURAL CHURCH

BY JOSEPH WOODBURY STROUT

If the rural church is to be a power in the community, to assume the lead in modernizing and bettering its environment; if it is to fill its rightful place in the life of the nation to-day, it will have to reconstruct its entire system and custom of financing its plant. No church now can have great influence unless it comes up to modern standards of business custom and integrity. The rural church can no more escape this necessity than the urban church. Bills must be paid at regular intervals, and those intervals will have to be shorter than is now the practice. No community can feel deep respect for an institution, even the church, that handles its finances loosely, or in the old way of twenty-five years ago. So, in order to hold its place in the economy of these times, the church, quite as much as the business house, must stand on a basis of money. It must possess confidence in its ability to meet all demands made upon it of a financial nature. In a word it must be financially independent.

It must be financially independent, but not by virtue of endowments, at least not of large endowments, for, in general, an endowment tends to weaken initiative and etherize effort on the part of the community. A heavy endowment, a necessity to a school, is not the best thing for a church. This is especially true of the rural church, for the apathy and indifference of the countryside, already proverbial, are chief elements in its problem. This church must be independent by means of the annual contributions of its clientèle. A strong support from the people, timed to meet the running expenses promptly by bringing in a budget and coming up to its demand, is the best and the most dignified way of meeting the expenses of any church. In this way, every member of the congregation, young and old, even the children, may come to realize that, not

only must the bills of the church be promptly met, but also, that each, in part at least, is responsible for meeting them. Such a basis demands business talent, and watchfulness against waste. In this phase of its life the rural church is sadly wanting.

Attention has been called to this side of church affairs, recently, by Bishop Lawrence of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In an article in the *Congregationalist*, he says, 'Ordinarily the vestryman is less particular and careful in handling the church finances than the minister.' In the rural church that is emphatically true. Few of these churches have any financial plan. Indeed most of them are careless and slipshod in managing money that has fallen into their hands. The common custom is to take the money as it comes in, and, if there is enough of it, pay the bills; if there is not enough, some of the bills must wait. No set time is planned in which to balance accounts. The minister is paid when the money comes in, that is, if it is enough to balance all accounts; otherwise his claim waits until the rest are paid. Said the treasurer to me once, 'Your salary is one hundred dollars in arrears, but all the rest of the bills are paid. This leaves the books clear.' That was at the end of the year. Usually the minister is paid when the money comes in, which may be once in two or three months, or twice a year; and I have known instances where the payment awaits the end of the year, and, as in the above instance, is not always ready then. Sometimes there is an agreement that the minister shall be paid quarterly, but such agreement is generally made with the mental reservation, on the part of the treasurer, at least, 'providing the money is then in hand.' If it is not then in hand, the minister must wait until it comes in. This, to the minister, often becomes not only an annoyance but a hardship. If such a condition were unavoidable one would not complain; but when the committee knows that in the end all bills must be paid, and are paid, it gets on one's nerves to be put at such a disadvantage.

Few businesses depending entirely on their receipts are able invariably to balance accounts at the set time and pay off their help; but the bills must be paid, and therefore they resort to the bank. The proposition to borrow the money to meet running expenses promptly at regular intervals, in any parish meeting I have attended, never got more than two votes, the vote of the man who made the motion and of the other who seconded it. 'We must not get in debt,' is always the point made against it, and it always prevails. But really, though the men seem not to see it, the point is, 'We must not borrow of a bank and pay interest, while we can borrow of the minister, for nothing, all we need.'

Sometimes in a moment of enthusiasm over a new minister, the church agrees to pay its running expenses monthly, at least his salary; but I have never known such virtue to last long. It works for a time while the minister is new and things are in the 'interesting stage,' but after a while the old policy is resorted to, of paying when the money is in the treasury, and allowing the minister to advance it when it is not. If the rural minister's salary were ever more than a living wage, he might stand this custom without complaint, but when, as is generally the case, the salary just meets the family expenses, it is another affair. The rural minister, like the common laborer, is living all the time dangerously near the line of want. A severe sickness, a lay-off of a few months, and his family would be hard pushed for food and shelter. Moreover, sometimes, when he could do so, for want of the money he is

deprived of the privilege of attending some one of the great meetings of his church; or if he goes, it is with the uneasy consciousness that he ought not to have used the money for that, and must find some way to make it up outside of his salary. Under such conditions, to be made the banker of his church and compelled to advance money without interest is sometimes exasperating.

One minister I knew in whose call it was stipulated that the salary should be paid quarterly; after two or three failures on the part of the parish to come up to the gage, he promptly collected it by legal process. But that ended his pastorate in the place, and also blacklisted him, so that it was with difficulty that he obtained another field. The treasurer of my church came to me once, near the end of the fiscal year, and said, 'Six hundred dollars is all I can raise on the salary this year; you will have to balance the account on that.' This was a notice to take what they could raise, or find another place. My situation at the time was such that another place would have been almost a misfortune, at any rate would have broken off my plans for years to come; yet to live on six hundred dollars a year when I had already spent eight hundred, was a serious problem. I could not agree to the proposition and made a counter offer, agreeing to count on the salary all perquisites during the year, such as marriage fees, literary work, and whatever else happened to fall to me, amounting to about seventy-five dollars, if he would get down to work and raise the balance. By going to the people with this offer, giving no names, however, he managed to raise the amount. This happened in a church holding interest-bearing funds to the amount of some twelve thousand dollars.

But not only are the running expenses of these churches handled carelessly and with indifference; a similar looseness is apparent in the management of their trust funds. The church just alluded to received at one time a legacy of five thousand dollars, and chose a committee to invest it. This committee with characteristic shiftlessness invested it in a stock company, which, after paying a few dividends, went to pieces, or into receivers' hands, and paid only a small part of the money back. The committee took what was left and put it in a savings bank, planning to keep it there until the interest had accumulated sufficiently to make good the original principal. In order to do this the running expenses of the church had to be cut down, and the minister's salary lowered to five hundred dollars a year. Instead of facing the facts squarely, and telling the people all about it, — or making good, as morally, perhaps, they were bound to do, having carelessly invested trust funds, — they turned about and took it out of the minister; or, if not exactly that, by compelling the church to employ inferior men, they took it out of the life of the community. This condition went on for some years, until, at last, the company rallied and began to pay off its debts. Notice of these payments, after I went to the church, often came to me. The regularity of their coming led me to pass them to the parish committee instead of to the old committee which had the affair in charge, and the result was that we learned of a now fairly large fund at interest, of which, in the annual meetings, no accountings were made. In the mean time, while interest on this fund was being hoarded, I was forced to give my perquisites to the account of the salary, or find another field.

A similar case, not long afterward, developed in a neighboring church. They had not lost trust funds by care-

less investment, but the interest on a large fund given them some years before was being systematically withheld by one man. This man was a sort of boss in the church. While this money was being hoarded, they were paying their minister the small sum of six hundred dollars a year. It was held back, as the man himself testified before a council, in order that the church, when the old men were dead, might have a larger fund with which to finance its work. The minister of this church, though on a small salary, did not ask them to use this money for running expenses, but for repairs on an old, leaky parsonage. Winter was at hand and the house, out of repair, was cold and unfit for a family of small children. He insisted that they could not better use the money than to put the parsonage in repair. But the man who seemed to run things in the parish demurred, and held back so strongly that a council was called to advise in the matter. The council unanimously advised the putting of the interest on this fund into the running expenses of the church.

In another field where I labored, the agent of a rickety concern, in the form of a stock company, persistently urged the trustees to invest a certain sum of money, which might soon become idle, with his company, agreeing to pay six per cent on preferred stock, at ninety dollars, and to give them a bonus of ten shares in the common stock of the company. This seemed too generous, and I opposed it, fearing the credit of the company might be low. In answer to letters written to persons from whom they were habitually buying we learned, however, that such was not true, that they paid their bills, but were slow. I still opposed it and was joined by one of the trustees and the senior deacon, and we three, by strenuously fighting the thing, managed to defeat it. In less than three months the company was in the hands of a receiver, paying about seven per cent on its bonds, and nothing on its common stock. Between a loss of thirteen hundred dollars and this church there were only three who stood out.

It was difficult in that field to raise the money for running expenses, although they were only a little more than nine hundred dollars. Yet this church, with some six or seven thousand dollars at interest, owned a square mile of land in different parts of the town, which was yielding an average pittance of from thirty-five to forty dollars a year. Originally, in part, this land consisted of a farm with buildings thereon. But these buildings were allowed to decay, to be used by tramps, until at last the house was burned, and the barn fell into the cellar. The land in places was excellent tillage, and there were several fresh-water meadows. Under systematic oversight, with a little concerted effort on the part of the men, once a year, this land could easily have been made to yield a regular income of at least one hundred and fifty dollars. It was located in different parts of the town, and much of it was woodland; and it was, apparently, concealed from the church, excepting a few of its old men. Only one man in the town knew where all of it was located and he was ninety years old. One other man knew where most of it was, but he seemed extremely reluctant to tell. Other old men there were, each of whom knew where some particular piece was, but they were not willing to make any effort to show the young men the bounds. I tried for two years to have them take the young men around over this land and point out to them the lines and corners — there are no deeds of this land to be found — and to have plaques made and put on record, but to no purpose.

This church was not only losing its land, it was wasting it. It might have made it a source of income. Yet the land was being lost without protest while the running expenses of the church were continually in arrears. The minister's salary, paid in the old way, at the end of the quarter, was forever behind. And all this because of the slipshod, apathetic mismanagement of the finances of the parish. A friend said to me, 'I would not feel quite so exasperated, if, once in a while, my treasurer would count the money correctly.' His treasurer was in the habit of passing the collection, as it was taken, directly to him, and it commonly contained much small coin. I have been paid a quarter's salary largely in silver and copper. Weekly offerings in the rural church come mostly in nickels; five cents a week is the usual pledge, sometimes it is ten cents, now and then twenty-five, rarely fifty, and a dollar from three or four only. If these smaller sums were widows' mites, one would mention them only to commend the giver; but mostly they are the contributions of young men and women whose salaries are at least twelve dollars a week, and some of the salaries are as high as twenty dollars. Still, even these small gifts, if every one gave, would meet the needs of the church very well.

In my present parish, I find more of the careless and slipshod in the management of the finances of the church than in any I have hitherto served, yet these people, unlike most country people, are not averse to taking suggestions from the minister. He is usually made a member of the society, and sometimes put on the finance committee, and always on the estimating committee. This gives me an opportunity to make long plans and fix on a budget for the future. This opportunity I make haste to improve. We make up a budget, appoint a committee to solicit the money it calls for, elect a treasurer to take care of it, and adjourn the meeting — which, to most of the men chosen, means the end of the whole thing. Two years we have been doing this, but have not yet come up to the gage we set, and have in no way carried out our plans. It is a simple thing to make a budget. It is easy to plan the work, appoint the committees, elect the officers, and go through all the rest of the routine; but it is a different proposition to see the plans carried out in detail. Sometimes we get a committee who will help in the soliciting, but they meet with such strange discouragements that not seldom they give it up and ever after refuse to try it.

Rural people give as they live, mostly by the sense of feeling. 'How much this year?' is invariably answered with, 'I don't know. I suppose I 'll have to give something.' 'How much?' 'I can't tell now. It will depend on how I feel when the money is called for.' Two thirds of the active members of the church will answer that way, even when they know exactly what they intend to give. The farmer hates to be definite. He hates to specify amounts. He hates to give you a direct answer in any way. I asked one to let me have his horse for a drive of a few miles one Sunday afternoon to call on a stricken family, and he hesitated so long that we both forgot what we wanted, and I walked to the place. About a week afterward the man's wife asked me if I went there, and added that her husband felt very badly to think he did not make me understand that I could have the team. So while we have a plan and a budget in this church, they are virtually dead letters. 'I'll give more when the time comes,' he says, 'if I do not pledge any amount now.' Fearing he may lose a dollar the collector says no more.

Plans are necessities anywhere, but in the rural church it is energy and training, rather than plans, that are most in demand. These people have had very little training in benevolence. Life here, in its limited way, is given over to getting and saving. The children are early inspired to earn money, and taught to save it, never to give it. Such teaching is good so far as it goes, but it is not sufficiently comprehensive. The vision is too limited. The energy of life is spent on too low an ideal. The needs of the community are not enough thought of. Of course the people hear in church, when they go, that the call to service, through the giving of one's wealth and one's self, is the highest call of human life, but they hear it nowhere else. And that which they hear in church is generally taken as a matter of course, and rarely thought of afterward. The minister may be as pointed and practical in his sermons as he chooses, and it is all taken in good part, in fact, I sometimes think it is relished; but with equal good nature and relish it is instantly forgotten. The deepest call of the rural church is for training in simple services. The people need to bend their energies to the doing of things and the giving of money — in proportion to incomes of course — for the larger interests of the community and the world. Until this lesson is learned and put into practice, the rural church will never have its normal and rightful influence in the town.

The financial problem in the rural church is a vital problem. If this church were solidly financed according to the peculiar laws that relate to the other enterprises of the countryside, even though it paid a small salary, it would be a power in the place. For men feel about the church as they do about a common business enterprise, — it must be firmly financed, or they want nothing to do with it. More than one half of the people who habitually stay away from church in these communities do so because the church is so hard pushed financially. The church must have in order to have more. It is the genuinely prosperous church, however small, that vitally touches the lives of men and women. How, therefore, to overcome the financial defects of the rural church, and at the same time to put it on a sound financial basis, is the problem that is trying out the nerve of the minister to-day. For, to manage, at the end of the year, by heck and by haw, to make ends meet, is far from solving the financial obligations of the church. The only right way is to put the church on a basis strong enough and reliable enough to meet all demands upon it, and then to know that it can meet all demands upon it at the right time, year in and year out, be the crops and the times what they may. It must do its business on a strictly cash basis.

Such a basis in these rural churches seems at first impossible. The finances of the church are fully as well managed as the finances of the town. Back of, and more inclusive than, the finances of the church is the old shiftless way of financing the town. The New England municipal government may be democratic, but it is not efficient. Into both community and church something more of efficiency in money matters must be wrought if either is to meet the demands of its day and its own peculiar needs.

How to introduce efficiency into the finance of the rural church is a basic and a vital problem. It will involve the matter of training. This calls for long plans. The needed reform can be brought about only by patient persistence. Efficiency in a rural church is quite a different thing from efficiency in a city church. And that, evidently, because the rural community is different

from the city community. One thing is necessary to this efficiency on the part of the country church, namely, to accept the fact that, first of all, it is a rural church. From that point of view all matters must be directed. From that point of view, then, let the training in benevolence begin.

My own plan, partly developed, but successful in that part, is this: Give everyone, boys and girls, men and women, an opportunity as individuals to contribute to the running expenses of the church. This is a phase of training responded to with surprising enthusiasm. This giving should be systematic, so much a week. Then each society connected with the church, Sunday School, Young People, Men's Club, Ladies Home-Interest Society, Young Women's Auxiliary, Boys' Club, everything in the form of a society, should be given an opportunity to contribute toward the running expenses of the church and to do it systematically. At the annual meeting a budget should be made up of all the expenses of the church, including the running of the Sunday School, the apportionment to the missionary work, the needs of the choir, as well as the salary of the janitor and the minister, and, learning from the past, also a certain sum for contingencies, such as the expenses of delegates to the conventions, an occasional lecturer from abroad, and whatever else may be needed. Then it must be forced home that no plan will work itself out. Behind it must stand an efficient committee.

It is high time the rural church got into form and took its place among the forces for moral and spiritual betterment in these days. But it will never take that place until it replaces its old, rusty machinery, and slipshod, careless workmen, with trained hands, minds, and hearts to finance its plant. The dawn of a nobler day is at our door. It calls for vision of great possibilities ahead, of the close connection which the rural church sustains toward the large problems of the age and the world. The possibilities in the country church are great. It has a splendid history. It holds a strategic position in our national life. And I believe it contains the elemental potencies and dynamics of a complete solution of the present perplexing and discouraging problems which confront the farming communities. But to fill this place, to do this work, the country church will be compelled to reconstruct thoroughly on a more unique and solid basis its present financial habits and plans.

THE SOUL OF THE LITTLE ROOM

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

Sweet room, dear loved of all my people, where
The blue-tiled hearth has held the leaping flare
Of singing logs whose hearts still kept the dead
Enchanted melody of birds long fled,
And where with understanding friends my folk
Have watched the tapestry of flame, and spoke
Slow musing thoughts, the while with gentle chime
The clock made audible the flight of time,
Hast thou no spirit? Here on summer days
The wind on tip-toe feet comes in and plays
Now with the curtain, now a lady's hair,
Then, fitful, sweeps slow fingers here and there,
Like some unseen and silent child who quests
With eager hands this little world. Here rests
The peace of tranquil years. Dear little place,
Hast thou no soul to guess thine own sweet grace?
  One child who dreamed and laughed, suffered and grew
Herein to womanhood believes it true
Thou hast a soul, distilled from all the years,
A heart made slowly up from all the fears,
The hope, the singing loves, the joy and life
Of those who played their parts of calm or strife
Through youth to comprehending age,
On this sequestered corner of Life's stage.
  Then give thyself, O little room, fling wide
Thine heart! And may thy garnered soul abide
With all who shelter here. From out thy meed
Of wisdom give to each his dearest need —
May the light-hearted find some pathos here,
But to the sad, O little room, give cheer!

SOME NOVELISTS AND THE BUSINESS MAN

I. IN ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR GILL

When contemporary American fiction brings on the scene, as it so often does, the successful business man, one might imagine in brackets, somewhere near the beginning of the piece, the Elizabethan stage-direction, 'Alarums. Excursions.' I speak as a foreign reader, liable to mistake the proportions of things; but surely, among the novelists of the last dozen years in the United States, a good many betray, to say the least, a disconcerting uneasiness on this subject, and there are certainly some — and not insignificant — who impeach the business man in quite violent terms.

As I tried to recall any such disturbance in English fiction, I could think of nothing nearer than those old-fashioned Sunday-school tracts about the grocer who sands his sugar or the milkman who waters his milk, — irrelevant instances, of course. For it was not the petty trader, but the higher commercial class, which I saw assailed in the United States; and besides, to make out anything of a parallel, I must be able to quote, instead of obscure pamphleteers, representative British writers, corresponding to such Americans as Norris, Phillips, Churchill, Sinclair, Herrick, Whitlock, Merwin, Dreiser, for instance, — which seemed to be impossible. But if there was no English parallel worth mentioning, how was one to explain it? Must commercial practice be more questionable in the United States, since the American novelists were more given to questioning it? What was to prevent one from inferring, on the other hand, that conscience was more sensitive there? Or were there not other possible explanations, less discordant than either of these with the maxim that human nature is everywhere much the same?

The following notes on some English and American novels of the last and the present century started from this moral question, but they are not confined entirely to it. They deal with the business man who is in a large or at least a large-ish way — the financier, manufacturer, wholesale merchant — as distinguished from the small shopkeeper, publican, and so forth, who have as a rule been rather differently treated by the novelists. One could not say, for instance, about the humble sort that they were at any time more neglected in fiction than in society; but this would be a true statement about both the English and the American business man of the larger kind.

In the United States, even though fortunes on the present huge scale are post-bellum growths, our friend must have ceased long before 1875 to be an obscure or infrequent figure; yet he was practically left out by the American novelists until that date, when Silas Lapham appeared. And although he (or at least his shadow) gained admittance less recently into the older and roomier establishment of English

fiction, he was still confined even after 1875 to a modest corner of it, which by no means corresponded to his contemporary position in the world outside.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century England was sufficiently commercialized to lend some color to Napoleon's sneer about her shopkeeping; yet at the end of it our friend still appears in novels somewhat rarely, more rarely in the foreground of them, and still more rarely as himself. Let the reader search the nineteenth-century classics from Scott to Meredith for one tolerable portrait of the business man *as such*, — not merely, that is, as a husband or father or personage in 'society' or something else extraneous, but enveloped in his particular business, so that we understand it and see him forming and formed by it, even as we see the squires, clergymen, politicians, lawyers, soldiers, sailors, farmers, shopkeepers, of the same novelists through the medium of *their* respective occupations. I do not think the search will be successful.

If any such portraits exist, one might expect to find a specimen in Dickens. For Dickens introduces the business man oftener than any other English novelist does; he was free from the common absorbing interest in the uncommercial upper class, and he had some little business experience and training of his own. Now Dickens nowhere comes nearer to our mark than in *Dombey & Son*. Here is a novel called after a mercantile house, as Zola called one of his after a department store; Dickens even emphasizes the reference by describing the book in full, on the title-page, as 'Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation.' It is not an insignificant firm which is thus set before us as the subject of the book; Dombey & Son is a 'great house' with 'dealings in almost all parts of the world,' and when it failed, 'there was a buzz and whisper on 'Change of a great failure.'

A good deal of the action passes on its premises, 'within the liberties of the City of London'; we are often admitted there, and Mr. Dombey himself was no idler who never visited them; he was 'in and out all day.' Finally, it is a gradual manipulation of the affairs of Dombey & Son by the manager, Carker, which produces the catastrophe of the plot. Yet, in spite of all these circumstances, the commercial side of the drama and of its personages remains practically a blank.

There are indeed some signs of the author's having 'documented' himself about his subject. We hear a good deal about the furniture of Dombey & Son's office, about its position in the street, the situation of the various rooms, what could be seen from the windows; we are told the names, characters, and personal appearances of most of the members of the staff; we see them at their desks, and hear their general remarks; but of the real work of the firm we learn little more than the office-boy, Walter, was able to report to the dealer in nautical instruments. '"Let's hear something about the firm," said Solomon Gills. "Oh, there's not much to be told about the firm, uncle. . . . It's a precious dark set of offices." "No banker's books or cheque books or such tokens of wealth rolling in?"' Walter becomes hazy, and the reader's curiosity on the financial point fares scarcely better than Uncle Solomon's. Vague hints are given here and there that Carker is running schemes of his own instead of looking after the interests of the firm, and that is all. There are stages in the story when it seems as if something clear and definite must be given; when the reader is impatient to get at least one glimpse into the state of Dombey &

Son's ledgers; when Balzac, I think, would have drawn masterly narrative effects from the matter; but it remains wrapped in mystery, and Dickens glides past every opportunity of explaining it, with rhetorical phrases which at last become extravagant in their inadequacy and may perhaps console the reader by exciting his mirth. We do not even get a very clear idea of the general nature of Dombey & Son's trade, though we do hear that 'the firm had dealt largely in hides but never in hearts.'

Dickens did not always evade the business side in so conspicuous or (artistically speaking) so unfortunate a manner as this; but he was always evasive about it. Sometimes this was artistically right; at other times, of little consequence; but, apart from that question, what precise information do we, as a matter of fact, possess about — not the office, or the personal appearance, or the social character, but — the business of those 'German Merchants,' the Cheeryble Brothers, or about the business of Jonas Chuzzlewit with his promising 'business precept, "Do other men for they would do you,"' or indeed about that of any of Dickens's commercial characters above the shopkeeping level?

Without illustrating the point further I will assume that the instance of *Dombey & Son* is typical not only of Dickens but of the Victorian novelists in general, and, it may be added, of the post-Victorian as well. For the novelists of the present day in England, although in some few cases (where American influence has possibly been felt) they describe commercial affairs a little more closely than their predecessors did, — *Tono Bungay*, is a notable instance, — continue on the whole the tradition of silence or vagueness about the business part of the business man.

In what part, then, — in what lay part (commercially speaking) or what undress, — do the English novelists present our commercial friend?

They are not concerned with the way in which he makes his money; the point of interest for them is how he spends it, and especially how he spends it on 'society.' His surprising advance during the nineteenth century across the old class-divisions supplies them with their most frequent theme, and locally at least the results of this advance were important enough to justify their interest. The traditional order of the national procession, — landed gentry, professions, trade, — settled by centuries of custom and almost by the Constitution of the realm, was sadly upset by the development of modern industry, the reduction of agricultural profits and other causes. Never before was the ascent of our friend in the social scale so rapid or widespread, and never perhaps did real life put on the old comedy of the '*bourgeois gentilhomme*' with more frequency or vigor than during this period in England.

The business man's accession to external equality — equality in wealth and the power which it commanded — inspired him too often with an ambition for complete identity with the gentry. He might push or pay his way into their company, but his natural habits, ideas, and manners were seldom those of the uncommercial leisured class, and he was driven in the vain pursuit of his ambition to dissemble the differences by imitation and pretense. An early story of Maria Edgeworth's, *The Manufacturers*, published in 1804, contains in brief most of the criticisms passed by her successors on this misguided proceeding.

Two cousins, William and Charles Darlay, inherit a prosperous cotton factory from their uncle. William has no higher ambition than to stay in busi-

ness, but Charles considers 'tradesmen and manufacturers as a caste disgraceful to polite society.' He proposes to an unattractive 'old coquette' of good family, who accepts him on condition of his adopting her name, giving up all connection with the 'odious factory' and also with his relatives, who, as she says, are 'not at all in her line,' and buying a seat in the country. Transformed into 'Charles Germaine, Esq., of Germaine Park,' he soon tastes disappointment. 'The country gentlemen at first stared, and then laughed, and at last unanimously agreed over their bottle that he was not born for the situation in life in which he now appeared. They remarked and ridiculed the ostentation with which he displayed every luxury in the house; his habit of naming the price of everything to enforce its claim to admiration; his affected contempt for economy; his anxiety to connect himself with persons of rank, joined to his ignorance of the genealogy of nobility, and the strange mistakes he made between old and new titles.' Happening to confuse 'one of the proudest gentlemen in the county with a merchant of the same name,' Charles was called out and nearly killed. He says to his wife one day: '"It is very extraordinary that your relations show us so little civility, my dear." "All things considered,"' she replies, '"I scarcely know how to blame them." Mr. Germaine bowed, by way of thanking his lady for the compliment; she besought him not to bow so much like a man behind a counter, if he could possibly help it.' In the end, his fortune gives out; she dies of a nervous fever, and the prodigal, bankrupt and cured of his folly, resumes his own name and returns to the factory.

William, whose prosperity and happiness have meanwhile been steadily increasing, receives him with open arms, and points the moral by observing, '"We have no connexions with fine people. We preserve our independence by confining ourselves to our station in life, and by never desiring to quit it, nor to ape those who are called our betters."'

The lack of self-respect, the supposition that friendship and esteem are purchasable, that a sow's ear filled with gold is not only as good as or better than a silk purse, but may be made to pass for one, and Charles's ostentation and pretentiousness, complete the usual portrait of his kind in English fiction. Pretentiousness is the trait which perhaps comes in for the most satire, — the commercial *parvenu's* sham fine manners, sham pedigrees, sham family portraits, sham libraries ordered by the yard. As Margaret, the daughter of the poor clergyman in *North and South*, says, — '"Gormans! Are those the Gormans who made their fortune in trade in Southampton? Oh, I am so glad we don't visit them! I don't like shoppy people. I think we are far better off knowing only cottagers and laborers and people without pretence."'

Lord Melbourne, the early counselor of Queen Victoria, expressed this common feeling in much the same language. 'I don't like the middle classes,' he remarked (ministers might still venture to say such things). 'The middle classes are . . . all affectation and conceit and pretence and concealment.'

Pretentiousness being a common human fault, it may be asked why it should be ascribed particularly to our friend? The fact that the parvenu, who is particularly exposed to the temptation, happens to be, in England and elsewhere, most often of commercial origin may be called an accident. But the possibility that the ascription rests on grounds belonging more nearly to commerce itself, and that it is not

unconnected with the strenuous advertising, attention-hunting, or even bluffing methods of some traders, may perhaps be illustrated from a homely modern picture. 'The barber shop,' says the cheerful chronicler of that small Canadian town, Mariposa, 'is one of those wooden structures — I don't know whether you know them — with a false wooden front that sticks up above its real height and gives it an air at once rectangular and imposing. It is a form of architecture much used in Mariposa, and understood to be in keeping with the pretentious and artificial character of modern business.' Anyway, the novelists often pick a quarrel with our friend and his atmosphere on this score, in tones varying between the savage and the mildly amused.

Illustrations of so notorious a theme are unnecessary, but the reader will be glad, I think, to be reminded of Mrs. Elton in Jane Austen's *Emma* — Mrs. Elton who is the daughter of a Bristol tradesman. '"There is a family in that neighborhood who are such an annoyance to my brother and sister through the airs they give themselves,"' says she, — '"people of the name of Tupman, very lately settled there and encumbered with many low connexions, but giving themselves airs and expecting to be on a footing with the old-established families. A year and a half is the very utmost that they can have lived at West Hall; and how they got their fortune nobody knows. They came from Birmingham, which is not a place to promise much, you know, Mr. Weston. One has not great hopes from Birmingham. By their manners they evidently think themselves equal to my brother, Mr. Suckling, who has been eleven years resident at Maple Grove, and whose father had it before him. — I believe at least — I am almost sure — that old Mr. Suckling had completed the purchase before his death."'

Still milder is the attack, if it can be called an attack, in *Pride and Prejudice*, on Sir William Lucas, with his constant allusions to 'the Court of St. James's.' 'Sir William Lucas had been formerly in trade in Meryton, where he had made a tolerable fortune and risen to the honor of knighthood by an address to the King during his mayoralty. The distinction had perhaps been felt too strongly. It had given him a disgust to his business and to his residence in a small market town, and quitting them both he had removed with his family to a house about a mile from Meryton, denominated from that period Lucas Lodge, where he could think with pleasure of his own importance, and unshackled by business occupy himself solely in being civil to the world. For though elated by his rank, it did not render him supercilous. . . . By nature inoffensive, friendly, and obliging, his presentation at St. James's had made him courteous.'

When he meets the imposing Mr. Darcy, and the conversation turns on dancing, he does not fail to ask him whether he has ever danced at St. James's, and on Mr. Darcy saying no, he inquires, '"Did you not think it would be a proper compliment to the place?"' And when he goes to visit his son-in-law, the Reverend Mr. Collins, and Lady Catherine de Burgh calls immediately and invites them to her mansion the same evening, to the vast surprise of Mr. Collins, who exclaims, '"Who could have foreseen such an attention as this?"' — Sir William replies confidently, '"About the Court such instances of elegant breeding are not uncommon."' And when 'Lady Catherine, Sir William, and Mr. and Mrs. Collins sat down to quadrille,' and 'Lady Catherine was, generally speaking, stating the mistakes of the others, or relating some anecdote of herself,'

while 'Mr. Collins was employed in agreeing to everything her ladyship said, thanking her for every fish he won, and apologizing if he thought he won too many,' — Sir William 'did not say much. He was storing his memory with noble names.'

As for that form of pretence which Lord Melbourne notes as 'concealment,' we may recall the perturbation of good Miss Jenkyns, in *Cranford*, when Miss Jessie Brown had made 'the unguarded admission (*à propos* of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother's brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this terrible admission by a terrible cough, for the Honorable Mrs. Jameson was sitting at the card-table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found she was in the same room with a shopkeeper's niece!'

However, the novelists do not by any means overlook the praiseworthy cases where our friend, like William Darlay, avoids pretence and the mistaken idea that aping is rising. Writing her *North and South* in protest against genteel prejudice, Mrs. Gaskell insists upon the manufacturer's — Thornton's — 'pride in the commercial character,' and on his freedom from ambitions foreign to it. '"It was enough for him,"' as his mother puts it, '"to have one great desire, and to bring all the purposes of his life to bear on the fulfillment of that — to hold and maintain a high honorable place among the merchants of his country, the men of his town. Such a place my son has earned for himself. Go where you will, the name of John Thornton of Milton is known and respected among all men of business. Of course it is unknown in fashionable circles," she continued scornfully. "Idle gentlemen and ladies are not likely to know much of a Milton manufacturer, unless he gets into Parliament or marries a lord's daughter."'

Lord Beaconsfield, in *Coningsby*, gives Mr. Millbank, 'one of the wealthiest manufacturers in Lancashire,' the same sort of free character as Thornton displays. 'He sent his son to Eton, though he disapproved of the system of education pursued there, to show that he had as much right to do so as any duke in the land. He had, however, brought up his only boy with a due prejudice against every sentiment or institution of an aristocratic nature, and had especially impressed on him in his school career to avoid the slightest semblance of courting the affections or society of the falsely held superior class. The character of the son, as much as the influence of the father, tended to the fulfillment of these injunctions. Oswald Millbank was of a proud and independent nature, reserved, a little stern.'

Lord Beaconsfield, by the bye, was perhaps the first to introduce the 'super-millionaire' into fiction. Sidonia, in *Coningsby*, is described as 'lord and master of the money-market of the world, and of course lord and master of virtually everything else.' Needless to say, Sidonia has an independent mind under his suave manner, though he shows Lord Beaconsfield's own artistic satisfaction in the picturesque side of high English rank; needless to say also, we get no insight into Sidonia's business affairs.

The sympathetic note recurs in Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley* about the mill-owner, Moore; and the fine self-respect of John Halifax, a business man of humble beginnings, is the main theme of the once popular and by no means negligible work called after him. This story, which seeks to prove that 'the Christian only can be a true gentleman,' begins in the early years of the nineteenth century, when John

Halifax is courting a Miss March, whom he has met accidentally in the country. John is at that time far from his final eminence; he is still, in fact, an assistant-tanner, and Miss March is the daughter of an ex-colonial governor with connections in the nobility; but neither at first knows the other's position. When he discovers hers, John exclaims to a friend, '"There can be no possible hope for me; nothing remains now but silence!"' She, still in ignorance, invites him to call on her at the home of her cousins, Mr. and Lady Caroline Brithwood. He replies, much disturbed, '"Mr. Brithwood would think me unworthy of his acquaintance." "Because you are not very rich? What can that signify? It is enough for me that my friends are gentlemen." "Mr. Brithwood and many others would not allow my claim to that title."

'The young gentlewoman drew back a little, and her involuntary gesture seemed to have brought back all honest dignity and manly pride. He faced her, once more himself. "It is right that you should know to whom you are giving the honor of your kindness. We are not equals, — that is, society would not regard us as such, — and I doubt if even you yourself would wish us to be friends." "Why not?" "Because you are a gentlewoman, and I am a tradesman." The news was evidently a shock to her; it could not but be, reared as she was. John's voice grew firmer, prouder, — no hesitation now. "My calling is, as you will soon hear at Newton Bury, that of a tanner." She looked up — a mingled look of kindliness and pain. "The world says we are not equals, and it would neither be for Miss March's nor my honor did I try to force upon it the truth, which I may prove openly one day, that we *are* equals." Miss March looked up at him, — it was hard to say with what expression of joy or pride, or simple astonishment.'

While the courtship is going on, his employer says to him, '"Why cannot thee keep in thy own rank? Be an honest tradesman as I have been." "And as I trust always to be," answers John. "I am the same person whether in the tan-yard or in Dr. Jessop's drawing-room. I should not respect myself, if I believed otherwise."' He marries Miss March almost at once, but makes no attempt to conciliate her amazed relations, or to improve his social position by the match.

Dickens, though very angry with Mr. Dombey for his pride, admits that it sometimes 'showed well,' as for instance in Mr. Dombey's attitude toward the aristocratic friends and kin of his second wife. Though she was the daughter of the Honorable Mrs. Skewton and niece of a peer, Mr. Dombey had no idea that he was raising himself by marrying her; and after the dinner party given in honor of the alliance, when they each invited their own list of guests, and 'Mrs. Dombey's list by magnetic agreement entered into a bond of union against Mr. Dombey's list, who were left wandering about the rooms in a desolate manner and seeking refuge in corners,' — and Mrs. Dombey made no effort whatever to stop the separation, — he lectured her very firmly. '"Some of those whom you have been pleased to slight tonight" (they included an East India magnate and a banker "reputed to be able to buy up anything,") "confer a distinction upon you, I must tell you, in any visit they pay you. I beg to tell you, for your information, Mrs. Dombey, that I consider these wealthy and important persons confer a distinction upon *me*," — and Mr. Dombey drew himself up as having now rendered them of the highest possible importance.'

George Eliot draws so widely from middle-class life that her continual neglect of our friend is very noticeable. Only a few business people, and those seen entirely from their social side, are scattered through her novels. One remembers the Vincys, in *Middlemarch*, chiefly because of their marriages and the results of them; but Mr. Deane, in *The Mill on the Floss*, has something of interest to say in praise of his commercial calling. Having been all his life in Guest & Co., he opens out thus to Tom Tulliver, who is about to join the firm: '"Why, sir, forty years ago, when I was much such a strapping youngster as you, a man expected to pull between the shafts the best part of his life before he got the whip in his hand. . . . It's this steam, you see, that has made the difference; it drives on every wheel double pace, and the wheel of fortune along with 'em. . . . I don't find fault with the change, as some do. Trade, sir, opens a man's eyes, and if the population is to get thicker on the ground as it's doing, the world must use its wits at inventions of one sort or another. . . . Somebody has said it's a fine thing to make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before; but, sir, it's a fine thing, too, to further the exchange of commodities, and bring the grains of corn to the mouths of the hungry. And that's our line of business. I consider it as honorable a position as a man can hold to be connected with it."'

To the business man, regarded in his social aspect, then, I do not think the English novelists can be said to be unfair, if one strikes a balance between the censure and the approbation of him which they *express*. They recognize, for instance, that sometimes, when he does form 'fine connections,' it is through no truckling on his part, but because the fine folk hasten to meet him more than half-way, or because the general development of the community brings it about. Mrs. Gaskell praises her Thornton for not aspiring to enter parliament or marry a lord's daughter; but the duties of his own station, as it grew in importance, might well have obliged him to become an M.P.; and as for the lord's daughter, our friend was often sorely pressed to take her by her parents. These mitigating circumstances are not overlooked, and yet one may have a suspicion that the censure expressed by the novelists would have been more voluminous, but for two restraining influences. They would probably have said more about our friend's lack of polish, if they had expected him to possess any polish. And secondly, and chiefly, when surveying the collision between the business man and the gentry, they were much more taken up with the defending than with the attacking force. Nothing about our friend attracts them so much as his social rise; but even that is described by them less for his sake than because of the effect it had upon the upper class. The contact brought out weaknesses in the latter, and in watching these they often forget our friend. 'An aristocracy may be created by laws,' says Lord Beaconsfield, 'but it can only be maintained by manners.' If the novelists anticipate very little from the business man in the way of manners, they demand much in that respect from the aristocracy, and where the demand is not satisfied they are severe critics. It is the old story: it is always the leading class of a community which comes in for the most attention, pleasant and unpleasant.

Trollope and Thackeray illustrate this clearly; Dickens is something of an exception. There are two sides, of course, to the rise of the business man, the class he rises into, and the class he rises from. Dickens, whose outlook in-

clined toward the latter side, criticizes our friend from below rather than from above. Naturally, therefore, he expects more from him, and it is, in fact, in Dickens that one finds the harshest attacks on his vulgarity; the reader will remember, in *Hard Times*, the ferocious onslaught on the vulgarity of Josiah Bounderby. But nine out of ten of the novelists stand at the other point of view, and the following extract from Trollope's *Doctor Thorne* is typical.

Mr. Moffat, 'a young man of very large fortune,' and 'seriously inclined to business,' but son of a tailor, is taken up by the noble De Courcys, whose purpose it is to marry him to a minor member of the family — Augusta, daughter of the Lady Arabella Gresham. This Lady Arabella, it should be observed, has opposed the love-marriage of her son, Frank, to Mary Thorne, the illegitimate child of Dr. Thorne's brother and of a sister of Scatcherd, — a stone-mason who has worked his way up to a baronetcy, — until it turns out that Mary has inherited Sir Roger Scatcherd's wealth, when the Lady Arabella at once relents, and 'forgives her birth.' Before this, it should also be observed, the Lady Arabella had meant to join Frank to a Miss Dunstable, whose father had made £200,000 in the 'ointment of Lebanon.' To return to Moffat. 'The Countess (de Courcy), the Lady Arabella and Miss Augusta Gresham had been talking over the Greshambury affairs, and they had latterly been assisted by the Lady Amelia, than whom no De Courcy born was more wise, more solemn, more prudent, or more proud. The ponderosity of her qualifications for nobility was sometimes too much even for her mother, and her devotion to the peerage was such that she would certainly have declined a seat in Heaven, if offered to her without the promise that it should be in the upper house. The subject first discussed had been Augusta's prospects. Mr. Moffat had been invited to De Courcy Castle, and Augusta had been brought there to meet him, with the express intention on the part of the countess that they should be man and wife. The countess had been careful to make it intelligible to her sister-in-law and niece [the Lady Arabella and Augusta] that, though Mr. Moffat would do excellently well for a daughter of Greshambury, he could not be allowed to raise his eyes to a female scion of De Courcy Castle. "Not that we personally dislike him," said the Lady Amelia, "but rank has its drawbacks, Augusta."'

Evidently, Mr. Moffat has some reason for remarking to Miss Dunstable, when he meets her at the great Duke of Omnium's: '"Yes, wealth is very powerful! Here are we, Miss Dunstable, the two most honored guests in this house. . . . Now they accuse us of being tuft-hunters; that is what the world says about persons of our class. It seems to me the toadying is all on the other side."'

Indeed, those cases where 'the toadying is all on the other side' receive most attention from the novelists, for the reason already stated. And, of course, the depreciatory remarks about our friend, which they often put into the mouths of the gentry, and which may cling to him in our memory, do not necessarily express their own opinion. Very often such remarks are meant to hit the small-mindedness, ignorance, or prejudice of those who utter them. Margaret, for instance, in *North and South*, displays her ingenuous wrong-mindedness when she says about Thornton, '"He is the first specimen of a manufacturer — of a person engaged in trade — that I had ever the opportunity of studying, papa. He is my first olive; let me make

a face while I swallow it."' So the Miss Bingleys, in *Pride and Prejudice*, — persons of unquestioned family, — satirize themselves by their remarks on the commercial relations of the Bennetts. '"I have an excessive regard for Jane Bennett,"' says one of them; '"she is really a very sweet creature, and I wish with all my heart she was well settled. But with such a father and mother and such low connections, I fear there is no chance of it." "I think I have heard you say,"' rejoins the other, '"that there is an uncle an attorney in Meryton." "Yes, and they have another who lives somewhere in Cheapside." "That is capital!" said her sister, and they both laughed heartily. . . . They indulged their mirth for some time at their dear friend's vulgar relations.'

How far this prejudice still flourishes may be suggested by an article in the English *Review of Reviews* for January, 1913, on 'The Dignity of Business,' which attracted a good deal of notice. The writer complained that the young are 'deliberately taught to despise business,' and to regard 'business men as little better than paid hucksters, and quite outside the pale'; and most of the English newspaper comments on the article upheld the complaint. This, in spite of the continual commercialization of the English aristocracy. But then, the business man who is ennobled enters the circle of the old traditions as a convert rather than as a conqueror, and he sometimes acquires, after exchanging, so to speak, his office suit for a peer's robes, the keenest perception of the lowness of business.

And now, after this fleeting survey of social criticism, to return for a moment to our starting-point — the moral question. The English novelists, by comparison with the American, are practically silent on the subject of commercial honesty. This does not mean, of course, that they never introduce swindlers into their books; one can think at once of Mr. Montagu Tigg, Rummun Lal, and plenty more. But such persons have no more bearing on the subject of commercial honesty than Jack Sheppard, the highwayman, has. They stand outside of the pale; they are recognized outlaws, and illustrate nothing but the morals of thieves. What I mean is that the English novelists do not preach against the character of the business man who is within the pale. Such as it is they accept it.

The reasons for the acceptance, however, do not allow it to be inferred that silence in this case means approval. To begin with, the novelists are not interested in how our friend makes his money, but only in how he spends it; they have little occasion, therefore, to examine the morals of the former process. Secondly, they discriminate between two standards or styles of conduct, — the commercial and another, — of which the latter, though particularly enshrined in the gentry, is a matter for universal imitation, while the former, though valid enough within its own limited sphere, they never suppose to be capable of general human application, any more than the barrister's professional conduct in defending a man whom he believes to be guilty is capable of general human application. The commercial sphere is regarded as quite restricted and subordinate, and that being so, a discussion of its technical rules and usages is not deemed of interest to the general public. 'Business is business,' but it is nothing more.

Yet it is abundantly evident that they have no high opinion of the commercial standard, even though they accept its validity within its own circumscribed world. The criticism of

the attitude of Sir Barnes Newcome, the great London banker, toward the Bundelcund enterprise, in *The Newcomes*, makes this plain. Sir Barnes withdraws his bank's support from the enterprise at a critical moment, and Thackeray, it will be remembered, in spite of Colonel Newcome's tirades and his own dislike of Sir Barnes, justifies the step as a proper and sound business proceeding, and blames the Colonel for losing his temper over it. Sir Barnes says of himself, '"In business, begad, there are no friends and enemies. I leave all my sentiment on the other side of Temple Bar."' And Thackeray alleges nothing else against him. He admits that Sir Barnes was, according to the legitimate commercial standard, an estimable person. Nevertheless, he does not conceal his contempt of him, and, through him, of the code which he so respectably embodies. He condemns the heartlessness of that code, — as Dickens does in *Hard Times:* its lack of chivalry, its disregard of everything but 'chance and arithmetic.' He may laugh at the quixotic Colonel for denying the right of irresponsible shareholders to get out of the rotten Bundelcund Company, and for comparing them to soldiers 'applying for leave of absence on the eve of an action'; he may ridicule his folly in ignoring the legitimate exactions of business; but about business itself he was perhaps not far from expressing his own sentiments in that well-known passage in *Barry Lyndon*, where the gambler compares himself with commercial people. '"They cry fie upon men engaged in play. But I should like to know how much more honorable *their* modes of livelihood are than ours,"' and so forth.

Let me place side by side two little instances from the same writer, in one of which the standard for general imitation, and in the other that of a technical character and limited applicability, is displayed. In Trollope's *The Eustace Diamonds* we read: 'Lucy Morris was a very unhappy girl. She had a second time accused Lord Fawn of speaking an untruth. She did not quite know the usages of the world in the matter, but she did know that the one offense a gentleman is supposed never to commit is that of telling an untruth.' How absurd it would have appeared to Trollope to substitute 'business man' for 'gentleman' in this passage may be inferred from the other instance. In *The Bertrams* he is describing one of the most highly respected men in the London business world, Mr. George Bertram, Senior, a director of the Bank of England, one beyond reproach according to the ideals of his sphere. 'It was on 'Change that he was truly buried, and in Capel Court that his funeral sermon was duly preached. There were the souls that knew him. . . . He had been true and honest in all his dealings — there at least. He had hurt nobody by word or deed — excepting in the way of trade. And had kept his hands from all picking and stealing — from all picking, that is, not warranted by City usage, and all stealing that the law regards as such. Therefore, there, on 'Change, they preached his funeral sermon loudly and buried him with all due honors.'

Certainly, these novelists have no very high opinion of commercial ideals or practice, and though no crusade against them is to be found in their works, there are many indications of the probability that such a crusade would have occurred, had the business world not been regarded as comparatively negligible, because subordinate to the world in which the other standard was set up.

To the reader who remarks the absence from this sketch of illustrations from contemporary English writers, a

word of explanation is due. The typical attitude of fiction toward business in England has not undergone any great change, I think, during the last two or three decades. A detailed portrayal of commercial life is still very exceptional. And on the moral question, the Victorian point of view continues to prevail unmodified; the frankness with which the validity of an inferior code in business is still accepted gives, for instance, an almost picaresque touch of irresponsibility to the picture of the patent-medicine enterprise in *Tono-Bungay*. In short, such changes as are to be found may perhaps be passed over in presenting the English attitude for the purposes of an international comparison; and that being so, I have preferred to take my illustrations a little way further back, where the stream runs clearer.

In another paper I shall go on to the American side of the comparison.

PARIS

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

I

My first impression of Paris was one of desolation. I stood in the midst of that vast waste of pavement bordered by trees clipped to perverted straight lines, the Place de la Concorde. The wide and stately avenues that merge here in a common centre, lent their vistas to the feeling of gloom and sadness; because each perspective ended in a monument, the souvenir of a dead glory: the Church of the Madeleine, severe and formal, cold witness to the failure of the surrender of the heart to the head, the Gothic to the Doric; the Chamber of Deputies, remnant of a Palace of Power; the Louvre, unwieldy reminder of the over-reaching Bourbons; the Arch of Triumph, taller than Trajan's arch and more pretentious, the monument of one, who, greater than all the Louis, wielded his genius to his own undoing and the mortification of his capital. Desolation of pavement, acres of cobble and gravel; desolation of vista, a forsaken palace, a forgotten religion, a mock triumph.

The mutilated trees were touched with the first green of April, and the mesmerism of Tolstoï's sentence came over me: 'Though hundreds of thousands had done their very best to disfigure the small piece of land on which they were crowded together, by paving the ground with stones, scraping away every vestige of vegetation, cutting the trees, turning away birds and beasts, and filling the air with the smoke of naphtha and coal, still spring was spring, even in the town.'

Spring was spring even in Paris.

Hypnotized by Tolstoï in Paris! A *frisson* that I hasten to shed in the fashionable throngs of the boulevards. But I cannot lose it. These Parisians, these restless particles of a restless race, with their nervous, everlasting gesture, are not convincing in their café gayety; they are a nation to whom

nature and history have denied repose. Every circumstance, whether of catastrophe or prosperity, they meet with national nonchalance, filling the stage of their terrible national tragedies with a frivolous flowing of fashion.

After a long time, and repeated visits, you get acquainted with the French. I do not say with Parisians, — they are easy of access, — but with the French. Then you realize that this, their capital, is a national manifestation of restiveness; but that behind its commotion, concealed from view, — like the wonderful old gardens in the Faubourg St. Germain hidden from the vulgar gaze by ancient walls, — is a seriousness of purpose, a sort of patriotic sadness, that is regenerating the Land of Foibles.

The French nation is a mass of individual particles, scintillating, assertive, — strangers to all the ethics of cohesion. They are incapable of team work. You never read of French football or baseball or organized sports. They are a nation of individualists, brilliant individualists. Their philosophy, poetry, art, music, science, literature, all bear the imprint of a superindividualism that has filled the world with its radiance.

They defy every known law of human gravitation and fly off in a million fragments, careless of results. In truth, they never think of results. They have the child's love for the doing, and the child's scorn for the thing done. They begin more processes, inventions, contrivances, experiments, and end fewer, than all the rest of Europe put together. The French propose, the Germans and the English dispose.

This is the reason why you find the nation split up into factions, instead of divided into two or three large parties. There can be no universal sects among a people where each individual is his own party and writes his own creed. There are a hundred 'schools' of thought, of art, of politics and sentiment, engaged in the endless finesse of French disputation.

Their capital is the great human kaleidoscope in which these scintillating particles are momentarily arranging and rearranging themselves into new and fantastic forms. In no other capital do events shift as they do here. There is always an excitement, a universal topic of conversation and exclamation. Some years ago I thought I had analyzed a political situation, a 'climax,' and I left for Aix-le-Bains. The next paper brought me word of a complete overthrow of the government and the utter reversal of my conclusions. It is so with every session of the Chamber of Deputies. It is so in art, in literature; from one faith to another, from fad to fad, like a child tiring of its toys, these brilliant people glide. They never settle a question, never reach a resting place in their subtle speculations. They are constantly moving.

And the axis of their shifting is always a personality: a Dreyfus, a Mme. Steinheil, a Briand, a Rodin, a Bonaparte, a bandit, an actress, or a Mona Lisa. There must be a new personality every week, a new shift of colors, a new pattern of brilliant nothings on the sombre background of daily routine, for these children of the hour weaving myths and legends around contemporary characters.

When the great floods were filling the wine-cellars with silt some years ago, and the sewers and subways were choked, and the streets were flooded and buildings slipping from their foundations, the boulevard throng was gay with its new pleasure. It immediately invested the rising Seine with the personality of the granite soldier who braces the buttresses of one of the bridges. He was the hero of the turbu-

lent floods. Crowds gathered to wager that the rising current would reach his thighs, his waist, his epaulets, his chin, his nose, his eyes, heedless of the fact that when the water touched his cap, bridges and quays would melt away.

The whole history of this race has been commotion and turmoil and overturning, one constant procession of dramatic events, from the days of the Great Martel to the latest ministry of the newest republic. Wherever you wander in their ancient capital, you encounter gruesome reminders of revolution and tyranny, old street names, squares, monuments, inscriptions, eloquent with the emotions of tumult and courage. Neither Saxon nor Teuton could have survived such centuries of dramatic torsion. Other nations have been forced into war; France has time and again compelled Europe to meet her in combat. Other peoples have been despoiled; France has robbed herself, three times in as many centuries, to the verge of ruin. Other countries have feared rebellions and trembled at the thought of uprisings; France is the mother of Revolution.

Other people find solace in philosophy, respite in religion, and tranquillity in literature and art. To the French, philosophy is an adventure, religion a speculation, literature an excitement, art a stimulant. The Parisian must have the absinthe of variety to dispel the dread of *ennui*. He acknowledges only one purgatory, the inanity of an existence without excitement.

But I have lost myself in the throng of the boulevard, where I sought consolation from the gloom of Tolstoï.

II

The Paris of to-day is a faithful reflection of the old France of yesterday, and a prophecy of the new France of to-morrow. For there is a new France in the making. I say this in the face of the lachrymose orators who find France the horrible example of 'degeneracy,' 'race decadence,' and 'banal debauchery.' In a few years the moral reformer will have to fall back on ancient Rome, like the perennial sophomore, for his morbid figures of speech. I say ancient Rome, because modern Italy, too, is responding to the spirit of awakening that hovers over Europe and China.

Paris is a faithful exposition of France, old and new. But always with this exception — the tourist. When a new Dante arises out of the ashes of modern poetry, he will fill a vast corner of hell with tourists, and the majority of them will have the image of Paris, the 'modern Babylon,' imprinted on their memory. Everybody goes to Paris. That has been the fair capital's misfortune. Everybody has gone to Paris for three hundred years, to taste the forbidden fruit. And Paris, with dainty conceit, has prepared elaborately and artistically the suggestive degeneracy which most of these tourists go to Paris particularly to see. Paris gives any one a boost toward the abyss, if he seeks it — and if he can pay for it.

But as for Paris going over the precipice, it is a neck-and-neck race between all the metropolises and capitals on earth, with the odds for staying qualities in favor of the city that can be the financial mistress of Russia, Germany, and Austria, while wearing the smile of frivolity and the robe of fashion.

Aside from the tourist and tourist-baiting, Paris is the capital of France. Here the ebullient government simmers. Occasionally it bubbles over and puts out the fire under the cauldron.

'We are always over a volcano, and never know what will happen before morning,' the oldest American resident

once told me, as he related his experiences during the Commune. The bullet holes in the trees of the Tuileries, made in that last uprising of the proletariat, are warnings of the tantalizing temper of these people; and the ugly scars on the burned palaces are not yet healed over.

What of it? In London a commune would be a catastrophe; in Paris it is only an event.

Destiny, that potent ogre, prepared the way through a century of Bourbon degeneracy for the greatest, the ghastliest of French Revolutions; an overturning of everything cherished by the older civilizations. It was terrible, not because of its political acts, or its economic consequences, but because it revealed the uniformity of human nature. When the fanged and clawed harpy of the sewers lifted himself into power, he was as heartless and reckless and murderous as the politest Bourbon and the most accomplished courtier. When the Revolution was at its awful climax, when bourgeois had succeeded Bourbon, and the proletarian had risen over the middle class, Edmund Burke said, 'I scanned the map of Europe for France, and she was not.' A decade later, Paris was the capital of the Continent. The kaleidoscope had turned.

It is still turning. I never tired visiting the Chamber of Deputies, where the Republic is governed. No; let me modify my statement; it is not literally true that the Republic is governed by the Chamber of Deputies. The Republic is governed by the Bureaucracy, the wonderfully centralized system of administration designed by Napoleon and perpetuated by every empire and republic, as they have succeeded one another through the century, with Gallic precision. But the Chamber of Deputies is supposed to dominate the administrative system. It dictates to the premier, and when its sanction is withheld the government falls.

In this beautiful and ancient hemicycle with its subdued coloring and chaste classic details, there is enacted yearly the amusing farce, 'Gallic self-government by Deputies.' It will take three or four visits to overcome the feeling that these men are not boys and are not really angry and are not a mob. Every one talks at once, the President rings a huge bell and shouts '*Silence!*'—but there is no silence. The member who wishes to address the Chamber mounts the tribune, high up, out of reach. It is well that he is out of reach. No sooner has he uttered a sentiment than the crowd swoops down the aisles and is upon him; that is, they surround the tribune and shout and gesticulate up at him. They all ask questions in chorus. Nobody seems to mind anybody. When a favorite orator or a prominent politician speaks, he commands a hearing by paragraphs; the ordinary member is allowed to proceed a phrase at a time.

After a particularly turbulent meeting, when desk-lids were slammed and the Chamber was in an uproar, I remarked to a member — a well-known *avocat* — that there had been some confusion. 'Ah,' he said, 'do you not in America exhibit so fine a spirit of earnestness in your Congress?' And when, a few weeks later, I related this experience to a leading professor of law in the University of Paris, he smiled and said that was their way of doing; that political revolution was not abhorrent, but natural, to their national spirit. I do not know how many ministries they have had since 1873. But the average is about one a year. 'We dearly love triumphant insurrection,' answered the editor of a Parisian daily to my question as to why they did not seek greater stability in their government.

After all, this turmoil is only on the

surface. The great freemasonry of government employees goes on, no matter what faction claims the premier or the president. These clever people play the game of governing, with wonderful adroitness. They love the spectacular show of shifting ministries, dramatic debates, sudden overturnings of majorities that thought themselves secure; but behind the scenes is a more or less efficient and orderly administration of affairs.

Underneath this interesting duality of humdrum and excitement, is a constant plotting and counter-plotting. The underground city of Victor Hugo still exists. I visited, one Sunday, a little meeting of anarchists and syndicalists in a basement in one of the out-of-the-way streets of the ancient Town. I looked into faces such as inspired Marat, — veterans of the Commune who helped tear down the walls of empire. There was one old woman whose face, covered with wrinkles, wore a hard and scornful glee. She had one tooth left, which showed like a yellow fang when her lips parted in a heartless smile. She was constantly mumbling to herself. What revenges was she hiding in her ancient soul? In her trembling fingers was some needlework. She might have stepped out of Dickens's *Tale*, fresh from the counting of falling heads. I can understand the Revolutions.

On a May day, I went about the haunts of the syndicalists. Their similes and metaphors were of violence and eruption. 'Rip up the bourgeois'; 'Nail the moneyed hides to the wall'; 'Not liberty, equality, fraternity, but powder, dynamite, and sabres, our potent trinity,' etcetera. Squadrons of cavalry in the avenues, brigades of infantry in the open places kept them in the alleys for the day. One of their leaders boasted to me that some members of his union had put coal into cases that were supposed to contain guns, subjecting their employers to heavy damages.

The next revolution is to be economic as well as political. These proletarians have generations of poverty behind them; they are the aristocracy of the poor. They have their theories written for them, and their pamphlets edited, by men of learning and culture who sit in easy chairs, in well-stocked libraries, in bourgeois residences on 'respectable' streets. It does not shock the French that Georges Sorel, clever and learned, writes readable books inciting the mobs to violence, or that Professor Lagardelle advocates strikes, boycotts, sabotage, destruction. Sorel is read and answered, and the Professor is received as a scholar. That is the Parisians' way, — condemn no man for opinion's sake. To-day he is a Syndicalist, to-morrow he may be a Royalist; Georges Sorel, I am told, has actually made this astounding shift. Paris only smiles and shrugs her shoulders.

I can lead you to another meeting, but I cannot take you in. I can only point out the mansion, or rather the château — for it is out in the country. Here, through an informant, you will hear the language of royal courts. The dukes and counts of the ancient régime revive their illusions of glory with the titles of a vanished splendor. They call each other Count and Baron and Countess.

The blue-bloods plot for regaining power, in the aristocratic faubourgs, just as the no-bloods plot for plunder in the cellars and half-lit chambers of the choked and crooked alleys of the ancient *cité*. The under-world and the super-world are plotting. It makes no difference to the outer world, the Republic goes merrily on. It is the French Republic.

I met these extremes one day in a

most unexpected manner. It was in the Prison Santé, where I contrived to see Gustave Hervé, the noted anti-militarist and antipatriot, who was serving a four years' sentence for his inflammatory editorials in his daily paper *La Guerre Sociale*. While I was talking to him of his theories and his practice of his theories—these French antipatriots have a habit of practicing their theories — I observed a group of fashionably dressed ladies in another part of the prison yard. 'Who are these?' I asked. 'Oh, they are of the old aristocracy and are calling on those young men, who are Bonapartists, and are here for starting a royalist riot on the boulevards the other evening.'

Where else in all the world could such a meeting of the ultra and the nether theories of government have occurred? The Teutons would fail to see the philosophy of it, the British the humor of it.

This shows that inconsistency is an unknown word in the vocabulary of the Frenchman. There is nothing under the sun that is out of place, and nothing ever will appear in human society that will seem out of place, in Paris. You need not be startled, shocked, or surprised at anything in the way of dress, demeanor, or display, which you may see on the streets or in the public places; or at anything you hear pertaining to philosophy, politics, art, and religion. The great *salon* this year included the work of the cubists and the classicists. The University lures orthodox Romanism, rampant or quiescent skepticism, the mysticism of Bergson, and the materialism of Renan.

No one is debased, in France, because of his opinions. From the shining white basilica that surmounts the heights of Montmartre, you look down upon the city of the Pantheon; from the dizzy summit of the Eiffel Tower you look down upon the Sacré Cœur; and from the aeroplanes that buzz like giant locusts in the clouds you look down upon the Tower. It is a matter of absolute indifference to the every-day Parisian, whether you prefer the Pantheon, the Church, the Tower, or the airship. His curiosity as to these things was satisfied long ago. But if you can invent a new way of achieving heights heretofore unreached, then you will have Paris at your feet — for a day.

There is in Paris a genuine democracy of mind. Nowhere else in the world is thinking so untrammeled, philosophy so unshackled, science so ardently followed for its own sake and not for gain. Nowhere else is mere opinion so unguided, so free. And nowhere else does it matter so little what you believe or think or do or possess, so long as you are a personality. The bonhomie of intellect is achieved. It is as if the realm of thought and speculation were one joyous Latin Quarter where the soul of fellowship reigns. Cliques and claques change and shift, they never deny to one another the independence of research, conviction, and criticism which each asserts for itself. At least so much of democracy is here —whatever the Prison Santé may teach —a democracy of art, philosophy and letters. And where this is attained, what matters the outward form of mere government?

By the side of this democracy of culture, there is developing a new democracy of politics and industry. A new power is arising behind the dual forces that hitherto have made the government of the Republic. It is the old, old power in an entirely new guise; the power of landed property. But it is the power of decentralized, not of centralized property; not of trusts and feudal baronies, but of peasants and artisan owners of garden plots. There are more small holdings of land in

France than in Germany, England, and Austria together. Such great estates as survived the revolutions and the vicissitudes of royalty are rapidly breaking into fragments and the particles are greedily snatched by the peasant farmer.

You smile? Let me tell you, here is the mightiest class in the world. Anchored to the soil, therefore as independent as the lark; living humbly and out of doors, therefore as strong as the ox; owning his acre, therefore as cautious as a banker; owning only an acre, and therefore as radical as a labor-unionist; thrifty, honest, and frugal, hoarding his earnings, therefore a lender of money and capable of commanding. There are, I know not how many millions of these peasants. Estimates vary. Their aggregate savings, herded and controlled by three or four great banking syndicates, are invested in Russian and Austrian bonds and German securities; and to such an extent that the French peasant and his city cousin, the artisan, can tumble the Dual Monarchy into the Danube, can shake the Czar's throne as by a revolution, and can put the new industrial Prussia into the hands of a receiver. Only this last May (1913), the city of Paris offered for sale $41,000,000 of bonds for the extension of the municipal gas-plant, and the amount was oversubscribed eighty times and by the humbler classes; proof that French frugality had stowed away $3,280,000,000. And as a deposit of ten francs was required for each bond subscribed for, there had been actually paid into the city treasury $115,000,000 for the privilege of subscribing for $41,000,000.

Last summer, when the Morocco scare was at its height, the French called in a few German loans, and the Berlin Bourse, in one day's panic, lost the price of several battleships and sent in haste a committee of bankers to wait on the Kaiser, to protest against the delay in the negotiations for settling the dispute.

This French peasant is also the gardener for England. The cabbages and potatoes of the French market-gardens form an *entente cordiale* between the hungry Briton and the thrifty Breton that is more enduring than the bland barter of diplomats.

Now this peasantry is finding its own. Heretofore the bankers led the peasants' political opinions as well as invested their funds. But they are forsaking these masters and flocking by the thousands into the Radical and Socialist camps. They have a new leader. I point him out to you as we sit in the balcony of the Chamber of Deputies, — Compère Morrell. He is a gardener, also a politician, an economist, a socialist and, like all Frenchmen, an orator. Socialism, to this group, does not mean destruction of *small* properties. It means democracy, self-assertion, power. The peasant is becoming politically self-conscious.

The twentieth century is beholding the apotheosis of the Great Revolution. Bourbon oppression and Bourbon opulence, Versailles and the Louvre, drove the peasant to frugality with the lash of hunger and the scorpions of terrible taxes. Royal cruelty called forth the habit of frugality and thrift; two centuries of experience have fixed it; and now these peasants are realizing their independence. To-day the Revolution is accomplished.

In France, household industries still thrive. Paris and the greater towns are filled with hand-industries. The peasant and artisan of the land and the craftsman of the towns, these are joining hands in the shaping of the new France. They have enlisted in their cause scholars, writers, and scientists; the aristocracy of intellect, of whom Anatole France is the supreme type,

delights in coöperating with the democracy of labor.

There are other evidences of the new order, such as an awakening in education that is seen everywhere, from the University, through the lycées, to the common schools. Practical vocational training is receiving greater emphasis. A national society for the education of apprentices is growing rapidly, and technical and trade schools are increasing in favor. And the idealism of Bergson is permeating the neo-patriotism.

France is on the verge of an awakening that bodes no ill for the world. Unlike the prosperity of some other European lands, familiar to the reader, the prosperity of France will not be built on the ruins of a competitive trade. It will be the triumph of her national trinity: thrift, art, and idealism.

The beautiful capital on the Seine is witnessing these significant events with the apparent indifference that it has manifested toward all changes, serene or violent, during the stirring and eventful epochs of its history. The dead and the living are scarcely separated in the metropolitan thought — the great dead are standing everywhere, under the spreading trees of its squares and streets, in bronze and marble, reminders of the brief immortality of fame. The living surge everywhere, in search of gain and pleasure, unmindful of the fleetness of Time.

But underneath this frivolous unmindfulness is an eternal vigilance. The heart of Paris feels every true emotion of its people; the mind of the capital is conscious of every passing thought. Paris has witnessed so much history, such violent history, that it can never again be deluded. The capital knows that there are two Frenchmen in every jacket, one serious, the other frivolous. It knows that there is only one thing under heaven about which the Frenchman can be serious: that is *property*. Everything else is pleasure, speculation, vanity. But property, — that is serious. This explains France and the Frenchman — the boulevard, the café, the home. The Frenchman that you see is the Frenchman of the café. The Frenchman who has made history, and will make much more history, is the Frenchman of the home.

In the light of this duality, the Frenchman is the most consistent of mortals, and in the appreciation of his skill in separating his ego from his possessions, who shall say that he is not the wisest? And that Paris is not the capital of Sanity?

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XXII

BUSINESS WOMEN

After a year or so of Nova Scotia, the Van Cleve family moved to Salem, Massachusetts, as we heard through Miss Gilbert, who was always more likely to know something of them and their whereabouts than any one else. But since that time we have rather lost sight of Van Cleve's people; they have never come back here, and their various flights and settlings have been too distant and uncertain to be easily followed. The last news was that they were in Pasadena, and Evelyn was engaged to a Mr. Heffelbauer, 'a son of the millionnaire prune-man,' as some one told me. It may be true, for in *American Backgrounds*, the magazine of house decoration, I came across quite by accident the other day a half-tone of a charming garden in the Italian style, — pools, marble benches, dark, pointed fir trees and all the rest of it, — labeled, 'Formal garden at Idlewild, the estate of W. D. Heffelbauer, San José, Calif. Prune orchard in the distance. Photograph from a painting by Miss E. Lucas.' So, I say, there may be something in that rumor.

And I will confess it has occurred to me once or twice to wonder whether a millionaire in the family might not help Van Cleve out a little, and to hope that the prospective Mrs. Heffelbauer's papa-in-law will be liberal with his prune money. To be sure, Van does n't need help much nowadays; they say he makes a great deal more than a comfortable living out of the real-estate business he went into after the National Loan failure. He borrowed money for the venture, and opened an office over the Central Building and Loan Association, with which organization he had been connected a long while. Its members stood by him stanchly, in spite of the ugly gossip going about; the small clients whom he had gathered during his term at the bank stuck to him, and he gradually gained others; nevertheless, he must have had a gloomy time of it for the first few years. Heavens, how he worked! What nights he spent awake, what days of effort and anxiety! Outwardly, he gave no sign of it; he had the temperament for such a struggle, and in a sense it agreed with him.

I have heard him say with a laugh that in the worst of his pinches he never worried half so much over holding any job, or making both ends meet, as he did the very first time he went to work, a lad of eighteen, at the shoe factory in St. Louis, and used to go up, trembling, for his pay envelope every Saturday night, in deadly fear of hearing that he was to be 'laid off.' 'I got the place during a rush season they were having, with the understanding that if competent and satisfactory I was to be taken on regularly,' he explained; '"competent and satisfactory!" My job was sticking black silk labels, with the firm's name on 'em in gilt letters, in the insides of the shoes, and I was n't so green but that I knew they could

get fifty boys to do that whenever they needed them — that's what was on my mind. And I thought the family were headed straight for the poorhouse if it was n't for me and my eight dollars a week!' He laughed again, but to a discerning listener, the story was not all funny; and where would his family have been by now but for Van Cleve, one could not help questioning.

It seemed strange to Van Cleve afterwards, when the irretrievable had happened, that he had never suspected, scarcely even troubled himself to ask, at the time of the family's removal from Pass Christian to Halifax, whence had come the money for the journey, which he himself had refused to supply them. He understood that Evelyn had sold some pictures; well and good! He had received the news with a surprise not entirely complimentary to the artist; but had made no further inquiry. It was not until a year and a half later, in the summer of 1901, that he found out the truth. Nineteen hundred and one turned out a fateful year for Van: Mr. O'Rourke gave up his place among the bank directors at last, having indeed been called to another, some six feet underground in Spring Grove Cemetery, so that the poor old man never knew the disgrace that was to come upon their management or mismanagement; and Mr. Kendrick, who was even at that time cloudily dissatisfied and uneasy over the conduct of affairs, took his seat. The hot weather came on; Van Cleve took Mrs. Gilbert and Bob on east to the Vermont sanatorium, and himself extended the trip to visit his family, who were by this time getting ready for the Salem move.

It had been almost three years, but Van found them not much changed. His grandmother looked a good deal older, and clung to him rather pathetically; his aunt and cousin were as slender, brilliant, and emphatic as ever; Major Stanton had a new story, a tensely dramatic one, beginning, 'When I was with Sherman on his famous march to the sea, of which you may have heard —' and reciting how he had 'taken a detail' on a scouting expedition, and found a dozen people starved to death in a Negro cabin where they had taken refuge, the women in ball-dresses with jewels on their necks, and on every face a set smile ghastly to behold! The Major did n't invent this grisly tale, either, though his telling of it could hardly be surpassed. You may find it in Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* any day you choose to look. Van Cleve listened to it with due appreciation; he recalled his boyish agonies of shame and fear of ridicule with amusement nowadays.

As for the rest of the family, they were sincerely delighted to see him. Though they had gone off and left him without scruple, though they had had more than one disagreement with him, and had often complained to one another of his harshness and obstinacy, about the impossibility of reasoning with him, and his brutal way of 'saying things,' they were nevertheless very fond and proud of Van Cleve. They had long ago forgiven the Pass Christian grievance, being always generous-spirited and ready to let bygones be bygones. And, besides, the impracticability of Halifax as a place of residence, and the extreme desirableness of Salem now occupied them fully. Van Cleve heard them leniently, for once.

'It might not be a bad plan,' he said; 'this place seems to be all right, but I'd be better satisfied if you were a little nearer me, so I could reach you quickly in case some trouble came up. It takes too long on the road coming here.'

'Oh, Van, you *have* so much judgment!' said his aunt, devoutly; 'I knew if we could get that splendid clear head

of yours to work, you would get right to the bottom of — of everything at *once*. Our only problem is getting to Salem. You know how we hate to ask you for another cent after all you're constantly doing.' Tears came into her eyes, as she gazed at him; it was quite true; they *did* hate to ask him for money — or thought they did.

'That's all right,' said Van briefly; 'it's possible that I can't give you all you need, but you might begin and save a little — don't stint yourselves, just save what you can, you know — every month from now until your lease runs out. Then with that, and what I can spare, you may be able to make out. Sold anything lately, Evelyn?'

'Oh, this is n't any place for pictures, Van,' the artist explained with energy. 'That's one *very strong* reason for our getting away. I really don't think we ought to stay any longer than we can possibly help; we can get somebody to take over the lease, you know, so we won't lose anything that way. It's *business*, you know, with me, Van. I'm simply *buried* here.'

'What's the matter? Are n't the people here up in art, and all that? Can't you get them interested? I thought it could hardly be a worse place than Pass Christian, and you did pretty well there.'

Evelyn and her mother began together: 'Oh, mercy, don't talk about Pass Christian! It was *horrid*. There was nobody there but a great drove of common rich people that did n't care for anything but money, and did n't know any more about art than they did about geometry. I dare say their houses were full of Rogers statuary and prize chromos. The only way to sell them pictures would have been by the yard or the pound. It was n't even worth while to *show* them *my* pictures; they would have been pearls before swine,' Evelyn finished contemptuously.

'Well, who bought them, then? You did sell some,' Van Cleve asked. He was used to their teacup-tempests of disapproval and denunciation, their violent likes and dislikes, and seldom gave himself the trouble of looking for a cause; but this promised to be interesting. 'Some of the swine must have known a pearl when they saw it,' he said, restraining a certain inclination to laugh.

Evelyn saw it, however, and flushed angrily.

'Oh, I know what you're thinking, but other people appreciate my work, people who have seen a great deal more, and know more about art than you do; Mr. Gebhardt, for instance!'

'That's so, he bought one when he was down there. He showed it to me out at the house, I remember; I thought it was pretty good,' said Van Cleve, cordially. 'Who took the others? You seem to have a good many left still.' He glanced about at the walls, which, in fact were as well covered as ever.

'Mr. Gebhardt,' said Evelyn, with a shade less confidence than before; and this time Van Cleve was openly astonished.

'What? All? The whole four or five hundred dollars' worth, I mean? Thunderation!' he ejaculated; and paused with a puzzled face. 'It's funny he never said a word to me about them. He only showed me that one.' And now he looked at the three women, sudden suspicion growing in his quick, light eyes. 'How many pictures did he take, Evie?"

Everybody again began talking at once.

'Why, it was four — he took — that is, there were four of them, Van. But you don't quite understand — at least you don't seem quite to have understood —'

'I did n't want them to do it, Van Cleve; I knew you would n't like it;

but they *would*, anyhow,' his grandmother cried.

'You see, it — it was n't a sale exactly —'

'Well, Mr. Gebhardt can have them whenever he sends. It 's the same thing —'

Van Cleve silenced them with a gesture. 'One at a time,' he said with a voice and expression so like the late lamented Joshua that his grandmother gasped. 'I want to know what you've been doing. Aunt Myra, will you please tell me? I said, *one at a time*, Evie. Now Aunt Myra, will you go ahead?'

'Van Cleve, you know it was when we wanted to come here, and we could n't bear to worry you after you said you — you could n't let us move again, and we thought we 'd have to stay there in that horrible place forever, and oh, Van, you can't have any idea how terrible it was! We could n't *stand* it. It was *killing* us all. We had every one of us been down with *coast fever*, and the colored servants were so lazy and dirty and disgusting; just think, the last one I had went off and left the muffin-pans stuck away in the back of the closet with some of the batter in them! And the doctor said we were all the kind of constitutions that would *never* get acclimated, *never*. Van Cleve, we were just *desperate* —'

Mrs. Lucas had to stop for breath; Van Cleve waited patiently; he had no doubt of presently getting to the truth, for they were truthful and upright women.

'So I wrote to Mr. Gebhardt. You know he had told us over and over again that very time when he was there, and bought Moonlight on the Bayou, that he would do anything in the world to help you, financially, or any way, and wished he could have the chance. So I wrote him just how it was: that you could n't afford to move us, and we did n't want to be any more of a drain on you, when you were trying so hard to get ahead. Only it was a case of *life and death*, and we *must* do something, for a little more of Pass Christian would finish us all. And I told him that Evelyn had four pictures that she would let him have for five hundred dollars; she considers them her best work, and you know, Van, they have been exhibited and *wonderfully* spoken of by the finest critics in the country. I enclosed the newspaper clippings so that he could see for himself,' said Mrs. Lucas, impressively; 'I wanted him to know he would be getting a *bargain*, that it was n't just talk on my part —'

'I *begged* you not to do it — I *said* Van Cleve would n't like it,' reiterated the old lady.

'Well, no, I don't like that sort of thing,' Van said, temperately; 'but I suppose there 's no harm in it, since all artists do it, I'm told. I would n't like Mr. Gebhardt to think that I was putting you up to it, that 's all. He might, you know. However, it can't be helped now,' he meditatively rubbed his chin. 'Did he take them at that price?'

'No, he did n't take them at all — oh, Van Cleve, he was perfectly lovely, he is the *dearest* man!' cried Evelyn. 'He wrote back a beautiful letter and said that he would be proud to own any pictures from the same brush as his beautiful Moonlight on the Bayou; but he did n't want to take advantage of me that way; and that he had often thought what a pleasure it must be to do something toward helping struggling talent, because genius always did have to struggle, no matter how great it was, and I was no exception to that rule; and if I would accept it, he —'

'He 'd give you the money, but you could keep the pictures, is that it?'

'Yes, but he put it in the sweetest, most delicate way. We *could n't* refuse flat, Van, it would have been horrid; so Mamma wrote.'

'I wrote and told him how much we appreciated his noble, generous offer, and how we hoped he would n't think us ungrateful, if we considered it as a loan, not a gift,' said Mrs. Lucas, eagerly. 'I told him we would keep the pictures since he wanted us to, but as far as we were concerned they would be *security* for his money, and he could have them at any time. And he wrote back and said that was perfectly satisfactory. So you see it was nothing but an ordinary business transaction after all, and you must n't worry about it, you dear boy; we would n't be so hateful and selfish as to do anything that would cause you one minute's worry.'

Van Cleve sat silent, rubbing his chin, while all the women gazed at him a little apprehensively; not indeed that they were in the least anxiety about the wisdom and righteousness of their own recent course, but it was sometimes so difficult to bring Van Cleve to their point of view; with all his splendid, manly qualities he was often so stubborn and unreasonable! However, instead of scolding or arguing, he dismissed the matter with an extraordinary speech, a speech which had no apparent relation to anything he or any of them had said hitherto.

'I guess the laugh 's on me!' were his words, uttered with that semi-humorous dryness which they resented without knowing why; and he addressed Mrs. Van Cleve with a startlingly abrupt change of subject. 'Oh, Grandma, tell me again about that time when Grandpa would n't buy you that carpet you wanted, will you?'

CHAPTER XXIII

ANOTHER BUSINESS WOMAN

The Vermont sanatorium did so much for Bob Gilbert that in less than a year he came back looking, to be sure, not fully restored or as if he ever would reach normal health and strength again, but much better than anybody had expected, fleshier, his color tolerably good and cough almost gone; and he himself, as usual, unquenchably sanguine. 'Oh, yes, the symptoms were tubercular,' he would acknowledge with a fine air of superiority and detachment; 'the doctors all told me so. In old times you 'd have felt as if your death-warrant had been signed, and would have made your will and laid right down. I believe people died of pure fright as much as of the disease. It 's different now; we know so much more about treatment and — and all that. I took it in time, and it never got any real hold on me. Of course they keep telling me to be careful; but I expect to keep even with it, and eventually to get it under. I've always been lucky about that — coming out even, you know, or a little better.' And with his laugh, which always ended in a little choke, Robert would change the subject. He never spoke about his health at all unless directly questioned.

He wanted to get something to do at once, and talked very eagerly and insistently about 'getting back into harness'; perhaps he was governed as much by a subtle anxiety to have his theories about his renewed health confirmed even to himself, as by any real motive of ambition or industry, for he was not naturally ambitious or industrious. But now he sought work feverishly, canvassing his friends, haunting offices and salesrooms, attacking all sorts of unlikely people, offering himself for positions he could no more have filled than that of Secretary of State. In fact, it would have been hard to name one for which Bob was qualified, he had had so little training, either business or professional; and his friends were sorely put to it for terms in which to recommend him. For the sake of the

family every one did his best for Bob; but bad luck — or what he considered bad luck — dogged him unswervingly.

For a while he held some sort of small clerk's position with the Antarctic Ice Company, a business enterprise which had collapsed recently, and was being run by a receiver (Stuart Nicholson, the same Mr. Nicholson who was at that time so attentive to Lorrie Gilbert). Bob may have been doing well enough — nobody knew — but anyhow the receivership presently ended, the company got on its legs again, and in the changes of its reorganization, they let Robert go. After that, Van Kendrick bestirred himself and found several small jobs of collecting for Bob to do — an absurd effort, really, for if there was a thing on earth for which Bob had not even a vestige of taste or capacity it was running around after other people to make them pay their debts. The idea of that shiftless, easy-going fellow harrying other delinquents as shiftless and easy-going as himself was ludicrous; they could make him believe any cock-and-bull story, or work on his sympathies until he would be ready to empty his own pockets to save theirs! At the end of six months, having conclusively demonstrated how not to do collecting, Bob was out of employment once more. And about this time, it began to be rumored that he was drinking again.

I cannot now recall all his other attempts and failures, or follow his alternate backslidings and rehabilitations. One met him from time to time, now shabby and run down, now clean and confident, now idle for months, and again working with a hectic energy, full of excitement and enthusiasm, always thin and coughing, yet somehow never seeming to be much worse. It went on for five years; people were constantly prophesying his decline and death and wondering how the family could bear to watch the process, or telling one another with pitying indignation that it was hard to say which must be the more painful and humiliating spectacle for his father and mother and poor Lorrie: Bob on one of his sprees, or Bob sober and half-alive with one lung gone, trying unsuccessfully to support himself in ways the average bright boy of sixteen would disdain. The last place he had was at the Hotel Preston, the big new hotel put up by the Preston estate in 1907. It is a handsome establishment in the most approved hotel style, with canopies of glass and wrought-iron over the entrances, and half a dozen elegant little shops along the front, where persons of sufficient affluence may buy candies, 'gents' furnishings,' and rich blue brocade corsets. Within there is a rotunda with frescoes and a musicians' gallery; and many resplendent rooms upstairs occupied mostly by New York tailors and milliners on tour with displays of their goods. Robert was in the small booth near the lesser door for ladies, in charge of the supply of cheap umbrellas which the management benevolently hires out to people who have been caught unprotected in a shower. I saw him there myself when I darted into the Preston in the middle of a storm one day.

There he was, in the hotel uniform and buttons, like the bell-boys, handing out umbrellas, taking the names on little pasteboard checks and putting away the money, with quite a long line of hurried and impatient customers before him whom he served briskly, civilly, and without confusion. We recognized each other at the same instant; and his manners were better than mine, for whereas I stopped short, and hesitated, feeling sickeningly sorry and ashamed, Bob kept a perfectly placid face and matter-of-fact air, nodded with his nice smile, and went on dis-

pensing umbrellas until it came to my turn, as if that were one of the most worthy and suitable of occupations for an educated man, thirty-five years old, and born and bred a gentleman.

'You did n't get wet, I hope. I never saw anything like the sudden way that rain came up,' he said when I reached his counter. He looked about as usual, with a high color and large, brilliant, hollow eyes; and he did not smell at all of whiskey.

I do not know why I should have been so unhappily embarrassed. I tried to speak naturally.

'I did n't know you were here, Bob.'

'Well, of course you would n't be likely to. You don't come in very often, I expect; nobody ever knows much about the hotels in their own town. I've been here two months,' he said simply. 'This is a nice one. You have to leave a dollar, you know.'

I could think of nothing more to say, so got the money out in silence and watched him put my name down, lingering in a wretched uncertainty. 'Why, you're left-handed, are n't you?' I said at last, idiotically, as he tried the umbrella to see if it was in good order, and passed it over.

'Eh? Why no, not naturally. I've been learning to use that arm, on account of having some trouble with my right here recently,' he explained indifferently; 'some kind of neuralgia or neuritis or something.'

The right lung was the one that was gone — or going — undoubtedly; I might have guessed it, and refrained from questions, if I had not been so flustered. After this maladroit effort, I stammered out some sort of good-bye and was about to retreat thankfully; but the bad quarter of an hour was not yet ended. Before I could move, a lady stepped out of the azure corset-shop which opened on this corridor near at hand, turned towards the door, saw the rain, and turned back quickly. She walked up to the umbrella booth. She was dressed in a beautiful dark blue linen suit, that fitted with incomparable snugness over a figure of smooth, unyielding, accurate curves surpassing those of the whale-boned and pompadour-ribboned dummies we could see through the plate-glass doors behind her; her fawn-colored hair was arranged like theirs in regular, petrified waves, glossy with brilliantine, under a neat, stiff hat with dark blue quills and ribbons smartly applied. She came up to the stand, and the light struck full on her face, and I would have known her in a thousand. 'Can I get an umb —?' she began; and broke short off, staring. It was Paula Jameson — Gilbert — whatever she called herself — Bob's divorced wife; all three of us stood a moment dumb.

I do not know what I should have done — what would have been the proper and humane thing to do, that is: run away as if I were afraid of being caught with them, or stay as if I wanted to see what they were going to do? Actually I contrived to do neither; it all happened too quickly. Paula — she seemed merely surprised, not at all disconcerted — recovered almost at once, and knew me and called me by name; and she said, 'Why, hello, Bob!' and put out her hand to him, too!

He took it automatically, and said, 'How do you do?' looking at her helplessly. Paula kept on talking, not to relieve the situation, for it was plain she herself felt no awkwardness about it, but as it would seem out of the fulness of her heart! She asked both of us if the folks were well? She inquired after several other people. She said warmly, 'Well, this little old burg has waked up at last, has n't it? Look at the new sky-scrapers! And let me tell you there are n't many hotels in this part of the country that have got any-

thing on this one. If they'd only get a bunch of porters with caps and uniforms and numbers down at the Grand Central to grab your grip when you get off the train, why, the town'd be right up to date!' And she laughed, showing all her teeth, which were as pretty and white and flawless as ever, and a tiny crease in one cheek that used to be a dimple years ago.

She was astonishing. I believe the woman was glad to get back here, glad to see us, glad to talk to us. Let me give no false impression; Paula's hail-fellow-well-met manner was not in the least brazen or self-assertive; one sensed a kind of good feeling in her very lack of feeling. She could not be a gentlewoman, or even look like one; but for all her teetering high heels, and her tortured waist, and her carefully made-up complexion, and the breezy assurance of her address, she was absolutely respectable. Her respectability clothed her visibly, like her blue linen suit; she had the air of being armed and bucklered against the world and the wiles of men, supplied with an arsenal of morals, and ready to open fire at the slightest hostile demonstration.

I edged away at last, and was escaping, but Paula interrupted her eager chatter — she was actually asking Bob what that friend of his, Mr. Kendrick, was doing, and whether he and Lorrie had made a match of it yet! — to run after me. 'Oh, do you have to go? Can't you stay a minute? It's raining cats and dogs still,' she said, and seized my arm confidentially; 'can't you just come upstairs, and let me show you our display? I know you'll like it, and I'd love to show you. The things are awfully pretty, and the very latest wrinkles — right straight from Paree, you know, the swellest ever. Oh, say, do come! Our prices are n't sky-high, either, but anyway you don't have to buy anything, you know; I'd just love to have you *see* 'em. Say, can't you? Well, all right, then, but I'm going to be here for three days, so you'll come in some other time, won't you? Did n't you get one of our cards? Well if that ain't the limit! I know you must have been down on our list; we get all the names out of *Who's Who*. Here, take this one. And say, mention me to your friends, will you? I expect some of them remember me, anyhow. This is the first time I've ever made Cincinnati on a trip, and I'd like to work up a trade here for the firm.'

The leaflet she pressed on me was handsomely engraved at the top with a crest, the head of a Roman emperor (to all appearances) enclosed in a wreath, and underneath in minute lettering: 'L. Bloch, 325 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.' Farther down it announced in flourishing script that M. Levi Bloch of Paris, Vienna, and New York, desired to call my attention to the display of samples from his ateliers which would be on view at the Hotel Preston, Parlors A and B, the 24th, 25th, 26th. Corsets, Brassières, Garters, Silk Stockings, Woven and Piece Silk Combinations, etcetera. Exclusive agents for La Sylphide Empire girdle. Expert fitters would be in attendance, and their representative, Mme. Clarice, would give my order her personal supervision.

'I *wish* you'd come up; you might look around while you're waiting for the rain to hold up, anyhow, could n't you?' said Paula, nudging me towards the elevator. 'Say, come on!' And shrewdly keeping a firm grip on my arm, she turned and called a familiar good-bye to Bob, over her shoulder. 'See you later!' He did not answer; indeed, he had hardly spoken at all throughout the incident.

Paula piloted me, unresisting, yet inwardly amazed at the feebleness of my compliance, upstairs and to Parlors

A and B, where, in fact, there was a sumptuous parade of Corsets, Brassières, Combinations, and all the rest of it. She had a couple of *mannequins* there, good-looking young women, all Marcel waves and glittering fingernails, who surveyed me with the extraordinary deferential patronage of their kind; and I noticed that Paula herself exhibited that manner to perfection as she guided me about. She put it on like a glove for the benefit of her underlings, holding up one garment after another, and murmuring prices in confidence; and blarneyed me into buying an expensive harness of sky-blue moiré, lace, and silver buckles, which I have never had on from that day to this, in a style no Parisian saleswoman could have bettered. It was inconceivable that 'that little Paula Jameson' could have developed into so able and distinguished a personage as Madame Clarice, but such was the fact! And in a moment when we were alone, I had the hardihood to ask her a question or two about the process.

She was not in the least offended; I think she took my curiosity and surprise rather as a compliment! 'Why, I just kind of fell into it,' she said. 'I've been in it now for four years. I had to do *something*, you know. After Momma died — that was in nineteen-two — no, three — I've lost count, but it was along there some time — well, after she died, I found we just did n't have anything left. We'd lived it all up. Momma did n't know much, and she did n't raise me to know much, either. — Very well, Ongriette, you can go to your luncheon now, and right afterwards I want you to take those garters up to show the lady in 217 that was in this morning. Tell her we can match any color of corset or silk lawngerie she selects; it's so chick to have everything underneath match.' And as the girl departed, Paula, who had momentarily resumed her saleswoman's elegance of deportment, turned to me, relaxing again.

'We'd simply lived everything clean up. Momma never did have much head-piece, you know,' she explained impartially. 'She'd got to be in poor health, and it was a good thing she died when she did; she'd have been an awful drag on me. I could n't have taken care of her and made a living for both of us, too. As it was, she died and never knew a thing about it. But my, you have n't any idea what a time I had afterwards! Why, I had to sell some jewelry to bury her with. Hey? Why, we were in N'Yawk. I went and got a room in one of those perfectly punk boarding-houses down near Washington Square. You have n't any *idea* what a time I had! I did n't know what to do, and anyway there was n't a thing I *could* do — not even sewing or cooking. If I had n't had luck, I bet I'd have been scrubbing floors this minute. First I thought of going on the stage; but pretty soon I saw that was n't any good. You can hang around the theatrical agencies and offices, and hang around 'em, and *hang* around 'em, till your feet drop off, and you'll never get a look-in, unless you've a friend with a pull. You know the kind of *friend* I mean.' She paused significantly, and I nodded.

'Well, I was n't that kind,' Madame Clarice went on, a certain hardness settling about her still lovely mouth. 'Of course I *could* have —!' She shrugged. 'But what's the use? I just felt as if I was good and done with men. When they come around me now, I just tell 'em all nix on that talk. It don't go with *me*. I've seen too much. I don't want anything more to do with any man, except in a business way, of course. I must say that when a man's got his head set on business, he's, generally speaking, a perfect gentleman.

Well, as I was telling you, there I was in N'Yawk, in a hall-bedroom, you know, without a cent and scared to death every time I heard the landlady coming upstairs. Then one day I had an idea. I got it from something I heard a girl say in one of the dramatic-bureau places I'd been going to. She was a chorus-girl, I guess — looked it, anyhow; and I heard her telling the man that she'd been in a coat-and-suit model job over on Sixth Avenue, ever since the "June Roses" show broke up.

'That interested me, because I always *have* wanted to know what they did in between times, have n't you? That's where I got my idea, too. I just thought, "Why should n't I be a coat-and-suit model? They get good money, and nothing to do but stand around and be looked at. And I've got enough better figure than that chorus-girl." So one day I put on my things and started out.

'Well, it was n't so easy as I thought, but I finally did land a job with a ladies' tailor named Blitz on Thirty-second, near Broadway. His head-woman was sick, and they took me just to fill in while she was away. What he wanted was more of a saleslady to show the things and sort of jolly people along, than a model. It was n't a real swell place like they have on the Avenue — like this one, you know —' And here Paula sent around a glance of proud satisfaction which was, on the whole, rather agreeable to see. She got up and rearranged a negligé of opalescent-tinted crêpe and silver embroidery, so that it would show to better advantage, laid carelessly over one of the gilded Empire chairs of Parlor A; eyed the effect a second, with her head on one side, touched the folds here and there, and returned to her chair and narrative.

'Of course I was pretty green at first, but by the time I'd been there six weeks, I could see I was making good with Blitz. He was business clear through: kept tab on your sales, and got every ounce of work you held out of you. However, the head lady came back one day, and she had n't been in the place a half hour before I knew it would presently be here's-your-hat-what's-your-hurry for me. Mad! And jealous! *Whee!* And the worst of it was she was too good herself for Blitz to get rid of her. Smart as a steel trap, you know, sell you the whole stock without your knowing it; just hypnotized you into buying. I learned a good deal watching her. My, I've often thought how mad it would have made her to know I was getting a line on all her ways, and seeing where I could improve on 'em! When it came to looks, I had the biggest kind of a lead over her, and I guess that's one of the things that made her sorest. I was more refined style, you know, and that's very hard to get always; you don't see a real refined one every day.

'However, by that time, I'd made some acquaintances in the trade; so when I left Blitz, I did n't have any trouble at all scarcely. I went right over to the Lawngerie Department at Altman's. But I had n't been there any time at all before a man I'd met that was in passementerie and fine trimmings came to me and says, "Look here, what you doing here? This ain't any place for you." "Well," I says, "what I'm doing is getting my little fifteen a week. Any place where I can make that is the place for me, according to the way I figure it." He just laughed. He says, "Fifteen! Why, you're too good for that. Now I've got a friend," he says, "with the Maison Bloch, name of Sweeny; he's their head man there, and he's looking for somebody like you. You can put it all over any saleslady he's got. Just look at your form for one thing; form's

everything in the corset trade. Tell 'em you wear the La Délice or the Cleo or the X.Y.Z., or any old style you choose, and they look at your form and fall for it every time. Now I want to take you around and introduce you to Sweeny." Of course I knew that meant I was to throw Sweeny's trade his way all I could, but I'd just as lief. He had a first-class line of goods, and one good turn deserves another, don't it? So we went over to see Sweeny, and sure enough, did n't he engage me right off! Only thing he said to me was: "Say, you got to can that name. You don't want to be *Mrs.* Anybody — you've got to be *Madame* Something, or just a single name like Louise or Charlotte or Adelaide; that's the nifty thing to do." So we decided on Madame Clarice. I think it sounds swell, don't you? Madame Clarice.'

I expressed due admiration; and we sat silent a moment, Paula thoughtfully moving and replacing the charming little sachet-bags, jabots, and odds and ends spread on the table near her.

'It's been easy for you ever since, I suppose?' said I, at length.

'Yes, oh yes. Well, of course, I've got to keep on the job every minute; believe me, I *work*. But I have n't had any trouble; I've gone right along. I make two trips a year, South in winter — Palm Beach, and all the resorts, you know — and North in summer. It's funny I never happened to come here before, but I believe the management have got a notion it is n't a likely place. Anyway, they never put it in my route. You don't know how queer it seemed to-day — same old town, but everything different!'

She was silent, playing with the trifles, and then spoke abruptly: 'Bob Gilbert looks awfully, don't he? I don't believe he'll live long.'

She said this with an air of detached and impersonal observation startling to witness. Whatever their experiences together had been, it was evident that Paula cherished no resentment, no feeling of any kind, about her ex-husband. She regarded him with an amiable indifference. While I was still sitting in a wordless confusion, she added with much more earnestness, 'Lorrie has n't ever got married, he said. I wonder why. Do you suppose it's because of her having been engaged to — to —?'

'To that Mr. Cortwright, that was killed in the Spanish War?' I supplied, seeing her hesitate; 'why, yes, that's what everybody thinks.'

'I thought sure she'd marry Mr. Kendrick,' said Paula, gazing into space with a meditative frown. She caught sight of herself in a mirror, and gave a sound of consternation. 'My, I've got into such a bad habit of frowning that way! Ain't it awful? I'll have my forehead full of wrinkles if I don't look out.' She rubbed her finger-tips across it anxiously.

Some customers coming in just then, this was the end of the interview; and I did not see Madame Clarice again, although she invited me very urgently, and kissed me at parting! It was to be feared that she had diagnosed Bob's case accurately; for going to the Preston next day to turn over the umbrella, I encountered a stylishly trim young woman at the booth in his place. And in answer to my inquiry she told me that the regular clerk had been taken sick yesterday afternoon and had to be sent home.

'I guess he's pretty bad off. They had the house doctor to fix him up, and he took him out to where he lives in a cab. I heard 'em say he had a hemorrhage, or was going to have one,' she said.

(To be concluded.)

SOME LETTERS OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY[1]

II

EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

To Mrs. C. H. Toy

[CHICAGO, *August* 11, 1896.]

As for Chicago, I find that it gives me days or at least hours of broad-gauge Whitmanesque enthusiasm, meagrely sprinkled over weeks of tedium. The tedium is not of the acid-bath sort, however. Genuinely, I feel mellower, deeper-lunged, more of a lover of life, than I have ever felt before, and the reason is that I have had long somnolent spaces in which to feel the alchemy of rest.

I am writing, not much, but with time enough to listen for the fairy echoes, to turn and taste again, to fix and prefer. I shall never have a lordly shelf-full of books to point to ('Paint my two hundred pictures, some good son!') but if I live out the reasonable span, I think I can hope to have one little one at least, or two maybe, which will be in their own way *vocal* from cover to cover. Whether the voice will be one that people will care to hear, matters less to me than it did — perhaps less than it should. Safely stowed in my gum-cell, with my globule of amber honey, I find it easy to forget Leviathan and his egregious spoutings. He begins to seem the least bit comical, Leviathan, from the gum-cell outlook. The fact that we and our cell could hang unobserved on one of his eyelashes, does n't negate our importance in the least. . . .

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[CHICAGO, *August* 27, 1896.]

DEAR DAN:—

So far from considering your letter 'merely silly,' I found it really stirring — at least after I got over my amusement, which you must grant to the weakness of the flesh. The chief reason why I have not replied sooner is (prepare to be shocked beyond speech) that I have been trying to make up my mind which side has the least injustice and unwisdom to its account in this matter. Living here in the heart of the debtor's country I have come to see that the present régime cannot possibly endure. Free silver is undoubtedly a desperate remedy — perhaps an insane one; but the slow asphyxiation which the vast farming population of the West is undergoing from the appreciation of deferred payments on their gigantic mortgage debt, due to the inadequacy of the maximum gold coinage to keep pace with the growth of values — calls for immediate relief of some sort.

I have seriously thought, had indeed before you wrote seriously thought, of doing a little stumping during the fall vacation, but on which side my voice and vote will fall is still a matter of debate with me. This is the utmost abyss and downward of my recreancy.

[1] The first instalment of these letters from Professor Mason's collection was printed in the August issue. — THE EDITORS.

I envy you your feverish and on-the-whole delightful visitings with a poisonous tin-green envy. I have about got my mouth full of western heartiness and uniplexity, and long for the lands of purple haze and wicked goat-shanks of apothegm footing it after the sky-fluttered robes of dryad metaphor. Abbott Thayer must be a daisy: tell me about him. O to walk in a far sweeter country, among dim many-colored bushes! O now to drink a brown drop of happiness with my good friend! Selah!

I note with grief the catalogue of black-prowed ships the Gods have winged with disaster against your spirit's Troy. Anxious counting will not seem to make them fewer. I would urge you again to brave the blustering rigors of the west, if it did not seem such abandoned selfishness to do so. For me to go East now would not only be to 'break a trace,' but to break for a hasty feast the little pot of honey I have stored up by much noon-day toil to serve for a long, long starveling joy next summer and the winter after. I shall only be able to pull through the winter on the prospect of nine months of golden liberty at the end — the epithet being, let me hasten to add, notably metaphorical.

The Singer refuses to comfort my exile with so much as a shed feather of song. My letters lie unanswered, and my tear-bottles cumber the Dead-Letter Office. Wherefore are these thusly? Ah me, to walk in a country of dim many-colored bushes, beside bright-breathing waters! To hear the shy bird that woke at evening in the breast of my friend! Selah.

I was glad to hear you liked the *Atlantic* article. I am in a state of rawness and jealousy when praise of even a pot-boiler makes me lick the hand of the giver. Desperate is the pass of all little Gods who say after the sixth day, 'This is my handiwork, and lo, it is mostly Lolly-pop!'

Divinely yours,

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

August 30, [1896?]

Are n't you ever going to speak to me again? Is my back-yard left irremediably desolate? Have your rag dolls and your blue dishes said inexorable adieu to my cellar-door? The once melodious rain-barrel answers hollow and despairing to my plaints — but for that the summer is mute. What have I done? What have I left undone? Alas, these questions are the ancient foolishness of the Rejected. Forgive me that the rejected are foolish, but tell me my sin.

But a little while ago you were my intercessor with one whom I had inscrutably offended, and now you visit upon my head inscrutable doom. Imagine the panic of a spider who has anchored his web to the pillars of the firmament and discovers of a sudden that they are the spokes of a bicycle in active requisition. Such a one so smote me yesterday with his allegory that I plucked him, silky ruin and all, from his fool's paradise, and deposited him among the comfortable rafters. Will you be outdone in charity? My web is a sight — and Messieurs the flies, once my toothsome prey, beleaguer me, buzzing annihilation.

W. V. M.

Categorically, I crave answer to the following questions: —

1. Where are you to be next year?
2. What are you going to do there?
3. Where have you been this summer?
4. What did you do there?
5. What are your latest *opera?* (a ms. copy of same should accompany reply).

6. What are your contemplated opera? (May be omitted for cause.)
7. Are you happy?
8. Are you well?
9. Are you still friends?

N.B. Please answer the questions in the order given. Use only plain idiomatic English. You will be judged by both the quality and the quantity of your writing.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

CHICAGO, *November* 24, 1896.

DEAR DAN:—

So far from being able to 'dartle a ray of poesy' into your world, I contrast the vivid glow of that world as set forth in your letter, with the kennel I inhabit, in a spirit of blank misgiving. Fourteen consecutive months of hack teaching have left me in a state of spiritual beggary I never dreamed of, and the seven months that still roll their vermiform length before me sometimes startle me into a Bedlam query.

The uncourageous truth must be told, that I have got already to the lees of my resisting power, and at the best can only crawl stricken and tolerated to the latter end. The spirit of selection, the zest of appropriation, is gone out of me. For a more instant misery, I must give up my Christmas trip east, to which my rheumy eyes have long been straining for light. A new course to read for, and a pinching poverty, are the main reagents in this stinking bit of chemistry; at the black bottom of the retort lieth Little Willy's calcined pebble of a heart. Sing a song of willow. Strew on him sawdust, sawdust, with never a hint of goo. Convey a poor devil's plangent gratitude to your mother and your sister-in-law for their offered hospitality. This reminds me, how did Mrs. Dutton Mason get it into her head that she had offended me? Let her know that in my present state, perhaps in any state, a snub or a cuffing from her likes would be unto me as rarest hydromel, since after all even a snub, or a cuffing, constitutes a sort of bond. The blue beatitude of those Milton hills often yearns into the grey drift over Chicago roofs, and I hear thence, even in the midst of cable-car-gongs and elevator chains, a spectral hymnody. . . .

Your statement of your musical condition fills me with sorrow and wrath. Your letter reached me just as I was starting for the Friday afternoon Symphony rehearsal, and darkened for me this one flower of passion and color that still blooms where the city of my soul once was. But in the midst of a Schumann thing my eye wandered to the program and read there the story of his being turned by just such a misfortune as yours into the work which was so gloriously his to do. Of course you know the story, but I could hardly help sitting down at once and calling upon you, beseeching you to think of it again. For you to give up music for 'letters' is for an oyster to renounce pearl-making in order to devote its energies to the composition of sea-weed pills. I hasten to add that this is n't saying a damn against the pills. . . .

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

HARVARD CLUB,
2 WEST 44th ST., *March* 26, 1897.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

Now that I have at last emerged from darkness *a riveder le stelle*, I turn to you as Dante to Casella, and beg at least a word to prove that Florence still has true hearts. I am still rather numb as to brain, and drab-colored as to soul, but I can feel the holy influences that wait upon him who loafs beginning to purge me and urge me, though I tremble to say so for fear of

frightening back their shy inquiring tentacles. The thought of six whole months of acquaintance with myself fills me with an inexpressible arrogance, the likes of which I did n't suspect my meek pedagogical make-up of. I had promised myself for a long time a few days' tarry in Boston before sailing, but got caught as usual between the contracting prongs of time and space. So, instead of the long afternoon or afternoons during which I had hoped to rummage the past and peer into the future with you, here I am with a half-hour and a sheet of paper. Nevertheless, that will suffice for the cardinal question — How is it with you? What is the news from the Niche? Won't you tell me, through the medium of Messrs. Whitby and Co., 5 Via Tornabuoni, Florence?

W. V. M.

[During the six months' trip to Italy and the Austrian Tyrol that Moody now made, he wrote 'Good Friday Night' and the 'Road Hymn for the Start,' and began work on the 'Masque of Judgment.' He returned to Chicago in September, 1897, and undertook, in addition to his teaching, at the suggestion of Mr. Horace E. Scudder, whom he refers to as 'Uncle Horace,' the editing of the Cambridge Edition of Milton's Poetical Works.]

To Ferdinand Schevill

CASA FROLLO, GIUDECCA,
VENICE, *June* 8, '97.

DEAR FERD:—

I have put off writing to you from day to day, partly by reason of the manifold demands which Venice makes on one's powers of sensation and utterance, but principally by reason of the delay which my intimate connections with the patrician houses of Milan failed to prevent in the forwarding of my negatives. Here they are at last, such ones as I have got printed: rejoice over them duly.

I have been installed in the Casa Frollo with the Lovett family for two weeks, and many blessings have been showered upon us. Foremost to be mentioned among Heaven's gifts is a garden, green and voiceful, reaching back through checkered vistas to the Lagoon — a regularly bang-up place of dalliance. Lacketh as yet a laughing Lalage; as yet, I repeat, not without a sinking at the heart. Meanwhile Euterpe floats at the ends of the vineyard alleys, elusive, promising. The Good-Friday theme has taken shape; it proved more modest in scope in the working out than I had anticipated, but I am almost satisfied with it nevertheless. I hope you may not frown upon it, when in the fullness of time it is chanted before you.

I am at work now on a rather hopelessly fantastic thing, I fear, half-lyric, half-dramatic; I shall try to excuse the wilfulness of the form by calling it a Masque. The subject is the Judgment-day — no less — a kind of sketchy modern working over of the theme, from the point of view of the accusing human. God Almighty promises to be an engaging figure, with proper foreshortening. The protagonist is the archangel Raphael, a staunch humanist (his enemies — Heaven confound their counsels! — would say a sentimentalist), and principal rôles are sustained by such pleasing characters as the Seventh Lamp of the Throne, the Angel of the Pale Horse, the Lion of the Throne, and the Spirit of the Morning-star. I foresee great possibilities, — a kind of Hebrew Götterdämmerung, with a chance for some real speaking-out-in-meeting, — hoop-la! — Excuse my barbaric yawp, it is merely meant to express enthusiasm.

We keep a gondola-slave, and make frequent trips to the Lido, which how-

ever is dull as yet. The weather grows hot and heavy apace; I fear we shall have to make a break for the mountains before long. . . .

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

CORTINA D'AMPEZZO,
TYROL, *July* 15, 1897.

MY DEAR MISS JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY: —

I have not answered your unfriendly and inadequate letter sooner because I found myself incapable of mustering the amount of ill-feeling which I judged commensurate with the demands of a reply. I have, indeed, given up all hope of such a strenuous accession, and have resolved merely to hide the fountains of my good will under a decent covering of recrimination, throwing my human longing for retaliation to the winds. I am the more moved to measures of pacification because, in the first place, my return to New England shores has grown suddenly more imminent, and in the second, because I hear news of noble Works taking shape and soul under your hands. It is now nearly three weeks since I fled here to this sky-hung, cloud-acquainted village of the Austrian Tyrol from the too generous ardors of an Italian summer. I am moved to harrow your literary sensibilities with 'description' of these wind-swept valley pastures, hedged in by ferocious peaks, and dowered, even to the border of the snow, with unimaginable wealth of wild bloom. Tremble not, I will not maltreat a captive of courtesy.

To tell the ignoble truth, as my time of liberty draws to an end, and I see how very little I have accomplished in it, I find myself trying to shut out sensations which are too poignant and crowding, in order that I may find the restfulness necessary for work. I have arrived at a depth of miserliness where it is possible for me to give up a night in the star-lit grass for a night of lamp-oil and muddy ink. Not that I have done much, or shall, I fear; but I have a good thing to do, when it pleases Apollo. I have just had a letter from Uncle Horace, making propositions — messes of pottage: it is the reek and fatness thereof which draws my Esau-soul homeward before its appointed time — perhaps.

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

ALBERGO D'ESPAGNA
VIA CALZAIOLI, FLORENCE,
August 1, 1897.

DEAR DAN: —

When I found in the batch of letters awaiting me here this morning one from you, remorse, long dozing, awoke and gnawed. I have been a monster of taciturnity and greedy possession; I have lain on my gorgeous heap of sensation like Fafnir on the Glittering Hoard, growling, from my *papier-maché* throat, to all importunate duties and memories, 'Lass mich fühlen! Ich lieg und besitze.' As I count over my rosary of Italian days — and nights! — with the little seed pearls and the pearls of price and the green gawdies, a sense of profound pity for everybody else in the world invades my breast, — now at least when the imminent prospect of a return to the key of drab sends over me a sense of moral realities once more. The substance of your letter as well as its tone precipitates this floating compassion about yourself, a reaction of the spiritual chemistry for which you will doubtless thank me as little as I should you in a reversed case. That your arm does not pick up, that ——'s beard has again been known to stick out straight, that —— laughs a hyena laugh before relapsing into ambrosial silence, to say nothing of your estrangement from the mint julep and

its realms of gold — all together constitute a desolating picture — so desolating indeed that I hesitate to communicate a plan I had formed for spending the month of September in Boston.

The only scrap of comfort I get, fortunately an intensive one, is the parenthetical assurance that you spend the hoarded strength of your arm in writing music. I have never quite got over the shock given me by your announcement six months ago that music was not for you. There seemed something obscene about such a blow to your chance of happiness, such a lopping off. I remember once seeing a playmate coming out of his door on crutches after he had lost a foot. Bah! my soul sickens yet, after fifteen years. These things should not be done after these ways.

My golden bath, my Semele-shower of sensation, has only strengthened my conviction that the adventures of the mind are beyond all compare more enthralling than the adventures of the senses, that no twining of amorous limbs can bring the intoxication of the airy grappling of the Will to Beauty with the feminine latency of thought toward being beautifully created upon. I hope that is not as snarled as it looks on paper, though I know it's full as bawdy.

This conviction is perhaps the best thing I have to show for my vacation, however. I observe with sudden retrospective dismay that I have accomplished next to nothing in printable pages, one or two short poems, and a couple of torsoes sketched out in the block, but so big that my mallet and chisel lose themselves in the interstices between dust speck and dust speck. I clamber with Liliputian ingenuity over the bulk thereof, spying out, very agile and bustling, with horny eye apprehensive upon cracks and precipices. As yet no planet-displacing news.

Remains to be communicated my plan for September; this: Uncle Horace has had the *gentilezza* to offer me a substantial job of book-editing, which if I accomplish in due season will insure me another playing-space months earlier than I could otherwise hope for it. I propose accordingly to cut short off here, sail on the 19th August for America, reach Boston by the first of September, and spend the ensuing four weeks working in the Boston and Cambridge libraries, with seasons of torso-climbing and mint-juleping generously interspersed. Till when —

WILL.

P.S. When you write abroad again use tissue-paper and invisible ink and write on both sides. My disbursements to the Italian government and the Postal Union on your blue-book amounted to just eighty-five (85) centesimi. Not that it was n't worth ninety (90), but thrift is thrift.

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

[*Spring*, 1898.]

Thanks for the good tidings; they have shed about me a reflected glow of spiritual *bien-être* rare enough in the procession of my days to be relished, I tell you. Then it was n't all reflected either, nor will it altogether go with the fading of the ink. It is jolly that some of us are going to have a say; the elected one must be spokesman for the rejected, and say it with an air and a gesture! Not without responsibility, in view of the others, listening glad but a little jealous, hoping to hear it put just their way, and ready to lift protesting hands if it is n't. I could swallow my own little hiccough of envy with a better grace if I were there to dogmatize over title and title-page, order and grouping and pruning and pad-

ding. I suppose you will have to struggle alone your unillumined way without me, poor thing; but there will come a day of reckoning for all shortcomings, when I crawl over your pages, horny eye animadversive upon this and that, antennae excitedly waving. And if all is good and seemly without and within, I shall go away mollified, and there shall be no more drudging that day but only joy, in the kingdom of Ants.

The jewelled white of the New England winter! Here it is mud — sky, lake, boulevard, factory, flat, one featureless contiguity of Mud — to say nothing of People and their Insides.

W. V. M.

[About April 1, Moody arrived in New York and took a room at 109 Waverley Place. He was working hard on his edition of Milton, but also found time to write out the 'Masque of Judgment' in somewhat tentative and fragmentary form. This he read to me in Boston, early in June. He returned to Chicago for the summer and autumn quarters' teaching, spent the Christmas holidays in Boston, and in the first days of 1899 established himself in New York again, this time at 318 West 57th St.]

To Daniel Gregory Mason

The Players,
New York, *April* 8, 1898.

Dear Dan: —

. . . The plan you outline for the Easter vacation is so tempting that if you had sprung it on me soon enough I suppose I should have yielded to your blandishments and given New York the go-by. Once here, however, I feel that I ought to stay. If I mistake not, my lines are apt to be cast in these places permanently in the not distant future, and I have a good chance now to make some acquaintances and learn the ropes of New York life against that desirable time. I have already met a number of capital chaps here at the Players, where Carpenter has kindly set me down — chiefly playwrights, not very big ones I suspect, but full of enthusiasm and practical expedient. The great thing about them is that they get their things played, and that sort of thing, begad, begins to appeal to me. Do not believe me quite recreant to ideals; Cambridge and her elegiac air seems still lovely and of good report. But these chaps here, though very moderately elegiac and of a dubious report, are splendidly American and contemporary; and I feel convinced that this is the place for young Americans who want to do something. (N. B. *I have not enlisted in the marine.*)

. . . As for yourself, go to Chocorua by all means, and believe me with you in wistful imagination when the spring sun gilds your mountain-tops and absorbs the spare goo from my asphalt pavements.

As ever,

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

The Players,
New York, *April* 13, 1898.

Dear Dan: —

. . . Thanks for the addresses: I shall certainly look up Harry. If you know any other good people here, send me their names and whereabouts and a card of introduction. I am going in for people now, having made the discovery that the average man is among the most unexpected and absorbing of beings. . . .

To Daniel Gregory Mason

Chicago, *Dec.* 2, 1898.

Dear Dan: —

This is an attempt to forestall your righteous wrath at my ungentlemanly neglect of your letters, which have

been meat and drink to me at the seasons of their arrival and for long after. I will accept any punishment except a refusal on your part to rejoice over the fact that I am coming to Cambridge for Christmas week. Intend thy thoughts towards revelry, for there must be mad times. Like a sick and lonesome gilligalloo bird I begin to think on me native sugar-cane swamps, and plume me feathers for a flight thither where the carnivoristicous Philistine invadeth not with his pot-gun of Important Business, and neither moth nor dust doth corrupt. Don't tell me you ain't going to be to home, for I'm a-calculatin' on you for my main holt.

W. V. M.

To Mrs. C. H. Toy

CHICAGO, *Dec.* 5, 1898.

MY DEAR MRS. TOY:—

This is to say that I expect to spend Christmas week in Cambridge. . . . I am eager for the queer inimitable charm of Cambridge, for that atmosphere of mind at once so impersonal and so warm, for that neatness and decency of you children who have been washed and dressed and sent to play on the front lawn of time by old auntie Ding-an-Sich, while we hoodlums contend with the goat for tomato cans in the alley. I have a fair line of the same to lay before your eyes when I am admitted inside the aristocratic front gate: some of them will make a fine effect in a ring around your geranium bed.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[CHICAGO, *Dec.* 19, 1898.]

1. Arrive Friday P.M. or Saturday A.M. Exact time to be communicated later.

2. Will stay at 39 with pleasure.

3. Think Chocorua too risky, especially for your purposes of recuperation.

4. You shall loaf, sir.

5. You shall go to themes once more on Jan. 2 in a galliard, and conduct consultations in a coranto.

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

318 WEST 57th ST.
NEW YORK, *Jan.* 8, 1899.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

I put off writing Hail and Godspeed when the Book came out because I wanted to speak my words of pride and praise in person. You were not there to hear them, and since then I have been caught in the wheels of this world's business. But you cannot but believe me when I say that the book gave me a very keen delight, first because it was yours, and second because it was the world's; and read in cold type it entirely justified my old enthusiasm. Some things, which seemed to me less mature and less forthright, I could have wished away; and others I could have wished a little nearer the everyday speech: but even for these the *Envoi* made *amende honorable.*

What we expect of you now is to fulfill the promise there made: to take hold of the common experience and the common idiom and glorify it. Who am I, to be sure, that I should be offering sage advice? Yet I hope you ask the question without sarcasm, for after all I am one who has loved the Muses well, and hoped much from my friends, however I may seem to have forgotten both the one and the other.

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

HARVARD CLUB,
NEW YORK, *Jan.* 17, 1899.

DEAR DAN:—

I certainly shan't let you off, now that you have been rash enough to make advances. 'F yez don' wan' the

pants, w'y in hell 'd you try 'em on fur, blokey? I answer your questions categorically.

1. You can see all of me all of the time after and including lunch, which I usually take about 1.30; from the mysteries of my bath, breakfast, and matutinal galumphing o'er twin-peaked Parnassus, I shall exclude you peremptorily, but after 1.30 I am yours till cock-crow.

2. My luncheon, consisting of a sandwich and a drink, usually costs ten (10) cents, unless I frequent a free-lunch counter, when it costs five (5). Since looking at the expanse of cheek in the picture which you send (and for which I thank you kindly) I have about resolved to intermit lunches for the time being. If this sounds too Spartan, just remember that a great deal of Nourishment can be bought between Washington Square and Central Park, if you still feel atrophied after lunching with me. For dinner I pay (including tip) from sixty to eighty-five cents, except on rare occasions when I feel proud and sassy — on which occasions I sometimes reach the dizzy and disastrous peak of a dollar ten.

3. The weather will be fine. Shut up, I say it *will!*

I have n't touched the Masque, but have plunged *in medias res* with the play.[1] It bids fair to be short (perhaps 50 minutes to an hour to act) but it's developing pretty well. I found myself embarrassed a good deal at first by the dull monochromatic medium of every-day speech, but am getting more used to it now, and find that when you do get an effect in it it is more flooring than anything to be got with bright pigments. I am trying hard to give it scenic structure, for as I conceive it nearly half of it will be dumb show; at least a great deal of its effectiveness will depend on the acting. I shall have it ready to read to you — at least in first draft — when you appear. I've got a Chinese restaurant to show you on Mott Street; likewise a Chinese stew that will make your gizzard turn pale with joy. Refusing to be refused,

W. V. M.

[1] The first draft of what eventually became *The Faith Healer.* — D. G. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[Postal card].

[New York, *Jan.* 31, 1899.]

Are you going to take those pants? It is important for me to know, as there are other customers. If a hasty decision (or the necessity of it) will prejudice the possibility of your coming, however, put it off until the ninth hour.

You'd better come. Verbum sapienti. Pictures — music — theatre — dives — dinners — Broadway — Bowery — beer — girls — galoots — [the last word is stricken out] Heaven forefend! I 've just come out of it.

W. V. M.

To Ferdinand Schevill

The Players, 16 Gramercy Park,
New York, *Feb.* 20, 1899.

Dear Ferd: —

The great king Grippe reigns in Babylon, and his hand has been heavy on all his subjects — especially your afflictedly. . . .

Are you still minded to woo the Muse under these skies in spring? There may be better places, but there surely are worse; and if the Muse, though never so strictly meditated, prove thankless, there yet remain Amaryllis and the tangles of Neaera's hair. The latter is usually a wig, but very nicely tangled and adequate for most purposes of distraction. . . .

Will.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE. SS. MESABA,
NEW YORK, *March* 11, [1899.]

DEAR DAN:

This is only a word to say that I have been unable to resist the very low rates of passage brought about by the rate-war between the transatlantic lines, and am off for England. . . . I shall settle down and work steadily. . . .

Hastily,

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[Postmarked: CHICAGO, *Dec.* 18, 1899.]

Put it behind thee, my boy; 't is a device of Satan — a whisper of the Demon of Unrest and Seller of Dead Sea Apples. For which belief I shall soon furnish (*viva voce*) argument. The Muses, I groundedly believe, reside at present on an obscure peak (not yet visited) of New Hampshire or Maine; that is, if they have not already succumbed to the attractions of Pike's Peak or Mount Shasta. At any rate that's where I purpose to seek them, and Europe be damned. I have spoken.

W. V. M.

[Moody arrived in Boston at Christmas. It was here that he finally completed 'The Masque of Judgment.' The 'Ode in Time of Hesitation' was also written during this period, and appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May. In the early spring he established himself at East Gloucester, Massachusetts, where he wrote 'Gloucester Moors' and the 'Menagerie,' and revised the play dealing with Schlatter, the 'New Mexico Messiah.' During part of the summer he lived with his friend Mr. Truman H. Bartlett, in Chocorua, N. H. In October he was again settled in Boston, but in November he went to New York, where he lived until his return to Chicago in January, 1901.

During all this period, a most important one in his poetic development, he had to give a considerable portion of his time to the text-book on English literature, but managed to keep his mornings largely free for creative work. The period is notable for publication as well as for production: 'The Masque of Judgment' was printed by Small, Maynard, & Co. in November, 1900, and the 'Poems' appeared in May, 1901, under the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Throughout the final decade of his life, Moody worked as industriously as his uncertain health permitted. After the completion of his two plays, *The Great Divide* and *The Faith Healer*, he returned to poetry as his definitive pursuit. He died at Colorado Springs in October, 1910. — D. G. M.]

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Six hours on the train had nearly exhausted Joseph Cargan. He had read all the available magazines, looked up his connections twice in the railway guide, and even gazed for an hour out of the window. But there were only woods and farms to be seen, scarcely a billboard, and no automobiles. He dropped his cigar wearily into the spittoon by his chair in the club car and relapsed into lethargy. With dull iteration he ran over the plans for the deal in prairie land that he hoped to put through to-morrow, and guessed lazily at whether $6000 would purchase the tract of which they had written him. He thought of his wife, and hoped that his telegram would be telephoned over to the Runkles' so that she might meet him at the station with the clean shirt he had asked for. Afterwards he cut his nails, yawned loudly, and was just going to sleep when they stopped at Joline and a boy came in with papers.

Cargan turned first, as usual, to the stock-market reports. There were only two items of interest since he had left the tape. Montana Pacific had gone off a little more. But 200 shares of Benningham Common had sold at 17, a drop of ten points! His eye caught an explanatory note: the dividend on the preferred had been cut; the surplus was heavily reduced. His mind, searching rapidly over their business, fixed upon two marginal accounts — Jim Smith's and Waldron's. In each case the collateral deposited had already been insufficient. Drawing out his note-book he swiftly figured. 'That old gambler Smith's always on the edge,' he reflected. 'We can hold him a little longer. Gotta sell Waldron out. Must have made a thousand dollars out of that account first and last. Too bad.' A momentary sense of Waldron's calamity swept over him, but quickly evaporated. 'Business is business,' he thought, and remembered, with a little angry satisfaction, Anita Waldron's coming-out dance and how the Runkles, who were invited, kept talking about it all winter. 'Old Waldron won't be so darn particular next year.'

As the train pulled into his home town he hurried out upon the station platform, and saw with pride and pleasure that his wife was just stepping out of the Runkles' motor. Looking about to see who might be there to note the company she was keeping, his eye fell on a tall and stooping gentleman with a trimmed beard and eyeglasses, who was searching with weary eyes the train windows; but even while he frowned at the recognition his wife had seized him by the shoulder, caroling, 'Hello, Jimmy. Give me a kiss, dear, and take your old shirt.' She was a graceful woman, stiffened by an obvious corset, and faintly powdered. A long yellow feather dangled from her orange hat, big pearls were set in her ears, and her shoe-buckles glittered as she walked.

He kissed her admiringly. 'Say, Martha, you look great,' he chuckled. 'I hate to have to go right on. You tell the kids I'll bring 'em something when I get back.'

The train was starting; indeed he had just time to dash up the steps of his car. 'Good-bye, dear,' she caroled. 'Good-bye, dee-ar,' hummed the brakeman, and slammed down the swinging floor of the vestibule. Cargan was already balancing himself along the corridor of the club car. A lurch of the train swung him heavily out among the chairs; to save himself he caught a shoulder and dropped into a seat. His neighbor had but just sat down. It was Waldron.

They shook hands as if nothing were in the air, and then compared watches to see if the train were on time. This done, Waldron took off his glasses, swung them on their black cord, and began to polish them nervously, blinking with short-sighted eyes into the space that hurried past the car windows. Cargan offered him a cigar, but he put it aside quickly.

'No, thank you; no, thank you — Well — they cut the dividend.' He looked at Cargan with a wan smile. 'What'll I do, Cargan? They told me I'd find you on the train, and I thought I'd ask your advice.'

Cargan was relieved. 'Sell, Mr. Waldron,' he answered earnestly, 'Sell right off. That Brogan crowd's runnin' the company now, and they're no good. Sell quick.'

Waldron looked at him in doubt. 'How much do I lose?' he asked feebly.

''Bout six thousand' — against his will Cargan made the tone apologetic. 'Say, put up only five thousand more collateral and we'll carry you till better luck.'

The old man blinked rapidly, then conquered his pride. With punctilious care he unbuttoned his gray cutaway, took out a wallet from under the button of the Society of Colonial Wars, drew forth a sheet of note paper, and with a pencil inscribed a broad O. 'There's my collateral, Mr. Cargan,' he said whimsically.

He was so helpless, and so elegant in his helplessness, that the bully awoke in Cargan. With an effort he broke through the nervous deference with which Waldron always inspired him and spoke roughly: —

'We don't do business without either collateral or cash, Waldron.'

The gentleman put his wallet back hurriedly as if some one had laughed at it, and cast a quick, hurt look at his broker. 'You have n't been thinking of selling me out — after all the business I've given you?'

Cargan nodded.

Incredulity, horror, resolve, passed over Waldron's face. 'You cannot! It's impossible!' he said firmly.

The assertion in his tone was irritating. 'What's goin' to stop us?' Cargan asked coolly; shoved his hands into his pockets, and puffed clouds from his cigar.

Different worlds of imagination revolved in the two men's minds. Theophilus Waldron thought of the children, and of his father the governor, and of the family pride. Sudden poverty was as bad as disgrace. 'I did n't mean it that way,' he answered hurriedly. 'I'm in temporary difficulties. My house is mortgaged. I've borrowed money from my wife — and other places.' — He was too proud to add, 'This is confidential.' — 'My boy's just entered college, my girl's just come out. It is n't just the money —' a gush of emotion reddened his face — 'You've got to pull me through, Cargan. It's impossible; it's out of the question for me to break now!'

But Cargan was remembering how he lost his job in the department store and could n't pay the rent. When *he* was kicked out, nobody said it was impossible! Nobody said it was impossible when they went into the top of a

tenement! The contrast made him bitter; but it was the thought that he had never felt it to be impossible, the inescapable inferiority always forced upon him in the presence of Waldron, which roused his temper.

'Business is business, Mr. Waldron,' he said curtly. 'Ab-so-lute-ly, we won't take the risk.'

They were rattling through coal-sheds and grain-elevators at the edge of a town. Waldron got up stiffly and carefully brushed the cinders from his coat.

'This is Bloomfield, I think,' he said coldly. 'I'm meeting my family here. Mr. Cargan, there are considerations above business.' His voice failed a little. 'This is a matter of life and death.'

Cargan had heard that bluff before. 'What d' you mean?' he grunted.

Mr. Waldron was staring fixedly out of the window. 'I mean,' he faltered, 'that I may not be able to stand up under it.' And then his voice resumed its desperate certainty. 'I mean, sir, that what you propose is impossible. I mean that ab-so-lute-ly you cannot sell me out.' He bowed and felt his way down the corridor.

'I can't, can't I!' Cargan flung after him; then jerked a sheet from the telegraph pad in the rack beside him and wrote: *Sell out Waldron noon tomorrow unless 5000 collateral.* 'Something'll drop for you, old boy,' he growled, addressed the telegram to his partner, and gave it to the porter.

Outside, Cargan heard a burst of merry voices and saw Waldron hurried away by two laughing girls to an automobile waiting with a trunk strapped behind it. Mrs. Waldron followed. She was a stiff woman, a little faded, quietly dressed. Her face was troubled, and when they reached the motor, she caught her husband's elbow gently as if to ask him something, but he merely nodded and turned her glance toward Cargan's window. She bowed and smiled very sweetly in his direction, and Cargan smiled sourly in return. Then the children hustled the old folks into the tonneau and they were off, just as the train started.

Cargan felt hardly used. 'A man's got to look out for himself,' he thought angrily. 'Business is business — that's the thing for him to remember. "It's im-possible"!' Nevertheless, in self-defense he began to calculate what it might have cost to carry the account, until the appalling magnitude of the risk shut off the discussion. 'The darned old self-confident aristocrat!' he murmured, working himself up into a fury. 'Thinks he can bluff me, but he'll find out what's impossible, believe *me*.' Then he dispelled his irritation by a cocktail and hurried into the diner.

He snored in his berth while the train ran out farther and farther upon the great Kansas plain; slept while signs of culture disappeared one by one, and arose in the midst of an endless, unfamiliar world of grass. When he sat down in the diner for his morning meal, the great wheel of the horizon rimmed round his little train without a notch on the perfect circle; over night the outer world had changed, but he was absorbed in fitting his choices into a sixty-cent breakfast.

The train stopped quickly and firmly, and lay dead upon the prairie.

'Eccentrics or hot-box,' said the man who jumped off the step beside him. 'Nothing much else goes wrong with an engine nowadays. What is it, Bill?'

And the conductor, looking about him to see that no more passengers were within earshot, answered, 'Eccentrics — two hours anyway.'

Cargan flung his cigarette on the ground. 'I'll miss my connection at

Hay Junction!' he protested. 'I've gotta be in Hamden this afternoon.'

'Walk then,' said the conductor stolidly. 'It's only ten miles from here straight across.'

There was no house in sight, no road, nothing but the dead train, the new land of endless shimmering prairies, and, beyond the ditch, a single horseman looking curiously at the long cars and the faces strained against the glass of the windows.

'Say, you!' Cargan called, 'can you get an auto anywhere here?'

The figure looked at him impassively, then shook its dusty head.

'Or a team?'

It shook its head again.

'Or a — horse?' Cargan hesitated. He had never ridden a horse.

A sudden gleaming idea shot across the man's solemn features. He slid off his pony and led him nearer the ditch.

'Say —' he suddenly became voluble, — 'you said you wanted to get to Hamden. Well, if you'll make it five plunks, and give me your ticket, you can take this horse, an' I'll go round by train. Say — do you want to?'

Cargan was tempted. All you had to do was to stick on.

'What'll I do with my suitcase?'

'Gimme it to take for you. I guess it ain't worth more'n my horse.'

They helped him on, and pointed out the dim line of telephone poles which marked a road a mile beyond. He walked his horse onward, not daring to trot, struck the dusty highway, rode on over an imperceptible roll of the plains, and was alone on a vast bare earth, naked as when born from the womb of time.

Plover swung up before him with melancholy cries. A soft haze rose from the plains. They grew more vast, more endless. In the north, a white cloud-mass piled itself up and up until it seemed as if it might topple over upon the flat world beneath. He had never before, looked at the country except as real estate, never seen the plains, and a curious new sense of the bigness of the earth oppressed him. He felt very small and very mean. The humiliation of his spirits was a novel feeling and an unpleasant one; he tried to hum it away: —

> Just wait till I strike Broadway
> And watch me with the girls,
> For I'm the man that invented it —
> The hair that always curls.

His harsh voice in the stillness was ridiculous — even to him — but when he stopped singing the silence flowed over him as a stream that had been held back. The sky was enormous; he was only a speck on the vast floor. As he plodded on and on and on through the dust, he began to grow dizzy from the glare and the heat. He could not collect his thoughts for business. A curious sense of weakened identity perplexed him, and his head was full of drifting pictures — Waldron's face among them. That face lingered. He saw him looking vaguely out of the car window — saying that he could n't stand up under it — that it was 'impossible.' He wondered if it was a bluff, after all. The face faded away leaving a dull pity behind it, a struggling remorse. Cargan shifted uneasily in his saddle, and tried to think of business. But instead of business queer childish ideas began floating in and out of his mind, accompanied by words remembered from Sundays in his boyhood. He was alone with God. God saw into his heart. A little nervous shiver ran over him, and when he checked it with a laugh there followed a wave of superstitious emotion.

A low wave of the prairies had hidden from him a little house and barn standing crudely new against the sky in the distance. Tiny figures were moving behind the buildings, and a dust

cloud rose from the highway in front. Cargan suddenly became conscious of his appearance — his serge suit, his straw hat, his awkward seat in the saddle. The loneliness of the plains had shaken his usual self-assurance.

'Maybe they'll think I stole this horse. Guess I'll go round,' he said aloud; jerked his steed from the road into the grass, and urged him into a trot. Instantly he found himself beaten and jolted like a ship in a tempest. He lost a stirrup, he slipped sidewise on the saddle; then in a panicky fright he began to shout and saw at the bit. Frightened by the voice and the thunder of hoofs, a chaparral cock darted from beneath the horse's nose. It was enough to make the beast swerve, then toss his head, and in a panic madder than his rider's, break into a run and dash unrestrainably onward. Cargan, numb with fright, leaned over his neck and wound his hands in the mane. The speed sickened him. The flat earth swung beneath, the sky swam dizzily. He did not dare to pull on the reins; he could only hold on grimly and shut his eyes. Once he slipped, and, screaming, saw for an instant a blur of grass before he could pull himself back to safety. And then the speed increased, the sweaty shoulders labored beneath him, and his senses whirled.

He did not note how far they ran; but at last came a slower motion; a gallop; and then a trot. Weak from exhaustion, he was bumped from the saddle, and found himself clutching and kicking with both arms around his horse's neck. Flinging himself outward, he rolled over on the soft ground, and lay groaning on the prairie. The well-trained horse stopped and began to graze; he too was quivering with fatigue, but his fright was over. The sun was burning near the zenith. The world again was empty, and this time there was no road.

Cargan was lost.

When he recovered a little, he caught the horse, and, too shaken to mount him, limped on, leading him by the bridle, in what direction he did not know. Pangs of hunger and faintness assailed him. The awful loneliness chilled him through in spite of the blaze of heat and light. He remembered stories of men who had wandered on the prairie, round and round in an endless circle, until they had gone crazy and blown out their brains. A profound pity for himself stirred him. Never had he so felt the need of humanity, of human aid. He would have given a hundred dollars to be walking up Main Street, with the boys calling to him from Rooney's cigar store, and the world where it was yesterday.

Just in front a little calf stumbled to its feet and ran toward them, mooing piteously. It, too, was lost. Cargan stroked its nostrils, and a sympathy for all suffering things flowed through his heart. He thought with a shudder of Waldron, pacing somewhere like himself, alone, lost, helpless, his pride gone. In his awakened imagination, he saw him wandering nearer and nearer the fatal act. 'He'll shoot himself. I ought to done something,' he whispered, with a sudden rush of unfamiliar emotion; and all the sentiment in his nature heaved and struggled to the light.

A cow lowed somewhere beyond them; his horse pricked up his ears, and the calf ambled off in the direction of the sound. Cargan limped after hurriedly, leading his horse. A hundred yards brought them to the edge of a slight bowl in the plains, with a little moisture around which pewees were flying, and his heart leaped to see beside it a tiny house of unpainted boards. Wires stretched from one window, along the depression which led westward, until they disappeared in the endless hori-

zon, and, as he paused to survey, a sharp bell rang.

'Hello, is that Annie?' came faintly across the silence.

He looked at his watch, and saw that it was only eleven. 'I'll talk to Casey about Waldron,' he said guiltily. Relief for his escape, and still more the hush of that enormous plain, the solemnity of the great and shining sky, filled him with high and noble thoughts.

'Say, is Hamden near here?' he asked of a slim woman in a gingham dress who appeared at the door.

She nodded.

'And say, can I use your telephone?'

She hesitated, looking him over, then motioned him incuriously to the stool behind the pine table. Solitude seemed to have made her unready of speech. He called Cargan & Casey, then waited fidgeting. Silence invaded the little kitchen. The clock ticked in a hush; the chickens droned in whispers; the woman herself worked over the stove with slow fingers, moving the kettles gently. Cargan & Casey were 'busy.' He fumed for an instant, then gave his own home number.

'It's Jim,' he said, and heard his wife's carol of surprise. He could see her tiptoeing at their telephone. 'I'm all right,' he shouted in response to her eager words; and the thought of their little sitting-room, and the kids playing behind her, warmed his blood. 'I got run away with on the plains, but I'm all right — ' Her frightened ejaculation thrilled him with loving pride — 'honest I am.' And then suddenly a wave of generous emotion mounted to his head. 'Martha,' he called quickly, — 'tell Casey not to sell out Waldron — tell him right away. I'll explain to-morrow.' The connection roared and failed. He hung up the instrument. The quiet room, the gently moving woman, the immensity without, rushed back on his sight. Exhilarated, clear-hearted, looking heaven in the face, he asked the necessary questions, mounted his horse and pushed onward.

Hamden was already a blotch upon the horizon. 'Say, it's great to get into a *big* country,' he murmured, lifted his bare head to the free air, and in a curious exaltation of mind rode on dreamily. He noticed the flowers in the coarse grass, watched the wild doves flying with their quick, strong wing-beats, and swung his eye joyfully around the blue horizons that receded until one felt the curve and pitch of the world.

The mood lasted until Cargan reached the first straggling houses of the village street, so that he entered upon the rutty highway between dirt sidewalks with regret, as one whose holiday was ending. He scarcely noticed the loiterers who stared at him, nor thought of his streaked face, his trousers split at the knee, his hat lost on the wild ride.

But as he plodded onward the atmosphere of town had its effect. His eye began to take note of the size of the shops glittering under their false fronts, the new houses behind rows of stiff young trees, the number and make of automobiles. His subconsciousness grasped the financial level of Hamden, although his thoughts were still in the wide spaces of the plains. A boy ran out from the sidewalk to sell him a paper. He stuck it in his side pocket, and suddenly began to feel like a man of this world again. 'Say, sonny,' he called; 'who sells land in this burg? — Dubell — John Dubell? — Thanks.' He went more and more slowly.

A drug-store, blazing with marble and onyx in the afternoon sun, made Cargan's dry throat wrinkle with thirst. He pulled his horse toward that side of the street. There was a row of customers along the soda-water counter, and through the open windows came

scraps of conversation: two boys were teasing each other about a girl; a group of men were talking auctions, options, prices, real estate. He drank their talk in greedily, with a pang of homesickness and a rush of returning common sense. Dismounting stiffly, he tied his horse, and stood for an instant on the cement pavement, feeling his dirt and tatters, wondering if they would throw him out for a bum. Then he slid inside the door, and ordered a chocolate soda.

The clerk was reading the paper while he juggled the milk-shakes. Cargan, carefully concealing his torn trousers, climbed a stool, and began to look back upon the vagaries of the day with sullen wonder. He brushed furtively at the caked dust on his legs, remembering, irritably, the elegance of Waldron, whom he had saved. In the mirror of the soda fountain he saw himself, torn, dirty, shrinking, and the sight filled him with disgust and anger. He felt as ridiculous as when he had come out with a glass too much from the Stoneham bar, and tripped over the steps of the main entrance. 'Gimme a cigar,' he called to the boy at the magazine counter, bit off the end, lit it, and began to think business.

The clerk, swirling a cataract of milk from glass to glass, revealed the inner sheet of the paper propped before him. Cargan read beneath his arm the full-page advertisement of a land sale — the land sale he had come through all this tomfoolery to reach. His eyes bulged as he saw that they were going to throw a thousand acres on the market. 'Good gosh,' he gulped inwardly, 'what a chance!' It was a sure thing for the man with the money.

The last of his fine sentiments evaporated. Except for Waldron he could have scooped it all in; but now four hundred was all he dared touch, — and perhaps not that. Raging against his softness back there on the plains, which seemed a hardly recognizable world, he ground his teeth, and coughed and choked over his soda. Soft-headed donkey! The reaction was complete. Suddenly a little thought no bigger than a minute arose in one corner of his brain, and spread, and spread. He looked furtively at the clock over the clerk's head, and saw that it was only half past two. With guilty deliberation he rose and walked slowly toward the door of the telephone booth, keeping back from full consciousness just what he was about to do. Then he slammed himself within, and shouted Casey's address to the operator. As he waited, his wrath mounted. 'What in heck was the matter with me anyway!' He smoked furiously in the stifling box.

'Go ahead,' said the operator; — and, at the word, 'Hey there, Casey,' he yelled at the dim voice on the wires, 'I've gotta have five thousand quick! Sell that Benningham Common — yes, Waldron's.' At the name his anger broke loose. 'The old high-brow tried to bluff me. What!! —' The connection failed and left him gasping.

'What! Sold it! He told you to! — No, I dunno anything about a court decision. Up 15 points on a merger! Well what do you think —' He gulped down the sudden reversal and felt for words. 'Say, tell him —' he licked his lips — 'tell him I'm sure glad I saved him. — I'm sure glad.'

The wires roared again, — and Cargan, putting down the receiver grinned shamefacedly into the dirty mirror. But gradually a sense of conscious virtue began to trickle pleasantly through his veins. 'I'm sure glad,' he repeated more vigorously, 'Carryin' him to-day was what did it.' A vision of Mrs. Waldron's happy face rose to bless him; the exhilaration of the morning coursed back into his heart, with a comfortable feeling of good business about

it. He felt better and better. From somewhere a saying floated into his head: 'Doing good unto others is the only happiness.' 'By heck, that's true,' he commented aloud and sat smoking peacefully, his mind aglow with pleasant thoughts.

The bell whirred raucously. He saw that he had forgotten to replace the receiver, and putting it to his ear caught Casey's voice again: —

'Say, Carg, Jim Smith's in the office, and won't leave till he's heard from you. Montana Pacific's off two points more. Say, do you want to carry *him?* He says he's done for if you sell him out.'

A fire of indignation rushed through Cargan. 'What d' you think I am — a damned philanthropist?' he yelled. 'Sell out the old gambler! Sell him out!' And he hung up.

FUTURIST MANNERS

I SOMETIMES marvel, among other causes for marvel, which seem to multiply with increasing years, at the myth regarding successive generations as standing for a certain sympathy in taste and in conviction. As the years go on, one is supposed to link one's arm more and more closely into that of one's own generation, marching on more bravely for being in step, glad of a companion whose stride measures up with one's own, when all before and all after seem to obey a different music. As a matter of fact, for many years I have been searching for my generation, and nowhere can I find it. No quest of olden time could have been more elusive. Where shall one discover the philosopher's stone? In what remote corner lay one's finger upon the will-o'-the-wisp? Where shall one find one's generation?

We grow older in diversely selective fashion, in our tangled human progress, the parts that change, the parts that stay stable, seldom coinciding with those of friend and relative. Hence it comes to pass that one has no exact contemporaries, merely shadowy companions whom one encounters at scattered instants, only to see them flit to far distances. An old friend, looking before and after, torn this way and that, comes to seem, to one whose choices are different, a conglomerate of his forbears and of his descendants. He who sides one moment with his great-grandfather, the next with his great-great-grandchild, is a hard person to meet in any of those alleged trysting-places of middle age, where a generation takes counsel with itself, and makes a certain stand between the old and the new.

This may account for my vast loneliness when I gaze at futurist things, — futurist pictures, futurist literature, futurist statues, futurist dances, upon one or another of which most of my supposed contemporaries look with complacency. I, who would repel with just indignation the suggestion that I had passed the time of growth, and had become hard and dry and unreceptive; who would claim that I wish to hold only that which was best in the past, while waiting for anything fine and new that the future has to offer, stand

lost in uncomprehending dismay at much of the spectacle of life before me. Most dismayed of all am I in witnessing what I may perhaps designate as futurist manners, the new rough-and-tumble ways of our young, which have so little charm to my eyes, for I fail to share the approving mood of my contemporaries, their fond mothers and adoring fathers. What do the new tendencies mean? Is human nature here, like art, 'recapturing its own essential madness?'

Our sons and daughters look odd to me when fully clad for athletics, and act as oddly. Something of the wild striding of the athletic field, the leaping, gyrating, hand-springing tendency is carried by stalwart, bare-headed youth of both sexes into urban districts, street and mart echoing to the whistles and the ringing cheers of our young men and maidens alike. There is a swiftness and dash, one might almost call it an automobile manner, in their steady stride forward with no regard for obstacles. Recently I saw an old lady of eighty, one whose slender frailty clearly proclaimed her age, totter from the sidewalk to the gutter as she met a group of three young women abreast, striding as one. They were well groomed, more 'gently dressed,' however, than 'gently bred,' if I may use the words of a quaint old friend of mine. Apparently there was to them nothing unusual in the spectacle, and they went swinging on their way, while the old lady, wearing a look of joy, as if all that she claimed as her due lay in escaping destruction, climbed triumphantly back to the sidewalk. The scene has become a haunting, symbolic memory, an allegory of contemporary youth and age.

Just how far the new manners coincide in principle with other futurist things would be hard to say, but from subway stations, entrances to lecture halls, from the aimless hurry and struggle of theatre exits, comes many a memory suggestive of 'the malcoherence aforethought of the impressionist writer.' Particularly upon the board walks of New England, — a great revealer of character, whether associated with academic institutions, sea-shore resorts, or suburban towns, — does one become aware of tendencies more than futurist, verging on cubist; for, when several maidens with intertwined arms bear heavily down, striking one in the shoulder with no word of apology, it is as if one had met a cubist picture face to face, and bore upon one's person the marks of the contact.

It was at a lecture on the new movement in art that the likeness first struck me. The speaker was warming to his subject, when a futurist maiden, in a futurist skirt (no small feat in that costume), stepped over a high wooden partition that separated her from a desired seat. 'The new movement,' the lecturer was saying, 'bears witness to the inner need of every man to express himself.' Our new manners, like the new pictures, are also impressionist, subjective, and show us similarly unaware of the shapes and contours of the outer world; hence, many a bruise, many a strained muscle, many a trodden toe.

In contemporary conduct, as in modern art, we are aware of reaction from old standards, based upon considerations of general welfare, to an individualistic standard where, as the lecturer on futurist pictures said, it is 'the duty of every man to strike out for himself.' In life as in art this need of immediate self-expression is too often gratified at the expense of the laws of beauty and of order. The new pictures 'render directly the vibration or rhythm of life.' So does a herd of stampeding cattle; so do our sons and daughters in the city streets. The futurist and post-impressionist pictures mean 'a direct

response to certain stimuli,' we are told. Yes, but there are stimuli and stimuli, and the history of our civilization is but the history of our attempts to decide to which stimuli it is wise to respond. Alas, in regard to the new manners as in regard to the new pictures I stand confessed as one who fails to comprehend 'in the first shock of contact,' and so will forever fail!

It is especially with reference to womankind that I find the new tendencies in manner most trying. 'There *his* n't the slightest doubt about it; might is right,' quoted an imperialistic deck-steward, overheard on a recent voyage. It may be true, though I 'ha' ma doots'; and even if true, I should hate to see it become the slogan of embattled womankind. What meaning will the term 'gentlefolk,' particularly 'gentlewomen,' have for future generations? Probably it will suggest an extinct species that died out in the process of the survival of the fittest. It is here that I part company with my generation; we are all conservatives and progressives at such odd angles that a mad geometrician would be as necessary to express us as to express The Procession, Seville, or The Dance at the Spring.

Those among my contemporaries who agree with me in questioning the manners of our daughters of to-day are precisely the ones who disagree with me in thinking that women should be allowed to use their minds, if they have them, in any way they can. I have known learned gentlewomen so exquisitely fine in manner that I can but believe that it would be possible to hold fast the older standards in regard to conduct and bearing, while permitting the wider opportunity in occupation and achievement. In other words, the athletic and the intellectual development of women do not seem to me inextricably connected in ideal theory as they are in practice. But eager as I am for the fuller intellectual life, I should rather go back to even eighteenth-century conditions than to have my sex make up so large a part of The Rude descending a Staircase.

I should promptly deny any insinuation that I am unprogressive; the fear of being unprogressive, by the way, is the one feeling in which all members of all generations now meet and agree. But I have uneasy moments of remembering, what I think many of our leaders are forgetting, that rapidity of motion and progress are not after all synonymous. One learns many things as a child in the country, and old memories of coasting remind me now and then that swiftness characterizes not ascent but descent, — the swiftest progress of all being down hill.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE HUMAN SATURATION-POINT

If a solute or soluble substance is dissolved in water or other solvent, a point is often reached that indicates that the limit of solubility has been attained, and that is called the saturation-point: The solvent cannot take up any more. Now in our relations with one another we often find that we behave as if we were solvents, and show by our saturation-points the measure of good things that we can take up or dissolve. If I do you a favor and you reward me equitably for it, and we maintain an equilibrium of favor and reward, we may, after the manner of chemists, express the situation in this way: —

My favors to you = your rewards to me.

You may reward me in greater measure than my favor deserves, and I may be able to take up or dissolve a great deal of such reward from you and be the better for it. But the chances are that I have a saturation point, and if your reward goes beyond it I shall show a precipitate, and then I cease to be the clear solution that I was. Then I am super-saturated, — and injured. Perhaps I can best explain this by the story of a man named Hans whom I had in my employ once, in a chemical factory.

Hans was a remarkably efficient workman. He had a good head, was diligent, faithful, and interested in his work. In fact, Hans was a jewel. I paid him two dollars a day. This was back in the early eighties, and two dollars was better pay then than it is now.

Hans's job was caring for a kettle, and he did it exceedingly well. The melt in his kettle nearly always came out right because he watched the thermometers carefully and knew how to manage the fire underneath. Then, too, if anything went wrong he was alert to observe it, and he would come and tell me at the first sign of disorder, instead of waiting, as some of the other men had done, until several hundred dollars' worth of material was spoiled. Then I gave him two kettles and a helper and raised his pay to $2.25 a day. The results justified my happiest expectations. Then I gave him four kettles to look after and $2.50 a day. Results were still better. In time he became gang foreman, in charge of all the kettles, and his wages were $3.00 a day. He used his judgment to good advantage. My troubles with the kettles almost ceased. There was a little more work in that department which required some attention to temperatures. It was not arduous and demanded but a little time occasionally. We discussed the problem, he was certain that he could look after it easily, and made one or two valuable suggestions. So I made him department foreman at $3.25 a day.

That last quarter of a dollar spoiled him! Straightway his conceit knew no bounds, he bullied the men under him, assumed a false dignity, would listen to no advice, knew everything better — and the finish was painful.

Across the street, in another department, Charlie went to pieces on slighter promotion.

Hans reached his saturation-point at $3.25 a day; Charlie at $2.50.

The illustration may not be a happy one; perhaps in managing my men I

missed some principles of psychology which, duly applied, would have avoided the trouble. But I think the example holds; each reached his saturation-point — not in money necessarily, but in responsibility and reward.

The saturation-point, as we are calling it, is peculiar in this respect: we rarely observe it in ourselves although it becomes immediately patent to every one else. Now the world is full of super-saturated people. The sudden accession of wealth is the occasion of its frequent display. Access of responsibility often causes it. A prosperous or socially favorable marriage super-saturates many women, and it does the same to many men. When any one gets what is known in slang as 'the big head' he has passed his saturation-point. It is more frequently reached by master or mistress than by man or maid, but none of us is free from the possibility of it. The impertinence of others is often not their own fault, but rather our own unconscious bumptiousness — the normal human reaction against super-saturation.

The man who struts about declaring that ingratitude is the one thing he will not brook, is almost certain to have passed his point, and his call for gratitude is more often than not the cry of his own vanity for appreciation of merit that he lacks. It would seem that excess of reward sets something askew in the human mechanism. The megalomania that follows it manifests itself occasionally only on the social side, leaving the mind as clear to administer affairs as ever it was; but more often super-saturation affects more than our manners, it affects our character. At times it is ruinous. The very best of us go to pieces under it. Successful institutions are often the graves of the reputations of the men who made them; of their real creators who conceived the ideas, organized, and worked with inspiration and unceasing effort to bring about success and then, somewhere in the process, all-unexpectedly, reached their saturation-points. Then they proceeded to follow in the way of Hans.

What happens to such a man or woman? Is it a pathological process? Is some poison secreted which produces this megalomania? The creature who has passed his saturation-point is not the same as he was before. He loses patience, he thinks only of himself in relation to his work, his attention to the opinions and advice of others is inhibited, he ceases to acknowledge that he makes mistakes; and the very leader whom you have been depending upon, supporting, defending and encouraging, turns out to be inefficient and inadequate. It is a veritable tragedy; and it is constantly occurring.

We find it in politics often. The once inspiring leader is likely to change his whole nature as soon as his saturation-point of praise is reached, and to degenerate into a selfish boss or a demagogue. The man of ideals closes his mind and becomes a common scold. It almost seems as if it were not good to be fully rewarded, because the least excess — and who can measure rewards with justice? — will weigh in the balances against us and then up we go, off the earth, into the air; and so into the windmill region.

It does indeed seem odd to think of an employee cautioning his employer against paying him too great a reward lest he reach his saturation-point; nevertheless, we should all beware of great rewards, for danger lurks in them.

The professions are full of examples of this, and so is the business world. Labor leaders are often the unconscious victims of severe attacks of the malady, and it occasionally occurs that all parties to an arbitration of a labor dispute are afflicted at the same time. Then

the poor go hungry, and dividends cease. As soon as a man's reward is too great or as soon as his job is too big for him, whether because of increasing complexities of his task or because he decreases in efficiency, the saturation-point is at hand. He may go to pieces in a nervous break-down, but usually the first symptom is his denial that his administration is open to criticism, and, out of sheer weakness, he closes his mind. Then come impatience and irascibility,—and the first person singular enters into his soul.

The ability to remain both sober and gracious under high reward or great responsibility is a quality that we greatly admire in others. To retain a simple and open mind after doing something that is acknowledged to be of merit is one of the rarest accomplishments of sanity. It makes for pleasantness in abundant measure.

Indeed it does more than this: it makes living possible, paves the way to success, begets good will, conquers hatred and uncharitableness; in short, it is the substance of comity, the evidence of grace, and the proof of a large mind that is sane.

Some of us begin to develop when rewards come. We peg away at our jobs, none too graciously, perhaps, until others begin to admire. Under this stimulus some of us ripen into exceptionally good citizens, fine, and of great benefit to the world we live in. But even those of us who have achieved great merit are not invulnerable. The hallucination that we are something that we are not, or are entitled to more than our deserts, or that our judgment is the only righteous and sound judgment, is the sign that the point of saturation has been passed.

It is, indeed, a kind of mild insanity, and we shall do well to guard against it. It is very wide-spread, and many of us are in the throes of it now.

ROMANCE AND THE BUDGET

When Valeria approached me the other day on the subject of finances among the married, I was amused. I suggested that she should write to one of those publications which in settling the problems of all women manage to settle the hash of most men.

'There's sure to be a special column in any one of them,' I said, 'particularly devoted to such aspects of married life. Now I think of it, I'm sure I've seen one, conducted by "Dodona." Write to Dodona, and you'll get an answer within two months — sooner, if you enclose an addressed, stamped envelope. And there will also be articles by contributors who have suffered.'

'Rot!' sighed Valeria. Then, grinning, 'I know what you mean: "How I Dressed My Family of Six in Paper Bags"; "A Complete Trousseau from the Ten-Cent Store"; "Agate-Ware in Household Decoration."'

'You've been reading them,' I commented.

'I?' exclaimed Valeria. 'Never!' But she blushed.

'It all comes to this,' said Valeria. 'I wish I had a *dot*.'

'We all do,' I assented.

'No, but any old *dot*,' she sighed. 'Why I knew personally — and to my impoverishment — a street-beggar in Tours who gave his daughter a dowry of ten thousand francs when she married.'

'Maurice will be amply able to support you,' I rejoined very conventionally.

'That is n't the point, and you know it.' And Valeria changed the subject.

It was not the point. I did know it; and therefore I let her change the subject.

It is by no means my intention to enter on statistics or to offer advice on the vexed question of the proper

apportionment between two people, or among six, of any man's income. I have often been much interested, and not a little dismayed, by the immense amount of talk on the subject. It is not only the women's periodicals that go into it. I remember vividly an *Atlantic* article of some years ago, by the 'wife of a professor,' that more than touched on it; an article, by the way, that proved the value of the decimal system, inasmuch as without it the writer's family could hardly have kept their accounts at all. The temper of the author was admirable. But the temper of most of these articles is far from admirable, and points clearly to the fact that the woman writing either has, or is, a grievance.

Taken as a whole, they show a lamentable attempt to make marriage a contract after it has been entered into as a high adventure. If marriage is to be a contract at all, it would better be a contract at the beginning. But we know what all good Americans think of that theory. It goes with transatlantic marriages and coronets and debts and male cynicism and neglected innocence. We marry for love, and are almost shamelessly proud of it. That does not prevent our talking more about alimony than any of the races which dispose of that as of all other financial contingencies before anything has had a chance to go either right or wrong.

Laws are made, as everybody knows, for the people who are inclined to break them. They bear no relation whatever to the people who would never think of doing the prohibited thing. And when a woman says to me that she thinks the general attitude of men to the subject of family finances is quite wrong, I naïvely wonder why she is giving herself and her husband away. I should not be mentioning the matter in these pages at all, if the question were discussed only by the social nonentities who consult 'Dodona' as to their financial rights — not because I am a snob, but because some one might retort that 'ladies' are not troubled about their financial rights. Ladies are. I have known some curious and extreme cases among the very rich; and I have heard the question hinted at, tentatively discussed, vehemently decided in one way or another, in drawing-rooms that no one could call in question. And, as I say, the strange thing is that they never see how they are giving themselves away — not as being mercenary, or improvident, or incapable of making up their own minds, but as having missed completely the 'sacred terror.'

Yet the average happy wife in our romantic land, while she will own up to many things, will never confess that she and her husband could not have given points to Romeo and Juliet. Now, a *grande passion* can put up with almost anything and not notice it; it can even put up with keeping accounts. It can record with a fountain pen that dinner and the play, with attendant details, cost $8.65, though that looks as if one had bought pleasure at a department-store. The grande passion can do more: it can stop at home cheerfully if dinner and the play are too expensive. What the grande passion cannot do is to say, 'So much for you and so much for me.' Romeo is not disillusioned by the perception that he has less money to spend, now that he has married Juliet; and Juliet does not grow wistful because Romeo runs an account at the butcher's instead of at the florist's. It cannot be denied that Romeo sometimes regrets the account at the florist's, and that Juliet sometimes wishes that Romeo had not to pay her bills. But that is another matter. When, however, husband and wife begin to discuss an 'allowance,' they are already a long way

from Arcady. Let Romeo and Juliet arrange their budget as they will — arranging a budget might be a very pretty nursery game—so long as arranging it is, for them, part of the high humor of life. When they come to it with grim faces, or when either accuses the other of inconsiderateness or extravagance, it is time to call in the Apothecary.

What Valeria said about the *dot*, none the less, set me to thinking. I had always held, in a vague way, that the French did things much better than we. I do not mean that I have ever believed in 'loveless marriages.' But if one marries for love, and love goes, there is nothing left; whereas a marriage of convenience can usually fall back on the convenience. The reason why I object to the eternal consulting of 'Dodona' is that we show ourselves as marrying for love and yet regretting the convenience. That is inconsistent of us. Valeria ought not to be worrying about diverting Maurice's funds to her own legitimate uses — if only because Maurice would be so distressed. Yet Valeria cannot very well help it; and even Maurice would probably be glad if Valeria had a *dot* — if only because it would keep her from worrying about his possible privations. Absurd mistakes will result from this delicacy; and in the end the blunderers will probably find that delicacy would better, at a certain point, give way to frankness. Otherwise, they will both be saddled with plans and possessions which each loathes, but which each had somehow got the impression that the other fantastically wanted.

All this, however, is not the habit of the women who consult Dodona; or who generalize after dinner while the men are smoking in the library. Still less, apparently, is it the habit of their husbands. I am not speaking, at the moment, of extravagant women or miserly men. Perhaps what I have most vividly in mind is the earnest couple who submit everything to ethical considerations, and decide, year by year, the precise amount that shall go for clothes, books, amusements, and charities; the couple who solve the vexed question of financial equality by decreeing that the wife shall dole out the amusement money and the husband the money for books; and that like sums, to a penny, shall go for their respective wardrobes. It is the righteous people with a sturdy economic consciousness who most appall me; the people who try every solution under heaven (like Mrs. Peterkin when she had put salt in her coffee) except the instinctive and spontaneous one of the common purse. Politically, they may be right; but sentimentally they are monsters. I quite see the point of an undowered woman's hesitating to consider her husband's purse common — I have privately a great deal of sympathy with Valeria. Naturally, any woman would prefer to be able to make Portia's little speech to her *fiancé*. But frankly, I find most wives quite convinced that their services as housekeepers and companions (they never seem to consider that housekeepers are not very dear, and that when they are with their husbands, they, too, are getting companionship) entitle them to half of the family income. Either the particular woman is unreasonable, or she has been humiliated. In either case, a *dot* would immensely help; and Dodona, or her upper-class equivalent, the intimate female friend, would be relieved.

I am not praying that the marriage of convenience may supplant the romantic marriage. But I should like to suggest that *fiancés* not authentically from Verona arrange their budget before they marry. They will not welcome the suggestion, for it is part of

our modern hypocrisy that we all pretend to be from Verona. We are sentimental snobs, and would rather die than have Lady Kew in the family. But I should like also to point out to the pretenders that in the real Verona there is no Dodona — and no budget.

RAVELINGS

DESPITE long delving in old French memoirs, it is only recently that I have come upon references to a curious mania for *parfilant* — unraveling. Where that occurred in a narrative, the blind spot in my eye or brain evidently came into action. Since I took to yarning myself, however, I must some time have 'stayed to look down to Camelot' with the penalty of catching this glimpse of chivalrous *parfilage*, until now I resemble nothing so much as Mrs. Hawthorne's drawing of the Lady of Shalott, twisted and bound and meshed about in ravelings.

In this fashionable folly of the eighteenth century, ladies spent their time in separating from the silk on which it was twisted the gold thread of fabrics, fringes, tassels, and laces. Even the gold ornaments on men's coats were slyly snipped off and raveled, prompting the humorous Duke of York to the shabby trick of wearing counterfeit glitter. The supreme gallantry of the courtiers of Louis XV seemed to be to make gifts of gold to their lady-loves, fashioned forth in all sorts of forms, — hats, dolls, beds, chairs, mice, whole farmyards of fowl. The pretty trifles were admired for a day, then pitilessly cut up, raveled and sold, though the gold therefrom never amounted to a fourth of the price of the article. The Duc de Lauzun gave the Comtesse de Boufflers a harp which had cost more than a thousand pounds. His father, Gontaut, appeared at Chanteloup in a magnificent golden wig. Shouts of laughter greeted the blond Phœbus, and general admiration, after which he laid the wig at the feet of Madame de Choiseul. She in turn donned it, found it ravishing, installed herself at her toilet table, called her coiffeur, who came running and stood transfixed, comb in hand and mouth open, 'medusaed with surprise.'

Now, what could they have done with all the plebeian yarn from which the gold was untwisted? I have a fancy that some great discarded pile of it furnished forth material for those viragoes of the French Revolution, who knitted, knitted, knitted, while queen and ladies laid their proud heads on the block, raveling out 'their weaved-up follies.' It was to Madame Defarge that I owed my first nightmare. I had been engrossed in *A Tale of Two Cities*, reading it surreptitiously behind my schoolbooks and as far as possible into the evening. Then one night Madame took her post at my bedside, knitting, knitting, knitting, with hungry eyes upon me. In desperation I gathered the sheet from under me, wadded it into a ball and flung it at her. It hit a screen which in falling knocked a water pitcher to the floor, at the noise of which, seconded by family voices, Madame Defarge fled my chamber, murdering my sleep nevermore.

Indeed I woo sleep nowadays by conning over knitters, and especially ravelers, I have known. Penelope heads the list, — not only because of Shakespeare's delicious comment, that all the yarn she spun in her husband's absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths, but because so much of my own life is like hers, spent in doing and undoing what I would fain never do at all. I muse, too, upon my own mother, who once asked her little girl if she would like to learn to knit. The girl thought not, and the matter was not pressed. Instead, she told me how she herself

was given no choice; how her unflinching grandmother used to set, and later scrutinize, the day's stint, and, finding the least unevenness, pull out the needles and ravel relentlessly. This great-grandmother kept a diary, — still extant, — in which I read that her grandfather as a boy watched from his home in Hadley the smoke of burning Deerfield, after the Indians had fired the village and carried the inhabitants captive into Canada. History knit up with such personal stitches can never be unraveled from one's memory.

What a different relationship existed between child and guardian, marking the modern milestone, in 'Oh, Christina.' The aunt, avid for the child's culture, promised that a moonlight boat-ride should follow the learning by heart of 'Lord Ullin's Daughter.' Christina did her part, but prayed for good weather, since she could not 'unlearn her pome.' In case of disappointment she would fain have done so; not an exclusively youthful attitude. Mrs. Transome, in *Felix Holt*, liked to insist that work done without her orders should be undone from beginning to end. One wishes she might have had to deal once with the tramp who, after pumping water into a waste trough for ten cents an hour, flung the last bucketful through the screen door of the kitchen, determined that some small part of his task should leave an appreciable result.

There is something in the very sound and motion of raveling that delights the child in me. To get hold of the master thread in a piece of chainstitch machine sewing, and pull and pull, and watch the seam fall apart, is music and pictures to me at one swoop; and I can understand that to ravel parfilage toys and wind up therefrom shining, salable gold was a delectable sensation, a very rhapsody of raveling. Well, I hear the reader say, when the gold is more precious than the fabric, ravel! To unlearn has been the motto of more than one. Alfieri nobly raveled out his twenty-five wasted years, beginning then with the crinkled yarn to knit up a sound fabric of knowledge and useful productiveness. Pater's and Stevenson's every page was the result of a liberal process of unraveling; and I suppose the very sorrow that ravels out some desire,

> And on the same foundation builds a higher,
> Hath more than joy for him who acquiesces.

Half the art of knitting seems to be the art of raveling, spending our funny heathen lives pulling out what we have done, in order to start it over, with finer needles and on a larger pattern and with more skilful, patient hands.

What I have no patience with is that passion for raveling which first requires useless toil of other persons. Nor do I believe in raveling out fine material just to prove that while the woof is gold the warp is cheap stuff; such ravelers ought to get only the warp for their pains. And I do not see what possible fun there is in trying to ravel Shakespeare into Bacon; or religion, which ought to unite us, into a tangled heap of discord; or conversation into twaddle; or music into ragtime; or apples of gold into coarse victuals; or the intellectual habits of college days into post-graduate lassitude. I deprecate so using present pleasures as to spoil future ones; I grieve over that *laissez faire* which lets valued friendships ravel out from mere weight of time and absence and carelessness; I hate the so-called sport which jiggles a neighbor's elbow as she works and then laughs over the fallen stitch.

Another illuminating fact which I have gleaned is that complicated stitches ravel out just as readily as does plain garter, Marianne standing no whit better chance of remaining intact in the tapestry of life than does plain

Mary Ann. Indeed, Mary Ann often knows a commonplace backstitch which locks all raveling. Omar, 'many a knot unraveled by the road, but not the master knot of human fate.' A simpler knot than human fate baffles me, however. Tell me, dear fellow yarner, why one definition of ravel is to tangle, and the other is to untangle. *Do* never means *undo* — or stay — sometimes it does. But tell me, further, why ravel should mean unravel, and unravel should mean ravel. Had the orthographers of old been unraveling ropes of sand till the reversive became the intensive and the intensive the reversive? Or did they all belong to that famous family which spells its name Enraughty and pronounces it Darby?

A PROBLEM IN FAVORITISM

How do we come by our likes and dislikes in the minor animal domain? Walking through a hillside meadow in September, I became suddenly conscious that I was sweeping aside grasshoppers in a spirit of irritation, yet at nearly every step casting a look ahead to avoid treading upon a cricket. Why, as between these two saltatory insects, should I be constantly protecting the one and condemning the other? Mentioning the circumstance among a company of friends, I found that every one present shared my peculiar bent, but not one could account for it in himself. The theory of literary association was discarded when inquiry disclosed the fact that only three of us, and those the older members of the party, were familiar with the fable which represents the grasshopper as wasting all the summer in pleasure while the cricket takes its rightful part in the struggle for existence.

And where did the fable itself come from? Facts were made before fables, and the author of this one was not creating a prejudice, but only reflecting and embalming one already existing among the people of his day. Have the naturalists ever put on record any evidence that the grasshopper is really an idler and a parasite, or the cricket a self-respecting producer?

We set traps and spread poisons for rats, but we punish Tabby when she catches a squirrel. Why? Because the rat invades our dwellings and robs cellar and pantry, while the squirrel keeps aloof and confines his thieving to the fields and outbuildings? The distinction is not well taken. Both are conscienceless rogues, the essential difference between them being that the rat has the greater courage.

Is it a question of voice? The grasshopper has none, while the cricket appeals to us with her companionable little chirp. The rat is silent and stealthy except when terrified, and then emits a pathetic squeal; but the squirrel, from his safe lookout in a tree-top, chatters and scolds at us like any common shrew. And if there be a charm in the mere possession of a voice, why do we deplore the coming of the seventeen-year locust, which can outshrill the cricket sevenfold, and almost drown the clamor of an excited squirrel? Or why should we cherish the lady-bug while trying to exterminate the spider, neither of which can utter a sound?

What gives us our sense of loathing for the garden toad, demurely useful little neighbor that he has proved himself, while his second cousin the frog, who seems to do nothing but play the dandy and the braggart, is uniformly treated as a good fellow? If the toad gulped and croaked all night long, and made his home in slimy pools instead of in the melon-patch, would they reverse their present order in our esteem?

Does the trouble with one class of wilding creatures lie in the familiarity

which breeds contempt? If it were the grasshopper, instead of the cricket, that warmed her toes at the kitchen hearth; if the squirrel intruded upon the family privacy while the rat affected only the hedgerows and stone-walls; and if the frog grew more affable and moved up into the hop-toad's habitat, should we find our emotions chilling toward the former objects of our partiality because we were treated to an overdose of their society?

We speak of the 'patient' snail, and love to watch him as he toils along, Arab-like, with his house on his back. The caterpillar, also patient and a crawler, arouses only the sentiment of disgust. Yet the snail remains all his life the plodding clod we see him today; whereas the instincts of the caterpillar impel him ever toward a finer and more glorious estate, in which he commands readily the admiration we are so reluctant to yield him when he is only in the stage of promise.

We wage war upon the bat, but encourage friendly relations with the woodpecker; yet of the two we are deeper in the bat's books for his beneficences. Is this inequity a matter of color? Does the gayety of the one inspire, and the sombreness of the other depress and repel us? Then to what shall we attribute the good-natured tolerance, and even interest, with which so many of us regard the black ant, and our abhorrence of his red kindred?

All this must point to something; but to what? In its outlook upon the lesser world, is the mind of man occupied by a faculty called reason, which is subject to the operation of definite laws; and if so, how do they explain such phenomena of attraction and repulsion as are typified in the cases I have cited? Or is a part of the mind simply set apart as a harbor for predilections and antipathies which defy any logical interpretation whatsoever?

LINES TO AN EDITOR

After reading 'Why Declined?' in The Contributors' Club for July.

SHALL I consolation find
When my manuscript's declined,
In the fact that I may read
'Not adapted to our need'?
Nay, 't is easier to flatter
Than to show me what's the matter.
Your rejection slip, forsooth,
Means (could I but know the truth),
'If this looks not good to me
What care I how bad it be?'

You're too bored to criticize,
So you tell your courteous lies;
You declare (it does you credit)
That you 'personally read it';
You 'are glad' (it sounds half-witted!)
'To read all manuscripts submitted.'
In such phrases you have sought
To disguise your secret thought:
'If this looks not good to me
What care I how bad it be?'

All your phrases debonair
Simply mean you do not care.
May there never come a season
When you'll give your real reason!
Kindly fibs I much prefer,
Go on telling them, dear Sir!
Thank me lots, as heretofore,
Never write me I'm a bore.
Mine is not a seeker's mind, —
Don't explain, please, 'why declined.'

If this makes a homeward trip,
Send your usual printed slip
With its kind appreciation:
'After due consideration' . . .
'We regret' . . . with subtle praise
In each dear familiar phrase;
All that's tactful and polite,
Only, prithee do not write
What you *really* think, i.e.,
'If this looks not good to me
What care I how bad it be?'

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1913

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

[These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story. The writer, a young woman, who had lost her husband in a railroad accident, went to Denver to seek support for herself and her two-year-old daughter, Jerrine. Turning her hand to the nearest work, she went out by the day as house-cleaner and laundress. Later, seeking to better herself, she accepted employment as housekeeper for a well-to-do Scotch cattleman, Mr. Stewart, who had taken up a quarter-section in Wyoming. The letters written through several years to a former employer in Denver tell the rest of her story.

We may add that the letters are printed as written, except for occasional omissions and the alteration of one or two names. — THE EDITORS.]

BURNT FORK, WYOMING,
April 18, 1909.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

Are you thinking I am lost, like the Babes in the Wood? Well, I am not and I'm sure the robins would have the time of their lives getting leaves to cover me out here. I am 'way up close to the Forest Reserve of Utah, within half a mile of the line, sixty miles from the railroad. I was twenty-four hours on the train and two days on the stage, and oh, those two days! The snow was just beginning to melt and the mud was about the worst I ever heard of.

The first stage we tackled was just about as rickety as it could very well be and I had to sit with the driver, who was a Mormon and so handsome that I was not a bit offended when he insisted on making love all the way, especially after he told me that he was a widower Mormon. But, of course, as I had no chaperone I looked very fierce (not that that was very difficult with the wind and mud as allies) and told him my actual opinion of Mormons in general and particular.

Meantime my new employer, Mr. Stewart, sat upon a stack of baggage and was dreadfully concerned about something he calls his 'Tookie,' but I am unable to tell you what that is. The road, being so muddy, was full of ruts and the stage acted as if it had the hiccoughs and made us all talk as though we were affected in the same way. Once Mr. Stewart asked me if I did not think it a 'duir gey trip.' I told him he could call it gay if he wanted to but it did n't seem very hilarious to me. Every time the stage struck a rock or a rut Mr. Stewart would 'hoot,' until I began to wish we would come to a hollow tree or a hole in the ground so he could go in with the rest of the owls.

At last we 'arriv' and everything is just lovely for me. I have a very, very comfortable situation and Mr. Stewart is absolutely no trouble, for as soon as he has his meals he retires to his room and plays on his bagpipe, only he calls it his 'bugpeep.' It is 'The Campbells are Coming,' without variations, at intervals all day long and from seven till eleven at night. Some-

times I wish they would make haste and get here.

There is a saddle horse especially for me and a little shotgun with which I am to kill sage chickens. We are between two trout streams, so you can think of me as being happy when the snow is through melting and the water gets clear. We have the finest flock of Plymouth Rocks and get so many nice eggs. It sure seems fine to have all the cream I want after my town experiences. Jerrine is making good use of all the good things we are having. She rides the pony to water every day.

I have not filed on my land yet because the snow is fifteen feet deep on it and I think I would rather see what I am getting, so will wait until summer. They have just three seasons here, Winter and July and August. We are to plant our garden the last of May. When it is so I can get around I will see about land and find out all I can and tell you.

I think this letter is about to reach thirty-secondly, so I will send you my sincerest love and quit tiring you. Please write me when you have time.

Sincerely yours,

ELINORE RUPERT.

BURNT FORK, WYO., *May* 24.

DEAR, DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

. . . Well, I have filed on my land and am now a bloated land-owner. I waited a long time to even *see* land in the reserve, and the snow is yet too deep, so I thought that as they have but three months of summer and spring together and as I wanted the land for a ranch anyway, perhaps I had better stay in the valley. So I have filed adjoining Mr. Stewart and I am well pleased. I have a grove of twelve swamp pines on my place, and I am going to build my house there. I thought it would be very romantic to live on the peaks amid the whispering pines, but I reckon it would be powerfully uncomfortable also and I guess my twelve can whisper enough for me; and a dandy thing is, I have all the nice snow-water I want, a small stream runs right through the centre of my land and I am quite near wood.

A neighbor and his daughter were going to Green River, the county seat, and said I might go along, so I did, as I could file there as well as at the land office; and oh, that trip! I had more fun to the square inch than Mark Twain or Samantha Allen *ever* provoked. It took us a whole week to go and come. We camped out, of course, for in the whole sixty miles there was but one house, and going in that direction there is not a tree to be seen, nothing but sage, sand and sheep. About noon the first day out we came near a sheep-wagon, and stalking along ahead of us was a lanky fellow, a herder, going home for dinner. Suddenly it seemed to me I should starve if I had to wait until we got where we had planned to stop for dinner, so I called out to the man, 'Little Bo-Peep, have you anything to eat? If you have, we'd like to find it.' And he answered, 'As soon as I am able it shall be on the table, if you'll but trouble to get behind it.' Shades of Shakespeare! Songs of David, the Shepherd Poet! What do you think of us? Well, we got behind it, and a more delicious 'it' I never tasted. Such coffee! And out of *such* a pot! I promised Bo-Peep that I would send him a crook with pink ribbons on it, but I suspect he thinks I am a crook without the ribbons.

The sagebrush is so short in some places that it is not large enough to make a fire, so we had to drive until quite late before we camped that night. After driving all day over what seemed a level desert of sand, we came about sun-down to a beautiful cañon down which we had to drive for a couple of miles before we could cross. In the cañon the shadows had already fallen,

but when we looked up we could see the last shafts of sunlight on the tops of the great bare buttes. Suddenly a great wolf started from somewhere and galloped along the edge of the cañon, outlined black and clear by the setting sun. His curiosity overcame him at last, so he sat down and waited to see what manner of beast we were. I reckon he was disappointed for he howled most dismally. I thought of Jack London's *The Wolf*.

After we quitted the cañon I saw the most beautiful sight. It seemed as if we were driving through a golden haze. The violet shadows were creeping up between the hills, while away back of us the snow-capped peaks were catching the sun's last rays. On every side of us stretched the poor, hopeless desert, the sage, grim and determined to live in spite of starvation, and the great, bare, desolate buttes. The beautiful colors turned to amber and rose, and then to the general tone, dull gray. Then we stopped to camp, and such a scurrying around to gather brush for the fire and to get supper! Everything tasted so good! Jerrine ate like a man. Then we raised the wagon tongue and spread the wagon sheet over it and made a bedroom for us women. We made our beds on the warm, soft sand and went to bed.

It was too beautiful a night to sleep, so I put my head out to look and to think. I saw the moon come up and hang for a while over the mountain as if it were discouraged with the prospect, and the big white stars flirted shamelessly with the hills. I saw a coyote come trotting along and I felt sorry for him, having to hunt food in so barren a place, but when presently I heard the whirr of wings I felt sorry for the sage chickens he had disturbed. At length a cloud came up and I went to sleep, and next morning was covered several inches with snow. It did n't hurt us a bit, but while I was struggling with stubborn corsets and shoes I communed with myself, after the manner of prodigals, and said: 'How much better that I were down in Denver, even at Mrs. Coney's, digging with a skewer into the corners seeking dirt which *might* be there, yea even eating codfish, than that I should perish on this desert — of imagination.' So I turned the current of my imagination and fancied that I was at home before the fireplace, and that the back log was about to roll down. My fancy was in such good working trim that before I knew it I kicked the wagon wheel, and I certainly got as warm as the most 'sot' Scientist that ever read Mrs. Eddy could possibly wish.

After two more such days I 'arrived.' When I went up to the office where I was to file, the door was open and the most taciturn old man sat before a desk. I hesitated at the door, but he never let on. I coughed, yet no sign but a deeper scowl. I stepped in and modestly kicked over a chair. He whirled around like I had shot him. 'Well?' he interrogated. I said, 'I am powerful glad of it. I was afraid you were sick, you looked in such pain.' He looked at me a minute, then grinned and said he thought I was a book-agent. Fancy me, a fat, comfortable widow, trying to sell books!

Well, I filed and came home. If you will believe me, the Scot was glad to see me and did n't herald the Campbells for two hours after I got home. I'll tell you, it is mighty seldom any one is so much appreciated.

No, we have no rural delivery. It is two miles to the office, but I go whenever I like. It is really the jolliest kind of fun to gallop down. We are sixty miles from the railroad, but when we want anything we send by the mail carrier for it, only there is nothing to get.

I know this is an inexcusably long

letter, but it is snowing so hard and you know how I am to talk. I am sure Jerrine will enjoy the cards and we will be glad to get them. Many things that are a comfort to us out here came from dear Mrs. ——. Baby has the rabbit you gave her last Easter a year ago. In Denver I was afraid my baby would grow up devoid of imagination. Like all the kindergartners, she depended upon others to amuse her. I was very sorry about it, for my castles in Spain have been real homes to me. But there is no fear. She has a block of wood she found in the blacksmith shop which she calls her 'dear baby.' A spoke out of a wagon wheel is 'little Margaret,' and a barrel stave is 'bad little Johnny.'

Well, I must quit writing before you vote me a nuisance. With lots of love to you,

Your sincere friend,
ELINORE RUPERT.

BURNT FORK, WYO., *Sept.* 11.

DEAR MRS. CONEY,—

This has been for me the busiest, happiest summer I can remember. I have worked very hard but it has been work that I really enjoy. Help of any kind is very hard to get here, and Mr. Stewart had been too confident of getting men, so that haying caught him with too few men to put up the hay. He had no man to run the mower and he could n't run both the mower and the stacker, so you can fancy what a place he was in.

I don't know that I ever told you, but my parents died within a year of each other and left six of us to shift for ourselves. Our people offered to take one here and there among them until we should all have a place, but we refused to be raised on the halves and so arranged to stay at Grandmother's and keep together. Well, we had no money to hire men to do our work so had to learn to do it ourselves. Consequently I learned to do many things which girls more fortunately situated don't even know have to be done. Among the things I learned to do was the way to run a mowing machine. It cost me many bitter tears because I got sunburned, and my hands were hard, rough, and stained with machine oil, and I used to wonder how any Prince Charming could overlook all that in any girl he came to. For all I had ever read of the Prince had to do with his 'reverently kissing her lily-white hand,' or doing some other fool trick with a hand as white as a snowflake. Well, when my Prince showed up he did n't lose much time in letting me know that 'Barkis was willing,' and I wrapped my hands in my old checked apron and took him up before he could catch his breath. Then there was no more mowing, and I almost forgot that I knew how until Mr. Stewart got into such a panic. If he put a man to mow, it kept them all idle at the stacker, and he just could n't get enough men. I was afraid to tell him I could mow for fear he would forbid me to do so. But one morning, when he was chasing a last hope of help, I went down to the barn, took out the horses and went to mowing. I had enough cut before he got back to show him I knew how, and as he came back man-less he was delighted as well as surprised. I was glad because I really like to mow, and besides that, I am adding feathers to my cap in a surprising way. When you see me again you will think I am wearing a feather duster, but it is only that I have been said to have almost as much sense as a 'mon,' and that is an honor I never aspired to, even in my wildest dreams.

I have done most of my cooking at night, have milked seven cows every day, and have done all the hay-cutting, so you see I have been working. But I have found time to put up

thirty pints of jelly and the same amount of jam for myself. I used wild fruits, gooseberries, currants, raspberries and cherries. I have almost two gallons of the cherry butter, and I think it is delicious. I wish I could get some of it to you, I am sure you would like it.

We began haying July 5 and finished September 8. After working so hard and so steadily I decided on a day off, so yesterday I saddled the pony, took a few things I needed, and Jerrine and I fared forth. Baby can ride behind quite well. We got away by sun-up and a glorious day we had. We followed a stream higher up into the mountains and the air was so keen and clear at first, we had on our coats. There was a tang of sage and of pine in the air, and our horse was midside deep in rabbit-brush, a shrub just covered with flowers that look and smell like goldenrod. The blue distance promised many alluring adventures, so we went along singing and simply gulping in Summer. Occasionally a bunch of sage chickens would fly up out of the sage-brush, or a jack-rabbit would leap out. Once we saw a bunch of antelope gallop over a hill, but we were out just to be out, and game did n't tempt us. I started, though, to have just as good a time as possible, so I had a fish-hook in my knapsack.

Presently, about noon, we came to a little dell where the grass was as soft and as green as a lawn. The creek kept right up against the hills on one side and there were groves of quaking asp and cotton-woods that made shade, and service-bushes and birches that shut off the ugly hills on the other side. We dismounted and prepared to noon. We caught a few grasshoppers and I cut a birch pole for a rod. The trout are so beautiful now, their sides are so silvery, with dashes of old rose and orange, their speckles are so black, while their backs look as if they had been sprinkled with gold-dust. They bite so well that it does n't require any especial skill or tackle to catch plenty for a meal in a few minutes.

In a little while I went back to where I had left my pony browsing, with eight beauties. We made a fire first, then I dressed my trout while it was burning down to a nice bed of coals. I had brought a frying pan and a bottle of lard, salt, and buttered bread. We gathered a few service-berries, our trout were soon browned, and with water, clear, and as cold as ice, we had a feast. The quaking aspens are beginning to turn yellow, but no leaves have fallen. Their shadows dimpled and twinkled over the grass like happy children. The sound of the dashing, roaring water kept inviting me to cast for trout, but I did n't want to carry them so far, so we rested until the sun was getting low and then started for home, with the song of the locusts in our ears warning us that the melancholy days are almost here. We would come up over the top of a hill into the glory of a beautiful sunset with its gorgeous colors, then down into the little valley already purpling with mysterious twilight. So on, until, just at dark, we rode into our corral and a mighty tired, sleepy little girl was powerfully glad to get home.

After I had mailed my other letter I was afraid that you would think me plumb bold about the little Bo-Peep, and was a heap sorrier than you can think. If you only knew the hardships these poor men endure. They go two together and sometimes it is months before they see another soul, and rarely ever a woman. I would n't act so free in town, but these men see people so seldom that they are awkward and embarrassed. I like to put them at ease, and it is to be done only by being kind of hail-fellow-well-met with

them. So far not one has ever misunderstood me and I have been treated with every courtesy and kindness, so I am powerfully glad you understand. They really enjoy doing these little things like fixing our dinner, and if my poor company can add to any one's pleasure I am too glad.

Sincerely yours,

ELINORE RUPERT.

Mr. Stewart is going to put up my house for me in pay for my extra work.

I am ashamed of my long letters to you, but I am such a murderer of language that I have to use it all to tell anything.

Please don't entirely forget me. Your letters mean so much to me and I will try to answer more promptly.

BURNT FORK, WYO., *Sept.* 28.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

Your second card just reached me and I am plumb glad because, although I answered your other, I was wishing I could write you for I have had the most charming adventure.

It is the custom here, for as many women as care to, to go in a party over into Utah to Ashland (which is over a hundred miles away) after fruit. They usually go in September, and it takes a week to make the trip. They take wagons and camp out and of course have a good time, but the greater part of the way there is n't even the semblance of a road and it is merely a semblance anywhere. They came over to invite me to join them. I was of two minds — I wanted to go but it seemed a little risky and a big chance for discomfort, since we would have to cross the Uinta Mountains, and a snowstorm likely any time. But I did n't like to refuse outright so we left it to Mr. Stewart. His 'Ye're nae gang' sounded powerful final, so the ladies departed in awed silence and I assumed a martyr-like air and acted like a very much abused woman, although he did only what I wanted him to do. At last, in sheer desperation he told me the 'bairn canna stand the treep,' and that was why he was so determined. I knew why, of course, but I continued to look abused lest he gets it into his head that he can boss me. After he had been reduced to the proper plane of humility and had explained and begged my pardon and had told me to consult only my own pleasure about going and coming and using his horses, only not to 'expoose' the bairn, why, I forgave him and we were friends once more.

Next day all the men left for the round-up, to be gone a week. I knew I never could stand myself a whole week. In a little while the ladies came past on their way to Ashland. They were all laughing and were so happy that I really began to wish I was one of the number, but they went their way and I kept wanting to go *somewhere*. I got reckless and determined to do something real bad. So I went down to the barn and saddled Robin Adair, placed a pack on 'Jeems McGregor,' then Jerrine and I left for a camping-out expedition.

It was nine o'clock when we started and we rode hard until about four, when I turned Robin loose, saddle and all, for I knew he would go home and some one would see him and put him into the pasture. We had gotten to where we could n't ride anyway, so I put Jerrine on the pack and led 'Jeems' for about two hours longer, then, as I had come to a good place to camp, we stopped.

While we had at least two good hours of daylight, it gets so cold here in the evening that fire is very necessary. We had been climbing higher into the mountains all day and had reached a level table-land where the grass was luxuriant and there was plenty of wood and water. I unpacked 'Jeems' and

staked him out, built a roaring fire, and made our bed in an angle of a sheer wall of rock where we would be protected against the wind. Then I put some potatoes into the embers as Baby and I are both fond of roasted potatoes. I started to a little spring to get water for my coffee when I saw a couple of jack-rabbits playing, so I went back for my little shot-gun. I shot one of the rabbits, so I felt very like Leatherstocking because I had killed but one when I might have gotten two. It was fat and young, and it was but the work of a moment to dress it and hang it up on a tree. Then I fried some slices of bacon, made myself a cup of coffee, and Jerrine and I sat on the ground and ate. Everything smelled and tasted so good! This air is so tonic that one gets delightfully hungry. Afterward we watered and re-staked 'Jeems,' I rolled some logs onto the fire, and then we sat and enjoyed the prospect.

The moon was so new that its light was very dim, but the stars were bright. Presently a long, quivering wail arose and was answered from a dozen hills. It seemed just the sound one ought to hear in such a place. When the howls ceased for a moment we could hear the subdued roar of the creek and the crooning of the wind in the pines. So we rather enjoyed the coyote chorus and were not afraid, because they don't attack people. Presently we crept under our Navajos and, being tired, were soon asleep.

I was awakened by a pebble striking my cheek. Something prowling on the bluff above us had dislodged it and it struck me. By my Waterbury it was four o'clock, so I arose and spitted my rabbit. The logs had left a big bed of coals, but some ends were still burning and had burned in such a manner that the heat would go both under and over my rabbit. So I put plenty of bacon grease over him and hung him up to roast. Then I went back to bed. I did n't want to start early because the air is too keen for comfort early in the morning.

The sun was just gilding the hilltops when we arose. Everything, even the barrenness, was beautiful. We have had frosts and the quaking aspens were a trembling field of gold as far up the stream as we could see. We were 'way up above them and could look far across the valley. We could see the silvery gold of the willows, the russet and bronze of the currants, and patches of cheerful green showed where the pines were. The splendor was relieved by a background of sober gray-green hills, but even on them gay streaks and patches of yellow showed where rabbit-brush grew. We washed our faces at the spring, — the grasses that grew around the edge and dipped into the water were loaded with ice, — our rabbit was done to a turn, so I made some delicious coffee, Jerrine got herself a can of water, and we breakfasted. Shortly afterwards we started again. We did n't know where we were going but we were on our way.

That day was more toilsome than the last but a very happy one. The meadow larks kept singing like they were glad to see us. But we were still climbing and soon got beyond the larks and sage chickens and up into the timber where there is lots of grouse. We stopped to noon by a little lake where I got two small squirrels and a string of trout. We had some trout for dinner and salted the rest with the squirrels in an empty can for future use. I was anxious to get a grouse and kept close watch but was never quick enough. Our progress was now slower and more difficult because in places we could scarcely get through the forest. Fallen trees were everywhere and we had to avoid the branches, which was powerful hard to do. Besides it was quite

dusky among the trees long before night, but it was all so grand and awe-inspiring. Occasionally there was an opening through which we could see the snowy peaks, seemingly just beyond us, toward which we were headed. But when you get among such grandeur you get to feel how little you are and how foolish is human endeavor, except that which reunites us with the mighty force called God. I was plumb uncomfortable, because all my own efforts have always been just to make the best of everything and to take things as they come.

At last we came to an open side of the mountain where the trees were scattered. We were facing south and east and the mountain we were on sheered away in a dangerous slant. Beyond us still greater wooded mountains blocked the way, and in the cañon between night had already fallen. I began to get scary. I could only think of bears and catamounts, so, as it was five o'clock, we decided to camp. The trees were immense. The lower branches came clear to the ground and grew so dense that any tree afforded a splendid shelter from the weather, but I was nervous and wanted one that would protect us against any possible attack. At last we found one growing in a crevice of what seemed to be a sheer wall of rock. Nothing could reach us on two sides and in front two large trees had fallen so that I could make a log-heap which would give us warmth and make us safe. So with rising spirits I unpacked and prepared for the night. I soon had a roaring fire up against the logs and, cutting away a few branches, let the heat into as snug a bedroom as any one could wish. The pine needles made as soft a carpet as the wealthiest could afford. Springs abound in the mountains, so water was plenty. I staked 'Jeems' quite near so that the fire-light would frighten away any wild thing that tried to harm him. Grass was very plentiful, so when he was made comfy I made our bed and fried our trout. The branches had torn off the bag in which I had my bread, so it was lost in the forest, but who needs bread when they have good, mealy potatoes? In a short time we were eating like Lent was just over. We lost all the glory of the sunset except what we got by reflection, being on the side of the mountain we were, with the dense woods between. Big sullen clouds kept drifting over and a wind got lost on the trees that kept them rocking and groaning in a horrid way. But we were just as cozy as we could be and rest was as good as anything.

I wish you could once sleep on the kind of bed we enjoyed that night. It was both soft and firm, with the clean, spicy smell of the pine. The heat from our big fire came in and we were warm as toast. It was so good to stretch out and rest. I kept thinking how superior I was since I dared to take such an outing when so many poor women down in Denver were bent on making their twenty cents per hour in order that they could spare a quarter to go to the 'show.' I went to sleep with a powerfully self-satisfied feeling, but I awoke to realize that pride goeth before a fall.

I could hardly remember where I was when I awoke, and I could almost hear the silence. Not a tree moaned, not a branch seemed to stir. I arose and my head came in violent contact with a snag that was not there when I went to bed. I thought either I must have grown taller or the tree shorter during the night. As soon as I peered out, the mystery was explained.

Such a snowstorm I never saw! The snow had pressed the branches down lower, hence my bumped head. Our fire was burning merrily and the heat kept the snow from in front. I scrambled

out and poked up the fire, then, as it was only five o'clock, I went back to bed. And then I began to think how many kinds of idiot I was. Here I was thirty or forty miles from home, in the mountains where no one goes in the winter and where I knew the snow got to be ten or fifteen feet deep. But I could never see the good of moping, so I got up and got breakfast while Baby put her shoes on. We had our squirrels and more baked potatoes and I had delicious black coffee.

After I had eaten I felt more hopeful. I knew Mr. Stewart would hunt for me if he knew I was lost. It was true, he would n't know which way to start, but I determined to rig up 'Jeems' and turn him loose, for I knew he would go home and that he would leave a trail so that I could be found. I hated to do so for I knew I should always have to be powerfully humble afterwards. Anyway it was still snowing, great, heavy flakes, they looked as large as dollars. I didn't want to start 'Jeems' until the snow stopped because I wanted him to leave a clear trail. I had sixteen loads for my gun and I reasoned that I could likely kill enough food to last twice that many days by being careful what I shot at. It just kept snowing, so at last I decided to take a little hunt and provide for the day. I left Jerrine happy with the towel rolled into a baby, and went along the brow of the mountain for almost a mile, but the snow fell so thickly that I could n't see far. Then I happened to look down into the cañon that lay east of us and saw smoke. I looked toward it a long time but could make out nothing but smoke, but presently I heard a dog bark and I knew I was near a camp of some kind. I resolved to join them, so went back to break my own camp.

At last everything was ready and Jerrine and I both mounted. Of all the times! If you think there is much comfort, or even security, in riding a packhorse in a snowstorm over mountains where there is no road, you are plumb wrong. Every once in a while a tree would unload its snow down our backs. 'Jeems' kept stumbling and threatening to break our necks. At last we got down the mountain side where new danger confronted us, — we might lose sight of the smoke or ride into a bog. But at last, after what seemed hours, we came into a 'clearing' with a small log-house and, what is rare in Wyoming, a fireplace. Three or four hounds set up their deep baying and I knew by the chimney and the hounds that it was the home of a Southerner. A little old man came bustling out, chewing his tobacco so fast, and almost frantic about his suspenders which it seemed he could n't get adjusted.

As I rode up he said, 'Whither, friend?' I said 'Hither.' Then he asked, 'Air you spying around for one of them dinged game wardens arter that deer I killed yisteddy?' I told him I had never even seen a game warden and that I did n't know he had killed a deer. 'Wall,' he said, 'air you spying around arter that gold mine I diskivered over on the west side of Baldy?' But after a while I convinced him that I was no more nor less than a foolish woman lost in the snow. Then he said, 'Light, stranger, and look at your saddle.' So I 'lit' and looked, and then I asked him what part of the South he was from. He answered, 'Yell County, by gum! The best place in the United States, or in the world, either.' That was my introduction to Zebulon Pike Parker.

Only two 'Johnny Rebs' could have enjoyed each other's company as Zebulon Pike and myself did. He was so small and so old, but so cheerful and so sprightly, and a real Southerner! He had a big, open fireplace with back-

logs and andirons. How I enjoyed it all! How we feasted on some of the deer killed 'yisteddy,' and real corn-pone baked in a skillet down on the hearth. He was so full of happy recollections and had a few that were not so happy! He is, in some way, a kinsman of Pike of Pike's Peak fame, and he came west 'jist arter the wah' on some expedition and 'jist stayed.' He told me about his home life back in Yell County, and I feel that I know all the 'young uns.'

There was George Henry, his only brother; and there were Phœbe and 'Mothie,' whose real name is Martha; and poor little Mary Ann, whose death was described so feelingly that no one could keep back the tears. Lastly there was little Mandy, the baby and his favorite, but who, I am afraid, was a selfish little beast since she had to have her prunellas when all the rest of the 'young uns' had to wear shoes that old Uncle Buck made out of rawhide. But then 'her eyes were blue as morning glories and her hair was jist like corn silk, so yaller and fluffy.' Bless his simple, honest heart! His own eyes are blue and kind, and his poor, thin little shoulders are so round that they almost meet in front. How he loved to talk of his boyhood days! I can almost see his Father and George Henry as they marched away to the 'wah' together, and the poor little Mother's despair as she waited day after day for some word that never came.

Poor little Mary Ann was drowned in the bayou where she was trying to get water-lilies. She had wanted a white dress all her life and so, when she was dead, they took down the white cross-bar curtains and Mother made the little shroud by the light of a tallow dip. But being made by hand it took all the next day too, so that they buried her by moonlight down back of the orchard under the big elm where the children had always had their swing. And they lined and covered her grave with big, fragrant water-lilies. As they lowered the poor little home-made coffin into the grave the mocking birds began to sing and they sang all that dewy, moonlight night. Then little Mandy's wedding to Judge Carter's son Jim was described. She wore a 'cream-colored poplin with a red rose throwed up in it,' and the lace that was on Grandma's wedding dress. There were bowers of sweet Southern roses and honeysuckle and wisteria. Don't you know she was a dainty bride?

At last it came out that he had not heard from home since he left it. 'Don't you ever write?' I asked. 'No, I am not an eddicated man, although I started to school. Yes'm, I started along of the rest, but they told me it was a Yankee teacher and I was 'fraid, so when I got most to the schoolhouse I hid in the bushes with my spelling book, so that is all the learning I ever got. But my mother was an eddicated woman, yes'm, she could both read and write. I have the Bible she give me yit. Yes'm, you jist wait and I'll show you.' After some rummaging in a box he came back with a small leather-bound Bible with print so small it was hard to read. After turning to the record of births and deaths he handed it to me, his wrinkled old face shining with pride as he said, 'There, my mother wrote that with her own hand.' I took the book and after a little deciphered that 'Zebulon Pike Parker was born Feb. 10, 1830,' written in the stiff, difficult style of long ago and written with poke-berry ink. He said his Mother used to read about some 'old feller that was jist covered with biles,' so I read Job to him, and he was full of surprise they did n't 'git some cherry bark and some sasparilly and bile it good and gin it to him.'

He had a side room to his cabin, which was his bed-room, so that night he spread down a buffalo robe and two bearskins before the fire for Jerrine and me. After making sure there were no moths in them, I spread blankets over them and put a sleepy, happy little girl to bed, for he had insisted on making molasses candy for her because they happened to be born on the same day of the month. And then he played the fiddle until almost one o'clock. He played all the simple, sweet, old-time pieces, in rather a squeaky, jerky way, I am afraid, but the music suited the time and the place.

Next morning he called me early and when I went out I saw such a beautiful sunrise, well worth the effort of coming to see. I had thought his cabin in a cañon, but the snow had deceived me, for a few steps from the door the mountains seemed to drop down suddenly for several hundred feet and the first of the snow peaks seemed to lie right at our feet. Around its base is a great swamp, in which the swamp pines grow very thickly and from which a vapor was rising that got about half-way up the snow peak all around. Fancy to yourself a big jewel-box of dark green velvet lined with silver chiffon, the snow peak lying like an immense opal in its centre and over all the amber light of a new day. That is what it looked most like.

Well, we next went to the corral where I was surprised to find about thirty head of sheep. Some of them looked like they should have been sold ten years before. 'Don't you ever sell any of your sheep?' I asked. 'No'm. There was a feller come here once and wanted to buy some of my wethers, but I would n't sell any because I did n't need any money.' Then he went from animal to animal, caressing each and talking to them, calling them each by name. He milked his one cow, fed his two little mules, and then we went back to the house to cook breakfast. We had delicious venison steak, smoking hot, and hoe-cakes and the 'bestest' coffee, and honey.

After breakfast we set out for home. Our pack transferred to one of the little mules, we rode 'Jeems,' and Mr. Parker rode the other mule. He took us another way down cañon after cañon so that we were able to ride all the time and could make better speed. We came down out of the snow and camped within twelve miles of home in an old, deserted ranch house. We had grouse and sage chicken for supper. I was so anxious to get home that I could hardly sleep, but at last I did and was only awakened by the odor of coffee, and barely had time to wash before Zebulon Pike called breakfast. Afterwards we fixed 'Jeems's' pack so that I could still ride, for Zebulon Pike was very anxious to get back to his 'critters.'

Poor, lonely, child-like little man! He tried to tell me how glad he had been to entertain me. 'Why,' he said, 'I was plumb glad to see you and right sorry to have you go. Why, I would jist as soon talk to you as to a nigger. Yes'm, I would. It has been almost as good as talking to old Aunt Dilsey.' If a Yankee had said the same to me I would have demanded instant apology, but I know how the Southern heart longs for the dear, kindly old 'niggers,' so I came on homeward, thankful for the first time, that I can't talk correctly.

I got home at twelve and found, to my joy, that none of the men had returned, so I am safe from their superiority for a while, at least.

With many apologies for this outrageous letter, I am

Your ex-Washlady,

ELINORE RUPERT.

(To be continued.)

MONOPOLY OF LABOR

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

I

Economic problems startle us by rising out of familiar conditions into portentous shapes, and finding us at once disturbed and unprepared. Our economic development seems to have gone on more rapidly than our economic education; more rapidly than our capacity to analyze conditions, indicate causes, and prescribe remedies. Then too our impatient and highly individualistic democracy rushes quickly to conclusions without much caution and deliberation. Change is in the air; action is quick, and thought is slow. Discontent acts first and thinks afterwards. Perhaps, however, that is the usual law of progress in a democracy.

In matters touching the workingman, organization has been regarded as the necessary means to progress, and there is little doubt that intelligent organization is the only instrument through which important ends can be accomplished. It is a serious mistake, however, to use organization as a means to create 'class consciousness,' to form antagonisms where there should be none. In the industrial world, all are laborers, from the shoveler to the manager; labor is not only physical effort: some of the most exhausting work in the world is mental, and not manual. A high-salaried expert is as much a member of the laboring class as a manual laborer. Very little reflection therefore is needed to realize that patronizing talk about 'the laboring classes' is extremely shallow.

Without doubt the real cleavage is between the rich and the poor. It is the inability of the rich to understand the poor — and the inability of the poor to understand the rich — that is the root of all industrial conflict. We need, therefore, to appeal for more sympathy and mutual understanding. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' Those who bear the burden and the heat of the day deserve the consideration due to the vital forces underlying our great economic prosperity and our future progress. Those of us who have often seen the day when it was uncertain where the next meal would come from know what 'the struggle for existence' means; the sense of isolation in the face of the great powerful forces of the successful world; to be poor and yet to wander through miles of streets filled with opulent homes; to see absolutely no bridge crossing the seemingly impassable gap from ignorance and poverty to intelligence and wealth; to begin to feel as if one were in an inferior class whose interests were all arrayed in hostility against those who possess the comforts and luxuries of life; and then to develop somewhat of the bitterness of those who have not against those who have. It is difficult to see all sides of a case when one is 'down and out'; it is human to think that the lack of success is not in ourselves but in others, not in the want of common sense, industry, sobriety, and skill, but in the greed and mercilessness of those who care only for the value of the service rendered.

To-day, in this country of new opportunity, we know there are legions who have started with nothing and yet who have with honor accumulated a competence. That has been done. Yet everywhere about us there are those who have not succeeded; who feel dumb, hopeless, discouraged — but who do not like to accept the inevitable life-long conditions of depressing, grinding poverty. Therefore, when we attempt to discuss the ways by which the laborer may escape from his poverty (or even the ways by which the man who already has something may improve his condition) we must be willing to take into account all sides of the question, to be sympathetic with failure, but to be as just as the surgeon who cuts out the cause of the disease.

II

In the most commonplace things of everyday life we find the stuff on which to test our reasoning about life, our theories as to success and failure, our plans to improve the conditions of existence. To-day, the ugly thing which hits us in the face wherever we turn is the high cost of living. The way we handle that problem is a fair test of ourselves, of our insight, our experience, our breadth of view, our capacity for fairness and impartial examination, and our freedom from prejudice and emotion.

Viewed from the position of those who have a very limited income — and those are the ones who most concern us; for the well-to-do can generally look out for themselves — the steady rise in the prices of nearly every article of daily consumption is a very serious thing. It is like the contracting walls of a prison closing in on its victims. Either the walls must stop contracting, or the inmates must be able to get out. Which is it likely to be?

The first indisputable fact we find in the struggle of the poorer classes to better their condition is that, while money wages have risen, prices have risen correspondingly; that the higher wages purchase very little, if any, more, than they did before. Consequently, no sooner has an increase of wages been obtained by the hardest kind of effort and struggle than the demand for another wage increase becomes as necessary as it ever did before; because increasing prices have again cut into the margin of subsistence. What are we going to do about it? If wages were to increase from $2.00 to $200 per day, and prices to increase one hundred times, wherein should we be better off?

III

The economists of the labor unions — we say 'economists,' for whether trained or not, they are in fact applying their minds to one of the most difficult of all economic problems, namely, the causes determining wages — have very emphatically announced one particular solution of this question of wages and cost of living. They have declared with all the reasoning they possess, enforced by the power of their unions, that the solution of this vital question for them is to be found in the 'Monopoly of Labor.' They have taken a leaf out of the past history of industry; and from that have assumed their principle of economics to be the fixing of the prices of labor by control over the supply. And why not? Have not the great combinations in many staple articles of general consumption attempted to fix, or even succeeded in fixing prices, by a control over the supply? Is not sauce for the goose also sauce for the gander? If the employers resort to the theory of monopoly, why should not the laborers?

The unions have a definite objective:

to increase wages (not merely money wages, but real wages); that is, to get more reward for the same effort, per hour, or per day; or to get the same wages for a less number of hours; and to better the sanitary and hazardous conditions of work.

Such being the workingman's objective, and 'monopoly of labor' being the means adopted to secure that end, we must calmly inquire as to whether or not it will work. Indeed it is more to the interest of the laborer than anyone else to have tested the practicability of this method — which is in fact the generally accepted method of workingmen's organizations. In the long run nothing can succeed which is untrue. If a doctrine is futile, sooner or later it must be abandoned, even by a labor union.

In the first place this country has declared itself against monopoly, or practices in restraint of competition. As against producers, the Sherman Anti-Trust law has been invoked in a way to draw the attention of every one. Quite independently of the merits of the act, it is now on the statute books. In any democratic society the law must have no favorites: it cannot be applied to the poor and not to the rich; nor can it be applied to one combination and not to another. All must be equal before the law. Labor leaders seem to understand that their theory of monopoly is exposed to the penalties of the Anti-Trust law. It is to be assumed that this statement has been established by the Danbury Hatters' case. Indeed in the closing hours of the last Congress (February, 1913) vain attempts were made to except labor unions from the act which forbids monopoly; and in the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill of the extra session of Congress (1913), finally signed by President Wilson, the same question arose. Without doubt the American people have determined to prevent monopoly wherever the federal law can reach it. How, then, can a doctrine of the monopoly of labor continue to exist in the face of definite statutory prohibition? Any law which would except labor unions from the provisions of the act would be unconstitutional, and could not stand. There is evidently no escape in this direction.

It is childish to assume that raising such a question indicates any hostility to labor unions. Quite the contrary: one would be an enemy of labor who would suggest a road up which it should laboriously climb for years only to find out at the end that the way was absolutely closed to passage. It is high time to inquire who are the true friends of labor: those who are exploiting the economic ignorance of laborers for selfish or political purposes, or those who would like to help them to a means of permanent improvement and independence?

IV

If, then, monopoly of labor is contrary to the law, what is the remedy? Is the law wrong, and should it be repealed? Shall we grant unregulated monopoly to big combinations of capital as well as to big combinations of labor? Both must be equal before the law. Is the law economically unjustified? A word or two may not be amiss in a brief analysis of monopoly as applied to labor.

Monopoly means the control of the supply in a given market. Monopoly is like the wall about an enclosure with no gate in it open to the public. Monopoly excludes competition. Competition is like a gate through the wall by which the public have free access. Competition is the free entrance of goods or of any of the factors of production (such as labor, capital, man-

agerial ability) into any market. There is nothing complex about it. A monopoly of labor is a control of the supply of any kind of labor at any point of demand. Free competition of labor is the ability of any man to enter the market for employment on equal terms with any other man.

Monopoly assumes different forms. A 'strict monopoly' exists if some authority has control of the whole supply in the market. We very seldom find a 'strict monopoly.' The wall must be so high and so tight that none can enter over or through it; those inside have no competition. But only by the control of the whole supply can the price to the buyer be finally fixed. If the wall be low, or broken in spots, more or less entrance is afforded to others; and so more or less control over price is wanting. In the case of labor it is very rare to find any such control over supply as gives a complete monopoly, for the reason that unions do not include all men of a certain trade, or those who may enter the occupation by a short period of training, or the supply which may come from another part of the country, or from foreign countries. It is stated in general that unionized labor comprises less than ten per cent of the total number of persons engaged in gainful occupations in the United States. Without question, therefore, it may be assumed that unions do not have a 'strict monopoly,' and cannot control the rates of wages, where more or less competition exists. This general conclusion jumps with the well-known fact that strikes are usually accompanied by violence exerted to prevent competitors from taking the places of the strikers. In fact, the inability to control the supply and gain the practical effects of monopoly is the very reason why in some cases terrorizing methods and dynamite have been resorted to. A 'closed shop' is itself evidence of the inability of a union to control the supply of its labor and so fix prices.

The existence of monopoly may be ascribed either to artificial or natural causes. An 'artificial monopoly' is a control of supply due to exceptional privileges, such as special legislation, patent or copyright laws; or to undue influence, duress, unfair discriminations, unjust treatment, and the like. That is, the kind of monopoly which has excited universal disapprobation is the one founded on unjust suppression of competition, and forcible ways of driving out competitors. Recent trust decisions have been based on that claim. Whatever objections exist to monopoly have peculiar urgency against these forms of 'artificial monopoly'; although it must be remembered that certain kinds even of 'artificial monopoly' may be justified on the ground of some desirability to the State, such as a business artificially created by a patent, or a copyright. But, as a whole, a monopoly due to special privilege, or to unfair or forcible suppression of competition, cannot for a moment hope for support from a fair-minded people like ours. Such a monopoly is to-day illegal; and the law seems to be good legislation. Since a control of labor by unions is an 'artificial monopoly,' not based on any natural causes (such as skill, intellect, and so forth), it has come under the penalties of the law whenever it has attempted to baffle competition of labor.

Finally, there is 'natural monopoly,' due to superiority of a personal or physical character.[1] Under purely competitive conditions, where all have an equal opportunity, the superior

[1] Being here concerned with persons, we need not discuss monopoly due to possession of natural resources, such as anthracite coal-beds and the like.

person will surpass his inferiors in the industrial world; he will labor, or do business, more efficiently and cheaply and drive out the inferior rival. A 'natural monopoly' is based on the admitted inequality of mankind; it is the inevitable expression of superiority in the field of open competition. For instance, although there was open competition in the law, Daniel Webster occupied almost a monopoly position because he had few rivals. Likewise, a winner of an international marathon race is such by virtue of a natural monopoly. So, too, there may be a class of laborers who have won a monopoly position, because of the possession of exceptional skill and personal worthiness. This is the only kind of a monopoly which is legal, and whose position is likely to be permanent.

If there is free competition, the superior man will always outstrip the inferior; he will do the lion's share of business because of a monopoly due to natural ability. Hence, whenever conditions are equal for all, we must expect to find monopoly — natural, not artificial. This is the law of nature. In fact, the labor world is full of monopolistic conditions: there are non-competing strata of workmen superimposed one above the other, — from the unskilled hod-man to the skilled engineer of the Panama Canal, — between whom there is no competition for the same kind of employment. Natural monopoly is everywhere; skill gives monopoly and freedom from the competition of those who lack skill. So also brains give monopoly. In fact monopoly is unescapable, — so long as men are born unequal in body and mind. When President Wilson, in his Chicago address, said there must be 'no features of monopoly,' he undoubtedly meant no features of unjust 'artificial monopoly'; for natural monopoly exists everywhere.

V

Since, then, the fundamental economic principle on which labor unions are based is the monopoly of the supply of labor; since a strict monopoly, and control of wages by a control over the whole supply is practically impossible; since monopoly of labor and exclusion of any man from a free chance to compete is already contrary to the laws of the land, some doubt has been cast on the wisdom and efficacy of the principle of monopoly of labor as a means of improving the conditions of life for workingmen. It now remains to examine whether from a purely economic point of view, higher wages, forced by the principle of monopoly as applied by labor unions, will really add to their consuming power and bring about the ends they have in mind.

If a shoemaker had to pay more for leather, he would undoubtedly charge more for his shoes, *cæteris paribus.* If an increased tax were levied on imported sugar, or coffee, the price would be raised accordingly and the burden of the tax passed on to the consumer. In short, it is an economic commonplace (for goods freely reproducible) that an increase of any of the items entering into a producer's expenses of production will cause an increase in the price paid by the public for that producer's goods. When the wages of the miners in the anthracite coal mines were increased, the price of coal per ton to the consumer was correspondingly raised. The public, not the employers, paid the higher wages.

Wages are evidently an important constituent in the expenses of producing most staple articles. An increase of wages paid for the *same time and same skill* of laborers will raise the prices of the goods they are working on just as surely as will an increase of taxes or of the cost of mate-

rials. Reduce taxes, and by so much the expenses of production and prices to the public will fall, — or ought to fall. Reduce the tariff, — taxes on clothing, etcetera, — and by so much prices and cost of living should be reduced.

Now, as a matter of cold fact, how has the workingman fared with this method of raising wages in recent years? In the principal manufacturing and mechanical industries, leaving out salaried employees, in the ten years from 1897–1907 (according to the index number of the Bureau of Labor) wages had risen from 99.2 to 122.4, or 23 per cent, while retail prices for food had increased from 96.3 to 120.6 or 25.5 per cent. That is, the purchasing power of wages fell 2.5 per cent during that period of unusual expansion of business. In short, the whole effect of the wages increase had been nullified by the rise in the prices of food usually consumed in the family budget.

After all the bad blood stirred up in some twenty years the unions have accomplished practically nothing toward raising their power of consumption. Obviously something is very far wrong with the principle on which they are operating. They have climbed this hard uphill road for decades only to find no passage through at the end. Economically, the principle of monopoly of labor does not work in favor of the laborer. Why? It is very important that, in their own interest, they should know the reason why.

VI

From the purely economic point of view the reason is simple. An increase of wages paid for the *same productive effort* increases the expenses of production and the price of the product; an increase in prices of articles consumed by the laborer reduces the real wages of the laborer as much as, if not more than, the increase in money wages. He is just where he was before, without any gain for his pains. In an industry producing an article of general use (supposing entirely free competition), an increase of expenses of production due to an increase of money wages paid for the same effort will be followed by a compensating increase of prices to the consumer; and the laborer is a consumer. Of course, if competition is not free, and monopolistic conditions of production exist, prices might go still higher. This increase of price, mark you, is not under the control of the labor unions. Even if they could control wages, they could not control the prices of the articles they consume. If the laborer, standing in a rising tide of water, succeeds in raising the platform under him by a foot, and if the water then rises about his head by another foot, he is just as near drowning as before.

There is no question whatever in my mind that the rise of prices of almost all articles of general consumption during the last decade or two has been due, as much as to any one thing else, to the rise in money wages paid for the same, or even less, labor effort. Moreover, the effect is cumulative. In the expenses of producing raw materials such as coal, ore, wool, and the like, into whose processes labor enters more largely than machinery, the general rise of wages raises out of all proportion the prices of materials from which finished goods are made. In 1905 the total value of manufactured products in the United States was $14,802 millions, of which wages made up 18 per cent, and materials 60 per cent. Thus the costs of wages and materials together unite in pushing up the prices of goods.

Take the prices of food and agricul-

tural produce, for example. We have been seeing a silent, irresistible revolution going on in American agriculture. The movement from the farm to the city has been marked in all countries, and has made labor scarce and high-priced on the farm. The great rise in the price of farm lands has increased the investment needed for growing food products. Men will stay on the farm only when they receive as high wages as they can get in the city, and when they receive as high a return on the capital invested. If farmers charged up to expenses of production the interest, at 5 per cent, on the price of land, buildings, and improvements, and added reasonable wages for the labor of themselves and the members of the family, such as they might get in the city, it would be found in most cases that even the present high prices of vegetables, eggs, and butter would not cover the expenses of production. They go on practically without systematic book-keeping, not counting their labor and glad to earn a living.

Wealth gained in agriculture in the last few decades has not come from growing crops, in the main, but from the enormous rise in the value of land. When labor is accounted for in agriculture as fully as in manufactures, agricultural products are sure to hold a higher price relatively to manufactured goods, because machinery can be used in the latter to reduce somewhat the tendency of the labor-cost to rise. Increase in farm-wages, and hence in the expenses of production, is increasing the prices of all farm products.

The true bearing of the labor situation cannot be mistaken. The unions are enforcing the theory of monopoly of labor as a means of raising their wages and improving their condition. They may raise their wages, but they do not raise their condition. The monopoly created is an 'artificial' one, maintained by violence or by unfair restriction of competition, which is clearly illegal; the increase of wages thus obtained, without an increase in the efficiency of production, inevitably carries with it an increase in the expenses of production, and of prices, which automatically reduces the purchasing power of the higher wages to the old level. There is no hope for this principle either in law or economics. It does not work in the interests of labor.

There are two sets of forces in action, independent of each other. On the one hand, wages are to be raised; on the other, prices are to be raised. These two sets of forces are not under common control. The one nullifies the other. Now, what is the remedy? Nothing under heaven but the bringing of the two into some coöperation for the gain of both. It is of no advantage to the producer to raise prices *per se*, since with proportionally higher expenses of production, he would make practically no greater profits by the higher prices than he did before. It is of no advantage to the laborer to raise wages *per se*, since with higher money wages he can buy no more than he did before. The result, being no gain either to the producer or to the laborer, yet creates an impossible situation for the general consuming public by the steady rise in the cost of living.

The monopoly-of-labor principle has not much more to its credit than antagonisms. The case against it legally, economically, and morally is overwhelming. And yet in the recent contest over the immigration bill in Congress the labor unions wished to apply the literacy tests to immigrants in order to prevent an increase in the supply of labor. Economically speaking, this is Darkest Africa.

VII

The remedy can be found only in the coöperation of both laborers and producers, to the end that real wages may be raised without the increase of prices by the producer. This is not impossible; but it means a complete reversal, from the principle of the 'artificial monopoly' of the labor unions, to the principle of the 'natural monopoly' of labor. This is the solution in a nutshell. What does that mean? 'Natural monopoly,' as regards labor, is based on superiority due to skill and personal worth working under conditions of entirely free and unrestricted competition. Under competitive conditions the more productive labor will obtain the higher wages; and labor that is more productive does not, when it receives higher wages, increase the expenses of production, or cause higher prices. The laborer who works in coöperation with the efforts of the producer to increase production, say from 80 to 100 units, with the same outlay, can have his wages increased 20 per cent, and yet leave 5 per cent of new gain to the producer, — without any increase of prices. In short, higher money wages may go — and frequently have so gone in the history of industry — with a fall of prices. Thus laborers would gain doubly, not only by the higher money wages, but by the greater purchasing power of those wages. This is a very different outcome from that due to the 'artificial monopoly' of labor. Moreover, it is democratic, legal, moral, and economically sound.

But, says the objector, the laborer who is unsophisticated enough to follow this advice will not obtain from grasping individual employers the higher wages due to increased efficiency. Then organize and get it. Organization of labor is of vital importance. There is no objection to the union as a form of organization; but there is objection to the wrong use of the union. The principle of 'artificial monopoly' of labor may be all wrong, but the principle of organizing labor in a union may be all right. A heavy walking stick may be wrongly used in knocking down and robbing victims; but it may be well used in protecting the owner from foot-pads. If admission to a union were based on efficiency tests, and its members held a natural monopoly due to superior skill, those outside the union could not compete with them; and there would be no more need for the 'closed shop,' or for dynamite.

VIII

The hysterical agitation for a minimum wage (to-day urged chiefly for women) has in it no conception of a relation between wages and producing power. It is unsound for several reasons which touch the very interests of the laborers themselves.

It introduces a new and unjustifiable basis of wages — that wages shall be paid on the basis of what it costs the recipient to live. If it is urged, for instance, that a woman cannot live on $5.00 a week, but can live on $8.00 and hence her minimum wage should be $8.00, the whole case has not been considered. If we accept — what we should not accept — the principle that wages should be related to the cost of living, and if it is accepted that the woman could live on $8.00 a week, on what grounds should she ever receive more than $8.00 a week? On what grounds could any one get $18.00 a week? At present $18.00 is paid on the ground that it is earned, that is, on the basis of a relation between wages and producing power. No other basis can stand for a moment in the actual work of industry. Men go into business to

gain profit; if, in their opinion, the employee is not worth $8.00 a week, she will not be retained, no matter what it costs to live. If she is worth to the business $18.00 that will be the wage. No law can force any one to remain in a business that does not pay.

The theory of a minimum wage based on the cost of living is flatly inconsistent with the facts of daily life and preparation for any occupation. At what age or point is a beginner, or apprentice, to receive the full legal wage? Is no boy, or apprentice, to be allowed to receive a partial reward till he is a full-fledged adult workman? How about the woman, who, in the economic rôle of domestic labor, knits stockings in odd hours in order to add a little to the family income — shall she receive nothing if not the full legal wage? Shall the boy, or even a young lawyer just entering an office, be forbidden to receive the small stipend of the preparatory period?

Suppose it were required by law to pay shop-girls $8.00 a week instead of $5.00, on the ground that the insufficient $5.00 leads to vice; then, since no ordinary business would pay $8.00 unless it were earned, those who did not earn $8.00 would inevitably be dropped from employment without even the help of $5.00 to save them. If $5.00 is no protection from vice, how much less is no wages at all? This proposal of a minimum wage is directly opposed in practice to the very self-interest of the girls themselves.

It is crass to try to remedy wages which are admittedly too low by fixing a legal minimum wage, which can never be enforced unless private business establishments are to be regarded as state institutions. In a state factory, wages may possibly be determined by law, but not in open competitive business conditions, where the supply of labor has as much influence on wages as the demand. If the supply of women wage-earners converges on only certain kinds of work, wages will be lowered by the very large supply of the workers. There is no exit by this door of legal enactment as to the amount of wages.

The true and immediate remedy is the creation of ready means by which the industrial capacity of the wage-earning women will be increased. The wrong situation — of which low wages, possible starvation, and the temptation to vice are only symptoms — is due primarily to the fact that women thrown on their own resources know no trade and crowd each other in the market for unskilled labor. The remedy lies in the creation of places of instruction where any woman (no matter how poor) shall be taught a trade and have skill given her by which she can obtain a living wage. The remedy lies in preventing a congestion of unskilled feminine labor by industrial education. There is no other rational or permanent or human way out of the present wretched situation, if we have the real interest of the workers at heart — and are not interested chiefly in getting some cheap political notoriety.

This conclusion applies to men as well as to women. Is not a skilled carpenter worth more than a blunderer? In any business, does not every one agree that it is fair to give a very energetic, live, active, skillful salesman more than a stupid? If he is skilled he earns more, because he brings in more business. That being settled we do not fix his wages on what it costs him to live. He has a right to spend his income as he pleases. Hence, if we were to adopt the theory of the minimum wage we should be adopting a new theory of wages, which would justify the refusal to pay higher wages based on efficiency.

We find unions basing action on

adherence to the law of 'artificial monopoly' of labor. It never has worked rightly, it never can work rightly, for the true interests of labor. Finding difficulties always ahead, the loyal unionists fight the harder; implicitly believing that their principles must be right, they begin to create a code of ethics which places loyalty to the union above loyalty to the state. That mere fact ought to cause deliberation. Is it possible that the whole development of liberty under constitutionalism for centuries has been a mistake, and that only the recent theories of unions are worthy of obedience? It would be wiser to study further, and see if the progress of labor upward may not be consonant with the progress of liberty under law. Direct conflict with the state can have but one result for unions. To force the false theory of 'artificial monopoly' of labor against the bulwarks of civilized society would be like sending a derailed locomotive at full speed down a crowded city street: it may destroy and maim others, but the end is ruin for the engine.

I once heard Phillips Brooks urge in a sermon that 'a man does not have a right to all his rights,' legal or moral. He may be able to enforce them if he wishes; but, as human nature goes, it is better not to expect the last scrap of what is due. It is good for the successful man to feel that he has a large responsibility to the less successful. Those who are climbing up without looking around would do well to take in the world about them, and their relations to others, as they begin to reach the top. It is they who should do the most to assuage the bitterness of unsuccess, no matter if discontent is unreasoning. It is they who must temper the wind to the shorn lamb in the great world of industry. Men do not want charity. The task is to create conditions where men by self-help can work out their own salvation and make charity unnecessary.

The key to the problem so far as it concerns labor is the principle of superiority due to 'natural monopoly.' The only real permanent aid to low wages is to increase the productivity and skill of the persons at the bottom. Instead of talking of such injurious palliatives as minimum wages, create institutions at once where those persons can be given a trade or training for a gainful occupation. The cry for a minimum wage is evidence of the industrial incapacity, the lack of producing power, in masses of our people. The concrete ways of increasing the productive power of each man and woman are not unknown. Moreover, the captain of industry who does not 'have a right to all his rights,' can introduce into his shops carefully worked-out plans for helping his operatives to rise in life; to better conditions by welfare work; to encourage savings and thrift; to introduce the stimulus of profit-sharing; and above all, establish civil-service methods devised to pick out and promote the promising youth so that the path from the bottom to the top is open to every employee. Under unrestricted competition, there will be seen the inevitable results of 'natural monopoly' by which superiority comes to its own, and wages are in some proportion to productive power. Thus organization may be used to forward merit; and our individualistic democracy may found its material development on the satisfactory basis of correct economic principles.

THE BOUNDARIES OF TRUTH

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

It is pretty much taken for granted by decent folk that the truth should be told in all circumstances. 'It is never permissible to lie' has been, ever since the Christian era came in, the common opinion, if not the common practice. And yet, which one of us has never lied, I will not say against his conscience, but for the very sake of his conscience? Conventional religion has been assumed to be our sole guide, while our actual conduct is usually based on the different, and more explicit, code of honor. Honor is not religion, though with real religion it has always been at peace; civilized manners are not religion, though, again, they have always been at peace with it. In the matter of lying, both honor and civilized manners have a great deal to say; and the fact that we realize this subconsciously is responsible for a great many minor perplexities.

Strictly speaking, in Candide's 'best of possible worlds' lies should not pass human lips. There are many people who stick to the literal interpretation of the precept: ladies, for example, who retire to the back porch before they permit their maids to tell the unwelcome caller that they are 'out.' There, presumably, they gaze at the blue sky, and congratulate themselves on their unimpeachable veracity. Yet even scrupulous people allow their servants to say they are out when they are in, because 'out' is conventionally understood to mean many things. On the other hand, Mr. Chesterton tells us that, under certain conditions, mere silence is the most damnable lie of all. The matter is not so simple as it seems: its intricacies may become a morass for the unwary, and an enchanted garden for the casuist.

Very few people, I fancy, would say, after deliberation, that no lie was ever justified. To be sure, I once heard a serious young man protest that Shakespeare had damned Desdemona by allowing her, at her last gasp, to exculpate Othello. I have also known people who objected vehemently to the late Mark Twain because he said so many things that were not so. But there are occasions when lies are taken for granted, even by the law. A man on trial for his life is supposed to tell the truth, but not if it will incriminate him. A wife is not dragged to the witness-stand against her will to testify against her husband — no one would legitimately expect anything but perjury from her. I do not see much difference between legally permitting a man to say 'Not guilty' when he is guilty, and legally permitting him to lie. Is there any solitary maiden lady who would not willingly give the midnight marauder to understand that her husband was just coming down the stairs, armed to the teeth? A man is not supposed, except by an extinct type of Puritan, to 'give away' the lady who has made sacrifices for him; and even the extinct type of Puritan would hardly expect you to tell your hostess that her dinner-party had been dull. From this heterogeneous group of examples, one may infer that there

are lies and lies; and while it is never permissible to lie, it is sometimes quite unpermissible to do anything else.

Most lies of the decenter sort are social. 'The admixture of a lie doth ever give pleasure,' said the moralist Bacon. There is certainly very little defense for the lie that does not give pleasure. It is to save other people's feelings, not our own, that we tell lies. Let me put a case quite bluntly. How, without lying, is a man to thank his small niece properly for the necktie which she has selected for his Christmas present? No one wants merely to be thanked for one's trouble; everyone wants to be told that his taste has been perfect. Now that the late Phillips Brooks's handsome evasion of fact has become historic, who ever dares *not* to praise a baby explicitly? I confess that it goes against the grain with me to say that I have enjoyed something which I have detested; and I have frequently accepted invitations (especially over the telephone) because my tongue would not twist itself round the phrase 'another engagement' when the other engagement was non-existent. But I have never had the slightest compunction about saying that I was sorry I had another engagement, when I did have another engagement and was not sorry.

I know only one person whom I could count on not to indulge herself in these conventional falsehoods, and she has never been able, so far as I know, to keep a friend. The habit of literal truth-telling, frankly, is self-indulgence of the worst. Nothing could be more delightful, in an evil sense, than telling certain people that their Christmas presents, their babies, and their hospitalities are all horrors which defy description; especially if one could count it a virtue to one's self to say those things starkly. But one cannot keep that weapon only for one's foes: the only excuse for saying inexcusable things is that one always says them. Roughly speaking, one's friends are the people of whom one thinks, habitually, pleasant things. But even friends can be annoying, or unbeautiful, or dull. And it is of the essence of those manners which are morals not to tell them so if one can help it. 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend' — and must sometimes be dealt. But no stabbing over non-essentials! And above all, no stabbing when it is a pleasure to stab. Sometimes these truth-tellers congratulate themselves that their praise is immensely enhanced by its rarity. There, I fancy, they are mistaken: for in the first place, praise that is too long on the way loses its savor; and in the second, they acquire, I have noticed, a censorious habit of mind that prevents them from praising at all.

No: in the course of mere conventional living, a certain amount of lying must be done. 'How do you do?' 'I am very well, thank you.' You may have indigestion, and in that case you have lied. Yet is it your business to make your acquaintance uncomfortable by telling him the facts in the case? Certain things are true of any man personally which have nothing to do with his social existence: personally, if he has a toothache, he has it; socially, he has not a toothache unless he mentions it. Then, there are lies which are not verbal at all — lies of implication. The early Puritans who objected to paint and powder, objected to them, I fancy, on perfectly catholic grounds — it was immoral to make yourself attractive, and paint and powder were literally meretricious. On the same principle, to this day, a nun cuts off her hair. The modern feeling against paint and powder — for it does in some quarters survive — is rather, I imagine, on the score of dishonesty. You are not supposed to disguise a beautiful complexion if you really have it. But

if you have not a good complexion, you are deceiving people — you are acting a lie — by making yourself look as if you had. The ground of the objection has shifted.

Some author — is it Mr. Kipling? — says of one of his heroines that she was as honest as her own front teeth. I know a great many people who are as honest as their own front teeth are false; and certainly no one expects them to go about calling attention to the skill of their dentist. Perhaps some sophist will say that between wearing false hair and declaring one's false hair to be one's own, there is all the difference in the world. I protest that it is tacit falsehood to wear it at all — unless one does it after the fashionless fashion of an ancient lady I knew in my childhood who, quite bald at the age of ninety-five, hung two wads of chestnut hair across her head, like saddle-bags, on a black velvet ribbon. And such tacit falsehoods are all in the spirit of the conventional politeness we use daily. To rouge a pale face may be vanity; but to thank a stupid hostess for the pleasure she has not given, is loving one's neighbor as one's self. I am inclined to think that even rouge is more often than not altruistic in intention. One does not wish, for the sake of society, to be either a fright or a brute. Certain things are demanded of every man who meets the world on its own ground. From the moment he has 'accepted with pleasure,' he has agreed to play the game; and it is as unfair of him to give or take the wrong cues as it would be for the castle to insist on making the knight's move. No: we need not go out of our way to lie; but we must not, even to be clever, tell the truth when an innocent lie is innocently demanded of us.

It occurs to me that my examples of conventional falsehood are largely feminine. So, I fancy, they should be. One of the reasons, surely, why women have been credited with less perfect veracity than men is that the burden of conventional falsehood falls chiefly on them. A man expects his wife to do this kind of thing for him. It is she who accepts or refuses their common invitations, directs their joint social manœuvres, encounters the world for them both on the purely social side. He is not expected to do it any more than he is expected to order the dinner. There is more straight-from-the-shoulder talk, I imagine, among men by themselves than among women by themselves; but that is partly because women slip out of the social harness less frequently and less easily. A man among men is perhaps (I speak under correction) more inveterately his personal self; a woman among women more inveterately her social self. It may be that it is easier to wear the harness constantly than to gall one's shoulders afresh each day with putting it on. I am inclined to think that women are as honest with their intimate friends as are men; but — they have had an age-long training in the penalties of making one's self unpleasant. So many low motives are imputed to women — and most of them, at the present day, quite unjustly — that they are driven to the lesser mendacities for the sake of getting some justice done them. When Mr. A. asks Mrs. B. if she does not think Mrs. C. beautiful, she is almost bound to say that she does, though she does not. Otherwise, she will be taken for a jealous fool. One lie is better than two; and it is better to be thought a fool when you are not, than jealous and a fool when you are neither.

Comparatively few people, however, will cavil at these mendacities, which are indeed ψευδῆ ἀψευδῆ — as mechanical and uncalculated as a gentleman's 'I beg your pardon' when a lady has

insisted on colliding with him in the street. Truth is not so difficult to bound on that side; for most people recognize the social exigency, and if you are praising someone's unskilful cook on one day, the chances are that she will be congratulating you on your amateur gardening the next. We simply have to be polite, as our race and clime understand politeness; and no one except a *naïf* is really going to take this sort of thing seriously. It is perhaps regrettable that we do not carry courtesy even further; for nothing makes people so worthy of compliments as occasionally receiving them. One is more delightful for being told one is delightful — just as one is more angry for being told one is angry. Let us pass, however, to more debatable ground.

There is an old refrain which runs, 'Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies.' I am inclined to think that it is full of social philosophy. Most of us, probably, have put up our hardest fights for veracity on occasions when questions have been asked us that never should have been asked. 'Refuse to answer,' says the ghost of that extinct Puritan whom we have evoked. An absurd counsel: for, as we all know, to most of these questions no answer is the most explicit answer of all. If the Devil has given you wit enough, you may contrive to keep the letter of the commandment. But usually that does not happen. I dare say many moralists will not agree with me; but I hold that a question put by some one who has no right, from any point of view, to the information demanded, deserves no truth. If a casual gossip should ask me whether my unmarried great-aunt lived beyond her means, I should feel justified in saying that she did not, although it might be the private family scandal that she did. There are inquiries which are a sort of moral burglary.

The indiscreet questioner — and by indiscreet questions I mean questions which it is not conceivably a man's duty either to the community or to any individual to answer — is a marauder, and there is every excuse for treating him as such. I am sure that every reader remembers, in his own experience, such questions, and counts among his acquaintance at least one such questioner. Let him say whether, in these conditions, he has felt it his moral duty to hand over information, any more than he would consider it his moral duty to hand over his plate to a thief. I am not speaking of cases where the temptation to lie is merely the temptation to save one's face: it is not permissible to lie merely to save one's face. But it is sometimes permissible to lie to save another person's face — as it was pardonable, surely, in Desdemona to declare that Othello had not murdered her.

In regard to the lie of exaggeration, a word should perhaps parenthetically be said. We all know the child who has seen two elephants in the garden eating the roses. We also know the delightful grown-up who 'embroiders' his narratives. He will never tell the same adventure twice with the same details. The fact remains that he may each time leave you with precisely the same impression of the adventure in its entirety. It is quite possible that you trust him exceedingly. Of course it is also possible that his *ben trovato* is never *vero*. You will have to determine after long experience of him whether he is fundamentally false, or merely has a sense of style. Personally, I know exaggerators of both kinds: people whose lies are only picturesque adjectives, and people whose picturesque adjectives are only lies. There is a subtle distinction between the two. At the risk of being at loggerheads with the rhetoricians, one must say that truth

goes deeper than words, and that there is not much in a truthfulness which is only phrase-deep.

The old ladies who are shivering on the back porch will disapprove of me for saying these things, almost as much as I disapprove of them for being on the back porch. To speak frankly, I have not found that the people who cling to the letter are always the people who cling to the spirit of the law. Some of the men and women who will not say in so many words the thing which is not, will deliberately give a false impression. They are not the servants of truth; they are the parasites of truth. The ladies I have referred to may be technically 'out'; but they are really 'out' only to the undesired visitor — exactly as much as if they had stopped in their own sitting-rooms. (Remember, please, that I am not speaking of the people who receive the unwelcome caller rather than permit a maid to fib — they are in a very different case.) I should not instinctively go to these people for an accurate account of a serious situation. Any one whose conscience is satisfied with that kind of loyalty to fact knows very little about the spirit of truth.

I do not jeer at literal accuracy: I think it an excellent safeguard for all of us. The person who has never indulged in a literal falsehood is the less likely to have indulged in a real one. Generally speaking, words follow facts with a certain closeness. Not always, however. I may truthfully say that my teeth are my own, if I have paid for them; but I shall none the less give a wrong impression to the engaging creature who has asked me if they are false. Substitute serious equivalents for that kind of veracious reply, and you will see what I mean. I am not at all sure that, where there is room for doubt, the people I have cited will not largely take the benefit of the doubt to themselves. I am not sure, for example, that the formula 'I will not tell any one' stands to them for anything but a fallible human prophecy — something apt to be set at naught by the God who maketh diviners mad. I strongly suspect that mere loyalty will never make them hold their tongues. And I am quite sure that they will often be silent when silence is the most damnable lie of all. For, in their technical sense, silence can never be a lie.

In this short distance, we have come near to the heart of the matter. Remember that the only lie forbidden in the Decalogue is false witness against one's neighbor. I may feel real respect for the lady on the porch, — when I think that it may be hailing, I feel positive awe, — but I should not like to make her the recipient of an intimate confidence. Such a person is wholly at the mercy of the unscrupulous. To be, for one's self, at the mercy of the unscrupulous, suggests, I admit, the saint; to be, for one's friends, at the mercy of the unscrupulous, suggests the cad. It is not, for the normal person, a pleasant thing to lie: it is much easier to record the truth quite automatically. There is in each of us who have been decently brought up a natural antipathy to saying 'the thing which is not.' The basis of truth is so much the finest basis on which to meet one's fellow-men! I have much sympathy with the unpopular people who cannot bring themselves, even in a ball-room, to 'play the game.' Of all ugly things to be, perhaps a liar is the ugliest. And yet, and yet — We may not go into Victor Hugo's rapture over the nun in *Les Misérables* who gave the mendacious answer to Javert; but which of us wishes she had told the inspector that Jean Valjean was actually in the room? Fortunately, such crucial instances are rare; and usually we can benefit our friends most by tell-

ing the truth about them — if it were not so, they would not be beloved. It is a poor cause which has to be lied for regularly. But in the rare case like that of Sœur Simplice, let us hope that we, too, should lie, and be as sure as she of making our peace with Heaven.

For one's self alone, it is a question whether any lie could bring such luxury as that of telling the simple truth. To lie to save one's self is the mark of the beast; to lie to save another person may make one distrust the cosmos, but at least it is a purer fault. For it seems to be agreed on by all codes that the unselfish motive is a mightily purging element. On the whole, I should say that the person who likes to lie should never, in any circumstances, be allowed to. Leave the lying to the people who hate it. You will not find them indulging often.

Perhaps the greatest conflict for Puritan youth has always come when it faced for the first time the unfamiliar shape of Honor. Honor and John Calvin have fought on many a strange battlefield for the young soul, and the young soul must often have wondered which was friend and which was foe.

> Honor and wit, foredamned they sit,

sings Kipling in an atavistic moment. Which of us has not at some time or other shudderingly understood him? And yet it is only the fortuitous trappings of Honor which can so disturb. For the truest thing about Honor is that, like Charity, it 'seeks not itself'; and Honor in the mediæval sense was the darling child of the Church. Honor does not break its word; it protects the weak against itself, and against others; it keeps its engagements. It is more immediately concerned with its duty to humanity than with its duty to God; which is doubtless why the Puritan mystic saw it as a foe. The code of honor is the etiquette-book of the Christian; and the people who have attacked it are the people who have considered that Christians needed no etiquette. By our ancestors who were bred in the cold and windy times of the Reformation it was held to deal chiefly with duelling, gaming, and illicit affairs. 'The debt of honor,' 'the affair of honor' — what do even these corrupted phrases mean except that the gentleman has found more ways to bind himself than the laws of the land afford? I do not know that Honor ever compelled a man to gamble or to provoke a quarrel; but if he has gambled or if he has quarreled — if he has undertaken to play the lamentable game — he must not skulk behind a policeman, like a cry-baby or a *sans-culotte*, because things have not gone his way. If he has broken, he must pay.

Part of the code of honor begins only when the Christian precept has been broken. Is it so bad a thing, in a fallible world, to be told what to do after you have once done something wrong? The Catechism, as a practical guide, is wofully incomplete without the code of the gentleman as an appendix. If you had sinned, the Puritan told you to repent; and he was quite right. But there is work left for the sinner after the repenting has been done. Both Honor and the Catechism will do their best to keep you out of a mess. The difference comes later: for after you have got into a mess, the Catechism leaves you to God, while Honor shows you how, if you have done ill to fellow beings, to repair that ill and not extend it.

Honor is a matter of practical politics — frightfully unpractical politics, in another sense, they often are. A cynical young woman once said to me that she found cads more interesting than gentlemen, because you could always tell what a gentleman would do in a given situation, whereas you could

never tell, in any situation, what a cad would do. Cads may or may not be the proper sport of cynical young women; but to the average busy creature the gentleman is wholly delightful in that he is wholly predicable. The Christian is not predicable, for the simple reason that he has been given a counsel of perfection. You know that any given Christian will, by the day of his majority, have done some, at least, of the things which the Catechism has expressly warned him not to do. 'The way that can be walked upon is not the perfect way,' said Lao-tse long ago. The Church does not believe that you have always done everything that your sponsors in baptism so cheerfully said you would do. The confessional is itself the greatest confession that the Church has ever made. One of the most convenient things about Honor is that its explicit code is limited; and you can say of some men when they die that they have never for a moment ceased to be gentlemen. Honor is of the world, worldly — and some people have distorted that magnificent fact into an accusation. That is what Mr. Kipling has done in 'Tomlinson.'

All this about Honor is not so much a digression as an approach. For if few people will quarrel with the lies of implication and of convention, and most people pray to be delivered from the lie of self-defense, the lie 'of obligation' cannot be juggled away; and it is the lie of obligation which Honor commands. Honor has never permitted, still less commanded, a lie for personal gain or satisfaction of any kind; but there are cases when the gentleman must lie if he is to be a gentleman. The gentleman does not betray the friend who has trusted him, even though he may bitterly object to having that friend's secrets on his hands. From that supreme obligation lies sometimes of necessity result. I said just now that Honor and John Calvin must often have fought for the young soul; and it does not take an over-vivid imagination to conceive cases. Religion (in spite of the Decalogue) has tended to lump all lies together as the offspring of the Devil, while the code of the gentleman has always set aside a few lies as consecrated and *de rigueur*. But the gentleman, I venture to say, has always told those lies in the spirit in which a man lays down his life for his friend. For no gentleman lies, on any occasion, with unmixed pleasure. He feels, rather, as if he had put on rags.

It is easier — as some sociologists do — to plot the curves of a desire than to fix the boundaries of truth. The domain of truth is not world-wide: that, we know. They must be home-keepers indeed — perpetually cradled — who need never lie. Literal truth is imprisoned in a palace, like the Pope in the Vatican, affecting to be the ruler of the world. Even the faithful know that the claim is vain. The lies of obligation and convention are not, in the deepest sense, unveracious; for they are not preëminently intended to deceive. We expect them of other civilized beings, and expect other civilized beings to expect them of us. Speaking such falsehoods, and such falsehoods only, we are still on truth's own ground. The lie told for the liar's own sake marks the moment when a man has passed from beneath her standard, across her shadowy sphere of influence, and is already hot-foot into the jungle.

UNCLE JOEL'S FUNERAL

A TUTTLEVILLE PAPER

BY MARY B. HEDGES

SHE that was Miranda Tuttle, descended from Tuttleville's founders, contributes some old-time memories to these Papers by request from Mary Greenfield, her friend and contemporary.

It was the morning of Uncle Joel's funeral. My face, neck, and hands had been scrubbed, and a stiff, starched white dress put upon me by Eunice, our help.

You remember Eunice? She was one of five daughters of a quaint old Englishman, who came to Tuttleville and squatted in a deserted house in a little hollow near the creek about a mile from Tuttleville. He called the girls 'his maids,' and was very proud of them. Their mother was dead. Your grandmother Greenfield had Cynthia; other sisters of Eunice were parceled out with our 'best families.' They were good and loyal 'help.' In Tuttleville we did not talk of servants.

My hair was braided very tight, making short pig-tails down my back. At their diminishing ends they were tied with narrow white ribbons. It was a last year's dress and the sleeves were short and the length of skirt not what it should have been, but it was thought more appropriate to a funeral occasion than my best pink with its little lace spencer drawn up with narrow pink ribbon. To make up for the short skirt my pantalettes were let down to a proper funeral length and I had black silk mitts on my hands.

I was dressed early, because I was a child who had a pronounced affinity with things distracting to a ceremonial toilet, such as wanderings in the dew after flowers, stains contracted in feeding Tray and Tabby, and almost involuntary and unaccounted-for accretions of butter and jam. If left to myself till nearly the time of a public appearance I was sure to be in such a state of disarray as took from Eunice all the scant patience she possessed.

Her snatchings, hustlings and reproaches only ended with my tears and general unpresentableness. For these reasons it was thought best, upon occasions, to dress me early and put me in the pillory of a high arm-chair in the entry, if in summer with the catechism in hand and an injunction to study next Sunday's lesson.

Eunice was always in favor of having the front door closed for fear of the half-pint of dust — there never could have been more in all leafy Tuttleville — that might be stirring. But at my look of appeal the front door would be compromised on a crack, which I would gradually widen satisfactorily.

The day of Uncle Joel's funeral, the door was of course closed. My heart was oppressed by the length and breadth of black crape that was fastened below the knocker.

I was really very sad. Some one had said in my hearing that Joel was the black sheep of the family, and that no one but my 'soft-hearted' mother would have taken him in, when he returned from his prodigal wanderings, three months before. They wondered at her as she was only a sister-in-law when you had said all.

He was an old and broken man, sick unto death, but the grasshopper life stirred in him warm and merry till the end. Such stories as he would tell, when he could get breath for them! Such merry cackling ended by a half-hour's cough! I was his chosen nurse and companion. He had gone to sea and seen strange shores and walked on silver beaches with a haze of green palms inland simmering in the vibrant sunlight, and distant violet peaks lifting up to snows. O wonderful! For witness were pink-tipped shells. One of these became a treasure that still lies upon my desk and whispers of the sea, the sea, confessor and friend of many such men as Uncle Joel in the time of old sailing vessels from our northern ports.

This morning of Uncle Joel's funeral, I begged that since the front door could not be open, even by a crack, I might sit in the downstairs bedroom, which had a little handy door leading into the kitchen, as well as a larger entrance into the family living-room. There was a sense of awe upon me that made friendly nearness welcome.

The little door was partly open. I did not call attention to the fact. I am afraid that I was not as good a child as so much catechism study in dressed-up intervals should have made me. Grandma's low rocking-chair with its patchwork cushion was very easy. Imperceptibly I rocked it toward the little door. My mother and an aunt from Bassett's Corners, Uncle Joel's sister, were very busy in the kitchen with Eunice, making ready funeral baked-meats. For, though Uncle Joel had been no credit to the family, all the Tuttles were expected to be at the funeral and the Truefitts as well.

The Truefitts were my mother's family. I came to know in after years that their star was reckoned pale and ineffectual in lustre beside the astral splendors of the Tuttles, who were the founders of Tuttleville.

The bed was spread with black dresses. On the bed were three black bonnets, with long time-worn veils.

My aunt from Bassett's Corners said that it would hardly pay to have new mourning for Uncle Joel just for the funeral. My mother said that she should wear black, at least for a time. Eunice, whom much scrubbing and the desertion of a fickle beau had shadowed with temporary melancholy, remarked that 'the truest mourning was wore inside.'

Eunice was about twenty-three, — with snapping black eyes, black hair combed severely back, and rosy-apple cheeks. To me she seemed beautiful in her warm, plenteous coloring, though too intimately associated with untimely ablutions, tight braids, and stiffly starched dresses and pantalettes, to be considered lovable.

My aunt wondered if Primrose Barley would dare show her face at the funeral.

'Not in this house, never!' my mother said.

'That was so many years ago,' said my aunt, 'everybody had forgotten and the boy was grown up and gone to sea, a disgrace just like his father.'

Eunice said that Primrose was a good woman. She had always been good. She was a mere child then, brought up in the notion that you must always mind great folks. Her black eyes snapped as she said, 'It was bob a

curt'sy and "Please, sir, if you ask me," and give 'em your life.' Eunice said, 'See how she works to support her mother in that little house on the North Road and how folks treat her worse'n dogs, punishin' her for other folks' sin; but they'll find out —'

'Eunice, you go straight upstairs and bring down the chairs out of the front chamber, and don't be clacking about what don't belong to your sort of folks to talk about,' said my mother sternly.

Such an address to a maid of the present time would surely be followed by 'warning'; but Eunice went on her errand obediently.

'Well, we must allow Primrose has had a pretty hard time,' said my aunt.

'"The wages of sin is death,"' said my mother; 'Primrose is livin' yet.'

I kept repeating to myself, 'The wages of sin is death.' It seemed almost equivalent to studying my catechism, which was what I was supposed to be doing.

'But she has never held up her head since, Sally.'

'Her mother never has. Primrose has a curious kind of gentle calmness, like a person come back from the grave and doing sewing for a living, if that could be.'

'Old Dominie Beecham was pretty hard on her, I expect,' said my aunt. 'He always seemed to be a kind of path-master, making the way of the transgressor hard.'

'He was as kind as his conscience would let him be,' my mother replied. 'He baptized her baby, though he would not let her call him Joel; the face she had to think of it!'

'I have heard,' said my aunt, 'that she always expected brother Joel to come back and marry her, and very likely he would. It would have been just like him. He never was a real, through-and-through Tuttle.'

'Dominie Beecham gave the boy some kind of pagan name, — Curtius, if I remember, — and he gave Primmy some money, or she and her mother would have starved that winter I have heard them say. As it was they had a pretty hard time living in that old barn on the Peters's place. The neighbors would have routed them out of that if it had n't been for the Dominie, hard as you call him. They had got all ready to go one night, a crowd of them, mostly young fellows, and lo! the Dominie lighted into the midst of them and turned it into a prayer-meeting. They said he laid an awful stress on "forgiving trespasses" and other things in the New Testament, which, really, seems to me, does go pretty far —'

'Why, Sally!' said my aunt; but she laughed a little.

'After that they did n't have such a dreadful hard time,' my mother went on, 'and after a while strangers in town gave her sewing that she asked for. It was done so neatly, and she was so quick and handy with her needle —'

'That they'd consent to her getting a starvin' living' for their own selfish hides' sake,' said my aunt, sniffing fiercely.

'Well, I'll allow she was a pretty little thing,' continued my mother. 'The day she went up the aisle with that baby on her arm — I was there and saw it all. The Tuttles all stayed away 'count of Joel, I suppose, who was off, the good Lord only knows where; but I went and faced the music. I'd stuck to meetin' and all meetin' doin's since I came to Tuttleville and I was n't goin' to stay away for anything short of sickness or death. The Dominie and the deacons had cut both of them off from the Lord's Supper till she should make public confession; and her mother, who had

never been away from meetin' a Sabbath in her life, could n't stand it. I heard that Primmy never would have given in, only for her mother's sake.'

'Just how was it?' said my aunt.

'She came up the middle aisle in a poor, patched dress, but clean as you ever saw.'

'All alone?'

'All alone. Her curly hair was all in damp rings about her forehead and neck. "That hair," Deacon Tanner used to say, "was a snare for souls and had ought to be shaved close to her head." Her eyes were full of a sad kind of light, but her mouth was all curves, like rose-leaves, and that child was crowin' on her shoulder, as full of dimples as it was of sin.'

'The child had n't done any harm,' said my Aunt Martha.

'Well! the Dominie called it a child of sin,' said my mother.

'Did he talk hard to her?'

'No; she was made to confess and say that she repented. I thought she would fall when she first turned round, so I looked the other way.'

'Well, she has n't heard from that son for many a year.'

'No. She tried sending him to school, and the children plagued him so it could not be. The big boys would follow him from school calling things after him; and once, after they moved into that little house on the North Road, a boy threw a stone into his mother's lap as she sat sewing by the open window. So she taught him at home as well as she could, and her mother used to bring him to meetin'. But as soon as he got old enough to see how folks looked at him, and how nobody noticed them, not even women who had their sewin' done by his mother, he ran away and never came back. Some folks said he went to look up his father. I guess that was talk. She pined after that quite a spell. 'T was then she began to come to meetin'. I tell you, Martha, a child is more to a woman than the best man that ever lived, let alone such a prodigal as your brother Joel. Some folks said what a merciful Providence it would be if she should die; that it seemed 'most as if she'd ought to die then.'

My aunt laughed, not agreeably. 'Oh, no; who'd do the fine sewing? Did Joel never speak about her this last time?'

'I think he kept meanin' to and lookin' for a good chance, but Miranda was with him most of the time that he was fit to talk. I could see he had things on his mind, but — Good gracious me!' my mother cried, and shut the little door with a bang.

I sat trembling in my chair. A sea of thought, conjecture, and feeling surged round me. My ears burned and roared within like the hearts of the pink-lipped shells. My Uncle Joel who lay so still in the darkened parlor! The two quiet women in shabby black who sat under the gallery stairs at meeting and always went out before any one else. The hardness of it, summer and winter, and summer and winter, no one caring, not even such tender women as my mother and aunt. I thought I should like to die that moment, as they had thought Primrose Barley ought to have done long ago.

And I was a Tuttle, too; but I was not made like this. There was a lump in my throat. Hateful Dominie Beecham to make her walk up the aisle like that! Well, he was in the graveyard with a marble stone over him all covered with lies. I would have walked up that aisle just as proud and showed them all. In my anger I tore a leaf out of my catechism. It was a little relief. A half hour after, mother came round to the sitting-room door.

Grandma's rocker had made a soft journey over the new hit-or-miss rag carpet, and a very prim little girl was studying a catechism that never got learned.

My mother looked relieved and went away quietly. I am afraid it was very deceitful and wicked, perhaps 'desperately wicked.' Soon I heard the undertaker come in.

He said, 'Good morning, Mis' Tuttle,' in a strange voice.

In ordinary life he was Joe Spedding, our neighbor, a cabinet-maker, who included in his trade coffins and undertaking, as far as required. As the families of deceased people tenderly prepared them for burial at home, undertaking, at that time, was in a primitive state. Even the shroud was made by some seamstress, or experienced needlewoman. I shivered a little, thinking what if Primmy Barley had made Uncle Joel's. Usually we called the undertaker Joe, and we children went to his shop to play in the shavings, but in case of a 'visitation,' he was Mr. Spedding, and talked in an alien bass voice, with relapses into his natural falsetto.

"This is a peculiar dispensation, Mis' Tuttle,' he said, 'but we must all be prepared to go when our time comes.'

I tried to leave the bedroom, but Eunice was promptly on hand and said that I must not come out till I was come for.

It seemed ages before she came back with a little cottage bonnet trimmed with black ribbon on her head and a black mantilla around her shoulders. The mantilla was much too large for her, and it had been pinned over in the back of the neck with such funny effect that I laughed. Eunice shook me. I should have minded if I had not seen that her eyes were very sad. She said that people did not mind how things set at a funeral if they were only black. She jammed a 'jocky' down on my straight braids and inspected my face for possible cake crumbs, looked reprovingly at my nails, and putting on an intensely solemn air, led me into the front room, where there were about fifteen people, the women all in black and the men with black 'weepers' on their arms.

I hardly knew my mother with her veil over her face, till I was seated beside her; and my brother, who had been allowed the larger liberty that the masculine creature somehow secures from babyhood, came in, evidently having just been scrubbed into his Sunday suit by Eunice. Catching my eye, he made one of those distracting faces wherewith he used to distract my Sabbath peace. Sometimes they made me cry, but now, in this sombre stillness, with Uncle Joel's coffin so near me, the Dominie in his sepulchral black, and the neighbors more or less disguised in their borrowed weeds, and Mr. Spedding ('Joe' were now a myth and a profanation) — Mr. Spedding moving softly with a great show of being useful and an air of profound melancholy, — in these surroundings I felt a strange, agonized desire to laugh, followed by an immediate revulsion into tears.

The exercises were very long. Fortunately I did not then recognize Uncle Joel in the sort of prodigal son described in the new Dominie's long prayer. I fell asleep in the sermon of very weariness of the long-drawn sadness, and was nipped awake by Eunice in time to hear the preacher conclude with the promise to 'preach farther and more at length on the ensuing Sabbath on the text, "The wages of Sin is Death."'

My father had a nice double carriage, and my mother, brother, and myself rode with him and the minister the

short distance to the burying-ground on the North Road hill. The meeting-house bell tolled as we rode slowly along. Other carriages of relatives followed ours, but there were no hired vehicles. They would have been thought as much out of place as hired mourners. We sat in the carriage while the coffin, which had been brought near and placed upon a black bier, was lowered by ropes into the grave. Some one started the hymn, —

> 'Hark, from the Tomb a doleful sound,
> Mine ears attend the cry;
> Ye living men come view the ground
> Where you must shortly lie.'

It was sung very slowly, only Deacon Tanner being, as usual, a little in advance of the rest. Perhaps it was fancy, but I thought that I saw, behind the briar-bushes, behind the rough fence that protected the rear of the cemetery, the face of Primrose Barley.

I did not point it out, and if it was there and seen, no one in my knowledge ever spoke of it. When we got home all the mourners came in. The borrowed mourning was removed and carefully folded. Eunice was instructed to return it the next day and she with us sat down to a table which two of our neighbors had spread in our absence.

'Time would fail' to tell of the meats, vegetables, cakes, pies, preserves, and pickles. My brother fed largely, but I resented the general cheerfulness that began to prevail. My heart was heavy for the kind invalid who had always had a pleasant word for me in the midst of pain. My thoughts were full of the things that I had heard. It had been a great convenience to the family that I was willing to sit at his call and give him his medicine and the cold water which he almost momentarily craved.

In return he had widened my narrow horizon. New and strange worlds had risen above its rim, evoked by him, and after what had drifted in through the little door, I had taken one long slide into life, my mother all undreaming of any change or enlargement of my experience. She saw my weariness at the table, however, and she whispered to me to go, put on my green check, and run for a little walk. I slipped away gladly. I went after Hetty Kenney, the Doctor's daughter, but she was not in her house and I did not want any one else. I seemed drawn toward the North Road, which was hilly and less pleasant than other Tuttleville roads. Perhaps that was the reason why the burying-ground had been placed beside it.

It was growing late. The shadows of the wayside elms were lengthening. As I walked I thought over all that I had heard, not understanding it all, but getting the ideas of catastrophe, shame, and trouble. A profound pity filled me for that poor sewing-woman whose name had always before fallen indifferently upon my ears.

As I walked I gathered the roadside flowers as I always did. I went by the cemetery and came to the little sunken lot where the Barleys lived. You went down to the house by a short grassy path and three steps. I went down and stood on the doorstone before I thought where I was.

The door was partly open and I heard a complaining voice say, 'I have n't any friends along of you, Primmy; you've got a good deal to make up to me.'

I realized that such talk was not for children to hear, and backed softly up the steps and went along the slope by the western side of the house. Primrose sat by her window with her sewing as usual. The sun, which was getting low, lighted as with a glory that hair which had been a snare and was still so soft and pretty. And Uncle

Joel was in his grave, and the boy I had heard of — where?

Something seemed to fill my throat to choking. I threw my flowers through the open window into her lap where the stone had fallen so long ago, and, turning, ran for home, never stopping till I burst into our sitting-room.

Eunice seized and shook me and said, 'What ails the child? She looks as if she had seen a ghost!'

'Eunice,' my mother said, 'there are no such things as ghosts.'

My Aunt Martha was getting on her things to go back to Bassett's Corners. The hired man was there to drive her home, but she stopped and looked carefully at me and, sitting down, took me on her lap. 'Such a great girl,' she said, and laughed; but she felt my heart-beats and exchanged glances with my mother.

'Let her go back to the Corners with me for a week,' she said.

In a minute I was running, this time delightedly, to gather the possessions I always bestowed, when going to the Corners, in a little pig-skin trunk trimmed with many brass nails and with a big 'T' in brass nails upon its dome-shaped top.

Eunice called out, 'Don't forget your patchwork, Miranda.'

I fear that I was forgetting my patchwork, that is temporarily, but I selected seven of the most attractive blocks and put them in the bottom of my trunk. I rode alone on the back seat of the wagon, Aunt Martha sitting in front to talk with the hired man about what had been done in her absence.

Mr. Bassett, my great-uncle Azrael, had given his farm into the hands of the widow of his oldest child and only son, and she was manager of the richest farm in the valley among the hills of Tuttleville. I had been told that her success bespoke her a true Tuttle.

I sat in the back seat, going to the place I loved, in a child's dream of pleasant melancholy, the dew-fragrant gloom of a summer's evening gathering around me. Aunt Martha and the hired man and the horse seemed miles away and I alone in the dream. We passed one or two farmhouses where neighbors, leaning over their front gates in the decline of the day and the end of labor, called out, 'So Joel Tuttle was buried to-day'; and in one place a cow grazing by the roadside made little tinkles with her bell; but for the most part there was little sound except for our passing over the gravelly road. It seemed that we might ride on forever through gateways in the hills into pale yellow skies dotted with little flocks of purple sheep; or so the clouds were shaped. In these days when we speed over the lovely monotony of our country roads, I can scarcely recall the happy sort of peace and rest that went with such drives. It must have formed us to different lives and fortunes from those that await our children.

The stars began to come out before we came down the last steep slope to the large white house, sitting in such dignity, with just a curved lawny space between it and the road.

Like one passing into a place of enchantments I descended into welcoming arms. The dear old house was in gloom to us coming in from the evening sky-glow.

It was midsummer, when country people prolong the frugal use of twilight. Great-Uncle Azrael came out of his own sitting room into the square hall that opened on the side porch. He was tall, a little bowed, the lean, bright, alert type of man with gray hair, slight side-whiskers, and a mouth meant for good words, lovable in shape. His daughter, who was married and allowed no one to forget that she lived in Boston, had sent him a new dressing-

gown, which he wore constantly in the house. It was very gay and magnificent, with cord and tassel. He drew me into his room. He sat down in his accustomed corner and held out his hands to me. I climbed up on his lap, he wrapped the dressing gown about me and I hoped that Aunt Bassett would not notice that my bed-time grew near.

The drowsy half hour was not, however, the usual lotus dream. It was punctured with the stings of my awaking conscience. Finally I could not endure it any longer. In the snug confessional of Great-Uncle Azrael's arms, I murmured, 'Great-uncle, I was naughty to-day.'

'Wh — what's this!' said great-uncle, who stammered, to my mind becomingly. I knew his sharpness was assumed, but I knew also that his 'honor bright' would condemn.

'This morning, I listened in the little bedroom and overheard mother telling Aunt Bassett all about Uncle Joel,' I sobbed.

There was silence.

'E-e-eavesdropping,' said Great-Uncle Azrael, in a tone to bring tears. 'We-well you must be punished. So so-some day, when it rains ha-hard would you think it best to be put in the corner of the back piazza? There is a leak there and the water comes down ha-hard from the eaves. Should you think that would cure you of eavesdropping?'

'Yes, great-uncle,' I said meekly.

No more was said, but I privately resolved to inflict the punishment on myself at the first opportunity, for I knew, from of old, that Great-Uncle Azrael would forget, — 'be slack,' Aunt Martha called it. I did not then know that great-uncle thought me sufficiently punished by the pain of confession, and that the poetic justice of fitting penalty to offense was never intended to be carried out.

I hoped it would rain such a rain as never fell since Noah's Ark on the very next day, and something ran through my head about 'Wash my sins away.'

'Come, Miranda,' Aunt Martha called, 'bed-time now, a whole week of to-morrows coming. Come.'

Great-uncle gave me a forgiving kiss and his usual good-night 'Say your prayers,' and I followed the gleam of the bedroom candle with a sort of chastened happiness, the good-night attitude of the penitent and forgiven.

So ended the day of Uncle Joel's funeral.

RAPHAEL SEMMES

A LAST CONFEDERATE PORTRAIT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

It is not likely that the romance of the one hundred and thirty volumes of Civil War Records will ever be written; yet the diligent searcher of those records finds many picturesque points to relieve his tedious hours. For instance, there is the matter of proper names. The novelist who invented 'Philip St. George Cocke' as a military hero would be laughed at for excess of fancy. Yet the Confederates rejoiced in such a general, who was killed early and is said to have been a good fighter. At any rate, he wrote up to his name in almost unbelievable fashion. He is not to be confused with his feebler Union duplicate, — I mean feebler as regards nomenclature, — Philip St. George Cooke.

Then there is Captain Coward. With that name would you not have chosen to be a preacher, or to follow any respectable profession of peace, rather than to inflict such a military *lucus e non lucendo* on a mocking world? And the parents of this unfortunate, when they had the whole alphabet to choose from, preferred to smite their offspring with the initial A, perhaps hoping — affectionately but mistakenly — that Alexander, or Ajax, or Achilles, would suffice to overcome the patronymic blight.

All which is but a prelude to the introduction of Raphael Semmes. Is not the name a jewel in itself? In Latin countries Raphael is a fairly common appellation; but we Saxons are usually familiar with only three instances of it, two artists and an archangel. Elements of both these characters may appear in the subject before us, but I think the artist somewhat predominated, and the other irresistibly suggests Lamb's description of Coleridge, 'an archangel — a little damaged.'

Really, for a pirate, could anything be finer than 'Raphael Semmes'? And it was always as a pirate that I shuddered at the commander of the Alabama in my boyhood dreams. I thought of him as a joyous freebooter, a Kidd, or a Red Rover, or a Cleveland, skimming the blue main like a bird of prey, eager to plunder and destroy, young, vigorous, splendidly bloodthirsty, gay in lace and gold, perhaps with the long locks, which, Plutarch assures us, make lovers more lovely and pirates more terrible. I cherished this vision even while I knew only vaguely of a certain Semmes. When better knowledge added 'Raphael,' my dream became complete.

Now it must go, with the other dreams of boyhood; for still better knowledge assures me that the man was not a pirate at all. I have his own word for this — or words, some hundred and fifty thousand of them. I have also most touching and impressive narratives of his officers, who were of so sympathetic a disposition that

they were moved by their first captive's tears to the point of collecting a purse for him. I do not understand that they continued this habit; but to the very end I have no doubt the hard plight of an orphan would have worked upon their feelings as volcanically as upon the pirates of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Perhaps more convincing than this somewhat *ex parte* evidence, and indeed, conclusive, are the calmer statements of Union authorities. Throughout the war, 'pirates' was the universal cry of the Northern government and press. But Professor Soley, as competent as any one to give an opinion, declares that 'Neither the privateers, like the Petrel and the Savannah, nor the commissioned cruisers, like the Alabama and the Florida, were guilty of any practices which, as against their enemies, were contrary to the laws of war.' While Robert A. Bolles, legal adviser of the Navy Department, writing in the *Atlantic*, shortly after the war, to explain why Semmes was not prosecuted, asserts that he was 'entitled to all warlike rights, customs, and immunities, including the right to perform all of the customary cheats, falsehoods, snares, decoys, false pretences, and swindles of civilized and Christian warfare,' and that 'the records of the United States Navy Department effectively silence all right to complain of Semmes for having imitated our example in obedience to orders from the Secretary of the Confederate Navy.'

It is impossible to imagine anything more satisfactory than this, coming from such a source, and the talk of 'pirates' seems to be forever disposed of. Nevertheless, there is one authority on the other side, of such weight and significance, that I cannot altogether pass him by. This authority — American — is, indeed, speaking of privateers in the Mexican War; but the methods and practices animadverted upon are so closely akin to those of the Alabama that that vessel could hardly have escaped being included in the condemnation, in spite of her claim to be a duly authorized Confederate cruiser.

Our authority, then, speaks thus of the composition of crews. 'It is necessary that at least a majority of the officers and crew of each vessel should be citizens; not citizens made *ad hoc*, in fraud of the law, but *bona fide* citizens; and any vessel which might have attempted to cruise under a letter of marque and reprisal, without this essential requisite, would have become, from that moment, a pirate.'

Again, this writer expresses himself in the severest terms as to commerce-destroying generally. 'Indeed, there is a growing disposition among civilized nations to put an end to this disreputable mode of warfare under any circumstances. It had its origin in remote and barbarous ages, and has for its object rather the plunder of the bandit than honorable warfare. . . . From the nature of the material of which the crews of these vessels are composed, — the adventurous and desperate of all nations, — the shortness of their cruises, and the demoralizing pursuit in which they are engaged, it is next to impossible that any discipline can be established or maintained among them. In short, they are little better than licensed pirates; and it behooves all civilized nations, and especially nations who, like ourselves, are extensively engaged in foreign commerce, to suppress the practice altogether.'

By this time, I imagine that the indignant Southern reader is inquiring what twopenny authority I am thus setting up against the best legal judgment of the North itself. I answer,

with hilarious satisfaction, no less an authority than Captain Raphael Semmes, who in discussing the question generally with regard to Mexico had little forethought of himself as a commissioned officer of the Confederate States.

No doubt he would have had a luxury of excuses and explanations, many of them reasonable. Still, I think we have here a delightful illustration of the difference between abstract theories and concrete applications; and if Seward and Welles could have got hold of this passage, they would have hailed it with infinite glee as indeed the utterance of a Daniel come to judgment.

Pirate or not, the career of the Sumter, and far more that of the Alabama, have a flavor of desperate adventure about them, which does not lack fascination for lovers of romance. 'Engaged in acts somewhat resembling the pranks of the buccaneers,' is the modest comment of Second Lieutenant Sinclair, and the facts amply bear him out.

The Alabama was built by stealth in England, in the summer of 1862, sailed from Liverpool under the British flag, and was commissioned practically on the high seas. Her crew were largely ruffians, sharked up from the worst corners of British seaports, requiring at all times a sharp eye and a heavy hand. The voyage was everywhere, now in Atlantic fog, now in Indian sunshine, battles with tropic storms, owl-flittings in murky twilight. Sometimes there would come a few days' repose in dubiously neutral ports. The captain would slip on shore for a touch of firm land, the sound of a woman's voice, perhaps a long ride over sunny mountains or through strange forests. On his return he would find half his crew drunk, the United States consul stirring up all sorts of trouble, and, it may be, an order to depart at once, half-coaled and half-provisioned. Or, as at Cape Town, among the friendly English, he would be half-suffocated with intrusive popularity.

Then it was up anchor and away, long months at sea, with incessant watchfulness. But the monotony was broken almost daily by fierce swoops upon Northern merchantmen, which were stopped, examined, seized, their crews taken aboard the Alabama, the vessels themselves — since there were no Confederate ports to send them to — burned with all their cargo, serving sometimes as a decoy to lure yet other victims within the reach of the insatiable aggressor. Any passengers on board the prizes were treated as were the crews, detained on the Alabama only until some convenient means was found of getting rid of them. Now and then among these were ladies, who at first regarded their captors with exaggerated fear. But the young officers managed to overcome this in most cases, and the lieutenant who boarded one large steamer returned with his coat quite bare of buttons which had been cut off for mementoes. Assuredly this was playing the pranks of buccaneers with a certain gayety.

The sordid side of such work is obvious enough. For a commissioned war vessel to sail about the world, doing no fighting, but simply capturing and destroying unarmed merchantmen, seems in itself neither very useful, very creditable, nor very amusing. As to the usefulness, however, the Alabama's depredations probably did as much as anything to develop the peace spirit among the merchants of the North, and Semmes was no doubt right in thinking that he seriously diminished the pressure of the blockade by drawing so much attention to himself. And he is further right in asserting, as to discredit, that what damage he did to

property and what injury to persons is not to be named with the damage and injury done by Sherman without one whit more military excuse.

As to amusement, that is, excitement, the course of the Alabama supplied enough of it. Not to speak of winds and storms, to which she was incessantly exposed in her practically unbroken cruise of two years, there was the ever-present necessity of avoiding the Union men-of-war, a fleet of which was on the lookout, flying close upon her traces in every quarter of the globe. With the Northern press and the suffering merchants everywhere clamoring for redoubled vigilance, and an immense reward of glory awaiting the destroyer of the dreaded destroyer, every Union officer was most keenly alert. For instance, it is interesting to find Admiral Mahan, as a young midshipman, begging the Navy Department to give him a ship that he may pursue Semmes, then in command of his first vessel, the Sumter. 'Suppose it fails, what is lost? A useless ship, a midshipman, and a hundred men. If it succeeds, apart from the importance of the capture, look at the prestige such an affair would give the service.'

To evade hostility like this meant excitement enough. Yet for three years, in his two ships, Semmes did it, fighting only once, with an inferior vessel, the Hatteras, which he sank. When at last, on the nineteenth of June, 1864, in the English Channel, he met the Kearsarge, in fair fight, on nearly equal terms, it was by his own choice, not by compulsion; and on the whole, his ship made a good and creditable ending, though Professor Soley is probably right in thinking that the defeat was rather caused by inferior training and marksmanship on the Alabama than by the chain protection of the Union vessel, of which the Confederates made so much.

But what we are seeking is a closer knowledge of Semmes himself. To accord with his firefly craft and with 'pranks resembling those of the buccaneers,' you no doubt imagine a gay young adventurer, handsome, gold-laced, laughing, swearing, singing, in short, the romantic freebooter of my dreams above mentioned.

The real Semmes was nothing of the sort. To begin with, at the outbreak of the war he was an elderly man. Born in 1809, he took his early training in the United States Navy, then returned to civil life and practiced law, then went into the Mexican War, and served all through it with credit and distinction.

Seen as others saw him, he was anything but a piratical adventurer. He was not handsome, he was not winning, he was not magnetic. In fact, he gave rather the impression of a grave and reverend professional man than of a dashing captain, and some of his prisoners at first sight mistook him for a parson, an illusion quickly dispelled by a habit of marine phraseology which would not have been pleasing to Lee or Jackson. 'Lean, sallow, and nervous, much less like a mariner than a sea-lawyer,' is the description furnished by Rideing.

I do not know what better testimony to respectability, sanity, and conservatism could be had than that of Alexander H. Stephens, and Stephens speaks of Semmes as follows: 'For some years before secession he was at the head of the Lighthouse Board in Washington. He resigned as soon as Alabama seceded, though he agreed with me thoroughly in my position on that question, as his letters to me show. He was a Douglas man, and you need not therefore be surprised, when I tell you that I considered him a very sensible, intelligent, and gallant man. I aided him in getting an honorable posi-

tion in our navy, and in getting him afloat as soon as possible, which he greatly desired.'

Fortunately, however, we are not obliged to depend on any external testimony. We have plenty of writing of the man's own which throws wide light upon his soul. He kept a careful log-book of both his cruises. This was used as a basis for the book written about him, called, *Cruise of the Alabama and Sumter*, and again, by himself, in his huge *Memoirs of Service Afloat during the War between the States*. But the original, as printed in the *Official Records*, is far more valuable than the later studied and literary narratives.

To begin with, one cannot help being impressed with his fine intelligence. He had a mind constantly working, and trained to work with ease, assurance, and dispatch. This is perhaps most striking in his immense legal ingenuity. His position brought him daily into contact with the nicest and most puzzling international questions, both of law and morals, from the disposition of his prizes to the disposition of himself, when he surrendered his vessel, let her sink under his feet, and after he was picked out of the water by the English yacht, Deerhound, betook himself to England and safety, instead of to the Kearsarge and a Northern prison. On all these points he is inexhaustible in legal lore, fertile in persuasive argument, and most apt and energetic in making every possible suggestion tell.

Nor would I intimate that in all this abundant discussion he is not sincere, or any less so than the average lawyer. He is, indeed, quick to take advantage of every quibble. But the long legal cases in regard to many of his captures recorded in his log-book — that is, mainly for his own eye — seem to me to indicate a mind much open to conscientious scruples and a feeling that his elaborate argument must convince himself as well as others.

Much more attractive evidence of Semmes's intellectual power than can be furnished by his legal pyrotechnics is his early book about the Mexican War. A more intelligent narrative of travels it would be difficult to find. There is not only the wide-open eye of the sympathetic observer; but the comments on the social life of the people, on their industries, their manners, their morals, government, and religion, are sober, fruitful, and suggestive, and may be read to-day with perhaps even more profit than fifty years ago.

Still, a pirate might be intelligent. Let us take other aspects of Semmes's character. How did he treat his prisoners, of whom, first and last, there must have been hundreds? His own account and that of his officers is, of course, highly favorable. He admits that at first, as a measure of retaliation for Union treatment of captured 'pirates,' he was unnecessarily rigid in the use of irons, but he asserts that in the main captives were made as comfortable as circumstances permitted, and he insists especially that at no time was there any pillaging of private personal property. 'We may as well state here,' writes Lieutenant Sinclair, 'that all our prisoners were housed on deck from necessity, the berth-deck being crowded by our own men. But we made them as comfortable as we could under the circumstances, spread awnings and tarpaulins over them in stormy weather, and in every way possible provided for their comfort. They were allowed free rations (less the spirit part), and their own cooks had the range of the galley in preparing their food to their taste. Indeed, when it is considered that our men had watch to keep and they none, they were better off for comfort than ourselves.' This, of course, refers only to the men.

When women were brought on board, they were given the officers' own staterooms.

Both Semmes and his lieutenants take great pride in the humane treatment of persons on board the large steamship, Ariel. When the ship was taken, the plan was to burn her and land the prisoners at Kingston. There was fever in Kingston, however; so rather than take the risk of infection, the vessel was allowed to go on her way under bond. Semmes's remark on this in his log (not in his published narrative) savors delightfully of the charity of Glossin in *Guy Mannering*. 'It would have been inhuman to put ashore, even if permitted (and I greatly doubted on this point) so large a number of persons, many of whom were women and children, to become victims perhaps to the pestilence.'

And what do the prisoners themselves say about it? Naturally their view was somewhat different. Complaints appear of rough usage, chiefly of the employment of irons, which was at times manifestly necessary where the number of captives was so large. 'The manner of the master of the steamer was overbearing and insolent in the extreme,' writes one victim, 'and it was at the great risk of the personal safety, if not of the life, of the deponent, that he so strenuously insisted upon his ship and cargo being released.' But in general there is a remarkable — all the more so because grudging — agreement that things were conducted peaceably and civilly, and that no personal violence was used in any case. Here again the testimony of Bolles, who had made a thorough and hostile investigation, is conclusive. 'In no one single solitary instance was there furnished a particle of proof that "the pirate Semmes," as many of my correspondents called him, had ever maltreated his captives, or subjected them to needless and unavoidable deprivation.'

It may be suggested that this line of conduct was dictated rather by policy than by kindness of heart. What then was Semmes's treatment of his crew? On this point also, the testimony is conflicting. I have said that they were necessarily a rough lot. Semmes puts it more strongly: 'The fact is, I have a precious set of rascals on board — faithless in the matter of abiding by their contracts, liars, thieves, and drunkards.'

To have managed such a company, in sole authority, for two years, over the vast solitudes of ocean, is in itself strong testimony to executive ability and force of character. It is evident that stern and constant severity was needed, and Semmes employed it, as he himself admits. I do not find any proof that the severity was excessive. In cases of open and extreme disorder, punishment was awarded by formal court-martial, and not suddenly, or in anger. The harshest instance seems to have been that of the captured deserter Forrest, who, after being several times spread-eagled in strenuous fashion, was put ashore in irons on a desert coast, the crew, without the knowledge of the captain, subscribing a purse which they hoped would enable him to get off, as it did. But the officers agree that Forrest's rascality stood out, even in that choice collection.

It is as to the result of this severity in producing discipline, that there is a most interesting disagreement of witnesses. Semmes himself declares that it accomplished its object. 'Many of my fellows, no doubt, thought they were shipping in a sort of privateer, where they would have a jolly good time and plenty of license. They have been woefully disappointed, for I have jerked them down with a strong hand, and now have a well-disciplined ship of

war.' His officers confirm his statement energetically. Lieutenant Sinclair writes: 'No better proof of the judicial methods of discipline outlined by Semmes could be submitted, than that under them, though engaged in acts somewhat suggesting the pranks of the buccaneers, our crew were as well held in hand as though serving on an English man-of-war in times of perfect peace, and at the same time in a state of perfect contentment.'

With this beatific vision it is really amusing to compare the assertions of some of the prisoners on the Alabama, who inspected conditions with a curious, though perhaps a somewhat malignant, eye. 'All the men forward are English and Irish,' says one observer, 'no Americans. The officers are Southerners, and, with the exception of the captain and first lieutenant, seem ignorant of their duties. The discipline on board was not very good, though the men seemed to be good seamen. They were over an hour setting the two topgallant sails. The men appeared to be dissatisfied.' And if it be urged that this was in September, 1862, before conditions were comfortably adjusted, we can turn to a still more severe account given by a reliable witness, in November, 1863, when the Alabama had run more than half of her brief career. 'Crew much dissatisfied, no prize money, no liberty, and see no prospect of getting any. Discipline very slack, steamer dirty, rigging slovenly. Semmes sometimes punishes, but is afraid to push too hard. . . . Crew do things for which would be shot on board American man-of-war; for instance, saw one of crew strike a master's mate; crew insolent to petty officers; was told by at least two thirds of them that they would desert on the first opportunity. . . . While on board saw drill only once, and that at pivot guns, very badly done; men ill-disciplined and were forced to it; lots of cursing.'

In such surroundings it might be vain to look for personal attachment. Perhaps even Jackson or Stuart would have been unable to inspire any. Still, in his book — not in his log — Semmes speaks of both officers and crew with what appears to be real affection. 'When men have been drenched and wind-beaten in the same storm, . . . there is a feeling of brotherhood that springs up between them, that it is difficult for a landsman to conceive.' His sailors certainly had immense confidence in him, as well they might, and it is said that, after the loss of the Alabama, many of them came and begged him to procure another ship. I do not find related of him, however, any incident so touching as that told by Lieutenant Kell — too simple and too human to have been invented, by Kell, at any rate — of the dying seaman, who, as his officer was leaving the Alabama, then about to sink, 'caught my hand and kissed it with such reverence and loyalty — the look, the act, lingers in my memory still.' Surely they were not all infernal rascals on board that pirate.

If we look at Semmes, for a moment, in other concerns of life besides the official, we shall find much that is attractive to complete the picture of him.

So far from having anything of the typical pirate's mercurial affections, he seems to have been a man of peculiarly domestic habit, much attached to his wife and to his children. The temporary presence of children and their mothers on the Alabama is referred to in his book with great feeling. 'When I would turn over in my cot, in the morning, for another nap, in that dim consciousness which precedes awakening, I would listen, in dreamy mood, to the sweet voice of the canary, the pat-

tering of the tiny feet of the children, and their gleeful voices over my head, . . . and giving free wing to fancy, I would be clasping again the absent dear ones to my heart.' Less literary, and therefore even more convincing, are the little touches of tenderness interspersed among the scientific observations and political discussion of the log-book. 'The governor sent me off a fine turkey, and some fruit, and his lady a bouquet of roses. The roses were very sweet, and made me homesick for a while.' Again, 'I am quite homesick this quiet Sunday morning. I am two long, long years and more absent from my family, and there are no signs of an abatement of the war.'

The same sensibility that shows in this home feeling manifests itself in other ways. Semmes was not only a wide reader in his profession and in lines connected with it, but he loved literature proper, read much poetry, and quoted it aptly. He was singularly sensitive to beauty in any form.

Above all, his diary reads almost like that of a naturalist — Darwin or Bates — in its close, intelligent, and affectionate observation of nature. Roving all over the tropic world of land and water, at a time when such study was less common than now, he kept his eyes open for both exceptional and ordinary natural phenomena. He had the keenest interest in the working of tides, storms, and currents, and not only records minutely all the empirical detail of such matters, but goes into elaborate discussion of the causes of them, illustrating with plans and diagrams which quaintly diversify the cargo lists of Yankee schooners and the recital of attempts to blarney pompous officers of Portugal and Spain.

Nor is the appreciation of the charm of nature less than the sense of its scientific interest. Every opportunity of landing is seized as giving the tired sea-wanderer a chance to satisfy his love of the soil, and he paints delightful pictures of tropic scenes and things and people. Here again the more elaborate specimens are to be found in the books, especially in the earlier one on Mexico; but I prefer the piquant freshness of little touches jotted down under the immediate impression in the diary of the day. How graceful, for instance, is this description of Fernando de Noronha: 'The island at the season at which we visited it was a gem of picturesque beauty, exceedingly broken and diversified with dells and rocks and small streams, etc. It was the middle of the rainy season. The little mountain paths as we returned became little brooks, that hummed and purled on their rapid course.' Or this again of Martinique: 'In the afternoon strolled on the heights in the rear of the town, and was charmed with the picturesque scenery on every hand. The little valleys and nooks in which nestle the country homes are perfect pictures, and the abrupt and broken country presents delightful changes at every turn.' While the following passage adds a personal note which is as attractive as it is evidently sincere: 'Visited the Savannah [Fort St. Louis] to hear the music, which is given every Sunday evening. It was a gay and beautiful scene, the moon, the shade trees, the statue of Josephine, the throng of well-dressed men and women, the large band and the fine music, the ripple of the sea, and last, though not least, the katydids so fraught with memories of home, dear home!'

And if Semmes was emotional and sensitive, he was also conscientious, high-principled, and genuinely religious. *Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera* was the motto of the Alabama, and past question her commander trusted in God as well as in his own right arm. He inherited the Catholic faith and per-

sisted in it with evidently sincere as well as intelligent devotion. His argument, in his book on Mexico, for the value to humanity of a liturgical service is as clear and cogent as his criticism of the excessive influence of an ignorant clergy in Mexican life. The touches of personal religion in his diary are absolutely free from pretentiousness and are very winning in their simplicity. Sometimes, indeed, there is a naïve mixture of his worldly occupations with his spiritual zeal. 'I have thus spent a busy day, without having time even to read a chapter in the Bible, and all for nothing — one Dutchman and two Englishmen.' But elsewhere the fervent outpouring of pious ejaculation is quite unmingled with any taint of sordid cares. 'My life has been one of great vicissitude, but not of calamity or great suffering, and I have reason to be thankful to a kind Providence for the many favors I have received. I have enjoyed life to a reasonable extent, and I trust I shall have fortitude to meet with Christian calmness any fate that may be in store for me, and to undergo the great change, which awaits us all, with composure and a firm reliance upon the justice and goodness of God.'

I think you must be asking now, with some astonishment, where is that pirate?

The practical Christian virtues, too, seem to be present, in desire at least, as well as Christian aspiration. Some of Semmes's reported utterances might make one think he lacked patience. He thinks so himself. 'I am not discouraged, but I have had an excellent opportunity to practice the Christian virtue of patience, which virtue, I think, I am a little deficient in.' Humility, also, he endeavors to cultivate, when winds and seas tempt an angry criticism of the order of nature. 'One of the most temper-trying of the *contretemps* of a seaman's life is, when your position is such as to render your latitude very important to you, to have a squall come up just before it is time to look out for the sun, and to rain and obscure everything until it is a very [few] minutes too late for you, and then to have the sun shine out brightly, as if in mockery of your baffled desire. Such was the case to-day, this being the second day that we are without an observation for latitude. But I endeavor to profit by these trials, as they teach me a lesson of humility. What is man, that the sun should shine for him? And then, in our stupidity, we fail to see things in their true light; all the occurrences of nature, being in obedience to wise laws, must of course, be the best.'

With the insight into Semmes's inner life and private character thus acquired, we are better able to appreciate the really lofty motives that animated him in his public service. His perfect courage, his entire determination and persistence in effort, are beyond dispute. Read the accounts of the calmness and self-sacrifice with which, in spite of a painful wound, he managed every detail of his last combat. The only aspersion upon him here is that he did not give himself up as a prisoner after being rescued by the Deerhound. It is possible that Lee or Albert Sidney Johnston would have done this; but were there many officers in either the Union or the Confederate service who would have strained honor to a point so quixotically fine?

And back of the persistence in effort was an equally indisputable patriotism. Whether we agree with Semmes or not, we must recognize that he believed as heartily in the cause he was fighting for as did Davis or Lee. Thoughts like the following, confided to the intimate privacy of his diary, are incontestable evidence of sincerity as

well as of devotion. 'My dear family I consign with confidence to God's care, and our beloved country I feel certain He will protect and preserve, and in due time raise up to peace, independence, and prosperity. Our struggle must be just and holy in His sight, and as He governs the world by inexorable laws of right and wrong, the wicked and cruel people who are seeking our destruction cannot fail to be beaten back and destroyed. But it may be His pleasure to scourge us severely for our past sins and unworthiness, and to admit us to his favor again, only when we shall have been purified.'

Nor was this patriotism of Semmes much tempered by personal ambition or by any stimulus of excitement or adventure. The young officer in Mexico may have felt these things, but the captain of the Alabama was well over fifty, and at that age personal comfort means more than plaudits and laurels. It is really most curious to see the supposedly triumphant and exultant pirate sighing over the tediousness and weariness of his lot and eager to give 'a thousand leagues of sea for one acre of barren ground.' 'Perhaps this constant, stormy tumbling about at sea is the reason why we seamen are so calm and quiet on shore. We come to hate all sorts of commotion, whether physical or moral.' And again, even more vividly and pointedly: 'Barometer gradually falling. Ship rolling and pitching in the sea and all things dreary-looking and uncomfortable. I am supremely disgusted with the sea and all its belongings. The fact is, I am past the age when a man ought to be subjected to the hardships and discomforts of the sea. Sea-going is one of those constant strifes which none but the vigorous, the hardy, and the hopeful — in short, the youthful, or, at most, the middle-aged should be engaged in. The very roar of the wind through the rigging, with its accompaniments of rolling and tumbling, hard, overcast skies, etc., gives me the blues.'

Yet, in spite of age, of gray respectability, of undeniable fine qualities, there is in Semmes a certain strain of the pirate, after all. About many of his utterances there is a violence not only fierce but coarse, a tone of offensive vituperation much more appropriate to Captain Kidd than to a Christian soldier. His own friends recognize this to the extent of apologizing for it. 'Semmes's verbal and written utterances,' says Sinclair, 'manifest a bitterness of feeling toward his foes which is calculated to mislead one respecting his real character. . . . He was uniformly just in his decisions. He respected private property and private feelings. And it was the rule, rather than the exception, that he provided in the best possible way for his prisoners, military and civil; and we have often seen that he gave them boats and whatever their ships afforded of comfort and luxury to get away with. This was not the conduct of a malevolent partisan, but distinctly that of a generous and chivalrous foe. It is by his acts rather than by his utterances that a man like Semmes should be judged. He had a noble and generous soul.'

Unfortunately our words sometimes go further than our acts, especially when we print them, and it is hard to reconcile all that Semmes wrote with perfect nobility or generosity.

It is true, he had much excuse. He was pursued with scorn and vilification which no one thought of bestowing on Johnston or Lee; yet there was no reason for calling him a common malefactor and enemy of the human race, any more than them. It is true, further, that his tongue often belied his real feeling, as it occasionally showed itself; for instance, when, long after the

war, he replied 'very gently' to Mrs. Kell, who asked him to help reconcile her husband, 'He has fifteen years or longer to live to feel as I do. I am fifteen years his senior. Give him that long to grow reconciled to things as they are.' Finally, it is true that the ugly violence of expression does not appear in the earlier Mexican book, which is a model of dignity, sanity, and self-restraint. In short, a nervous, sensitive, high-strung nature was irritated beyond control of itself by the long strain of toil and hardship and exposure. As Semmes admirably expresses it, speaking of his antagonist, Winslow: 'I had known, and sailed with him, in the old service, and knew him *then* to be a humane and Christian gentleman. What the war may have made of him, it is impossible to say. It has turned a great deal of the milk of human kindness to gall and wormwood.' Certainly Semmes's human kindness had been gravely affected in that way, and none of the above explanations will serve to excuse a manner of speech which would have been impossible not only for Lee or Stephens, but even, under any circumstances, for Beauregard, or Johnston, or Longstreet.

Such a charge must be supported by illustrations, however offensive. But it should be understood that these illustrations are not unique, but merely represent the general tone of Semmes's book, *Memoirs of Service Afloat during the War between the States*. Even in the earlier, simpler diary of actual war days, a note is sounded that is far from agreeable. 'If the historian perform his duty faithfully, posterity will be amazed at the wickedness and corruption of the Northern and Western people, and will wonder by what process such a depth of infamy was reached in so short a time. The secret lies here: the politicians had become political stockjobbers, and the seekers of wealth had become knaves and swindlers; and into these classes may be divided nearly the whole Yankee population. Such is "Plymouth Rock" in our day, with its Beechers in the pulpit and its Lincolns in the chair of Washington, its Sumners and Lovejoys in Congress, *et id omne genus* in the contract market.'

One expects this sort of abuse from irresponsible agitators, North and South both. One does not expect it from officers and gentlemen. But the language of Semmes's book is far worse. 'The pay of the Federal Consul at Maranham, was, I believe, at the time I visited the town, about twelve hundred dollars per annum. As was to be expected, a small man filled the small place. He was quite young, and with commendable Yankee thrift, was exercising, in the consular dwelling, the occupation of a dentist; the "old flag" flying over his files, false teeth, and spittoons. He probably wrote the dispatch, a copy of which had been handed me, in the intervals between the entrance and exit of his customers. It was not wonderful, therefore, that this semi-diplomat, charged with the affairs of the Great Republic, and with the decayed teeth of the young ladies of Maranham, at one and the same time, should be a little confused as to points of international law and the rules of Lindley Murray.'

The man who wrote that had a coarse streak in him somewhere. Stuart liked rhetoric, but he could never have written that. Jackson detested Yankees, but he could never have written that.

And with this vein of detestable facetiousness Semmes mingles an almost equally trying assortment of cheap heroics. He quotes Byron, 'Don Juan,' and 'The Corsair,' and 'The Island,' until you would think Conrad and Lara were his ideals, and Jack Bunce, *alias* Altamont, his model.

Such a tribute to the power of the gallery goes a long way to prepare us for the description furnished by one of Semmes's captives, the master of the Brilliant, a description no doubt exaggerated, but which may not seem so much so now, as when we were fresh from the touching — and absolutely genuine — passages about home and God. It may be added that this is the only explanation I have seen of 'Old Beeswax,' a name accepted by Semmes himself and frequently referred to by officers and crew. I quote from the New York *Herald* of October 17, 1862.

'Captain Hagar says that however much Semmes may have had the appearance of a gentleman when an officer of the United States Navy, he has entirely changed now. He sports a huge mustache, the ends of which are waxed in a manner to throw that of Victor Emmanuel entirely into the shade, and it is evident that it occupies much of his attention. His steward waxes it every day carefully, and so prominent is it that the sailors of the Alabama call him "Old Beeswax." His whole appearance is that of a corsair, and the transformation appears to be complete from Commander Raphael Semmes, U. S. N., to a combination of Lafitte, Kidd, and Gibbs, the three most noted pirates the world has ever known.'

So you see, I can cherish a watery image of my pirate, after all. And if the words attributed to him by his near friend, Maffit, on the sinking of his ship, are genuine, neither Cleveland nor the Red Rover could have struck an attitude or phrased an exit more effectively: 'Raising his sword with affectionate solicitude, he gently placed it on the binnacle, sorrowfully exclaiming, "Rest thee, Excalibur, thy grave is with the Alabama."'

Excalibur! oh!

THE GOAL OF EQUALITY

BY WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER

The Goal of Progress is a flying Goal.

TWENTY years ago I took for the subject of a Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard, 'The New Movement in Humanity: from Liberty to Unity.' The movement thus indicated seemed at the time to warrant a broad generalization. It represented a very radical change in popular thought and feeling, and one which was widespread, namely, the change from an absorbing interest in individual rights to an almost equally absorbing interest in the social order. Society became possessed with the sense of the loneliness and the waste incident to individualism. In spiritual relations there was an eager craving for fellowship. In material affairs men stood ready to undertake enterprises of vast moment under the stimulus of the coöperative spirit. Naturally the conception of unity found a place among the ruling ideas of the time. It passed from a vague desire to a rational and practicable object of pursuit, worthy of endeavor and, if need

be, of sacrifice, and capable of realization. By common consent unity became the immediate and definite goal of social progress.

In many ways the movement toward unity has surpassed the expectations which it awakened. It has effected vital changes in the social order, changes in form as well as in spirit; it has tempered the atmosphere of religion, and brought its various agencies into more harmonious action; and it has given substance and shape to what had been the elusive hope of universal peace. But while this movement has been and is advancing throughout Christendom and beyond, it has been sharply arrested at the centre — at the heart of the great democracies. No one can overlook or ignore the effect of the struggle for equality which has arisen there. Equality and unity are in no sense incompatible, provided the natural sequence is followed. The demand for equality, like the demand for liberty, whenever it is serious takes precedence. The presumption is in favor of the seriousness and of the justice of the present demand, largely because it is so definite. Certainly it is no vague cry of discontent needing most of all to be interpreted to those who utter it. The need of interpretation is much more evidently with those who hear it — who hear, but do not heed or understand. In times of discontent, whether vague or well defined, the greatest danger lies in the over-occupied or dulled mind of the generation.

I

What is the ground of the present demand for equality? Why are we called upon to turn aside from urgent and far-reaching plans in behalf of unity to make equality the more immediate goal of social progress?

Incidentally the attempt to answer this question may lead to a better understanding of the practical significance of equality. To many minds equality is an impossibility. Theoretically it is impossible. Of the classic interpretations which have been given, some have been frankly termed Utopian, and all others have been so regarded. But there are equalities which are entirely practicable, and which taken together may create a state of comparative equality. Nature has been grossly overcharged with inequality. It has been found that the area of natural inequality can be greatly restricted, and that very many apparently natural inequalities can be relieved. A condition of constantly increasing equality is thus possible in almost any community, because the inequalities below the line can be diminished more easily than the inequalities above the line can be increased. Inequality above the line ought to be allowed and encouraged in the interest of the individual as it becomes the result of personal merit.

The advance of the demand for equality from one kind or form of it to another shows how practicable a thing it really is: it shows still more clearly how impossible it is to satisfy the demand once for all. Equality is altogether a relative matter varying with the rate and general conditions of social progress. A condition of substantial equality may be reached in a democracy, only to be disturbed, and perhaps overthrown, by some unequal development, economic, educational, or even religious. The most serious mistake possible in this matter is that of assuming that a condition of equality can be maintained by the means through which it was gained. This is the common mistake of a political democracy. It is the mistake which we are now in danger of making, as may be seen from the present tendency to treat

all social grievances politically — the tendency on the one hand to make political capital out of them, and the tendency on the other hand to deny their existence apart from the operation of political causes. The fact, however, is becoming more and more evident that the determining considerations affecting the maintenance of equality among the people of this country are no longer altogether or chiefly political, but to an increasing extent economic.

Politics, using the term in the conventional sense, has much yet to accomplish in the extension of popular rights, and very much yet to accomplish for their security. There are belated issues, like woman's suffrage, to be settled, and there are modifications of the political system to be effected to make it more responsive to the popular will. The introduction of the Australian ballot, by far the greatest device for ensuring equality in the electorate as well as purity in elections, opened the way for other devices which are now being incorporated into political programmes, some of which will prove to be permanent while others will doubtless be laid aside after having fulfilled certain local or temporary ends. The initiative, the referendum, and the recall, and even the primary, are schemes which may be said to be under trial, the problem being to find out how far the increase in political machinery can be made to work in the interest of the people at large — how far, that is, the people will be willing to work the machinery themselves without calling in, or allowing, the help of the politicians. These, however, and all like schemes (that of proportional representation must soon be included if political parties increase in number), represent the unfinished tasks of a political democracy, acting with a view to self-preservation or self-assertion. They are really inherited tasks. They belong to the political world of yesterday rather than to the economic world of to-day.

Are we justified in believing that the further uses of political power, as in the political invasion of the economic world, will accomplish results which will be accepted as a complete, or in any way logical, satisfaction of the new demands urged in the name of equality? We have a partial but suggestive answer to our question in the returns of the late national election, showing so large an increase in the socialistic vote in the face of promised political advances. I think that it will appear upon candid inquiry that the steady advance of militant socialism, the only kind of socialism with a fixed purpose and a growing constituency, is due to the incoming of ideas which mark the transition from the political world of yesterday to the economic world of to-day — ideas associated more directly with the spirit of equality than with the spirit of liberty.

What is the essential distinction between the political world of yesterday, from which we have inherited many unfinished tasks, and the economic world of to-day, which is confronting us with new tasks which are as yet mostly in the form of problems? The ruling conception of the political world was, and is, the conception of rights. The ruling conception of the economic world is the conception of values. Political progress toward equality — it has been very great — has come about through the recognition of rights. Economic progress toward equality, if it is to be equally marked, must come about through a like recognition of values.

II

In the economic world attention and interest centre around the creation of wealth. The process is twofold — to produce articles of intrinsic worth, and

to induce the desire for them. The joint result of the process is expressed in terms of market value. To the extent to which a political democracy becomes an industrial democracy the new values created by industry entitle the industrial worker to another kind of consideration than that conferred upon him by the right of suffrage. Universal suffrage can no longer satisfy his claim to recognition. He demands a new rating based not simply upon his manhood, but also upon the value of his contribution to the material wealth of society. His claim rests, of course, upon the estimate which society itself places at any time upon material wealth, that is, upon *its* market value. There can be no question about the present estimate, the almost supreme regard in which it is held, the concentration of desire upon it.

In any attempt to understand the growing sense of inequality, as distinct from the various experiences of poverty, of misfortune, or even of injustice, there are facts of plain observation which give the right approach. One is the fact to which I have just referred — the concentration of popular desire upon material good. This desire has broken down many of the distinctions heretofore existing between persons, and opened the way to general and often fierce competition. Before the competition for material good, other competitions have retired. It is almost impossible, for example, to stimulate competition within the range of education, unless the prize bears the clear mark of utility. This leveling process, this growing flatness of desire, means leveling up as well as leveling down. Desires meet upon a common plane. The demand for works of art is still limited. Everybody wants an automobile. These objects of common desire have come to be the ordinary products of industry, increased in value as they become more artistic in design, but still the products of industry. They represent the comforts, the conveniences, and many of the luxuries, which any one can appreciate and which every one would like to enjoy.

Beyond this lies the further fact, perhaps more significant, of that love of display attending the possession of these objects of common desire, which greatly provokes the sense of inequality. The chief street of any great city is a moving-picture show, open to all dwellers on the side streets and in the alleys. The economies of trade are bringing about an enforced proximity of those who make the more attractive goods to those who buy and display them. The great stores on Fifth Avenue now use their upper floors for workshops. At the noon hour the operatives occupy the Avenue. It is not to be supposed that they are idle observers, or that their daily observation fails to make a cumulative impression. Nothing could be better calculated to develop the latent sense of inequality than this increasing familiarity, this more public intimacy, with those who are in possession of the objects of common desire. What may now seem to be a mere incident attending the growth of 'publicity' may yet be seen to have far-reaching social results.

This growing sense of inequality on the part of industrial workers is not to be attributed to mere envy and greed. Envy and greed are individual qualities. The sense of inequality is becoming a matter of class-consciousness, developed by the knowledge that the new material values are the creation of industry, and excited by the conviction that labor is the supreme agency in industry. Hence the rapid growth of laborism.

Laborism, like capitalism, or any other 'ism,' means simply the overestimation of the value of the thing for

which it stands. It is the overestimation which always makes the trouble, but that would not be possible were it not for the underlying value. Capitalism has produced its own class-consciousness with all of its attendant evils — arbitrariness and arrogance, indifference to human needs and rights, and the love of luxury. Laborism, as such, has as its crude aim to supplant capitalism and to rule in its stead, avoiding of course in expectation and promise all attendant evils. We are familiar with the development of capitalism from an economic system into what has become almost a social caste. We ought not to be surprised at the counter-development of laborism in making use of class-consciousness to create its own economic system.

Our interest, however, in the growth of industrial discontent, so far as the present discussion is concerned, lies in the fact that it is just here that the spirit of equality is most evidently at work, and most easily distinguishable in aim and method from any workings of the general spirit of restlessness and discontent. If we say that the mind of the industrial worker demands too much consideration because it is the mind of a segregated class, we simply intensify the demand. Why has a class, so large a class, become segregated, and why is it specially imbued with the sense of inequality? The question grows in importance, as well as in clearness, as we disconnect the sense of inequality so generally existing among industrial workers from those discontents which are fostered by other causes. The struggle for equality, as we now see it, is a part of the evolution of labor.

Shall the labor question then — to return to our inquiry about the political invasion of the economic world — be made a political question to be settled by political methods, or shall it be allowed to work itself out under the impulse and direction of the spirit of equality? Is it primarily a question of rights or of values? The conflict of labor with capital is a social fact, but unfortunately this does not mean that society at large really understands the meaning of the conflict, or follows its programme with growing intelligence. Public opinion still reflects the political rather than the economic state of mind. A strike, for example, we refer at once to some working of the spirit of liberty, although we are often sadly confused in our endeavor to find out the 'rights' involved. If we could accustom ourselves to think of a strike, or any like move on the part of organized labor, as a continued and progressive assertion of the spirit of equality, we should at least relieve our minds of much confusion, whether in individual cases we approve or disapprove the strike. What I have termed the evolution of labor has been a steady, and, on the whole, consistent struggle for the recognition of the 'values' involved in the part taken by labor in the productive industries. No rights have been claimed apart from these values — actual or assumed. The labor question is always fundamentally a question of values, whatever question of individual rights may spring up in connection with any contest.

There is, of course, and always must be, a broad field for political action in the equalization of rights. The government must be honest, else we shall have the greatest possible inequality; it must be free from privilege and monopoly; it must be fair in the distribution of burdens; it must be wise in the opening of opportunities. The government may also be made the guardian of the national resources, if necessary through ownership; and it may be put in control of those agencies of communication and of distribution upon which all are in common and alike dependent.

Within the field of industrialism the government must be ceaselessly active in the protection of the laborer. It may determine under what conditions work shall be carried on, and in some cases prescribe, as in the case of children, who shall not work at all. All these matters are proper subjects of political action, but they do not reach the essential issue between labor and capital, which is simply the question of the relative value of the part taken by each in the productive industries. My contention is that we cannot settle this question politically, and that any promises to this effect are altogether misleading unless we are prepared to go further and concede the socialistic state. It may be quite possible for a political party to lose control of its original intentions, but it is to be assumed that it will act within the accepted political limits.

Political legislation bearing upon this issue, even when it is accepted and urged by those most concerned, is always looked upon with a degree of mistrust, and when it is put forward as a means of arresting the socialistic tendency of labor is quite sure to provoke reply. What is the motive of it all, the reply runs, except the 'conservation of human resources,' the 'stopping of the waste in the earning power of the nation.' When you have made the state most considerate of the conditions of labor, what have you really done in the interest of a just equality? In fact, have you not, through what you have done, confirmed and established the present inequality? Your programme of legislation is designed to increase efficiency, for efficiency creates prosperity, and prosperity means more wealth, but not of necessity any change in the distribution of it. Under existing economic conditions, the reply still runs, the relative position of the classes concerned would not be changed. In prosperous times capital gets more and labor gets more, but the capitalist and the laborer are not thereby brought nearer together. The system which holds them apart remains the same, ensuring the continuance of the existing inequality.

I do not see how any political programme can satisfy and therefore silence the argument of militant socialism, unless, as I have said, those who urge it are prepared to go further and concede the socialistic state. Personally I am an ardent believer in legislation for the furtherance of 'social justice' quite irrespective of the ability or inability of such legislation to stay the socialistic tendencies of labor. In my judgment the government can hardly be set to tasks more worthy of it than those which, in their redress of wrongs, carry the chivalrous suggestion of knight-errantry. But I do not allow myself to be beguiled into the belief that the labor question, in so far as it involves the struggle for economic equality, can be settled by legislation, least of all by legislation subject to the vicissitudes of political parties.

III

I think that it will appear upon due reflection that the goal of equality in the economic world, like the goal of liberty in the political world, must be reached through struggle, if for no other reason than that unworthy and impracticable desires may be thereby eliminated. Struggle always carries the liability of conflict, and conflict of violence. In times of conflict, especially if characterized by violence, it is difficult to appreciate the fact that the underlying and really prevailing forces may be set toward peace. Yet this has been the fact in most of the conflicts which have resulted in progress. Conflict does not necessarily mean permanent enmity, if it really means enmity at all.

More frequently than otherwise it is the means through which those who have mutual interests are able to reach some satisfactory adjustment of them. The conflict of labor with capital is a conflict for the adjustment of mutual interests. The question at issue is the question of the values contributed by each in the production of wealth. Who shall settle this question? How can it be settled except by protracted and serious experiment, involving at times the element of contention?

I have long held the theory that the most rewarding occupations, those which give the greatest intellectual and moral satisfactions, and usually corresponding social position, should not be reckoned among the more remunerative in the way of money: and that among manual occupations money should be given, in seeming disproportion, to the worker in the monotonous, disheartening, and dangerous occupations. I seldom find a person, however, whose opinion coincides with mine. Current opinion is based on the assumption that those who have acquired intellectual tastes ought to have the means of gratifying them, and that those who have acquired skill ought to be paid according to the cost of its acquisition, or its market value. Evidently opinions on this and like subjects cannot be organized into standards. Questions of values cannot be settled out of court, and court in the industrial world is the workshop.

Two closely related facts of very great significance and of very great promise are beginning to emerge out of the conflict of labor and capital — the growing intelligence of labor, and the growing intelligence of capital, in respect to matters of common interest. Of these two facts, the latter is by far the more significant. The intelligence of capital has not been directed primarily toward the value of labor. Labor has been undervalued partly because it has been undeveloped. Natural forces have in many fields been developed to their full limit, inventions have been utilized, machinery has been worked under high tension, while the laborer has been left in a state of relative inefficiency. Suddenly the mind of capital has become concerned about this lost or unutilized value.

A new type of leader has arisen among the captains of industry who is studying the human element in industrialism, directly of course in the interest of efficiency, but also with humane intentions and sympathies. 'We have got to learn,' says one of the most successful of private manufacturers, a man well known in political life, 'we have got to learn to utilize the brains of our workers. The man can grow, the machine cannot.' What does this mean except partnership in profit-making — a step far in advance of profit-sharing? How long will it be after 'the brains' of labor have been fully recognized before capital must be prepared to answer questions about costs and profits, about methods, about policies, about public questions which affect not labor alone, but labor and capital alike?

No one can predict what is to follow the present change of disposition on the part of capital toward labor. Schemes of social welfare, pension systems, cooperative agreements, and limited partnerships are significant in themselves, but still more significant in what they suggest. The great point in dispute will have been recognized and conceded in all its possibilities when the word which I have quoted becomes an accepted saying — 'The man can grow.' The full recognition of the growth of the man in the worker will insure a just equality. Industrialism will come to represent increasingly a partnership 'for better, for worse.' Capitalism and laborism at least will disappear.

To dismiss this idea under the charge of impracticability is simply begging the question. Most movements involving confidence in the intelligence and capacity of the masses have passed through the stage of the impracticable or impossible. Mark Hanna is credited with having said that 'he would rather be the man to adjust the relations of labor and capital than be President of the United States.' He was wise in his ambition. It showed a true sense of proportion. It showed also the possibilities evident to the mind of a sagacious man of affairs. The man who can make the adjustment suggested is possible. Such a leader ought to arise in due time out of the ranks of labor or capital. The problem is an economic problem. It does not fall within the province of the politician or statesman. Only a statesman with the economic genius of Alexander Hamilton, but thoroughly humanized in his sympathies, could hope to solve it. The merely political solution, if the process is logical, must be the socialistic state. The economic solution ought to be such an identification or partnership of labor with capital as may express their essential unity of interest.

IV

Meanwhile the public cannot be an indifferent spectator of the evolution of labor as it is now going on. The interests of us all are directly affected by the process when it is normal, and much more vitally affected when it becomes at any time abnormal. Organized labor, with all its affiliated numbers, represents a small minority of the nation. The labor question is but one of many questions of public concern. When the labor movement passes without the legitimate bounds of action it must be treated as any other movement would be treated in like circumstances. The sympathetic attitude of the public toward labor ceases when its methods become revolutionary. Offenses against the public order which have long been outlawed cannot be condoned. On the other hand there is evident need of very great patience on the part of the public in view of the many complications growing out of the employment of unskilled labor.

So long as we invite, or allow, certain kinds of immigration we must expect trouble. We pay the price of 'cheap labor' in disturbed social conditions and in debased moral standards. If as a nation we had given the same attention to immigration that we have given to the tariff, we might have different results to show in respect to social security and moral advancement.

Public opinion must remain the final arbiter in all labor disputes. It cannot act with military promptness and precision. It is better that it cannot so act. The intervention of the government on occasions of violence is sufficient. For the most part the process of industrial development, in which all are concerned, must be regarded as educative. It involves the moral discipline of society as well as of labor and capital. It is but one part of the great endeavor, difficult but necessary,

> To drill the raw world for the march of mind,
> Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.

The attitude, however, of the public toward the struggle for equality cannot be simply that of interest or concern. There is a more imperative duty than the duty of arbitration. The social movement which has acquired such moral momentum is the unconscious expression of the spirit of equality working downward to meet the struggle which is going on below. The principle of all social service is community of interest. The concern of one is made the concern of all. Every member of

society is regarded as an active and contributing member. He may have nothing to contribute but a grievance. That, if offered in the spirit of a contribution, may be at any given time the best gift of all. In fact, it is this giving from below as well as from above which distinguishes the present social method from the old-time methods of charity. The person who receives, if he receives at all, becomes an active recipient. Thenceforth he is more distinctly a member of the community. Perhaps he represents something more than an individual want. That increases his value. He brings others of like needs into the community — into the concern of all. Grievances thus come out into the open. Some give way before mutual understanding. Others become the subject of honest and sympathetic investigation. Meanwhile the larger and common interests of the community are brought within the range of separated and more inaccessible lives. Old channels of communication are reopened and set free. New means of intercourse are established. Access is made easy from whatever is lowest and most remote to whatever is best in the community. Individuals and families are taught how to become sharers in the public good.

Any one with the gift or training for social observation may see this socializing process going on at the great social settlements of the cities. A social settlement is a human exchange. The values dealt in are personal values. This fact, which is quickly discoverable, stands for the rarest type of equality. The steady contact of persons with persons acting toward a common end offers a very practical relief to the sense of inequality. Personal distinctions cease to be of much account: only differences in condition remain. And even in this regard the idea of equality is realized, or perhaps better, lost sight of, in the growing sense of a community of interest.

Social service has brought out the natural affiliation between education and organized labor — originally expressed in the relation between the universities and the guilds. From the strictly economic point of view, the representatives of each are upon the same footing. The salary is the same in principle with the wage — a fixed remuneration for service rendered according to contract. The average salaried person among educational workers, if he compares his position with that of the wage-earner, may with equal fitness think of himself as the hired man of society. That he does not so think of himself is due, not to any large excess of remuneration above his fellow worker in the trades, but rather to a different conception of his task and of its rewards. Judged by the standards of wealth, almost any educational worker in a community is an inferior person. He maintains his place in society by refusing to be judged by these standards, and in so doing puts himself into personal relations with all in the vast brotherhood of work.

The principle of community of interest reaches, of course, beyond and below the fellowship of work into the environment of unskilled labor. Unskilled labor touches poverty in every variety of form. The inequalities which are the result of social causes mingle with the inequalities within industrialism in almost inextricable confusion. The work of social reform must be discriminating, and yet it must be inclusive. 'The social economist,' says an authority on social reform, 'seeks to establish the normal . . . to eradicate the maladjustments and abnormalities, the needless inequalities which prevent our realizing our own reasonable standards.' It is here, in this undefined region of inequality, that the

struggle for equality must go on hand in hand with patient scientific service, and in no less close alliance with the forces which are fighting greed and commercialized vice. Nearly all the conditions of existence which stir our sympathies, kindle indignation, and arouse the public conscience, crowd the line of the 'living wage.'

V

I am convinced, so far as social progress in this country is concerned, that we are wise if we relate the organized discontent in the midst of us directly to the growth of the spirit of equality. It is time for the spirit of equality to assert itself as a corrective to our unequal development. So kindly a critic as Mr. Bryce asks the pertinent question, 'Might it not have been better for the United States if their growth had been slower, if their public lands had not been so hastily disposed of, if in their eagerness to obtain the labor they needed they had not drawn in a multitude of ignorant immigrants from central and southern Europe?' It would be difficult to find any number of intelligent citizens who would answer this question in the negative.

We know that we have grown not only rapidly but recklessly. We know that much of our present wealth is capital borrowed from the future. We know that we have stimulated immigration at the cost of labor. We know that our prosperity will not bear many of the saving tests to which it ought to be subjected. Knowing these things, and beginning to view them with concern, we cannot deny the need of some essentially human force which shall come in to rectify our mistakes — something which shall be more vital in its action than any conventional expedients with which we are familiar. I find, as it seems to me, such a corrective in the spirit of equality, which is now at work in the nation. To many it may seem too narrow in its action, as its sphere of operation is chiefly within industrialism. We have seen the reason for this limitation in the fact that the prevailing conditions of our social life are economic conditions. The spirit of equality is concerned, therefore, with the production and distribution of economic values rather than with the righting of purely social inequalities. And for this task organized labor has been and is the ready and efficient instrument.

The question naturally arises — Will not the spirit of equality, once given the requisite freedom and scope under present industrial conditions, even if kept free from political complications, carry us over into socialism? Certainly not, if socialism is what the question implies or what the most of us think it is — in the last analysis a tyranny. If socialism is not this, but only a *laissez-faire* kind of democracy, the question has no significance. But if it is in its nature undemocratic and tyrannous, if it creates an enforced equality, the moment it begins to reveal its nature in practical ways the spirit of liberty may be trusted to guard against any excesses of the spirit of equality. This is one of its prerogatives. It is a part of its ancient and unrelinquished discipline to assert and maintain the rights of the individual. Even now in the midst of our social enthusiasms and compulsions one may hear the protest of liberty recalling us to the larger use of our individuality.

To my mind there is a more serious question, because open to a more doubtful answer — will the spirit of equality carry us further on the road to materialism? To borrow the figure of Professor Eucken, — 'Man's works have outstripped man — they go their way of their own accord and exact his

submission to their demands.' If these works are more equally shared, will they draw us further on the downward way? The immediate aim of equality is a fairer distribution of material goods. This implies, as has already been pointed out, a concentration of desire upon those objects. The value of the objects which lie above the range of necessity consists largely in the fact that they are accounted so desirable. May it not be that, with a wider distribution of these objects, their value may be lessened in the eyes of those who have had the exclusive possession of them, so that not even a superior quality will give satisfaction? Materialism has worked its way into the life of the masses from above. If not altogether the gift of those who once enjoyed the things of the mind and of the spirit, it derives its influence from them. The newly made, or simply rich, are not influential. Revulsion from the vulgarity of materialism is not a very high motive, and will not accomplish much for those who are most sensitive to it, but in due time it will doubtless have its influence through them upon the masses.

It is also to be remembered, — and too great insistence cannot be placed upon the fact, — that materialism is a very different thing to those who have not and to those who have, to those who are struggling up the social grade, and to those who are on the secure social levels. To those who are in want and in the struggle, materialism represents not merely the material things in sight, but the things which lie back of these, within reach of education and culture. The constant and honest contention of labor for shorter hours and higher wages is a contention for better homes, for better access to the schools, for better social opportunities. The materialism of the ascending classes, in sharp distinction from that of the stationary or descending classes, stands for social aspiration which may have in it no little of moral and spiritual quality. One of the compensations for the disastrous economic effects of the immigration of the past decade may yet appear in the spiritual capacity of the unknown races which have been brought here. The public schools in our great foreign centres are beginning to reveal possibilities of a renewed intellectual and spiritual growth on the part of the nation.

I think, however, that the greatest safeguard against any materialistic tendencies in the advancing struggle for equality is to be found in a corresponding growth of the spirit of altruism. Not a few persons within the knowledge of most of us have already reached, through most satisfying experience, 'the belief that our highest pleasures are increased by sharing them.' That belief has naturally led to much thought for others, and in the case of those far below the range of all pleasures, to much solicitude and eventual sacrifice in their behalf. The altruism of our time is learning how to express itself in splendid self-denials, quite comparable with those of so-called heroic times — young women foregoing marriage to serve the children of want and sin, young men foregoing the opportunities of fortune to fight in the warfare against greed and lust and the varied cruelties of selfishness. The altruistic spirit, which is really the spirit of equality working from above in sacrifice, is the most spiritual force of which we have personal knowledge in our generation. It can most easily set at nought the temptations of materialism, and find satisfaction in human rewards.

SOLWAY FORD

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

He greets you with a smile from friendly eyes,
But never speaks, nor rises from his bed.
Beneath the green night of the seas he lies,
The whole world's waters weighing on his head.

The empty wain made slowly over the sand;
And he, with hands in pockets, at its side
Was trudging, deep in dream, the while he scanned
With blue unseeing eyes the far-off tide:
When, stumbling in a hole, with startled neigh,
His young horse reared; and, snatching at the rein,
He slipped: the wheels went over him where he lay;
Then, turning-turtle, over him the wain
Fell, clattering, as the plunging beast broke free,
And made for home: and pinioned, and half-dead,
He lay, and listened to the far-off sea;
And seemed to hear it surging overhead
Already; though 't was full an hour or more
Until high tide, when Solway's shining flood
Should sweep the shallow firth from shore to shore.
He felt a salty tingle in his blood;
And seemed to stifle, drowning. Then again,
He knew that he must lie a lingering while
Before the sea should close above his pain,
Although the advancing waves had scarce a mile
To travel, creeping nearer, inch by inch,
With little runs and sallies over the sand.

Shut in close dark, he felt his body flinch
From each cold wave as it drew nearer-hand.
He saw the froth of each oncoming crest;
And felt the tugging of the ebb and flow,
And waves already breaking over his breast;
Though still far-off they murmured, faint and low;
Yet creeping nearer, inch by inch; and now
He felt the cold drench of the drowning wave,
And the salt cold of death on lips and brow;
And sank, and sank . . . while still, as in a grave,
In the close dark beneath the crushing cart,
He lay, and listened to the far-off sea.
Wave after wave was knocking at his heart,
And swishing, swishing, swishing ceaselessly
About his ears — cold waves that never reached
His shriveling lips to slake his hell-hot thirst . . .
Close by him suddenly a barn-owl screeched . . .
He smelt the smell of oil-cake . . . when there burst
Through the big barn's wide-open doors, the sea —
The whole sea sweeping on him with a roar . . .
He clutched a falling rafter, dizzily . . .
Then sank through drowning deeps, to rise no more.

Down, ever down, and down, and down he sank
Through cold green night, ten thousand fathoms deep.
His fiery lips deep draughts of cold sea drank
That filled his body with strange icy sleep,
Until he felt no longer that numb ache,
The dead weight lifted from his legs at last:
And yet he gazed with open eyes awake
Up the green, glassy glooms through which he passed;
And saw far overhead the keels of ships
Grow small and smaller, dwindling out of sight;
And watched the bubbles rising from his lips;

And silver salmon swimming in green night;
And queer big golden bream with scarlet fins
And emerald eyes and fiery-flashing tails;
Enormous eels with purple-spotted skins;
And mammoth unknown fish with sapphire scales
That bore down on him with red jaws agape,
Like yawning furnaces of blinding heat;
And when it seemed to him as though escape
From those hell-mouths were hopeless, his bare feet
Touched bottom: and he lay down in his place
Among the dreamless legions of the drowned,
The calm of deeps unsounded on his face,
And calm within his heart; while all around
Upon the midmost ocean's crystal floor
The naked bodies of dead seamen lay,
Dropped, sheer and clean, from hubbub, brawl and roar,
To peace too deep for any tide to sway.

The little waves were lapping round the cart
Already, when they rescued him from death.
Life cannot touch the quiet of his heart
To joy or sorrow, as, with easy breath,
And smiling lips upon his back he lies,
And never speaks, nor rises from his bed;
Gazing through those green glooms with happy eyes,
While gold and sapphire fish swim overhead.

INDIA AND SELF-GOVERNMENT

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

I

THE VILLAGE

Of all the errors of Indian Government none is so serious as the destruction of the village organism throughout India; none has had such a serious effect in the past; none is likely to have such bad consequences in the future.

It is the village policy of Government which has created for it the most difficulties, and which is at the bottom of the most serious unrest, for it touches not merely a few as criminal law, but practically all the population; it not only affects a part of the life of India, but it has injured it in its most vital point. In the whole history of administration there is nothing I think so demonstrative of the ignorance of Government as the village policy.

The foundation on which not only all government, but all civilization, rests throughout the world is the village. As this is contrary to the usual idea that civilization rests on the family, it will be convenient shortly to show how this is so. The village is the microcosm of the State because it includes within it divers trades and occupations and races and religions and castes in one community. A family does not do so. A family is by its nature of one blood, it is almost always of one occupation. There are families of cultivators, merchants, priests, lawyers, smiths, and so on. The family is of one religion, of one caste, of one habit of thought. A family is narrow, and a village is broad. Families divide; villages combine. Societies organized on the family, or clan, or tribe principle have always failed — by the very nature of things they must so fail.

The Jews are a race, or tribe, and not a nation. They have no civilization of their own, but adopt that in which they live. The Highland clans had to be broken before the Highlands could be civilized. The caste system in India ruined its old civilization, and is the bar to any new civilization. The Turkish Empire is dying because it was based on a religious caste divided from all others by a mutilation, and its people could never amalgamate with others. There is a continual flow of peoples to and fro upon the earth, and village communities absorb the new-comers and thereby acquire new blood and, what is far more important, new ideas, to add to the old and leaven them. Families, classes and tribes cannot do this. They become stereotyped and dissolve or die. Thus the basis of all civilization has been the village, or in later times the town.

The decay and death of all civilizations has been preceded by the death of the local unit. Thus imperial Rome was itself doomed to death when it destroyed local life, and a new civilization could not be built up till the local communities had attained a fresh life. Florence, Genoa, Milan, Pisa, Venice, and many others, made the civilization of the Renaissance. So in England a free Parliament was made up of representatives from free cities and counties. These have been destroyed, and the present constituencies are merely so many

voters. Policies are no longer decided in Parliament, but in secret party conclave. Members are the nominees of that conclave, not of free local organisms, and Parliament has become a machine to register its decrees. So are free institutions passing away.

There is no lesson of history more true than this, or more certain, — that the village or town is the unit of all free life and civilization. It contains all classes, different races, religions, castes and forms of thought, and is therefore a real unit.

Now these units have existed all over the world, and when civilizations and governments have disappeared they have been built up anew from the villages. In India the village system was the one organism that survived the long years of anarchy and invasion, and it was in full vigor when we conquered India.

In Upper Burma on its annexation in 1885 the village community was strong and healthy; it alone survived the fall of King Thibaw's government. Then we deliberately destroyed it, as we had destroyed it before all through India.

Now this is an instructive and interesting fact, for it was destroyed in ignorance, not by malice prepense.

Throughout India, and especially in Burma, you will find Government reiterating its conviction of the importance of preserving the village organism, repeating its conviction of its absolute necessity, and at the same time killing it. This is but an instance of much of the action of Government. It means well; it does actually see the end to be attained — it has no idea how to attain that end, but instead it renders it impossible.

If I explain what happened in Burma, the history, *mutatis mutandis*, of what has occurred throughout India will be clear.

In the first place, a village does not mean only one collection of houses; it is a territorial unit of from one to a hundred square miles. Originally, of course, there was in each unit one hamlet, but as population grew, daughter hamlets were thrown off. They still, however, remained under the jurisdiction of the mother hamlet, and they all together formed one village. In each village there was a headman and a council of elders. The headman was appointed, or rather approved, by the Burmese government for life or good behavior; the council was not recognized by law. Notwithstanding this the council was the real power. It was not formally elected, it had no legal standing, but it was the real power. The headman was only its representative, and not its master; he was but *primus inter pares*.

This headman and council ruled all village matters. They settled house sites, rights of way, marriages of boys and girls, divorces, public manners; they got up such public works as were undertaken, they divided the tax among the inhabitants according to their means, and were collectively responsible for the whole. There was hardly any appeal from their decision, but the power not being localized in an individual but in a council of all the elders, things went well. The village was a real living organism, within which people learned to act together, to bear and forbear; there was a local patriotism and a local pride. Within it lay the germ of unlimited progress.

The English Government on taking over Upper Burma recognized the extreme value of this organization. In Lower Burma much of our difficulty arose from the fact that the organization was wanting, and that between Government and the individual there was no one. So one of the first efforts of Government in Upper Burma was to preserve and strengthen this local self-government. Unfortunately every

effort that it made tended to destroy it rather than to consolidate it. A wrong view was taken from the beginning.

The council was ignored. How this happened I do not know. I can only suppose that it arose from ignorance. The only man recognized by the Burmese Government we replaced was the headman. They dealt directly with him and not with the council. They did not appoint the council or regulate it in any way. In law no council existed. Therefore, when we took over, the law was mistaken for the fact, — a common mistake due to seeking for knowledge in papers and not in life, — and the council was ignored. The following seems to have been the argument: Government appointed the headman, therefore he was an official. Government did not appoint or recognize any council, therefore there was no council. At all events that was the decision arrived at and enforced.

There is on record a circular of the local government in which the headman of a village is described as a government official — to be to his village what the district officer is to his district. That is disastrous. A headman is not an official of the government. His whole value and meaning is that he is a representative of the people before Government. He expresses the collective views of the village, and receives the orders of Government for them as a whole. He is *their* head, not a finger of Government. He corresponds almost exactly to the mayor of an English town, who would be insulted if you called him a government official. Yet this mistaken view was taken of the village headman, and this error has vitiated all the dealings of Government with the village organization and its headman. He is appointed by Government instead of being appointed by the people and approved by Government. He is responsible to Government, not to his village, as he ought to be, for the use and abuse of his powers. He is punished by Government for laxity. By the village regulation he can be fined by the district officer.

There has grown up among Europeans in the East a custom of imposing fines. They fine their servants for breakages and innumerable other small matters, and then complain how scarce good servants are. The clerks in Government offices used to be subject to continual fines until Lord Curzon stopped it. Now headmen of villages can be fined by the district officer; and they are fined; the proviso is no dead letter. It is a mark of the 'energetic' officer to use it. Can there be anything more destructive? Imagine the headman, the mayor of a community of three or four thousand people, fined five shillings for the delay of a return, or set like a school-boy to learn a code with the clerks. I have seen this done often. What respect for Government, what from his own people, what self-respect, can he retain after such treatment?

Again, by ignoring the council and making the headman an official, Government set up a number of petty tyrants in the villages, free from all control but its own; consequently it has been forced to allow great latitude of appeal. This still further destroys his authority. He is, under old custom, legalized by the village regulation, empowered to punish his villagers who disobey him in certain matters. The punishments are, of course, trivial. When approved by the council as in old days they were final; but now they can be appealed against, and are. A headman who endeavors to enforce his authority runs the risk of being complained against and forced to attend headquarters, to waste days of valuable time and considerable sums of money

to defend himself for having fined a villager a shilling for not mending his fence. One or two experiences of this sort and the headman lets things slide in future.

Thus, interference with the village is constant and disastrous. Headmen are bullied, fined, set to learn lessons like children, all in the name of efficiency. And Government wonders why the village-system decays. A continual complaint of Government is that headmen are no longer the men they used to be, that they have lost authority. The best men will not take the appointment, and who can wonder? Here is a story in illustration.

There was a small village in my district, on a main road, and the headman died. It was necessary to appoint a new one; but no one would take the appointment. The elders were asked to nominate a man, but no one would take the nomination. I sent the township officer to try to arrange it; he failed.

Now, a village cannot get along without a headman. Government is at an end: no taxes can be collected, for instance; therefore it was necessary that a headman be appointed at once. I went to the village myself and called the elders and gave them an order that they must nominate some one. So next morning, after stormy meetings in the village, a man was brought to me and introduced as the headman elect. He was dirty, ill-clad, and not at all the sort of man I should have cared to appoint, nor one whom it would be supposed the villagers would care to accept. Yet he was the only nominee.

'What is your occupation?' I asked.

He said he had none.

'What tax did you pay last year?' I asked him this in order to discover his standing, for men are rated according to their means.

He told me that he had paid five shillings, — less than a third of the average.

'You are willing to be headman?' I asked.

'No,' he said frankly. 'But no one would take the place and the elders told me I must. They said they would prosecute me under the bad livelihood section if I did n't. I could take my choice between being headman or a term in prison.'

This was, of course, an extreme case, but it illustrates the position. The headman is degraded, and all administration suffers.

It is the same in municipalities. The work is done by the district officer because it is easier for him to do it than to instruct and allow others to do it.

The people one and all hate this. The headman hates it because, though he is given much greater power nominally than he used to have, he dare not use this power. He is isolated from his villagers, and so often becomes an object of dislike to them. Through him orders are enforced which are not liked by the people, and he has to bear all the brunt. His dignity is gone.

The elders hate it. They have been ignored. They are placed under a headman who may or may not attend to what they say. They have lost all interest because all power in their village affairs. They have no responsibility.

The villagers hate it. A council of their own elders they could respect and submit to; a one-man rule they detest. Their appeal to the council on the spot they know has been lost, and in place of it they have an appeal to a distant officer who, with the best will in the world, cannot know. An appeal costs money, and even to win may be to lose. They all want to manage their affairs; they can do it far better than we can, and there is nothing they so much appreciate as being allowed to do so. Here is how I learned this.

Some eighteen years ago I was leaving a station where I had been for a year as subordinate officer, and had to cross the river by launch to the steamer station on the other shore. I went down to the bank to get the launch, but it was late. I saw it three miles away and so sat down under a tree to wait.

Presently two or three elderly Burmans came and sat down near me. Then came others, till perhaps twenty elderly men were there. I recognized two or three vaguely, but none clearly. I wondered at their being there and asked, —

'Are you crossing over too?'

They shook their heads.

'What are you here for then?'

They looked embarrassed and at last one spoke. 'We came to say good-bye to you.'

I stared. 'But I do not know you, except that I suppose you are elders of the town.'

'We are,' they said, 'and you do not know us because you have not ever worried us in any way. When we had business together you did it quickly and decisively; otherwise you left us alone. You did not treat us as children. Therefore we are sorry you are going.'

I laughed. I could not help it. To come and express regret at a man's leaving, on the ground that they knew next to nothing of him and did not want to know more, seemed unusual.

But it was true. And often, after, did I think over that 'send-off' and take the lesson to heart.

Now, what is true in Burma is true over all India. The local circumstances of course vary. All organized life is dead. Government, by means of its official, the headman, interferes with almost every detail of life, regulating his conduct by rules drawn up in Secretariats by men who never knew what a village was; and the appeal is to another alien officer.

Further, all morality and all conduct are the outcome of corporate life, that is to say of the village or of a larger unit. Morality is in fact, where it is useful and true, the knowledge of how to get along with your fellow men and women, what conduct offends them and leads to the injury of society, what pleases them and tends to harmony and mutual happiness. It is not fixed, but adapts itself to changing circumstances of the society, and it is enforced by the opinion of that society.

But injure the society and both manners and morals are shaken. It is a common complaint of India to-day that the bonds of morality have greatly slackened, and that manners have almost disappeared. This is attributed to the waning influence of religions. But, generally speaking, religions have not waned in India — on the contrary, their influence has increased. The people have fallen more and more into the power of religious systems. Therefore the cause given is absurd and untrue. It does not exist. Further, neither morality nor manners are the outcome of religion. Manners and morals may be said to be the gravity which binds individuals into a community. It makes the community, and is itself the result of the community. Destroy the community and you have destroyed the source from which manners and morals arise.

That has been done all through India. The village organization will have to be resuscitated before India can cease to be India Irridenta.

II

SELF-GOVERNMENT

When a start is made with self-government in India, it must begin with the village, which is the germ from which all self-government that is

of any value has always begun, and on the health and vitality of which it must always depend. The whole of the present conception of the village as an appanage of the headman, and of the headman as an official of Government, must be swept away, and a new and true conception must be arrived at.

The village is a self-contained organism, and the headman is its representative before Government and its executive head, the real power being in the council. Powers and responsibility reside in the village as a whole, and in no individual. The people must not be ruled, but must rule themselves.

Now, as to the exact way in which this conception should be carried out, it is impossible to say. In each province, in distinct parts of the same province, the village-system assumed different forms to meet different circumstances. In Madras the village community was in many details different from that in Burma, and in the Northwest still more so. Therefore the particular way in which the conception should be realized would vary greatly. And only by experience could a satisfactory form for each province be evolved. Neither would it be possible, even in Burma, to go back to the old form exactly. Events have marched since then, and what was satisfactory thirty or more years ago would not be so now. The villages must not be reconstituted by copying the past; they must be constituted anew, maintaining however the spirit of the past and giving scope for evolution in the future.

Therefore the scheme that I am about to unfold must be taken to be merely tentative, and to apply only to Burma. The principles are, I think, right, the details must of course be only tentative. Practice alone would show how far they realized the objective that is to be aimed at — the constitution of a village organism on natural lines, that would govern itself without any need for interference, and would be able to grow and evolve.

My scheme is as follows: —

In every village a council should be constituted and the headman should be its executive head.

How this council should be constituted I do not know. I think there should be wards, each of which should have an elder, representative of the people, but no rigid system of election should be laid down. I have found that villages and wards can very often appoint a representative man by general consent, which is much better than by election. That should only occur in case of a deadlock. The council should itself define the wards, and it should be allowed to coöpt additional members. All representation by class or religion should be prohibited. The unit is not so many people, but a section of a village, neighbors dwelling together whose interests are thereby united. Appointment to the council should be indefinite, that is to say, an elder should remain an elder until he resigned or until the ward turned him out. I don't think they would like continual elections. An election is a bad means to the desired end, that of obtaining the best representative. And in small communities the sense is usually apparent without it.

The headman should be chosen by the council from among its members, and his election confirmed by Government. His appointment should be according to the wish of the council, that is to say, for life, unless he resigned or the council turned him out. He should be responsible to the council. The council as representing the village should be responsible to Government, and it would always be possible for the deputy commissioner to bring pressure

on a recalcitrant council by threatening to suspend the constitution and place the village under an appointed headman for a time if they did not carry out their duties properly.

To this village community should be handed over certain duties, rights, and responsibilities, much what the headman has now, the collection of revenue, and the like. All civil, criminal, and revenue cases under certain values and of certain denominations should be handed over to them to try. That is to say, that cognizance should be refused by our police and our courts, so that the parties could go to the village council if they liked. There should be no appeal from the decisions of the council, no advocates should be allowed, and no record should be required. All penalties imposed should be paid into the village fund.

This fund should exist for all villages and its nucleus should be, say, half an anna in the rupee of the revenue collections, to which should be added fines, special rates which the council should be empowered to impose for specific purposes, and other forms of revenue which would vary from place to place. I think a percentage of the district fund should be given to them. A rate on inhabited houses — a rent on house-sites — would be a good way of raising money. The purposes for which the fund could be used would be water-supply, sanitation, roads, lighting, watchmen, and so forth. Simple account books would have to be kept, and these accounts would have to be audited once a year.

Model schemes for sanitation, village roads, etcetera, could be made out for each village to live up to as fast as it could.

Further, villages should have the power to carry out irrigation works on their own initiative, and under their own control. I consider this a most important proviso, because I know many villages where this could be done by the village, whereas it is not possible to individuals. I also know one recent case in my district where it was done with great success by the headman and council. I got them a small grant and I often went to see how the work was getting on, but I never interfered in any way and the result was most satisfactory. There was at first a difficulty about collecting the rates because there was no legal system under which a man who used the water could be made to pay. However this also settled itself.

Irrigation works, roads, and bridges are most necessary to many villages, but now, unless Government carries out the work, there is no one to do it. And Government will not carry out small works.

It is by the execution of such works that the village would prosper, and the village fund grow. Loans should be granted for these purposes by Government, to be repaid out of the profits.

Before our annexation all works were executed by the villages, and the considerable irrigation works in many places are evidence of their ability. All this initiative has now been killed. Yet it is a most valuable asset, not only materially but morally.

As regards this fund it will, I know, be objected by many people that it will be simply an excuse for peculation. 'Orientals,' they say, 'cannot be honest, and the funds would be misappropriated right and left.'

Exactly this same charge was made when the coöperative credit banks were started. Their history will sufficiently refute such an absurdity. Orientals are just as honest as any other people; and given a good system, village funds will no more be stolen in India or Burma than municipal funds are in England.

In organizing these villages there is another point to be borne in mind. In that desperate struggle after rigid uniformity which distinguishes the Indian Government, every separate hamlet in Burma was put under a separate headman, and thus made a separate organism.

Now it may be that occasionally the village was too large and a division was needed, but in many other cases the disintegration of long-established units was severely felt. Several hamlets may have one interest in common. They may be grouped round a small irrigation work, or along a stream, or have a fishery in common, or be in other matters of great use to one another. If they are run as separate organisms there is bound to be strife, each striving for its own benefit. If allowed to remain one organism they will be not only more peaceful, but stronger and better able to manage their affairs. Thus the rigid formulæ of government in this matter, as in others, should give place to common sense.

Further, in future villages should be allowed to coalesce if mutual interests attract them. Two or three villages if allowed to combine would carry out works that one could not do.

I see no great difficulty in Burma in thus restoring the organism of village life. It would require mainly tact on the part of the district officer and ability to let alone. His tendency now is always to interfere if he can. His rule should be never to interfere if he can help it. When things go wrong persistently it will probably be found that there is something amiss with the way the village is organized, and that it requires some slight modification.

Once the village communities are strong and healthy a further step could be made by instituting a township or subdivisional council, and later a district council.

For these I am not prepared to offer any suggestions. I think, however, a sound analogy might be obtained from a study of English counties, not so much perhaps as they are now, but as they were, in spirit not in law.

After the village organism is established, — perhaps even prior to its proper establishment, — a local government board must be organized. In time, this would have to be entirely native to the province. It is, I think, essential that it should be so. What its relations would be with the district officer I do not know. All this, however, is not a matter which can be thought out. It will have to be worked out, and a correct system can only come little by little, experience showing how modifications should be made. I do not see any great difficulty, provided there is common sense and unity of aim on both sides.

And from districts, when they had settled down into distinct organisms more or less self-governing, representatives — not delegates — could be sent to a provincial council. Then you would have a real council, one representative of the people because proceeding from the people, not less surely because not directly. I am not sure that direct election such as is practiced in England and America, for instance, does cause representation of the people. In England at all events it is not so now. The only power the people have now is to choose between the delegates of two or more parties. Beyond this they have no voice or choice. They have no means of expressing their own wishes. Their member may be, probably is, a man they never heard of before the 'party' sent him to contest the seat. There is in fact in England to-day no real representation of the people at all. By people of course I mean the people as a whole, including all classes. But under some such

scheme as I have sketched out for Burma there would be real representation of the people, of localities as a whole, units; local men acquainted with the local conditions would be chosen, and not pleaders, and the locality would hold them responsible. Thus the opinion of such a council would represent the wishes of the people; it could be depended on, and to it considerable powers could be delegated permanently. It would in fact in time constitute a provincial government in federal relations with the other provincial governments. That is the only possible way that a real government can be built up.

And it must always be remembered that the basis is the village. On the health of the village all other things depend; from the healthy working of the village all things may proceed. It is the first and last word in local self-government.

A very integral part of any self-government is education, and to that I now come.

III

EDUCATION

To the success of any form of self-government a good education is absolutely essential; that a people should be able to exercise self-government, it is necessary that they be educated to self-government, for this capacity no more comes by itself than ability to build a ship or steer it when built. And as the government must be self-government, so the education must be a national education and not an imported one.

Education is necessary to every one, man or woman, peasant or prince, merchant or artisan, and that man is best educated who can make the best of his life whatever his station may be. Thus it will be seen that education is mainly relative. A man who would be well educated if in one station of life would be hopelessly ignorant if in another. I doubt if Whewell would have been considered educated had fate suddenly made him a soldier, a political officer on a frontier, or a cultivator. There are certain foundation principles necessary to any success in life, to being able to live it, in whatever station, with dignity and with prosperity. What are those principles?

I think that the Indian Education Department would say that they are reading, writing, and arithmetic, that is to say, acquirements. I should say they are qualities of character.

What are these qualities?

First and foremost is belief in his own people, — not his caste or his creed, but in the people who inhabit his province, who will eventually make up his nationality. If the man is to do good work for his people, the boy must desire to do good work, he must have a certainty in the unlimited possibilities of his people, that though they may be young now they will grow to a world-stature. Therefore that it is his duty to help them. He must be sure that this world is good, to be made better by him and his fellows and his descendants. He has inherited much, he must hand on more. He has no right to live unless he does his duty to life and in life. That is to say, he must have a purpose in life, for without a purpose life cannot be lived.

Secondly, he must see that for the accomplishment of his purpose, which is but part of the world's purpose, he must cultivate two qualities: obedience in act, and freedom of thought. He must learn to obey, because he must see for himself that only by men acting together under authority can anything be achieved. His obedience will then be a willing and cheerful obedience,

because necessary to his own purpose. He must obey, that later he may be obeyed. He must keep his mind free, because to admit authority in thought is to kill thought. He must see things for himself and judge for himself, that when he is able to act for himself he may do so on truth and not on hearsay. He must learn to respect the opinions of others, which they have founded also on experience, while not necessarily adopting them, because he may see things differently.

He must learn self-knowledge, to recognize what he can do and what he cannot. He should cultivate self-command; that must not mean self-extinction.

On a base like this all other things come naturally.

Is there any such ideal in elementary education in India? I can safely say that there is no such ideal. All that the department seeks to do is to stuff a child with reading, writing, and arithmetic, and other learning, regardless of his character or his objective in life.

Therefore elementary education is not popular in Burma, because it seems to have no good purpose.

That was true of education before we took the country. It was then mainly, for boys, in the hands of monks, and I do not think that education when controlled by religion has been popular anywhere in the world. It has been accepted because there was no other means of education available, but it was not admired. Our government has accepted the monastery schools and it has also encouraged lay schools, but neither seem to give much satisfaction.

Now this is not the place to discuss religion of any kind, and I have no intention of entering into such a vexed question. There are good things in all religions — borrowed from humanity; there are doubtful things; there are bad things. But the foundation of every religion is a declaration that this world is evil and that we should despise it. Now the objective of all education is to fit a boy for his life, and he cannot be so fit if he despise life. He must love it, admire it, desire in all ways to help it, to increase it, to beautify it. His objective must be in this life. Further, the tendency of all faiths is to raise barriers between races and castes. But it is an essential part of any true education that a boy understand that in striving for the good of the community he must ignore all differences. Humanity is one, and the God of Humanity is One, whatever faiths may say.

Thus religions when mixed with education have a paralyzing effect. I have often heard this said in Burma. Here is a conversation I once had at a village I knew very well. It occurred, as did most of the talks I had with the people, just after sunset, when I had my chair set outside my rest-house, and the people came dropping in to gossip. There were a number of people — the headman, elders, their wives and children, and two monks from a neighboring monastery. They talked quite freely because they knew that after office hours I forgot I was an official, or even an Englishman, and just talked to them as one human being to another. I may add that I had been inspecting the village school where little boys and girls learned together. I had also been to a monastery where the elder boys went.

'Well,' I said, 'what is the news?'

There was an expectant silence. Evidently there was some news; the question was — who should tell it?

'What is it, headman?' I asked.

The headman rubbed an ankle reflectively. 'The fact is,' he answered, 'there is no news that would interest your honor, only just village doings, foolish things.'

'Hum,' I said, 'that sounds to me as if a young man had been doing something.' Several of the men smiled. — 'Possibly with the assistance of a girl' — and I glanced at some girls.

They giggled, and the headman said briefly, —

'Maung Ka's son has run off with a girl.'

'Oh!' I said, turning to Maung Ka, whom I knew well enough, a tall fine-looking man, who was looking very gloomy. 'It's a way boys have. There's no harm in it.'

'Not if he can support her afterwards,' said Maung Ka gruffly.

'Can't he do that?' I asked.

It appeared that he could not. He had spent all his boyhood in a monastery 'learning' till his father took him out. Then he went to the other extreme and levanted with a girl. 'He does n't know one end of a bullock from the other,' said the father. 'He can't plough or sow; he can't teach; he has no common sense. That's what schooling does for a boy.'

Most of the other men agreed with him, and we had a discussion on education in which every one took part.

The general opinion was that schooling should be to fit you for life. The monks said for eternity, but the villagers, though out of respect for the monks they said little, evidently did n't make any such distinction. What was not fit for time was not fit for eternity. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were good because a boy needed these. Beyond that they seemed to think schooling did harm. A boy learned more from his father and the other villagers than from school. As to a girl, 'What,' asked an elder indignantly, 'is the use of a girl learning to write? What will she write? Love letters only.'

'Well,' I asked, 'and is n't that good — for the boy who gets them?'

The fact is the villagers are plain common-sense men and women; they judge by results, and the results are not good, they say.

In fact, except as to the actual acquisition of reading, writing, and arithmetic, which may or may not be of much use, the teaching and, still more than the teaching, the influence, is bad. It unfits for life, it gives wrong ideals, or it kills all ideals. It is not national in any way.

The higher education is, I think, worse. It follows an imported system, and in the importation all the good is left out. In England a boy's real education comes from association with the other boys. It is there he learns whatever he does learn of conduct, of ambition to true ends, of acting in concert, of ability to judge for himself and stick up for himself.

In India a wrong ideal has been conceived from the beginning. It has been assumed, tacitly perhaps, that an Englishman is the final and completely perfected work of God and man, and that all nations should copy him and try to become, if not a sterling Englishman, at least an electroplate one.

That is disastrous. It depresses the pupils by depreciating their own races and holding up an objective which is impossible, and if possible would be wrong.

There are in the hearts of nearly all Oriental people ideals which are quite as good as ours, and far better fitted for them. Are these ever taught to them? India once led the civilization of the world. Is that past ever brought up and explained and realized for them? Never I think.

Further, higher education to be of any use must be objective. You must know what you want the boy to be. What does Government want the products of its higher education to be? I have no idea.

Of what use are these products of the

higher education in India? They are useful but for one thing, to be lawyers or pleaders, or to be clerks. They are dealing in words, and not in facts or in humanity.

Government accepts a certain number into its service because the first ideal of Government is a man who can fill up forms and returns, speedily, accurately, and punctually. They can do that. When they have district work to do they fail because they have no personality, no freedom of thought, and because the people despise them. The old officials whom we took over from the Burmese Government, whatever their defects, had *auza* — personality. It is a commonplace to say that the Burmese have deteriorated. That is not true. They have as much potentiality as before, but this potentiality is wiped out by 'education.'

Personally, if I had to administer a difficult district, I would choose my Burmese assistants from men who had never been to school, and to satisfy Government I would engage some B.A.'s to be their clerks and fill up the forms. I should be sorry for the B.A.'s, because I think they have as good stuff in them as the others, but their want of education has unfitted them for work requiring *auza*.

That is really what it amounts to; the school-trained boy is not educated, whereas the boy brought up in contact with the world is perforce educated. The first is a hot-house plant; the second a useful field plant.

I am aware that current opinion puts down the failure of the educated young Indian to his want of religion. He has been educated out of his own faith and has not been accepted into any other; hence his want of character. Of all the wild shibboleths about India and the Indians, this is I think the wildest. That a man is injured by being brought to see the foolishness of caste, of infant marriage, of harems and zenanas, of all the forms and ceremonies with which all religions are covered, seems to me a triumph of foolishness. Only the 'occidental mind' at its best could conceive such an idea. In so far as education destroys these ideas it does good. Wherein it harms him is by taking him apart from his people, rendering him not desirous to help them but to disown them. He is taught that to be an Englishman should be his ideal, that he 'should cultivate English habits of thought,' — as if true thought had any habits, — so that finally he can't think at all. He is directed to wrong ideals, he is rendered unhappy, he is *dépaysé*, he is useless for any work except being a clerk or lawyer, he has no more character than a jelly-fish. Instead of wishing to lead his people he wishes to identify himself with the English Government, be a civilian, and rule his people. He should be filled with a boundless confidence in the future of his people, and believe that it is his duty to help that future to be realized. He is discouraged and rendered hopeless. Instead of being a help he is the greatest danger his own people will have to meet when they move forward.

The education department of the Government of India is the new Frankenstein, and the higher education is its monster. These men have sunk under their 'education,' and in consequence they are unhappy. Who wonders? But in fact an alien power cannot introduce or work any real system of education. It must be indigenous, something of the soil and not exotic. It, like self-government, must begin with small things in the village and gradually rise.

Like all things, if it is to live and prosper and extend, it must have a soul. And the soul of education, like the soul of life, is an emotion tending toward a *desired* end. The desired end of education is the rise and progress, not merely

of the individual, but of the nation. That has been the soul of the progress of Japan; it must be the soul of the progress of any people; and education will be enthusiastically taken up only when it is seen to be a means to that end.

Such an education cannot be given by Englishmen. Any education department must be provincial and draw its vigor from below. It must not be a machine governed from Simla with textbooks as thumbscrews and manuals as beds of Procrustes.

Before there can be a real education department it must be entirely native of the province, responsible to the province for its success. Can we create such a department? I think we can, slowly, by handing our village schools to district councils, and the university to the head provincial assembly when it comes into being. They will have to think out what result they want, and then how to attain that result.

But all must begin with the village; within it alone is the germ-cell of all future progress.

SOME NOVELISTS AND THE BUSINESS MAN

II. IN AMERICA

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR GILL

I

Though the business man of American fiction comes second in these two papers for historical reasons, he is a more prominent and impressive person than his English colleague. His appearances are more frequent; he is oftener given the part of the hero, and he comes on oftener in his own character. Without seeing less of him than of the Englishman as a figure in society or as the husband of one, we see a good deal more of him as a business man doing business. Instead of the interest being confined, as it usually is in English fiction, to how he spends his money, it seems to lie almost as much for American novelists in how he makes it. A stock-exchange transaction, the strategy of a railroad war, the inner working of an insurance or mining company, the carrying out of an engineering or building contract, the creation of a 'corner' — in short, the details of some kind of commercial enterprise supply the background and even the body of many a story. Dour technicalities are handled with an enviable air of ease, and the understanding of the intricacies of finance which is presupposed in the general public must often excite the wonder of a foreign reader.

The French have gone beyond the English in describing the maze of business, and Balzac and Zola are said to have guided some American writers in this direction. But the handling of such material is, after all, exceptional in France, and neither Zola nor even

Balzac, with all his power of bringing out its picturesque and dramatic side, suggests that matter-of-course, every-day acceptance of the subject which one feels in the American treatment. It seems to be a special dish at their tables, and something of a *tour de force* on the part of the *chef*. Moreover, there is a sensibly higher degree of density of commercial atmosphere throughout the *Memoirs of an American Citizen*, *Sampson Rock of Wall Street*, *The Financier*, *The Pit*, and the like, than the French writers maintain over any considerable space. It will hardly be disputed that for copious and intimate portrayal of business the American novelists are unequaled, and this is surely less due to inspiration from abroad than to the extraordinary prevalence of the commercial life at home.

In superimposing the American picture on the English, I shall again make a division, in order to simplify the process, between social and moral criticisms, although the two kinds are constantly shading off into each other at the edges.

II

The social criticism in the English novel is mostly concerned with the business man's adventures and characteristics when he comes in touch with a class admittedly superior to his own. This constitutional upper class, which has a privileged position and important public functions to dignify it, is uncommercial — one might almost say, anti-commercial — by its traditions; and, whatever the shortcomings of some of its members, a finer standard of manners and a finer moral code than those supposed to obtain in the commercial world are popularly ascribed to it.

The theme of the social rise is a favorite with the American novelist also, but a different structure of the community gives a different and, I think, a sharper turn to his criticism of it. The question of class-distinctions in the United States as compared with those in England is not easy for a foreigner to understand, but it must be glanced at for a moment.

In Mrs. Atherton's *American Wives and English Husbands* an Englishwoman, Lady Mary Gifford, asks Lee, the American heroine, '"Is it really true that you have different grades of society as we have — an upper and middle class and all that sort of thing? . . . You are only a day or two old; how can you have so many distinctions?" — "Of course, to be really anybody," Lee replied, "you must have come from the South, one way or another." — "What South? South America?" asked Lady Mary. Lee endeavored to explain, but Lady Mary quickly lost interest.'

Perhaps the remark, 'You are only a day or two old; how can you have so many distinctions?' — hardly strikes the root of my compatriots' difficulty in grasping the situation. Some ignorance of history may be admitted in our Lady Marys, but I think they are confused, not so much by an exaggerated idea of the youthfulness of society in the United States, as by the fact that under its Constitution all men are equal. Constitutionally speaking, it has no classes, and in the absence of such a quasi-official rating, individual systems of classification naturally grow up, of which they can hardly gauge the validity. Lee's system, for instance, — 'Of course, to be really anybody you must have come from the South,' — might have startled Lady Mary, if she had read many books by New England writers; and both Southerners and Northerners of the old stocks would probably dispute a third system, which seems to be common in contemporary fiction, of classifying people

simply according to the size of their banking accounts. So in Mr. Phillips's *The Second Generation*, young Ranger wonders sadly, after losing his fortune, whether he has not 'descended in the eyes of his fashionable friends' from the 'upper' to 'the respectable but impossible middle class.'

A system may be individual, however, and yet possess historical sanction; and a foreign reader cannot go far without perceiving that the United States, instead of being too young to have produced many distinctions, has evidently lost or is now losing many that once flourished. An obvious social scheme, so to speak, which one often meets with in the novels, shows an *ancien régime*, that had grown up in the two centuries before the War of Secession, becoming dislocated or submerged by a prodigious irruption of new commercial wealth within the last fifty years.

That great story, which led American fiction into a fresh field, and went beyond any previous or contemporary English work as a portrait of the business man in his business, — *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, — described, in the seventies, an incomplete stage of this submersion. One sees the *ancien régime*, as represented by the Bromfield Coreys, still more or less holding its own, without superiority of wealth, by its local consolidation through family ties, its distinguished forebears, and its culture. One sees also, however, several obvious weaknesses of the Corey régime, which presage disaster. It does not form part of a national system, and it has no official stamp or guarantee. The Laphams could be so hazy about its very existence as to reside a good many years at the 'wrong' end of Boston without suspecting their error; and the mental attitude of Bromfield Corey toward the invaders seems to reflect again the personal nature of the grouping. '"The whole Lapham tribe is distasteful to me,"' he says, when his son wishes to marry one of them; and one rather infers that the question of personal taste prevails throughout the episode — even from the parents' point of view.

Since those days the Silas Laphams have shot up into giants, while the Coreys have not perhaps increased in stature. Such an extraordinary, sudden flood of new power as has burst upon the nation within the last few decades might have overwhelmed the existing order anywhere. Smaller forces than this have brought about in other countries revolutions that are famous in history. Considering the strength of the invasion, and the fact that each of the old leading sets in the different parts of the United States has had to stand or fall by itself in local isolation, one reads with surprise about so many fragments of them still surviving and serving as rallying-points in the modern torrent of 'chance and arithmetic.' Yet later novels give the idea that the new giants do not always go out of their way to court these fragments, and also that they might sometimes be snubbed if they did. One hears people like the Coreys described as 'cave-dwellers,' and the invaders seem often to leave them on one side, when their onrush does not go over them. One might call it the misfortune rather than the fault of the Corey régime that it has not proved a vessel strong enough to hold the new wine. It had neither the external support nor the elasticity which a political basis gives to the English upper class, and which still enables the House of Lords to receive newcomers from the counting-house as converts rather than as conquerors, and to absorb their forces into itself. The result is that, while the social goal of the ambitious business man in England has nothing vague

about it, but is as definite and concrete and national as the Court of Saint James, one finds one's self in some doubt as to what is, exactly, the goal at present of his American counterpart. Into what definite sphere is he rising? It would almost seem, to judge from some criticisms, as if he were rising into a void.

The contrast which Maria Edgeworth drew a century ago in *The Manufacturers* between William Darlay, who in spite of his wealth did not care about 'fine connexions,' but preferred to remain a plain business man, and his partner, Charles Darlay, whose imagination soared toward higher circles, is substantially paralleled in *The Second Generation* by the contrast between the Rangers and the Whitneys. We are told about Ranger the elder that he 'was not a rich man who was a manufacturer, but a manufacturer who was incidentally rich; he made of his business a vocation.' At the height of prosperity he continues to preach and practice the simple life, and detecting a tendency in his son to play the fine gentleman, he goes so far as to disinherit him, in order to provide him with the better heritage of compulsory work. Whitney, on the other hand, who started on a level with Ranger and is still his partner, builds a 'palace' in Chicago, and his family is described as burdening themselves with ostentatious luxury, as trying to widen 'the barriers which separate the very rich from the rest of the people,' and as devoted to 'the imported follies and frauds of family.'

Now, although the traits of character contrasted in each of these two books are intrinsically the same, Mr. Phillips does not judge them in quite the same way as Maria Edgeworth judges them. He would probably endorse her praise of William Darlay's common sense and independence in 'confining himself to his own station in life,' and her blame of Charles's vanity and want of self-respect in posing as one of the upper class; but he has something further to say about the matter. Maria Edgeworth confines herself to what may be called the private aspect of the case; Mr. Phillips pays more attention to its public aspect. His chief ground for commending the Rangers is that they are American and democratic; his chief ground for condemning the Whitneys is that they are un-American and undemocratic. This difference of treatment, which is typical, I think, of the novelists of the two countries, seems to be mainly due to the different form of the two societies.

There is nothing un-English about Charles Darlay's social aspiration, because it is directed toward an accepted part of the English community. The Whitneys, however, are represented as setting themselves up into a new, unaccepted class, whose advent is an offense against the American community. When they assume coats of arms, surround themselves with lackeys, and so on, they are reproached not merely for personal folly, vulgarity, and want of self-respect, as Charles is, but for treachery to a national ideal. Indeed, Charles's ambition does not, like theirs, wear an aristocratic color, but rather the opposite, since it tends to maintain a right of way for plebeians into what might otherwise become an exclusive caste.

Mr. Phillips gives a concrete turn to the charge of un-Americanism, when he speaks of the Whitneys' devotion to 'the imported follies and frauds of family.' And one finds a good deal elsewhere about the newly rich imitating and seeking the society of foreign nobility. One remembers, for instance, in *The House of Mirth*, a lively description of the operations of Mrs. Fisher, who is a professional introducer

of the Mr. and Mrs. Charles Darlays of America into aristocratic circles abroad; the satire is only too courteous toward the European 'end' of the traffic. 'The Brys, intoxicated by their first success, already thirsted for new kingdoms, and Mrs. Fisher, viewing the Riviera as an easy introduction to London society, had guided their course thither. "But things are not going so well as I expected," Mrs. Fisher frankly admitted. "It's all very well to say that everybody with money can get into society, but it would be more true to say that nearly everybody can. And the London market is so glutted with new Americans that to succeed there now they must be very clever or awfully queer. The Brys are neither."' So Mrs. Fisher gives them up for the Sam Gormers, who are 'still in the elementary stage.'

Another shade of difference between the American and the English view of our friend may be noted here, because it seems to be connected in a way with the alleged un-Americanism. More emphasis is laid upon the futility or triviality of the social aims of such people as the Brys and Gormers than one notices in English descriptions of like cases, and this agrees with the idea that the Bry and Gormer set is whirling, as it were, in a void, outside of the true life of the community. Mrs. Wharton makes Rosedale, one of her 'climbers,' defend himself with the remark: '"A man ain't ashamed to say he wants to own a racing stable or a picture-gallery. Well, a taste for society's just another kind of hobby."' And his goal is bluntly described as 'the great gilt cage into which they were all huddled for the mob to gaze at.' Charles Darlay would probably be as loath to call his ambition a 'hobby' as to use such language about his goal. No doubt, there is here a difference of presentation rather than of fact. The English 'climber's' triviality is somewhat screened from view by the serious prestige and public function of the class to which he aspires.

The Whitneys are not only 'un-American,' but 'undemocratic,' and the second count is the more prominent of the two in the novels. To have exotic tastes, to beat gilded wings in a void in vain, are, after all, peccadilloes compared with treachery to the ideal of equality. Political feeling plays a part in American criticism, which the English business man is usually fortunate enough to escape. The infusion of this feeling, which is very noticeable in the works of Mr. Upton Sinclair and Mr. Phillips, and by no means absent from those of Mr. Herrick and others, adds severity to the censure, and pretty often, I think, makes it rather unfair. How often does Mr. Sinclair heap indiscriminate abuse on 'millionaires' for all kinds of traits, some of which at least are innocent enough. In *The Metropolis*, the indictment of their 'mad race in display' sets such items as 'slumming' beside 'sniffing brandy through the nose'; 'horse-back dinners' beside 'playing leap-frog'; 'table-covers woven of rose-leaves' beside 'classes for the study of Plato.' Whether the millionaire indulges in fabulous banquets, or 'eats nothing but spinach,' or 'eats only once a week,' Mr. Sinclair will still be at him. Not even the servants of the rich are spared. 'Bound for ever to the service of sensuality, how terrible must be their fate, how unimaginable their corruption!' The passage is typical of the book, and though the book is extreme, the same drift at least may be found elsewhere.

But the American picture, though sombre in parts, has its high lights of admiration. If there is more blame, there is also more praise than one gets from the English novelists, who are

tolerably impartial, but unenthusiastic. Their chief injustice toward our friend lies in their lack of interest in him. What they are most willing to commend him for is the rather negative trait of 'confining himself to his own station in life.' The truth is, commercial feats win little popular prestige in England. A mixture of one part of business with three of Imperialism, as represented by Cecil Rhodes, has been extolled in some English novels — for instance, *The God in the Car*. But it is the Imperialism rather than the business which is the passport in these cases.

In the United States, on the other hand, the qualities of mind and will which lie behind commercial achievements are often described by the novelists with enthusiasm. Even those who are most hostile to the business man's manners and morals bear testimony to his daring and force. They admit the 'iron will,' steel-like muscles, and effective-looking teeth of the 'predatory male.' Virility is perhaps the point most commonly asserted in his favor. One might almost fancy an intentional protest against the old idea of the trader as a physically timid creature, who attains his ends by craft and stealth. This portrait of Jadwin in *The Pit* has replicas in other novels: 'He was a heavy-built man, would have made two of Corthell, and his hands were large and broad, the hands of a man of affairs, who knew how to grip and, above all, how to hang on. Those broad, strong hands, and keen, calm eyes would enfold and envelope a Purpose with tremendous strength. . . . And the two long, lean, fibrous arms of him; what a reach they could attain, and how wide and huge and even formidable would be their embrace of affairs.' And so the language of military glorification is applied by Mr. Norris to the Chicago brokers. We see the type, as it were a Front de Bœuf, — 'hard, rigorous, panoplied in the harness of the warrior, strive among the trumpets, and in the brunt of conflict, conspicuous, formidable, set the battle in a rage about him and exult like a champion in the shoutings of the captains.' Jadwin is compared to Napoleon, — a frequent comparison for his kind.

The more traditional aspect of the business man is not excluded, but his 'craft' is sometimes interpreted in a finer sense, so that it ceases to be the cunning of Isaac the Jew, to become the subtle craft of an artist. Cowperwood, the Philadelphia broker, of whom Mr. Dreiser draws so admirable a portrait in *The Financier*, — and any uninitiated reader, by the bye, who grasps all the intricate transactions set forth in this almost complete guide to the Stock Exchange should advance his commercial education by a long step, — is said to resemble 'one of those subtle masters of the higher mysteries of chess.' 'Cowperwood was innately and primarily your egoist and intellectual. We think of egoism and intellectualism as closely confined to the arts. Finance is an art. And it presents the operations of the subtlest of the intellectuals and egoists.' As becomes an artist, this dealer in money, who despised dealing in flour and grain as 'not mental enough,' is, in a way, disinterested. It is not so much money that he cares about as 'the game.' As a young child, we are told, he listened eagerly to stories of banking operations. 'They seemed wonderful to him; this whole world of money was like a fairyland, full of delight.' His heroes were from the first the magnates of finance, and almost before he was breeched, 'he knew how to make money,' and made it. But observe: 'He did this more to exercise his talent for financiering; no one ever dreamed of thinking of him as stingy.' Freedom

from the passion for lucre is made a characteristic of Jadwin too. He 'corners' the wheat-market in as detached a spirit as may animate a Russian Grand Duke breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.

But if our American friend sometimes comes before us with the attributes of a popular hero, this prestige goes against him, when the novelist turns censor. Faults are worse when they are likely to be imitated.

III

To come to the moral question. The first real presentation of the business man in American fiction was prophetic in this respect. Standing not far inside the threshold of the new America, Silas Lapham had to choose between a commercial and a moral rise, between success and conscience. And his conscience, it should be observed, was not very easy to satisfy. It asked something more of him than merely to refrain from violating the ordinary conventions of business. 'Happy is the man for ever after,' says Mr. Howells, 'who can choose the ideal, the unselfish part, in such an exigency.' Silas wavered for a time; he defended himself on the ground, 'It's done every day,' but in the end his old, simple country way of conceiving right and wrong triumphed, and his rise became, commercially considered, a descent. Mr. Howells is far from putting the case forward as a national problem. He only shows that the individual Silas, being what he was, could not have acted otherwise. He does not philosophize, and he does not preach. Nevertheless, the book embodies in a very human instance the question which has since become so prominent in American novels.

The English novelist usually leaves the same question out, unless, like Mr. Wells, he dismisses it with the curt remark that business has no morals, — a remark suggestive in a way of the prevailing English opinion. Business is looked upon by it as something like a neutral zone on the ethical map. Not everybody in England would go so far as a respected English journal went the other day, when *The New Statesman* observed about some German armourers, who were accused of a 'deliberate attempt to promote a war scare for private ends,' — 'It is impossible to blame the private firms, they are in business to make profits, and are only acting in accordance with the accepted principles of commercial enterprise.' But Englishmen are willing to concede a good deal to the 'accepted principles.' The feeling about the business man is somewhat the same as about the lawyer or the soldier, whose professional rules escape lay criticism when they are confined to professional matters. The commercial code, when it is regulating commercial transactions, is regarded as something quasi-technical, and therefore as not calling for discussion from the general point of view which the novelists represent.

The postulate of a limited area is the key to this attitude. Suppose that the business sphere had practically no bounds in England, that, instead of its being a somewhat subordinate department of the national life, it embraced the whole community, would its peculiar code still be accepted without discussion? Hardly. But something like this supposition seems to be true about the United States. Its commercial world spreads so far and wide as to have scarcely any recognizable limits. The American business man, instead of being, comparatively speaking, nobody in particular, is, as it were, everybody; besides which, he is very distinctly somebody. He is both the bulk of the nation, and also, under the new dispen-

sation at least, its leader, who is called upon to set an example. In this state of affairs the relation between the commercial and the common codes could not fail to arouse lively attention.

Apart from any question of right or wrong, such a presence of business as amounts to an omnipresence, may be unwelcome and lead to criticism. Mr. Wister complains of the omnipresence in *Lady Baltimore:* 'We're no longer a small people living and dying for an idea; we're a big people living and dying for money.' The heroine of Mr. Harrison's *Queed* speculates with some melancholy about the passers-by in the street: '"Don't you think they're all hoping and dreaming just one thing — how to make more money than they're making at present? . . . Bright young men lie awake at night, thinking up odd, ingenious ways to take other people's money away from them. These young men are the spirit of America."' Mr. Sinclair asserts about New York: 'The sole test of excellence was money, and every natural desire of men and women had become tainted by this influence. The love of beauty, the impulse to hospitality, the joys of music and dancing and love — all these things had become simply means to the demonstration of the money-power.' And writers who are free from Mr. Sinclair's socialistic bias express the same sort of fear about the influence that omnipresent commercial competition may exercise on other activities — on art, for instance, and, above all, on politics.

Scarcely less than the business man as everybody, the business man as somebody — as the leader — stimulates the critics. Our successful friend in America, rising into or creating a new 'upper' class, finds himself burdened with something of the moral responsibility which is heavily imposed on the leaders of all communities. In addition to Charles Darlay's share of criticism, he is exposed to that which English fiction heaps upon its Lord Steynes and Lady Arabella de Courcys. And he is, by the bye, rather unfortunately placed for bearing this debt of aristocracy. The leading classes of Europe, being recognized and privileged by the State, have the powers as well as the duties of leadership. Moreover, they are permanently organized, so that the better element in them can exercise some control over the worse. But these American leaders get no recognition or powers from the State, and have no standing organization. They are a shifting body, a casual aristocracy, which a man may suddenly enter and as suddenly leave. He accepts no particular standard of conduct on admission, and is subject to no special control while he remains. Seeing that European aristocracy, with all its protective advantages, suffers not a little under the inquisition of the moralists, what may one expect here? A pretty rigorous examination of our friend's conduct, at all events.

After reading the startling 'revelations' about the commercial world of New York by Mr. Phillips, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Lefevre, or about that of Chicago by Mr. Herrick, or about that of Philadelphia by Mr. Dreiser, to say nothing of such more moderate attacks as Mr. Churchill makes on his Flints and Jethro Basses, a foreigner might be a little taken aback by Mr. Bryce's statement that 'the average of general probity in the United States is higher than in any of the great nations of Europe.' But on looking again at these revelations, he will perhaps suspect that they are not quite so significant, comparatively speaking, as they seemed at first sight.

For one thing, the foil of the business man in many of these compositions is not a mere lord or baronet, as

he might probably be in an English tale, but a good woman; and in criticizing the business transactions the authors range themselves at the good woman's point of view. Commercial doings are submitted to the ruthlessly 'unpractical,' 'untechnical' test of the 'finer female sense.' One thinks of Cynthia Wetherell, in *Coniston*, who, with Mr. Churchill's evident approval, judges and reforms Jethro Bass; of Neva, in *Light-fingered Gentry*, who, with Mr. Phillips's evident approval, judges and reforms Armstrong; of May, in the *Memoirs of an American Citizen*, who, with Mr. Herrick's evident approval, criticizes Harrington in the sharpest way, though she fails to reform him.

Where the foil, and judge, is not a woman, the part is pretty often given to an inexperienced rustic, or to some one else as remote from the commercial atmosphere, and as deaf to a defense on 'technical' grounds, — an ingenuous boy, like *Samuel the Seeker*, or *exaltés*, like the Anarch and Hugh Grant in *A Life for a Life*. 'You women don't know what business means,' says Harrington to May. She is quick with her answer — but how terribly severe a standard it implies! — 'It seems to be just as well we don't.' This is the sort of standard the unpractical Colonel Newcome measured Sir Barnes by, when he was angry with the banker for giving up the Bundelcund company. The difference is, that Thackeray does not endorse it, as Mr. Herrick seems to do. Thackeray had no great love for the game of business, but within the limits of the game he accepted its rules, and he blames the Colonel for ignoring the legitimacy of them.

For another thing, the American and English situations do not seem to be the same in respect of the laws which regulate business. Mr. Churchill, in *A Modern Chronicle*, makes the heroine say, 'Father took the ground that the laws were n't logical, and that they were different and conflicting, anyway, in the different States.' The novelists put this excuse into our friend's mouth rather often, and an Englishman may wonder a little at their usual instant rejection of it. How is one to define 'honest business'? An Englishman would probably answer something like 'the pursuit of gain within the limits laid down by the law.' With that definition in mind, he may naturally think that, where the limits laid down by the law are illogical, different and conflicting, the business man has some excuse for wavering a little in his courses. The division of the United States into dozens of legislatures, the tremendously expansive and protean nature of commerce in a new country of extraordinary resources, must of course make it exceedingly difficult for the laws which regulate trade to be always clear and well-adjusted. But when some new kind of field is being opened up, and a pioneer is asked to cripple his venture by strict observance of an unforeseeing law, one feels that something more, at all events, is being asked of him than the Englishman in his old-settled land is likely to have to sacrifice on the altar of virtue.

Now, the greater part of the 'revelations' in American novels concern dealings between our friend and public functionaries, — legislative bodies, judges, and the like, — and in a good many of these cases the distribution of blame between the parties is not the same as it would be in England.

Harrington, in *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*, is fighting his way up in the meat-packing industry of Chicago against 'big men' who try to thwart him at every step. He sees a chance of securing a firmer foothold by taking over the stock of a bankrupt

company, and offers a fair price for it. His opponents, who have offered a lower price, bribe the treasurer of the bankrupt company to refuse his bid. Harrington thereupon, playing tit for tat, overbribes the treasurer. The game proceeds, and his opponents get a 'political' judge to issue an injunction, stopping his acquisition of the property. Harrington counters by overbribing the judge. This gets out, and he becomes the centre of a storm of public indignation. The newspapers rage against Harrington; a clergyman preaches at him when he is in church: an old gentleman, who has made a fortune in more Arcadian times, tells him that he can 'no longer be trusted with honest people's money and confidence'; May denounces him as 'a big plain rascal,' and says, 'The very sight of men like you is the worst evil of our country.' Later on, very much the same situation recurs in Harrington's dealings with a state legislature. He 'influences' it in order to obtain a franchise for a railroad, which others are 'influencing' it to withhold.

In England, given the pliability of the public functionaries, and, further, the advantage taken of it by his opponents, Harrington's dealings with the judge and the legislature would not, I think, be much, if at all, blamed. We should probably content ourselves with asking, 'What else could you expect in the circumstances?' On the other hand, the public functionaries, whose errors seem to be taken for granted in Mr. Herrick's and other accounts of such incidents, would be heavily censured. So it happened not long ago in England, when some municipal councillors were alleged to have been bribed by a contractor. Not a word, so far as I remember, was said against the contractor by the newspapers; but the councillors, instead of being spoken of as helpless victims of his machinations, came in for much abuse as well as a legal prosecution.

It is the business man who is allowed to have a peculiar standard of his own in England; the public functionary is expected to conform to the common code. In the United States this expectation seems to be inverted. 'A politician was now a politician,' says Mr. Churchill, in *Coniston*, — 'his ways and standards set apart from those of ordinary citizens, and not to be judged by men without the pale of public life.'

Altogether, it is clear that more is asked of our friend on the moral score by the American novelists than by the English. Whether too much is asked is another question. An English reader is likely to think, however, that they do not ask enough of the law and its representatives. There seems to be a tendency, here and there, to advocate the control of business by sentiment, to the neglect of its control by law, to abandon what has always been the first line of defense and fall back upon the second. In so far as they would make sentiment a substitute for law, instead of merely a supplement to it, these reformers are surely astray. They may only be acting as Portia did, however. When the law showed signs of inadequacy, she appealed to the feelings of the business man of Venice, but she came back to the law in the end. Both defenses are necessary, of course, — each after its kind, — and if the control by sentiment is overestimated in the United States, it is probably underestimated in England, which might be all the better for a little more idealism about commercial standards.

WHO SHALL ASCEND INTO THE HILL OF THE LORD?

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

THE Jungfraubahn Lift stopped its upward motion, the steel doors slid back, and out of the half-darkness of the elevator a score of tourists, muffled in overcoats and shading their eyes against the sudden brightness, stepped out upon a broad cement platform, white in the terrific glare of the sun shining out of a blue-black sky. And in a moment the tourists were ranged around the edge of the terrace, looking out upon the brilliant panorama which the Jungfrau summit commands.

All sorts and conditions of men were here. On one side a group of burly Bavarians, with their inevitable rücksacks and alpenstocks, muttered over and over again, softly, their formula of vast appreciation: 'Schön, schön, ach wunderschön!' Their honest Frauen touched elbows on the parapet with a heavily-veiled French actress, a half-frozen Baltimore girl in a white polo coat, and an imitation Englishman from New York. A little aloof from the others stood a trio of ladies from London; still farther along a group of harsh-voiced Italians pointed out the tiny gleam of the Staubbach waterfall in the far valley below, and celebrated their discovery by shouting discordantly. Over all blew a bitterly cold wind; for if the temperature on the Jungfrau at eleven in the morning is usually well above the freezing-point, still the wind which strikes straight across from the blue line of the Jura Mountains is unmerciful to those who have come up the Jungfraubahn clad as if for the tea-tables of Grindelwald.

Barrington — the young Englishman in the Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers — had made straight for the southwest corner of the platform; and now, his elbows propped on the parapet, he stood looking steadily out upon the pageant of the Alps. One glance at his face, — a gaunt face, by the way, with high cheek-bones and an almost painfully haggard chin — must have shown any observant person that he was not in the habit of reaching mountain-tops by cog-rail, for he was tanned a rich brown by the fierce sun-dazzle of former ascents. At this moment his eyes were on the distant peaks; he looked not at the purple chasm of the Roththal gaping beneath him, but at his old friends of the Oberland and the Valais: the pyramid of the Finsteraarhorn, the jagged white ridge of the Trugberg, the crystal pinnacle of the Aletschhorn; and farther off on the dim horizon, a row of tiny points delicately penciled with violet — Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn, the Grand Combin, Mont Blanc! The Englishman drew a quivering sigh of delight as his eyes took in one after another of the noble company.

He opened a black leather case and adjusted his Zeiss binocular. There, in the brilliant picture which leaped before his eyes as he lifted the field glass, stretched the very ridge up which he had struggled to the summit of the Dom, not ten days before; he saw a blue cloud-shadow slide down the gleaming slope of the Lyskamm, where

he had battled with stinging snow all one gray morning in the preceding September, and then had slumped down ingloriously to the Riffelalp and defeat; a shining snowfield close by — the Alphubel Joch — marked the place where, long years ago, he had seen his first mountain sunrise. Barrington leaned farther over the parapet and looked down at the glittering Roththal Sattel, two thousand feet below him, where four tiny figures were moving, step by step, toward the very platform on which he stood. As he looked, an ice-axe flashed; the leader was cutting steps. Something of the absurdity of the situation tickled Barrington's sense of humor; four men were risking everything to attain unto the height that he had reached by the Jungfraubahn. He chuckled audibly, and immediately turned round guiltily to see if any one had noticed.

A young fellow beside him — an American, from the cut of his coat — was watching him with curiosity and open admiration.

'You've been here before, then?' asked the stranger kindly. (Barrington's supposition was right, for the stranger's unaffected pronunciation of the participle as if he were referring to a receptacle for coal instantly proclaimed his nationality.)

Barrington nodded. 'How did you find that out?'

The American moved imperceptibly nearer. He was not tanned like Barrington; under his wind-beaten Panama hat his face showed only the normal color of the healthy inn-dweller of Grindelwald.

'I don't know; just guessed it, I suppose. Was it before they put the railroad through?'

The Englishman smiled assent. 'Four years ago,' he replied. 'There was nothing here then but a narrow ridge of clean snow, twenty feet long. That was before the buyers and sellers made this temple a den of thieves.'

'I gather,' remarked the American, 'that you don't like — this?' He waved his hand vaguely toward the exclamatory Germans and the picture-postcard stand.

'Decidedly not.'

'And yet, now that the Jungfraubahn is here, you don't mind riding on it?'

Up to this moment the Englishman had been looking out across the dazzling mountains; now he turned his gray eyes on his argumentative neighbor, and spoke earnestly.

'I don't wish to put on airs,' he explained, 'but I feel that my case is somehow different. I have climbed before; I am in a sense one of the initiated. What I object to is the presence here of people whose noisy irreverence is an insult to the mountain, — to the Creator, one might almost say. I compared them with the buyers and sellers in the temple, did n't I?'

'Yes.' The young American smiled. 'And I object,' he said, warming to the argument, 'that the analogy does n't hold, — if we except only the postcard rack. You know the story of the Frenchman who prayed in Westminster Abbey? He was put out for "brawling.' The verger said, "If we allowed that, we should have them praying all over the place." You're like the verger; you don't like promiscuous worship. If you were a clergyman—'

It was Barrington's turn to smile. 'I am,' he put in quietly.

'I thought so,' said the American. 'You quote Scripture so well for your purpose. I suppose, then, that you bar strangers out of your church?'

'I should undoubtedly bar out those who shouted and threw paper boxes about, and otherwise desecrated the House of God.'

'Thereby excluding at the same time

hundreds of true worshipers. I'm afraid, — ' the American proceeded with hesitation, tracing a pattern on the rough parapet with his finger, and watching the process minutely, as if he did n't quite care to meet Barrington's eye for the moment, — 'I'm afraid you mountain-lovers are just as selfish as the churchmen who drive Jews, Turks, and Infidels from their doors. You like to be alone, because solitude makes reverence easy; and you like to think of yourselves as — well, the elect — the chosen ones — who are not as other men are. Excuse me if I use Biblical language too; I did n't mean to poach on your preserves. You would banish the thousands who come up here — '

' — To yawn, and complain of the cold, and get nauseated by the altitude, and say commonplace things, and hurry back? Yes, they have no right here. They are not educated for it.'

The man in the Brooks Brothers coat looked at his clerical neighbor with polite incredulity. 'If this is n't going to educate them, what will? You talk of the desecration of the temple; how about the consecration of the people?'

Barrington shrugged his shoulders slightly, and turned half away as if disposed to let the subject drop, but in a second he wheeled about again.

'It's impossible to do justice to my side of the case,' he said, his voice softening, 'because it is a matter of instinct rather than of logic. To me there is something fundamentally wrong — dishonest — in achieving this high reward without the hitherto inevitable perils and — and delights — of the climb: the glacier walk, the mountain hut, the scramble up the couloir, the step-cutting, the knife-edge; avoiding these things is somehow cheating in a great and wonderful game. My position may seem unreasonable: you simply can't realize how we mountaineers feel about it.'

The American's finger paused in its pattern-tracing course over the parapet. 'Perhaps not,' he said, softly. 'And yet — I've waited three years to see this glory — '

He was suddenly interrupted by a shrill voice behind him: 'Oh, look, Mamie! Look at those specks! They 're people! Well, if they don't look just like ants!'

'Original comment!' muttered Barrington, scornfully. He crossed the platform, looked down the mountainside with the rest of the tourist-crowd, and then turned about.

'It's very interesting,' he said. 'Come over and look.'

The American came; but his manner of coming was not quite what the Englishman expected. For he limped badly, and the clergyman could tell at a glance that no mere sprained ankle could account for this particular inequality of gait.

'I — I'm very sorry,' stammered Barrington. 'Did I say — anything — '

'Oh, forget it,' replied the American, genially. 'You just did n't quite get my point of view. Perhaps you would if I explained that it happened right down there.'

There was a moment's pause; Barrington waited in respectful silence, whereupon the American continued, almost as if talking to himself.

'I had been staying at the Eggishorn Hotel. You know it — the Alps all on review out in front, and the Rhone Valley spread out like a map below? — Well, I was wild about the place; scrambled all over the Eggishorn day after day, and watched the climbers setting out up the Aletsch glacier. I had dreams of doing the big snow-peaks myself; finally I decided on the Jungfrau, and hired two guides with the money that was to keep me ten

days in Geneva. We started off on a bully August afternoon.

'I suppose you're familiar with the Concordia Hut, too, then? The little lame waiter in the dingy dress-suit? And his omelets? The bed-rooms that look out on thirty square miles of snow, and the little platform where you put out your boots to dry? Then you can understand why the whole place seemed to me enchanted ground. I sat on the rocks with my guides till the sunset had burned out; then I got Brunner to overhaul my boots and reinforce the nails while I clumped round in those funny felt shoes. I turned in early, but I could n't sleep.

'At one-thirty Brunner banged on my door. We roped up at two by lantern light, — Orion and the Pleiades and the rest, blazing overhead. I still remember how the scream of our hobnails as we stumbled down over the rocks gave way to a crisp crunch and squeak as we stepped out on the snow, and how the lights of the Finsteraarhorn party bobbed off to the right through the dark. I was tense with excitement.

'Pretty soon the stars paled and the mountains took the light, and before I knew it the sun was up behind the Trugberg and we were at the edge of the bergschrund, with this old peak standing over our heads against an incredibly blue sky. The guides pointed out the Jungfraujoch station of the railway — a little spot on the shine of the snow — and I remember feeling, just as you do now, that the completion of that railway would mean the utter desecration of the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I forgot that the mountains were made for man.

'Then we tackled the bergschrund. It was unusually broad that year: a crevasse varying from ten to twenty feet in width, crossed by a couple of tricky-looking snow bridges, and extending in either direction to the cliffs. Brunner looked over the left-hand snow bridge. The thing had shrunk considerably since his last ascent, but Brunner was confident. We braced ourselves hard and paid out the rope, while he walked across, — safe as a church. We all breathed again. The next moment I found myself stepping out on the thing with a blue chasm below. Then — suddenly — there was a little crumbling sound; everything dropped out from under me, and I fell, with a crash of splintering ice, on a sort of ledge about ten feet down. The guides caught me with the rope, and I hung ages on that shelf, watching the rainbow lights in the icicles and holding on to nothing at all for dear life. When they finally dragged me out on the glacier again, half an hour later, I found I'd broken my hip.

'The rest of it was n't — well, exactly fun. They carried me down somehow to the hotel, where the doctor took mercy on my groans and set the fracture. But — I suppose too much time had elapsed, or else the doctor did a clumsy job; I've never found out. Anyway, I spent the rest of that summer looking at the Alps from that silly tea-terrace at the Eggishorn, vowing that I'd get up the Jungfrau or die in the attempt. When I reached New York, the physicians shook their heads and said I'd never climb again.

'So I waited three years while they built the Jungfraubahn. Here I am. Would you — bar me out?'

He made a little gesture of appeal.

The English clergyman turned to him with a smile of true humility. 'Thank you,' he said. 'My notions of the elect can stand revision. I wonder how I came to quote so much Scripture without remembering that the Lord delighteth not in any man's legs.'

SCIENCE AND MYSTERY

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

I

In the concluding paragraph of one of our well-known books on the relationship between science and religion, this startling ultimatum is delivered: 'Mysteries must give place to facts.' The more one considers it, the more he sees concentrated in that curt and summary dictum, a vast amount of popular thinking upon the relationship between the known and unknown. With a marvelous cocksureness, folk to-day regard science as a sort of irrigation service, gradually fructifying the waste lands of mystery, until at last all of them shall be reclaimed and cultivated. In university lecture-halls, popular magazines, and Sunday supplements, one finds himself on tip-toe, expectantly awaiting the solution of the last mystery. While, of course, no one claims to have grasped 'this sorry scheme of things entire,' popular thought, for practical purposes, comes perilously near to living in an explained universe.

Says one writer of the last decade: 'Science brings into camp every day a new fact captured by its pickets, scouting along the line between the known and the unknown. The mysteries are fading away, and if they are the capital of religion, or of the church as the habitation of religion, then the church must be fading away.' When one regards the amount of such writing that is being done, playing up in vivid phrase and picturesque description the campaigns of science against ignorance, he is not surprised to find even small children singing: —

> Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
> I do *not* wonder what you are.
> What you are I know right well,
> And your component parts can tell.

A certain contrariness of disposition, therefore, such as led the Greek, weary of hearing Aristides always called 'The Just,' to vote upon the other side, may well induce a man in an 'age of science' to collect specimens of the things we do not understand. When once he has begun, however, to be a connoisseur of mystery, more than contrariness keeps him at it. For this lake of being, on which he launches his craft to search for undiscovered coves, soon proves to be no lake at all, but an open branch of an illimitable sea, on which his skiffs of thought lose themselves over the rim of the world. He finds that the universe is not almost explored by scientific pioneers, but rather that, as Mr. Thomas Edison remarks, 'No one knows one seven-billionth of one per cent about anything.'

Indeed, Mr. Edison's remark suggests the source from which the most convinced testimonies to our ignorance come. It was to have been expected that religious folk would readily discount knowledge in the interests of faith. That Job in the humility of his spiritual experience should say, 'We are but of yesterday and know nothing'; that Paul with his religious agnosticism should say, 'Now we see through a glass darkly' — 'Now we know in fragments'; that Socrates, conscious of

the failure of his philosophy to pierce the opaque depths of life should say, 'One thing I know, that I know nothing'; that Emerson, with his love of teasing epigram, should cry, 'Knowledge is knowing that we cannot know,' was to be anticipated. The really interesting testimonials to our ignorance come rather from those in whom scientific wisdom is supposed to dwell. There is Mr. Herbert Spencer saying, 'In its ultimate nature life is incomprehensible.' There is Professor William James saying, 'On this whole subject [of immortality] science must confess her imagination to be bankrupt. She has absolutely nothing to affirm. She is ignoramus ignoramibus.' There is even Professor Ernst Haeckel saying, 'We grant at once that the innermost character of nature is just as little understood by us as it was by Anaximander and Empedocles twenty-four hundred years ago, by Spinoza and Newton two hundred years ago, by Kant and Goethe one hundred years ago. We must even grant that this essence and substance become more mysterious and enigmatic the deeper we penetrate into the knowledge of its attributes.'

This last suggestion, that the world grows more mysterious the more we know about it, is somewhat startling. Popular thought commonly regards the clearing up of life's unknown provinces as an enterprise requiring only persistent endeavor and sufficient time. Given so much habitable land of the known, men think, our problem is to invade and cultivate as rapidly as possible the waste land of mystery. But the relationship between the two is not thus quantitative, so that the more you have of one the less you have of the other. Science is no pioneering king whose conquests gradually subdue the Empire of Ignorance until at last he shall weep for more worlds to conquer. Rather, the more we know about the world, the more mysterious it is. Sunrise to our fathers was strange enough, and they used at daybreak to sing a hymn to greet the coming dawn, but it is stranger now, when upon the surface of this wheeling earth we feel ourselves move in space as the sun brims the hill. This new universe created for us by our modern science, with its microscopic marvels, its reign of law, its innumerable stars, and, after the leisureliness and patience of the ages, with us upon the thin skin of this revolving planet in the sky, is more mysterious by far than that flat earth that once was cozily tucked beneath the coverlet of heaven.

When in 1836 Comte declared that it would be forever impossible to measure the distance to the stars, the world thought that it faced a mystery; but when in 1839 Bessel did measure the distance to star 61 Cygni, the world found itself plunged into a real mystery that even yet staggers the imagination. Reveal a little information concerning the relation of mind to body and you raise more interrogations than you quell. Establish the mutability of species and you stir up more hares than you run down. The world with ether undiscovered was strange enough, but what with ether's eerie activities now exposed in bewildering array, and ether itself capable of no better definition than 'the nominative case of the verb, to undulate,' we are plunged into a mystifying world the perplexing like of which our sires never imagined. A cosmos in which we are told that it would take 250,000 years to count the atoms in a pin-head has not been noticeably simplified, especially when we are assured that those atoms revolve about each other in sidereal systems with a regularity as fixed, and at distances comparatively as great as belong to stars and planets in the heavens.

Could we suppose that an African savage knew what was going on inside the painted stick he calls his fetich, we could well forgive him for falling in obeisance before the marvel of it. Nor is the mystery greatly lessened when science suddenly changes her hypothesis, and says that there are no gross and carnal atoms, but spirituelle electrons instead.

II

Mystery is not a transient trouble in human experience to be removed by increasing knowledge. Rather, it is a permanent problem made more urgent by increasing knowledge. Even the most ordinary falling stone, so far from being explained, is made by the law of gravitation so incomprehensible that Mr. Huxley says, 'Who so appreciates all that is involved in the falling of a stone can have no difficulty about any doctrine simply on account of its marvelousness.' The more a man knows, therefore, the more full of wonder he finds the world. The conceit of ignorance is to be explained by this suggestive fact, that there are mysteries outside the range of the ordinary mind. It was a young child who said, 'Now if you will tell me who made God, I think I shall understand everything'; it was a learned philosopher who said, 'The natural world is an incomprehensible scheme, so incomprehensible that a man must really, in the literal sense, know nothing at all, who is not sensible of his ignorance in it.'

Many a modern man, therefore, recovering from his first enthusiasm over a scientifically explained universe, finds his thoughtful hours seeking expression in some such way as this: 'I cannot see that, for all that science has told me, I am one whit the less mysterious. When I deeply consider myself, I am still an utterly incredible creature.' That this 'bifurcated radish with a curiously carved head' should be trotting up and down on this outlandish planet in the sky, shooting through space seventy-five times faster than a cannon ball; that it should be laughing and crying here, loving and hating, making such ado and consequence about itself, is far more marvelous than the wildest dreams of the apocalyptic prophets. Almost anything is likely to happen in a world where what we see about us has actually managed to happen. Indeed, it is so unimaginably strange that we are alive at all, that for us to keep on being alive in spite of death would be an inconsiderable addition to the mystery. To find ourselves still existing in another world would be far less queer than to have found ourselves existing in the first place.

Science has wrought many achievements, but it has not cleared up a single elemental mystery, and it has created a thousand lesser mysteries that never were imagined until science came. Science has demonstrated that this oak of a world used to be an acorn, but how that acorn came into existence or whence it obtained the latent elements that now have become an oak, science has not suggested. Science has made it possible for a manufacturer to cut down three trees in his forest at 7.35 in the morning, to have them made into paper at 9.34, and to have them selling on the street as newspapers at 10.25; but whether the manufacturer, himself, is a brain that has a mind, or is a mind that has a brain, science cannot even guess.

'When, therefore, I run across some cocksure and dogmatic book about *The Riddle of the Universe*, whether it be written by scientist or theologian,' so the thoughtful man continues, 'I turn from it with an overwhelming sense of its unreality. Rather with delight I listen to Robert Louis Stevenson:—

'"What a monstrous spectre is this

man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming! and yet, looked at nearlier, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives; who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues; infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the Deity; rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea; singling out his friends or his mate with cordial affection; bringing forth in pain, rearing with long-suffering solicitude his young. To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbor, to his God; an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop."'

That this recurrent sense of wonder is justified, despite all that science has achieved, is easily to be seen. However far back, for example, the scientist traces the journey which the universe has traveled, he comes at last to the pillars of Hercules, over which 'plus ultra' is written, but through which no scientific investigation ever can pass. Nothing has been changed in the problem of life's import by the substitution of milleniums for Bishop Usher's 4004 B.C. Only now we have a longer walk before we arrive at that postern gate and look out into the great unknown from which the universal process comes. Nor can the philosopher here overreach the scientist and claim knowledge of the world's origin. All the systems of metaphysics ever framed have this thing true of them: that they are not rationales of a known universe, but attempted rationales of the philosopher's faith about a universe unknown. He, too, stood at the postern gate and sent his soul on its great venture. He, too, believed before he reasoned, reasoned because he first believed, and used his logic to confirm or criticize his faith.

Whatever any man thinks about the cause of life is primarily faith. To be sure it need not be a mere guess, a chance throw of volition's dice, without cause before or reasoned explanation afterward, but it must always be an hypothesis, ventured first and then defended. When Haeckel says that man is 'an affair of chance; the froth and fume at the wave-top of a sterile ocean of matter,' that is faith. When Von Hartmann says, 'The wholly blank and vague and limitless immensity which knows nothing of itself and which is so aberrant from its fundamental condition as to produce, contrary to its inherent nature, conscious beings who must suffer and wail and agonize as long as they are conscious,' that is faith. When John says: 'God is Love, and he that abideth in love abideth in God and God in him,' that too is faith. The materialist who plants in the vast flower-pot of chaos his primal seed of matter, and like a gigantic master of legerdemain, waves his wand of words over it until the whole flowering universe grows from the dirt, is exercising faith as evidently as is the Christian when he rejoices in God, the

Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth.

Moreover if, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, a man steadfastly endeavors to restrain his thought within the boundaries of demonstrable knowledge, he will not even then escape the influence of the unknown. What revealing words at the close of Mr. Spencer's autobiography! 'Behind these mysteries lies the all-embracing mystery. Whence this universal transformation which has gone on unceasingly throughout a past eternity, and will go on unceasingly throughout a future eternity? And along with this rises the paralyzing thought — What if, of all that is thus incomprehensible to us, there exists no comprehension anywhere?' Even he finds his valuation of the unknown tingeing his estimate of life.

A man's faith may be perplexed or positive, paralyzing or jubilant, but some thought or other about the 'all-embracing mystery' a man is almost sure to have, and the more thoughtful he is, the more his world of present facts will take color like a chameleon from his conviction about the mysterious world that lies beneath it. At any rate, for all science's achievements, he well may say, —

> 'T is strange that God should fash to frame
> The yearth and lift sae hie,
> An' clean forget to explain the same
> To a gentleman like me.

III

Even more obviously is science unable to dispel mystery when its attention is directed to the future. The problem of to-morrow is so utterly out of reach of knowledge that science must dismiss its consideration as futile guess-work. Yet it makes a real difference to life what a man thinks about the future; or if a man stoutly refuse to think, that makes a difference too. Men who by some weird chance should find themselves upon a ship, ignorant alike of its port of departure and its destination, might preoccupy themselves with many tasks, whether selfishly to get the best of the ship's store or fraternally to contribute to the common weal, but how could the question of their unknown haven be quenched among them? Could they so thin their thought and narrowly concentrate their attention, as never to stand at the ship's prow and think of that? Though some should lack imagination to care and some should drown their care in drink or smother it in work, the tone of the crew's spirit, the hopelessness or joy or dogged resolution with which the sails were set, and the discipline preserved subtly, would depend on what idea of the haven was gaining the popular assent — that it was good or evil, or that there was no haven, only an endless sailing of the sea by the ship that never would arrive.

This interest in the future is not by any means the child of immature and ignorant curiosity. It is rather the immature and ignorant who feel the problem least, like those stolid and unquestioning natives of the African forest who never have been curious enough to inquire whether the sun that rises this morning is the same that set last night. The more man grows in intellectual range, the more it becomes impossible for him to row his boat with his back in the direction whither he is going, guiding his skiff by his wake alone, and never turning to scan the horizons ahead. Is this world of sacrifice and heart-break, of love and death, to have an outcome that will make the price of it worth while? Or do we face the slowly waning vitality of earth, its light dimmed, its heat consumed, its forces spent and wasted, until at last upon this wandering island in the sky some solitary Robinson Crusoe, the last liv-

ing soul in the universe, stumbles over the graves of the race in a vain search for some Black Friday to bear him company? After all, the universe, like everything else, is worth what it turns out to be in the end.

If a man is persuaded, as many apparently are, that beyond the immediate balance of joy over sorrow which may exist, no real victory of good over evil is to be expected, whether we as individuals share in it or not; that so far from being 'heirs of hopes too fair to turn out false,' humanity has been duped by its optimisms, not in form alone but in substance also, and that men, however fine in spiritual nature or great in serviceable ministry, are just so much 'high-grade cosmic fertilizer' for a future harvest which at last will come to nothing; if he vividly perceive the meaning of such a lack of issue to the world, that humanity like a rocket, radiant in ascent and splendidly luminous in climax, in the end is but a falling stick, sans light, sans life, sans goal, sans everything, surely such a conception of life's issue will stain through into the texture of his most common day.

It is indeed open for a man to say that even so each one should 'hold hard by his great soul, do out the duty.' After the Greeks at Chaeronea had been irremediably defeated by Philip of Macedon, Demosthenes still turned on the Athenians to say, 'I maintain that if the issue of this struggle had from the outset been manifest to the whole world, not even then ought Athens to have shrunk from it, if Athens has any regard for her own glory, her past history, or her future reputation.' Many noble men have so faced life with no thought of victory for themselves or for their race. But at its best this is a dogged and stoical nobility, an obdurate and joyless heroism. It makes all service of personal and social ideals a toilsome search for gold at the end of a rainbow, after the myth is disbelieved and disillusion has fallen on the quest.

If good may hope to conquer evil in some localities for some limited extent of time, but no conclusive and general victory can possibly arrive; if we are attempting to impose moral ideals upon an alien and inhospitable world, with dubious show of success now and certainty of failure in the end; if, in a word, in a Saharan universe, sterile of all spiritual meaning, we are vainly striving with our little atomizers to produce fertility, then it would still be best not to shrink from the conflict. But the more lucidly a man should perceive how thus all large human hopes were illusions in essence as well as form, the more difficult would it be for him to keep heart in the struggle. Humanity in such a world would lack even the incentive that Demosthenes gave to Athens, 'her future reputation.' The persistence of religious faith is due in part to this, that the race, like her best individuals, has passionately desired

> Not without aim to go around
> In an eddy of purposeless dust,
> Effort unmeaning and vain.

At any rate, one begins curiously to wonder just what the intellectual basis is for that ultimatum, 'Mysteries must give place to facts.'

IV

Strangely enough, the part of life from which science has least of all succeeded in expelling mystery, is not life's first source nor yet its ultimate goal, but rather that very province which knowledge has chosen for her own — the world of present facts. 'Here,' says a follower of Comte, 'let us abide contented within the home of positive experience; why wander outside into the unknown and the unknowable?' But no man ever yet succeeded in treating

daily experience as merely a receptacle for information. We all are active appreciators of life; we insist on value as well as fact; we demand interpretations, like Belshazzar offering half his kingdom for the meaning of the enigmatic characters upon the wall. The scientific facts of the world are like the physicist's analysis of the sunset into its constituent ether waves. The poet, however, enraptured with the sunset, goes far beyond the physicist's description. He dresses the ether waves in his appreciations. They walk no more unclothed, but richly decked in his discernments and interpretations. The poet's sunset consists of the beauty which his insight finds there, and this perception of beauty is a personal affirmation, a judgment of value, a leap of æsthetic faith.

How large a part of life's real content lies in this mystical realm of value is at once evident. For special purposes some factual aspect of reality may be separated from the rest and on that our attention centred, as when the police officer describes a boy in terms of his Bertillon measurements, or a botanist analyzes the constitution of a flower. But this specially abstracted phase of an experience is not the whole of it, as one learns when the mother's evaluation of the boy bursts into passionate expression, or Wordsworth sings,

> The meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

In practical living such appraisals of any object can no more be separated from our knowledge of it than color can be separated from a Venetian vase. The coloring of worth is blown into the very substance of our thought. Every familiar fact of daily experience is thus a trysting place of information and insight, a habitation where value is wedded to fact.

The sciences, now, make it their business to insulate certain special aspects of the world from the influence of this evaluating instinct. They seek the bare and unappreciated facts. For the biologist, in so far as he strictly adheres to the standpoint of his science, all living organisms are nothing more than physical tissues whose operations are controlled by unalterable laws. His duty is to describe and analyze, and in terms of proximate causes and effects to explain the facts. For the purposes of his science, the nerves of a frog and the nerves of a Michelangelo, the brain of a newt and of a Newton would be equally objects of his regard. They are all biological tissue. He does not value his facts as good or beautiful; he does not regard them as ends or means for personal purposes; he does not ask their significance in a world scheme; and if he be a strict biologist he does not even so far prefer one fact to another as to desire healthy tissue rather than pathological. All organisms are for him nothing but objects for observation and report.

This isolation of a single aspect of reality and this impersonal attitude in the study of it are necessary and legitimate. Without them organized knowledge would be impossible. Even when the science is psychology, and the data are sensation, judgment, emotion, will, these facts must be insulated from all appraisal of values and studied as neutrally as though a geologist were analyzing rocks or an astronomer observing stars. As the chemist studies foods and poisons with equal zest, so the psychologist studies joy and sorrow, remorse and hope, without preference. They are facts impersonally to be observed, and in terms of natural law to be explained.

Men, however, become obsessed by this practical method of the sciences. They regard this abstracted aspect of existence, these physical and psychical facts and laws as the entire world of

reality, and even postulate explanations, which fit the isolated material of some special science, as an adequate philosophy of life. But neither is the material of the sciences the whole of reality nor is science's explanation of that material all of truth. After science has measured and weighed any group of facts, ascertained their quantitative aspects and determined the law of their sequence, we insist on discerning qualitative aspects everywhere. Appreciations and preferences, woven into the factual warp, make the real texture of our experience.

By as much as a living man, lured by ideals, mastered by purposes, pleased by hopes, exalted by love, differs from the manikin in the medical school, with his painted nerves and wooden muscles, by so much does the real world of life differ from the definitions of science. All that produces civilization and art springs from this over-world of value-judgments and worth-estimates. All cathedrals and paintings, all poetry, romance, music, and religion are their children.

This world of insight and purpose, of value and ideal, is the only world in which man actually lives. The attitude of science, drawing off the sense of worth from life and isolating the remainder, is an artifice convenient but not comprehensive. No scientist lives up to it when he leaves his laboratory and goes home.

Indeed, when the scientist reaches home where the free play of his appreciation clothes his life with worth, he might well commune with himself in some such way as this: 'My science certainly does not exhaust the real meaning of my life. The mystery forever escapes the test-tube. When science has said the last word about my children, they mean infinitely more to me than science has declared, and no investigation ever can discover how much a home is worth. I accumulate facts in my laboratory, but unvalued facts are uncracked nuts — the meat of them is unpossessed. It takes more than science to get at the meat of life: it takes the sense of worth. If I, therefore, must value facts in order to live at all, why do I complain because my friend, the preacher, feels for life as a whole what I feel for some of the parts?'

As in a musical composition the estimate of any phrase must in the end consider the organizing motif and complete effect of the whole work, so, facing as we do the necessity of valuing things, ideas, persons, institutions, social movements, all of which are by innumerable relationships intermeshed and unified, where shall we stop this operation short of interpreting the whole? At what point shall we say to appreciation, 'Thus far and no further'? Events do not stand like bottles in the rain, disparate and unrelated, sharing neither their emptiness nor their abundance, but like interflowing rivulets they are so reticulated that to trace the spring and issue of one is to trace the springs and issues of them all. The complete appraisal of the least item subtly involves the appraisal of the sum. The preacher is surely right in this, that no detail is the whole of itself; the universe is the rest of it.

'When therefore the preacher proclaims the Eternal Goodness,' so even the scientist might clearly see, before his open fire at home, surrounded by his family, 'he is simply applying the appreciative instinct to life as a whole.' From his standpoint, faith, as Ruskin phrased it, is veracity of insight. It does for the bare facts of the world what the poet's vision does for the ether waves of the sunset or a mother's love for the Bertillon measurements of a boy. It clothes them with radiant

meanings. It perceives in them eternal worth and significance. It lifts the ponderous world to its ear as we lift a sea-shell, and hears mysterious messages of hope and peace. It is evaluation in its most exalted and comprehensive exercise. At any rate, when my laboratory has answered its last question and all other sciences have added their results to the pile, the real mystery of life has not yet been even touched.'

V

Upon this three-fold mystery, the world's cause, the world's goal, and the world's meaning, the writer based his statement in a recent number of the *Atlantic* that religion is an inevitable element in human life. In Professor John Fiske's phrase, she is yet 'the largest and most ubiquitous fact connected with the existence of mankind upon the earth.' The mourners have gathered many times to give her remains a decent burial, but the obsequies have always been indefinitely postponed. The deceased was always too lively for the funeral. In Butler's *Analogy* we are informed that the fashionable society of his day was convinced that Christianity had already one foot in the grave. Shortly after, however, Wesley and Whitefield arrived to guide one of the most amazing religious renewals in all history. Religion has an indefatigable ability to come back. The reason for this lies deep. Many fantastic and exaggerated ambitions have invited human endeavor, but none so wild and quixotic as the attempt to abide contented within the realm of positively known facts. No one ever abode there for a single hour, and there is not enough such knowledge extant for a man to live on during his most simple day. The mind continuously colors and manipulates all life by its interpretations. Like loose type, the facts are set by ventures of faith into gloomy, humdrum prose or into exalted poetry.

Now, a wholesome religion is simply that form of faith which alone has succeeded in making life worth while; which fills it with purpose, dignifies it with value, inspires it with motive, and comforts it with hope. 'Without me,' so religion says in an age of science as much as ever in all history, 'without me you grow to learn a little about the world you live in, your minds limited on every side by boundaries across which they look into the darkness of great mystery; without me you rejoice a little in the transient beauties of the world and more in human loves and friendships, you suffer much with broken bodies and more with broken family ties, and then die as you were born, the spawn of mindless, soulless forces that never purposed you and never cared. As with yourselves, so with your fellows — they came from nowhere save the dust and go nowhither save back to it again, and without me the whole world is purposeless, engaged with blind hands that have no mind behind them on tasks that mean nothing and are never done.'

The recuperative power of religion lies in the elemental unwillingness of men to live in such a world. The parvenues of science who a generation ago foresaw the downfall of religion, — 'In fifty years your Christianity will have died out,' said one, — are going to be as disappointed as was the fashionable society of Butler's day. For there is more to life than science ever can deal with, and so far as the eternal problems of our human lot are concerned, all the sciences together are like inch-worms clambering up the Matterhorn in an endeavor to discover the distance to the stars!

This does not mean that science has no effect upon religion. Science affects

religion tremendously. Science lays violent hold on old traditions, that like the bones of the Wise Men in Cologne Cathedral have been long hallowed in pious sentiment, and scatters them in scorn to the four winds. Science invades the realm of history, with no regard for the part of it called sacred, and like Antiochus Epiphanes rides on a war horse into the very Holy of Holies to see whether the tales of it be true. Science takes old arguments, long used in defense of the faith, and makes them as obsolete as bows and arrows at Port Arthur. Science with pitiless disregard of anything but the sheer truth, gives old cosmologies the lie, although the church weeps for her dead like Rachel for her children and will not be comforted. Science, an absolute monarch in her own realm, will let no sacred books, no sacred customs, no sacred history, escape the alembic of her investigations, and no consideration can thwart her progress toward one goal, the truth.

When, however, science has laid bare the last fact concerning the religious history of man, when she has cut the ground from under ecclesiastical traditions until the hearts of the priests melt like water, and has sent into eternal exile legends and myths grown hoary in popular belief, religion herself is perennial still. In the end she renews her vigorous youth, and rises relieved from burdensome incumbrances. Still her proper province is unravaged by an enemy. Still men, knowing all that science can discover touching the sense of moral obligation, curiously question whether, like Haeckel, they shall say by faith that duty is 'a long series of phyletic changes in the phenomena of the cortex,' or like Wordsworth, 'Stern daughter of the Voice of God! O Duty!' Still grief imperiously insists on an interpretation, some Paul upon the one side saying, 'Our light affliction which is but for the moment worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory,' and on the other, some Thompson with his hopeless dirge, —

> Nay, doth it use him harshly as he saith?
> It grinds him some slow years of bitter breath,
> Then grinds him back into eternal death!

Still our daily familiar business and the call to serve our generation force the question on us whether we are indeed fellow laborers with God, or whether Hauptmann put true words into Michael Kramer's mouth: 'The activities of the great world are the shudderings of a fever.' Still men curiously question whether they are souls with transient bodies, or bodies with transient souls, and the whole world of life with its abysmal mysteries insists on being interpreted. 'He must have been an ill-advised god who could make no better sport than to change himself into so lean and hungry a world'; so Schopenhauer. And Paul? 'Oh, the depth of the riches both of the knowledge and wisdom of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past tracing out!'

This prodigious difference lies not in the fact; it lies in the interpretation of the fact. It is not a contest of science; it is a contest of insight and evaluation, of vision and faith, and all the hosts of argument and reason which these marshal in their support. This involves no quarrel between faith and knowledge. There is no such quarrel. Here, as everywhere, faith is the only road to knowledge, for whether in astronomy or theology the facts are explained by ventures of theory first, which are verified as best they can be afterward. No one has put it better than the President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: 'Science is grounded in faith just as is religion, and scientific truth, like religious truth, consists of

hypotheses never wholly verified, that fit the facts more or less closely.'

A true theology uses the same intellectual methods that a true science does, but theology and religion are not identical. Religion is the life, of which theology is the theoretic formulation. Religion puts on creeds like garments, and wears them as a science does hypotheses, until, worn out, they must be thrown aside for better. But religion herself still persists. For religion is a warm confidence in the testimony of a man's best hours that the spiritual life is real, and in the witness of the world's greatest souls that God is good.

Religion is living as though our life were no amateur theatrical display from which we may retire at will, but urgent business where fidelity and serviceableness contribute to a victory of righteousness that in the end will surely come. Religion is brotherliness inspired by the assurance that something in the universe abides forever, grows and bears fruit at last, and that this eternal element is not the lowest, dirt, but the loftiest, personality. Religion is a comfort of hope, a motive of purpose, a well-spring of character born of friendship with the Power not ourselves, and of cordial trust in Him and self-surrender to his will. The obsequies of religion are not yet due! Humanity is too deathlessly athirst for some such revelation of Eternal Goodness, and some such interpretation of life's deep significance as Christians have always found in Christ.

When science has answered her last question, man still will be saying,

> Nature, poor step-dame, cannot slake my drouth;
> Let her, if she would owe me,
> Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
> The breasts o' her tenderness.

A HAY-BARN IDYL

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

EVERY farm boy knows how much wild life ebbs and flows about a country hay-barn the whole round year. It is a point in the landscape where the wild and the domestic meet. The foxes prowl around it in winter, the squirrels visit it, mice and rats make their homes in it and cut their roads through the hay. In summer, swallows, phœbe birds, and robins love to shelter their nests beneath its roof, bumble-bees build their rude combs in the abandoned mice nests, and yellow jackets often hang their paper habitations from its timbers.

For several summers I have had my study in one of these empty or partly filled hay-barns on the farm where I was born, and the wild life about me that used to interest me as a boy now engages me as a student and observer of outdoor nature. While I am busy with my books and my writing, the birds are busy with their nest-building or brood-rearing. Now, in early July, a pair of barn swallows have a nest in the peak

at one end, and a pair of phœbe birds have a nest in the peak at the other end. The phœbes, remembering perhaps their ill luck last year when their nest and eggs were buried by the hay-gatherers, have established themselves in an old swallow's nest far above any possibility of being engulfed by the rising tide of hay. They have evidently refurnished the nest, but its exterior is quite destitute of the customary moss. I see the row of heads of the young swallows above the brim of their nest. The swallows evidently look upon the phœbes as intruders. Perhaps the fact that the phoebes have appropriated a swallow's last year's nest rankles a little. At any rate, many times during the day the male swallow swoops spitefully down at the phœbes as they sit upon the beams, hesitating, in my presence, to approach their nest with food in their beaks.

The swallow is not armed for battle; in both beak and claw he is about the weakest of the weak; only in speed and skill of wing is he almost unrivaled; and he flashes those long, slender, sabre-colored wings about the heads of his plain unwelcome neighbors in a way that keeps them on the alert, but never provokes them to retaliation. The phœbes incline this way and that to avoid the blows, but make no sound and raise no wing in defense. They seem to know what a big 'bluff' the swallows are putting up, or else how unequal a wing contest with them would be. The phœbes are much more sensitive to my presence than are the swallows; they will not betray the secret of their nest to me while I am watching them: whereas the swallows sweep in boldly over my head through the wide-open doors, and, in a swift upward curve, touch at the nest and are out again like spirits, the phœbes enter slyly through small openings in the weather boards, and alight upon a beam and look the ground over before they approach the nest.

The other day in my walk I came upon two phœbes' nests under overhanging rocks, both with half-fledged young in them, and in neither case were the parent birds in evidence. They did not give their secret away by setting up the hue and cry that nesting birds usually set up on such occasions. I finally saw them, as silent as shadows, perched near by, with food in their beaks, which they finally swallowed as my stay was prolonged. And the nests, both on a level with my eye, were apparently filled only with a motionless mass of bluish mould. As I gently touched them, instead of four or five heads with open mouths springing up, the young only settled lower in the nest and disposed themselves in a headless, shapeless mass. The phoebe is evidently a very cautious bird, though no birds are more familiar about our porches and outbuildings.

What a contrast they present in habits and manners to the swallows! A plebeian bird is the phœbe, plain of dress, homely of speech, with neither grace of form nor of movement, yet endeared to us by a hundred associations. The swallow has the grace of form and power of wing of the tireless sea-birds, and is almost as helpless and awkward on its feet as are some of the latter. The pair I am watching flash in and out of the old barn like streaks of steel-blue lightning. I watch them hawking for insects over a broad meadow of timothy grass that slopes up to the woods that crown the hill. The mother-bird is the more industrious; she makes at least three times as many trips in the course of an hour as does her mate; whether she returns with as loaded a beak or not, I have no means of knowing, but would wager that she does.

Among nearly all species of birds

the mother is the main bread-winner. I have recently had under observation a nest of young bluebirds, in a cavity made by a downy woodpecker in a section of a small birch tree, which I brought from the woods last fall and fastened up to one corner of my porch. The mother-bird had entire care of the brood, bringing food every few minutes all the day long. Not till the last day that the young were in the nest did the male appear, and then he took entire charge, and the mother either went off on a holiday, or else some untoward fate befell her.

I look up from my writing scores of times during the day to see the two swallows coursing low over the meadow of rippling daisies and timothy, tacking, darting, rising, falling, now turning abruptly, now sweeping in wide circles, and, having secured the invisible morsel, coming down-grade into the barn with the speed of arrows. A row of expectant heads, four or five of them, arranged in a row at the wide opening of the nest, await them. It is touch and go, no tarrying; the gnat or fly is deposited in an open mouth as swiftly as it is caught. The beaks of all the young open as the wings of the parent-bird are heard, and a subdued chippering and squeaking follows. That there is any method in the feeding, or that they are fed in regular order, I cannot believe. Which of the young will get the next morsel is probably a matter of chance, but doubtless the result averages up very evenly in the course of an hour or two.

The wing-power expended by the parent birds in this incessant and rapid flight must be very great, and one would think that all the insects captured would be required to keep it up. How fine and slight their prey seems to be! I may follow their course through the meadows with my head about as high above the grass as is their flight, and not see anything but an occasional butterfly or two — a game the swallows are not looking for. They hunt out something invisible to my eyes, something almost as intangible as the drifting flower-pollen. Probably the finer it is, the more potent it is; a meal of gnats may be highly concentrated food. Now and then they probably capture a house-fly, or other large insect.

The phœbe and all the true fly-catchers hunt in a much less haphazard way; like the hawks, they see their prey before they make their swoop; they are true sportsmen and their aim is sure. Perched here and there, they wait for their game to appear. But the swallows hurl themselves through the air with tremendous speed and capture what chances to cross their paths — a feat quite impossible to the regular fly-catcher.

On calm days they hawk high; on windy days their prey flies near the earth and they hunt low. How random and wayward their course is, but what freedom and power of wing it discloses! A poet has called them skaters in the fields of air, but what skater can perform such gyrations or attain such speed? Occasionally on windy days they seem to dip and turn, or check themselves, as if they saw an individual insect and paused to seize it. But for the most part they seem to strain the air through their beaks and seize what it leaves them.

As the days pass the young swallows begin to grow restless. I see them stretching their wings with their bodies half out of the nest. A day or two later I hear a fluttering sound over my head, and look up to see one of them clinging to the outside of the nest and exercising his wings vigorously; for a few seconds he clings there and makes his wings hum; the flying impulse is working on him, and soon it will launch

him forth upon the air. Two or three times a day now I see this feat repeated. The young are doubtless all taking turns in trying their wings to see if they are as recommended. Then the parent swallows come in, evidently with empty beaks, and take turns in hovering in front of the nest and saying, 'Wit, wit,' approvingly and encouragingly, and then flying about the empty barn or making a dash at Phœbe as she sits with flipping tail on a beam. Presently they resume their feeding.

The next day there is more wing exercise by the young, and more hovering and chirping about the nest by the parents. Sometimes the latter sit quietly upon a beam, and then presently the male flies up and clings for a moment to the side of the nest, and squeaks softly and lovingly. I think the great event, the first flight of the young, is near at hand. I go to dinner, and when I return and am about to enter the barn, the mother swallow sweeps down toward me and calls 'Sleet, sleet,' which I take to be her way of saying 'Scat, scat'; and I know something has happened. Looking up to the roof I see one of the young perched upon it a few inches from the lower edge. He looks scared and ill at ease. I cast a pebble above him and away he goes into the free air, his parents wheeling about him, and leading him on in an evident state of excitement. How well he uses his wings on that first flight, swooping and soaring with but little appearance of awkwardness or hesitation! After a few moments he comes back to the barn roof and lights on the other side beyond my sight. During the afternoon the other three ventured out at intervals and flew about the interior of the barn for some time before venturing outside, their parents flying with them and cheering encouragingly.

When once launched on the wing, the next great problem with the birds seemed to be how to alight and come to rest. It was evidently a trying problem. They would make feints at stopping upon this beam or that, but could not quite manage it until, in a kind of desperation, they would flop down somewhere. In a good many things we ourselves find it more difficult to stop than to start. In the course of the afternoon they all went forth into the air with their parents, and, I think, never returned to the interior of the barn. At five o'clock I saw them perched upon the tops of dry mullein stalks in the pasture. As I approached them they took flight and coursed through the air, high and low, over the tree-tops and above the valley, with wonderful ease and freedom. After a while they returned to the mullein stalks, and again betrayed their inexperience by their awkwardness in alighting. It would be interesting to know how long they were on the wing before they began capturing their own food. I have seen the parent-birds feeding the young in the air. In August they will be perching upon telegraph wires, and upon the ridge-poles of hay-barns, with the instinct of migration working in their little bodies.

The exodus of the young phœbes from the nest was much less noticeable. I saw no preliminary stretching or flapping of wings, and no parental solicitude. Flying is not the business of the phœbe, as it is of the swallow, and its life is much more humdrum. The young came out at intervals one afternoon, and they lingered about the barn, going out and in, for several days, the family keeping well together. Later I shall see them about the orchards and fences, bobbing their tails and being fed by their parents.

A mow of last year's hay in the big

bay of the barn holds its pretty secret also. Two years ago a junco, or snowbird, built her nest in its side, and this year she, or another, is back again, a month earlier. It amuses me to see her come in with her beak full of dry grass to build a nest in a mow of dry grass. Her forbears have always built their nests in the sides of weedy or moss-grown banks in secluded fields and woodsides, and have used such material as they could find in these places. She is under the spell of these inherited habits, in all but the selection of the locality of her nest. In this she makes a new departure and, in so doing, shows how adaptive many of the wild creatures are. The bird has probably failed in her attempts to bring out a brood in the old places. I think three out of four of all such attempts on the part of ground-builders do fail. Within a few days, two sparrows' nests in the pasture below me have been 'harried' as the Scotch say. If they escape the sharp eyes of the crows by day, the skunks and foxes, or other night-prowlers, are pretty sure to smell them out at night. At any rate, my junco has decided on trying the shelter of the old barn. Here she is in danger from rats and cats and red squirrels, but at this season of the year she stands a fair chance of escape.

When she comes in with a wisp of outdoor rubbish in her beak, I should say she shows some nervousness, were it not for the fact that juncos always seem to be nervous. She flits about with her eye on me, and, after a few feints, flies up to her place on the side of the mow and disappears for a moment under the dropping locks of hay. Her nest is completed in two forenoons — a very simple and rude affair compared with the nest in May or June under a mossy bank by the woodside. For two or three days, she is not in evidence, when one morning I discover that the nest holds two eggs. Two days later it holds four, and the next day incubation has evidently begun. As she sits in the shadow of her little cavity in the mow, only her light-colored beak shows me when she is on her nest. A heavy rope is stretched low across the barn-floor, and it is a pretty sight to see the bird approach the hay-mow along the rope, hopping nervously along, showing the two white quills in her tail, and wiping her beak over and over on the rope as she progresses. I think the beak-wiping, now on this side, now on that, is just another expression of her nervousness, or else of preoccupation, for surely her beak is clean. She gives no heed either to the swallows or the phœbes, nor they to her. Well, she is now fairly launched on her little voyage of maternity, and I shall do all I can to see that its issue is successful.

A week later, alas, it turned out to be the old story of the best-laid schemes of mice and men. Some serious mishap befell my little neighbor. One day she was missing from her nest from morning till night. The following morning her eggs were stone cold and the male bird was flitting about the barn and running along the beams as I entered, no doubt in an anxious state of mind about his mate. I could give him no clew to her whereabouts, and her fate is a mystery — captured, no doubt, by a hawk or a cat while out in quest of food.

The same day ill fortune overtook a queen bumble-bee who had a nest somewhere about the barn. She suddenly appeared on the ground in front of my door in a great state of excitement. I inferred that she came from under the barn. She seemed suddenly to have discovered that she could not fly, and was making vain attempts to do so, in a state of painful agitation. She buzzed and rushed about amid the

dry grass and loose straws like one beside herself. I went to her to give her a lift. She rushed up the twig I proffered her, then up my hand, shaking with excitement. From this coign of vantage she tried to launch herself into the air, but fell ingloriously to the ground. I saw that her right wing was badly mutilated, not more than half of it remained, and flying was out of the question. But the poor queen would not have it so. She could not be convinced that she could not fly. The oftener she failed in her attempts, the more desperate she became. She always had flown, and now suddenly her wings failed her. She would climb up the taller spears of grass and make the attempt, and on stones and sticks. She could not accept her cruel fate. She finally rushed into the stonework, and I saw her no more. I am not certain that the queen bumble-bee makes a nuptial flight like the queen of the hive bees, but probably she does, and this one may have left her near-by colony for the purpose, only to flounder ingloriously amid the weeds. Probably some anarchist insect had frayed and clipped her wing in her nest, having no more respect for royalty than for her humble subjects. There is no sphere of life so lowly that such tragedies and failures do not occur in it.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XXIV

IN WHICH WE CALL AT THE GILBERTS'

Robert was indeed very sick. The attack might have been attributed to the shock of the sudden encounter with his wife, but the family doctor, hearing of it, shook his head. It was a coincidence, he said, nothing more; the machinery was worn out, and must have been upon the verge of breaking down this long while. Of course, it was impossible to say — sometimes these cases contradict all previous experience — Bob might live for several months, even for a year — or he might drop off to-morrow. The doctor would look in occasionally, but, frankly, there was nothing he could do — nothing anybody could do. He looked at Lorrie and her mother standing, each with her cold hands clasped tight together, listening to him as if he had been, what surely all good doctors are, a kind of deputy-Deity — the doctor looked at the women gravely and kindly, and got into his buggy and drove away.

This sad news being presently spread abroad, all the friends of the family — and the Gilberts had made a great many warm and devoted and steadfast friendships — were quick to show their sympathy, though nearly every one privately was of the opinion that Bob's death would be a merciful release. The poor fellow never would have reformed, probably could not, and there was nobody who could be better spared; he

had never been anything but a care and a disgrace to his people, to everybody that ever had anything to do with him. But all that ought to be forgotten now. Persons who had long ago stopped asking after him, or recognizing him on the street, now called at the house, bringing kind-hearted offerings of books and fruit and jellies and bottles of wine and air-pillows. They came and insisted on taking Lorrie out in their motor-cars, whenever she could leave the invalid. Sometimes they saw him, for a few minutes; he had his days of feeling better or worse. Girls he had gone to school with, married women now with boys of their own, came to visit him, putting aside the fact that they had not spoken to him in years; but they always had liked Bob Gilbert, they said, he was so nice when — when he was all right. Even little old Miss Harriet Peck, the primmest mortal on earth, who would have run from the mere sight of Robert (even sober) a while ago, now ventured to the house and sent in her maidenly card with a tidy little nosegay of heliotrope and lemon-verbena. She had been his Sunday-school teacher twenty-five years before.

'As soon as I'm well enough, I'll go around and see the old girl. It was very kind of her to come,' Robert declared. 'Everybody's kind, seems to me. I'll have lots of calls to make. You come with me, will you, Lorrie?'

'Why, of course, I'd love to,' said Lorrie, smiling bravely.

It was in the first week of Bob's sickness that they had one visitor whom it never would have occurred to them to expect. Robert, as the doctor had prophesied, rallied with uncanny swiftness, and already they had conveyed him to a cot on the side-porch, and his mother and sister were sitting there with him, in the mild sunshine, — it was in September, — Lorrie reading aloud from the morning paper, and Mrs. Gilbert constructing the first of a series of fine outing-flannel nightshirts which she was confident she could make better and infinitely cheaper than the men's haberdashers. It was strange how quickly the household had adjusted itself to the idea of illness. Bob lay there quietly, comfortably, not looking so very sick. I am not sure that there was not an obscure content somewhere in the depths of his mother's heart to have him at home at last and secure; it was hard to believe that he could not go on forever in this state, being cared for, petted, watched over; she was almost happy as she planned his nightshirts.

As they sat there, they heard the bell ring, and heard the servant's footsteps going through the hall and some low-voiced talk at the front door. 'There's the postman,' Bob said. But some one came, apparently with an anxious caution, into the sitting-room, which opened with a long window on the porch; and directly their maid spoke from the door. 'It's a lady to see you, Miss Lorrie. She did n't give any card. She just said she wanted to see you,' said the girl.

Lorrie put down the newspaper, and rose with a faint grimace. 'They're always coming in like that, on tiptoe and holding their breath, as if — as if — Can't they *see* that the real kindness would be to behave as if nothing were the matter?' she said to herself impatiently. She went into the room, which was darkened by the vines and roof outside, and, making out only a silhouette of the visitor standing in an uncertain attitude by the door, spoke with a cheerfulness that, had she known it, was almost as artificial as the other's labored solicitude. 'How do you do? I can't see who it is; everything looks all black and green, coming in here out of the light — but how do you do, anyhow!' said Lorrie, gayly. 'Is it

Mrs. — ?" Her lips stiffened on the words; she had gone up quite close to the other, but stopped stock-still with her hand yet outstretched.

"I guess you were n't expecting to see *me*," said Paula. She looked at Lorrie's hand, advanced her own awkwardly, then withdrew it and began to fumble with the clasps and chains of two or three silver trifles that dangled from her wrist — a purse, lorgnette, and what not. She shifted her parasol to the curve of her other arm, and pulled at the edge of her veil, glancing around the room with a kind of cringing resolution. 'I knew you'd be surprised to see me,' she repeated; 'I did n't suppose you'd want to, but I — I came, anyhow, Lorrie.'

'Don't speak so loud,' said Lorrie.

'I won't — I did n't mean to —' said Paula, faltering and shrinking.

'My brother is just outside the window. I don't want him to hear you suddenly. He's very sick,' said Lorrie, more gently.

'I know. I knew he was sick. I don't want to see him. I did n't come to see him,' Paula whispered hastily and urgently; she even retreated a step in visible fright. 'I don't want to see him. I came to see *you*, Lorrie.'

On a common impulse, they moved a yard or so farther away, into the hall. In the stronger light Paula examined the other half furtively, half openly, with a strangely mixed expression combining fear, curiosity, bravado, and something that might almost have been construed as regard. Her accurately fashionable dress, her little groomed and petted body with all its good points so carefully cherished and exhibited, noticeable enough elsewhere, somehow lost all distinction and significance in Lorrie's presence, and she herself seemed dimly to realize it, but without envy.

'Lorrie Gilbert, you have n't changed a bit — not a speck!' she declared; 'my, I wish I had your complexion! It's the way you live, I suppose. Tell you, N'Yawk 'll get away with anybody's looks, no matter how careful they are.'

'Hush! Bob will hear you,' Lorrie warned her again, and drew the door shut.

'Oh, you don't think he could, do you? I hope *not*. I — I don't want to see him, Lorrie,' said Paula, in a panic. 'I heard he was going to die — I don't want to see him. It's true, is n't it?'

'Yes, it's true,' Lorrie said. As she surveyed Paula, she found herself on a sudden thinking of her with all the old tolerance and pity. Poor Paula, poor dull creature with her vanity, her petty shrewdness, her unconscious brutality, her woefully cheap morals, poor Paula! It was like her to be afraid of Bob because he was dying, like her to come here to this house that was associated with an experience so shameful that no other woman could have even thought of it, much less seen it, without an invincible shrinking. Merciful Heaven! she had not entered it thus since that day, nearly ten years before, when Lorrie had taken her, sick and sorry, back to the hotel; she had not even seen Lorrie since the marriage. Here she stood, uneasy, ingratiating, not really callous, not really coarse, only immutably self-absorbed.

'Can't we go somewhere and talk, where he can't hear us?' Paula questioned; 'I'd love to have a good long talk with you, Lorrie. I came because I wanted to talk to you.'

'We can go upstairs to my room —'

'Well, are you sure he won't hear us? I don't want him to know I'm here,' said Paula, a little timorously. 'He looked awfully badly the other day. Did he tell you he had seen me? Did he say anything about me?'

'Yes, he said you were at the hotel. He said you were traveling for a firm of ladies' tailors,' said Lorrie, leading the way.

'Well, he did n't get it quite right, but that was near enough, for a *man*, I guess. Hello, it 's your same old room!'

Lorrie silently brought forward a couple of chairs, but the other did not at once sit down. Instead, she flitted lightly about the room, inspecting and commenting on the pictures and bits of ornaments, new and old, the wall-paper, the curtains, the pincushion — 'I see you're doing that eyelet-work; that's your own work, is n't it? I've got a friend that does the most simply gorgeous Irish crochet. She's got her bureau-scarfs all made of it, and a handkerchief-bedspread, the squares all put together with Irish insertion, and pink China-silk lining showing through — perfectly elegant. The same thing would have cost forty-five dollars at McCutcheon's; I priced one. Say, you've changed your desk, have n't you? Did n't it use to be over there by the mantelpiece? Oh!' She paused by the desk, picking up a photograph in a silver frame that Lorrie always kept standing in the middle of the little shelf; her voice changed slightly as she said, 'That's *him*, is n't it, Lorrie? Is n't it Mr. Cortwright?'

'Yes.'

Paula carefully relaxed her smart, tightly drawn, dotted white veil, and pushed it up, and studied the picture for a long while. 'It 's in that Rough Riders' uniform. He must have had it taken just before he went to the war.' She turned it over and read aloud, '"*Dearest, from Phil.*"' Her face twitched momentarily. Then she set the frame down again. 'Law me, what fools everybody is when they're real young!' she said musingly. And there was a silence in the little room for half a minute.

Paula went to the glass and readjusted her veil with care. She sat down deliberately, facing Lorrie; and when she spoke, Lorrie noticed a certain assurance and maturity in her manner that had been lacking at the first. Nobody would conceive of a New York *corsetière's* establishment as a school for the development of character; yet one cannot become Madame Clarice, head saleswoman of a fashionable importing house, without having acquired some poise, initiative, and understanding of one's neighbor.

'Lorrie,' Paula went on, 'I suppose you may think it's funny my coming to see you this way, after everything that's happened. But I wanted to see you. I always liked you, Lorrie. I liked you even when I hated you — if you know what I mean. Girls are so funny.

Lorrie had no declaration or confession to make in return; she sat without answering, scarcely even surprised.

'You don't hold it up against me, about Bob, do you? You don't hold that against me?' said Paula, with unexpected earnestness.

'You mean your being married to him? Why no, Paula. How could I dislike you, or feel any resentment against *you* about that?' said Lorrie, startled and distressed. 'Bob did you a dreadful wrong. The first thing we all thought of was that he must set it right. It does n't make any difference that he 's my brother. We — I've never thought of such a thing as blaming *you* for it.'

'Well, *I'd* have hated it, if I'd been in your place,' said Paula, honestly. 'Why, I even hated the whole thing at the time, but I could n't help myself.' She leaned forward and spoke with emphasis. 'You know, Lorrie, there's one thing I've always wanted you to know, only I never had a chance to tell you, and somehow I could n't write it.

I never was good at writing; and I was afraid I could n't say it so you'd believe me. But it's just this: if I'd been left to myself, I'd never have hooked on to Bob Gilbert that way. I'd never have done it in this wide world. It was Momma that did it. I told her afterwards, often and often, that it did n't need to have been done at all. If I could have known beforehand that the baby was going to die — you knew it was born dead —?'

Lorrie uttered a sound of assent. She could not have spoken articulately.

'If I could only have known that beforehand, I would n't *ever* have hooked on to Bob. There would n't have been any particular use, you see. Momma and I could just have gone away from here and come back again, and nobody would have been one bit wiser. I kept thinking: What am I going to do with that baby? And as it turned out, I did n't need to bother at all!'

Lorrie gazed at her, dumb. She was conscious with horror of a desire to laugh, yet there was a sob in her throat. Oh, it was too grotesque, it was too pitiable! About Paula's intention there was a crooked fairness immeasurably pathetic; yet by every word she said Lorrie felt all womankind to be humiliated and debased.

'If I could only have known, I would n't have let Momma rope him into getting married. But I did n't know. I could n't tell the baby was going to die,' Paula said over again; 'you believe me, don't you, Lorrie?' she asked, in earnest apology.

'Of course I believe you, Paula,' said Lorrie, with difficulty. The tears stood in her eyes.

Paula sat back with a long breath. 'I always wanted you to know. When the baby was born, and they found it was dead, that was the first thing I thought of. I thought: There now, all the fuss was for nothing! Well, I did the best I could. I went to a lawyer, and got him to tell me what was the best way to get a divorce without having any talk, or having to tell anything. I had to pay him a lot, too. So I took his advice and waited three years, and then got it, you know; and I told the other lawyers that I wanted it fixed so that your brother could marry again if he wanted to, same as myself. I don't know whether they did it or not, but that's what I told 'em, anyway. And I want to say, Lorrie, that your brother's always been as nice a little gentleman as anybody'd want to know. He's *all right*, and I want you to know I think so.'

Lorrie had a sensation as of a person groping vainly in some unlit labyrinth. She had reached a point where she could not follow the processes of Paula's mind; at every turn some stone wall of complete incomprehensibility baffled her. Surely any other woman in Paula's position would have either hated Bob or loved him; it was incredible that she could pronounce him, with this obvious friendly conviction, 'all right.' It was incredible, but it was so!

'Now *you* tell me something about *your*self,' said Paula, shifting her ground with surprising suddenness. 'I thought you'd be married by this time. Why did n't you, Lorrie?' She spoke with energy; it had the effect of an accusation, rather than an inquiry.

'I did n't want to. I don't want to,' Lorrie answered, gathering herself together after a moment's effort.

The other eyed her sharply. 'You've had some more offers, have n't you?' she demanded; 'I guess they don't come along so thick as they used to; but you've held your looks pretty well, Lorrie. I bet you've had some more offers. Don't that Mr. Kendrick want to marry you still? He used to.'

'Why — I — he — he —'

'I knew he did,' said Paula, triumphantly. 'Why don't you take him? He's always been crazy about you, and he must be pretty well fixed now. Of course, it's all right to keep a man hanging around for a while, so 's he won't ever get to feeling sure of you,' she interpolated liberally; 'but you don't want to take *too* long about it. Men are kind of queer, and he *might* get tired of waiting, and go off to somebody else.'

'You don't understand. I don't want to marry any one. I shall never marry any one. And I will ask you not to talk to me any more about it, Paula. You know I don't like you to,' said Lorrie, fairly incensed.

Paula, however, looked at her flushed and mortified face quite unmoved.

'I guess you think I've got my nerve,' she commented dispassionately. 'Suppose I told you that was one of the things I came here to see you about? To ask about you and Kendrick, I mean. Suppose I told you that, what'd you say?'

'I would tell you that it was a great piece of impertinence!' said Lorrie, at the end of her self-command. She tried to steady herself. 'It seems as if you can't be *made* to understand that this is n't a mere pretence with me. I *mean* it when I tell you I don't like it. It's an insult to Mr. Kendrick and myself both. He —' She choked; all at once she found herself angered to the point of tears on Van Cleve's account. He was *above* being gabbled about this way; above all this contemptible gossip about getting tired of waiting, and going off to some one else!

Paula, on the other hand kept her temper admirably; she had always been of an equable disposition, and doubtless the years she had spent catering to M. Levi Bloch's customers had taught her the value of a surface amiability, at any rate. 'Maybe it *is* an impertinence. Maybe who you marry or don't marry is none of my business,' she said tranquilly; and rose with well-controlled movements. 'But I'll tell you one thing, Lorrie Gilbert, if you're holding off and meaning to die an old maid because of *him* —' she pointed with a negligent gesture of her parasol to the photograph of Lorrie's dead lover which was impassively witnessing this scene, from its stand on the desk — 'if it's because of *him*, you're making the mistake of your life. Would he have done it for you? Not much! *Not much;* he would n't have! Why, you were only one of a dozen with him. If you'd been married, you'd have found out about Phil Cortwright. He'd have got tired of you in a month —'

'Paula, *stop!* How dare — how can — how —' Lorrie's voice failed in stark anger. She could not get out another word; her whole frame trembled. She darted to the desk and snatched the photograph up, holding it against her breast with a fierce movement. She hardly knew what she was doing, save defending her most sacred memories against this sacrilegious voice and presence.

'If you scream out that way, your brother or somebody will hear,' said Paula, disturbed for the first time. She lowered her voice, glancing towards the door. 'He would n't want me to tell you, anyhow. He made me promise not to. But what does a promise like that amount to? I was in such a fix I'd have sworn black was white!'

She went closer to Lorrie and whispered something with a sort of cold vehemence.

Although she heard, Lorrie for a second did not understand; the words beat idly about her ears like the fluttering of a bat's wings at night. Paula spoke again; and then Lorrie gave a wild and inarticulate sound of denial. 'No, *no!*' — she gasped; and stared

speechlessly at the other, her color slowly fading.

'It's the *truth*. My God, Lorrie, don't look that way! I can't help it now. It's the *truth*.' Paula's own face showed ashen-gray through all her paint; the effort she was making taxed all her meagre reserves of character; but she spoke with a force of voice and manner that vanquished doubt.

'What call would I have to come here and lie to you? It's the *truth*. I can prove it. I've got letters from him. I can prove it if you don't believe me. Or you can go and ask your brother. Ask your brother, and see what he says.'

Lorrie made a negative motion with her head; she tried to speak with lips that moved as if of lead. The picture slid out of her hands to the floor. Paula seized her arm with an exclamation.

'Goodness, Lorrie, don't faint, whatever you do! For mercy's sake, don't faint! Somebody will come up here to see what's the matter, and then we'll have a *time*. Here, what do you take when you feel sick? Have n't you got any whiskey? What's that on the wash-stand? If it was ammonia, it might do. Gracious, I don't know what to do!' She held to Lorrie's elbow, gazing about in utter perplexity and helplessness. 'I never *could* do anything for any person that was sick. Would you like some water? I can get some if you'll tell me where it is,' she suggested uncertainly, as Lorrie slowly lapsed into a chair.

'No. Never mind.' Lorrie put up her hand to her forehead, and felt the chilly moisture beading there, with dull wonder. She drew herself upright, with an inconceivable effort, clutching at the ledge of the desk. Paula sat down opposite, surveying her uneasily.

'It's the *truth*—' she was reiterating, when Lorrie unsteadily raised one hand.

'I believe you,' she said.

For an instant, Paula seemed almost frightened at the ease of her victory; then she began volubly and eagerly. 'I expect you think it's funny about your brother. Well, it *is* funny. Because he never touched me. Bob Gilbert never touched me, he never had anything to do with me. I'm telling you God's truth, Lorrie. It was the other all the time. I was a fool, of course. I thought it was because of me he was coming here all the time, making out he was calling on *you*. I thought it was to get a chance to see me outside the hotel, you know. And don't you remember how he used always to take me home? I believed everything he told me. I guess you know how that was yourself. *You* believed him, too. We used to meet other places. I did n't know he was engaged to you, or thinking of it, till — till after everything had happened, and I — I was in that awful fix. Oh, I was a fool all right! I bet I was n't the first one he'd fooled either —'

'Don't!' said Lorrie, faintly. And Paula, looking into her face, was obediently silent. After some time, Lorrie said: 'Bob —?'

'I never put it on him. Lorrie, I would n't have thought of *him* — why — why — I just would n't have *thought* of him!' cried out the other, violently earnest. 'I tell you Bob never came near me *that way*, and I never said he did. It was Momma. When I owned up to her what was the matter with me, she acted clean crazy. She kept tormenting me to know who the man was, and when I would n't tell her, she kept asking, "Is it *him?*" "Is it *him?*" one man's name after another, till she'd gone over all the men we knew. I kept saying, "No, it ain't. I'm not going to tell you who it was!" And then something in the way I said it made her think it was your brother, and she got

up and went off like a flash to your house and I could n't stop her.'

'She told us it was Bob. We believed it,' said Lorrie, her face contracting. 'We ought n't to have been so quick to believe it about him. I can see that now. But afterwards, why did he —?' She looked at the other mutely questioning.

'That's what *I* could n't make out, when you wrote you'd got hold of him down there in Cuba, and he was going to come home with you and marry me. I *could n't* make it out; I could n't *think* why he did it! It looked like he was crazy too!' said Paula, sincerely; 'I had been expecting the real truth would come out when you got hold of your brother. At least you'd know it was n't *him*. But I did n't care much. I was feeling too awfully. There was n't any use *my* telling. *He* — the other one — the real one, you know —' for some reason she shrank from pronouncing Cortwright's name again — '*he* would n't come back here and marry me. I'd written to him. Oh, yes, he *knew*. I'd told him — I'd written him over and over again. But he was through with me, that was all. He did n't care what became of me. He knew I would n't ever tell; he knew I'd be afraid to. And then he got shot, so that settled it anyhow. Then your brother came home, and your father brought him down to Clarksburg, that little place in Indiana where Momma and I were. I was glad it was just your father and mother that came; I did n't want to see *you*. They got a minister and a license right off. Before we were married, though, everybody went away and left your brother and I alone together — I suppose they thought we'd want to do some love-making,' said Paula, dully ironical; 'anyway they left us alone in the room. I said to him, "What are you doing it for?" Just like that. I could n't think of anything else. He knew what I meant, of course. He said, "I found out about you and Cort. It was an accident — I did n't mean to — but I found out. I've got all those letters you wrote him. Here they are. You better burn 'em up."

'Then I said again: "But what are you doing it for?" He said: "I don't want my sister ever to know. It would kill Lorrie. You must promise me you won't ever tell Lorrie." He said more, but I forget what it was now; it was about the same, I guess. He was afraid for you to know. So I promised him, and we were married.'

Lorrie heard her with a sharp pang of contrition. She really had no cause for self-reproach; her affection for her brother, her kindness, her forbearance, had been as constant as the sunlight. And about Bob's own self-sacrifice there had been nothing commendable, nothing heroic; it was merely foolish. Lorrie recognized that. Nevertheless it was with an aching regret that she cast back over all the years that they had condemned and misjudged him. 'Oh, poor, poor Bob! I would n't have died of it. People don't die of things like that,' she said. The idol she had served and cherished lay in fragments at her feet; but strangely enough, Lorrie faced the spectacle with far less pain than that with which she thought of Robert and his generous folly. How could they ever have believed it of him in the first place? It was clean out of his character, could n't they have *seen* that? she asked herself in futile sorrow and impatience. She wanted to go and get down on her knees and beg Bob to forgive her.

'Well, anyway, he did n't want you to know,' Paula said, answering her last words. 'After we were married he stayed around about a month, just for the looks of the thing, you know. But nobody ever suspected, even Momma, though she was right with us. I guess

you remember about his being taken with his lungs, and having to go to Colorado — you remember when that was? We've scarcely ever seen each other since. But he was always a perfect gentleman, Lorrie. He never said another word to me about *him*, nor threw it at me what I'd done, nor anything, not even when he was drunk.'

There was another long silence. Paula began arranging her gloves and veil preparatory to departure, and at last rose, shaking out her skirts with careful, preening fingers.

'Well, that's all. I guess I'll be moving,' she announced; and as Lorrie did not speak, paused, looking at her with renewed uneasiness and suspicion. 'Of course I have n't got any of the letters *he* wrote with me. I don't take 'em around when I'm on the road. But I can send and have 'em sent to you. They're all in my desk in the flat in N'Yawk. I'll send for 'em if you don't believe me, Lorrie.'

'I don't want to see them,' said Lorrie.

'You really don't need to, anyhow. You can just ask your brother,' Paula advised practically; 'it can't harm him now to know that you know all about it. He's too far gone. When I saw him the other day, I don't know how it was, but it just came over me that I ought to tell you. He's going to die, and I could n't help hating to think of Bob Gilbert dying and his folks still thinking that about him. I don't know why, but I just could n't bear the idea,' said Paula, stopping a moment to consider this phenomenon. 'And besides, I heard you were n't married yet, and I thought to myself, "I bet I know why!" And you know, Lorrie, it did seem to me too silly for you to give up that way, because of *him*. It seemed like you ought to know about him. Well, good-bye. Oh my, *excuse me!* I've stepped right square on it! Is the frame broken? Why, is n't that awful! Do excuse me! I did n't see it.'

'It's no matter,' Lorrie said in an expressionless voice. After Paula had gone, she went with slow steps back to the room and picked up the broken photograph and the glass which the other's high French heel had ground to crumbs, and sat awhile, thinking of her destroyed illusions with a kind of compassion. Suddenly she felt that what she had just heard was no revelation; it was something she had always dimly known and tried with a pitiful defiance to keep herself from knowing. She viewed herself in a strange detachment. That girl who had been engaged to Philip Cortwright, that poor thing who had had to learn of his death in so cruel a way, who had kept faith with him all these years, who had resolutely turned away from other devotion — that woman had loved her hero; but she had never trusted him. There was a side of his life, a side of his character, she had steadily refused to see; yet she knew it was there all the time — oh, she knew it! Lorrie remembered with ineffable shrinking, having recited to herself the common, petty bit of feminine cynicism that all men — How could she ever have pretended to believe that? Why, their poor Bob, poor dull, weak, self-indulgent, characterless Bob, was too strong, too decent for *that!*

Hot humiliation suffused her anew. She got up with a violent movement, and went to her desk.

A while later, Mrs. Gilbert came upstairs to answer the telephone; she paused at the threshold, and, glancing in, exclaimed aloud, 'Lorrie! You're not building a fire? It's not cool enough yet for *that!*'

'No, I'm only burning some things,' said Lorrie. She was sitting before the

hearth with her chin in her hand, staring at the dying embers.

Mrs. Gilbert came farther in, eyeing the dismantled desk.

'Old letters?' she queried innocently. 'It looks as if you had rummaged all the drawers, and cleaned out everything. I *thought* I smelled smoke. Photographs are slow to burn, are n't they? Why, your mantelpiece is almost bare! You've changed everything — no, here's Van Cleve's picture in the same place. You're not going to burn *that* up, I hope, Lorrie.'

Lorrie looked up. Van Cleve's photograph, one of the few he had ever had taken, had always stood in the middle of her mantelshelf, and stood there now, its harsh features and direct gaze facing her — a homely picture of a homely man. Lorrie's eyes suddenly filled up; to her mother's surprise and alarm, she began to sob heavily. 'No, no, I sha'n't change Van Cleve, Mother — nobody can change Van Cleve. *He'll* always be the same — always, always.'

CHAPTER XXV

THE END OF THE TETHER

Of all the family, Robert himself was the least moved when it was made known that Paula had been there at the house, and the object of her visit revealed. He was surprised and disconcerted, and swore once or twice amiably, under his breath. 'Well, that's the last thing in the world I would have expected! What the mischief did she want to do that for? Oh, yes — yes, it's true. She's gone to work and told the whole thing, so there's no use *my* talking. But what possessed her?' he ejaculated in futile inquiry. His strongest emotion appeared to be a vexed embarrassment, which, however, gave way instantly to concern on seeing his mother's face.

'Why, Moms, why, what's the matter? Don't cry that way!' he said in distress; 'you could n't help believing it. What else could you think? Wronged? Wronged who? Wronged *me?* Bosh, you did n't do anything of the kind! It's all right. It did n't make any difference about *me*. I'm a little glad now it's all over to have you know that I'm not that sort of a fellow. I would n't ever have treated any girl that way,' said Bob, earnestly, apparently thinking it necessary to clear up this point. 'I — why, I just would n't have *wanted* to, you know. I would n't ever have *wanted* to, that's all! I hoped it would never be known how it really was, on Lorrie's account. Seemed to me that was the least I could do for Lorrie. And I always liked Cort. And he was dead, you know — and you all thought it was me, anyhow —'

'Don't, Bob! And don't say anything more about that man!' Mrs. Gilbert cried indignantly through her tears. 'He was the one that took you away from us in the beginning, and — and led you into doing things you would n't have done by yourself. You *know* he did. He was a bad man, Bob, I always felt he was, only Lorrie cared for him, and so — But he was a bad man —'

'I liked him, anyhow, Mother. You must n't talk to me about Cort,' Bob interposed with so unwonted a gravity that she broke off, rather frightened. All the doctor's cautions crowded into her mind.

'I don't mean — that is, I —' she stammered, with a sob.

'I know,' said Bob, and took her hand affectionately into his own thin, hot grasp. 'You don't understand how men are sometimes, I believe. Cort and I were pretty good friends, that's all. I think perhaps women are n't ever friends the same way men are. A fel-

low that knows all about you, and likes you in spite of it — that's a friend. Like old Van, you know. He's the best friend I've got — and he knows me like a book!'

'Why, of course, Bob — of *course* Van Cleve likes you! But that's *different*. It's not the same thing at all!' cried his mother, puzzled, and resentful of this classification; 'you talk about yourself as if you were — as if you were —'

'No good? Well, I'm not!' Bob said easily; 'at least I have n't been up to now. But thank the Lord it is n't too late! This last attack has been a good lesson to me, Moms. I mean to brace up. When I get well and get out of this bed, you're all going to see a big change in me. There's room for it. I'm going to brace up and *work* and — and make something of myself!' The face he turned towards her was full of enthusiasm; he looked, for a fugitive instant, like a boy again.

'Lorrie says Van Cleve ought to know about this, too,' Mrs. Gilbert said after a while; 'she wanted you to tell him.'

'Van? Oh, I don't know. He does n't mind. I don't see why he need be told,' said Robert with indifference; 'however, if Lorrie wants me to — And, after all, Van took a deal of trouble going down there to Cuba to get me, and I suppose he has a right to know about it; it can't make any difference to Paula now. She knows that he knew all about her at the time — as much as any of you knew, that is.'

It was, nevertheless, with a certain constraint that they all welcomed Van Cleve when he came, as usual, that evening. Lorrie was not there; she had a headache — she was not well — she had been very much upset by something that had happened in the morning, he was told. Mr. Kendrick's face fell noticeably at the news. He came to see Bob, it was true; Van would not have considered his day ended without looking in on Bob; the people who called him a skinflint — and he may have become something of a skinflint by this time — would have been dumbfounded could they have seen him in this environment, at the side of this broken-down wreck of a friend. But even with Bob there, the house was empty for Van Cleve without Lorrie, and he could not help showing it. 'She's not going to be sick?' he asked anxiously; 'I mean she'll be all right to-morrow, won't she?' And, though reassured on this point, he was still frowningly occupied with the state of Lorrie's health when the Professor and Mrs. Gilbert, with an unnatural awkwardness of which Van was quite unconscious, got themselves out of the room. Suddenly he found himself alone with Bob, who looked at him apprehensively from the couch.

'You would never guess who was here to-day, Van,' he said hesitatingly. 'It was — well, it was Paula.'

'Paula? You don't mean —? *Paula!* Is *she* here? Here at the house?'

'No, she's at the hotel still. But she came out this morning.'

'To see you?' Van Cleve asked rather blankly. His first thought was that Bob's wife must have wanted to patch up a reconciliation with him, before he died; and he wondered uncomfortably if he himself would be obliged to meet her.

'No, no, I did n't see her. She did n't come to see me. It was Lorrie she wanted to see. She wanted to tell Lorrie something —' Bob went on with the tale haltingly, and not very clearly, as could be judged by the perplexity in his friend's eyes.

Van did not interrupt; he had the gift of not interrupting; but at one stage of the narrative, as Bob paused, he said not without satisfaction, —

'I always thought that girl was a bad lot. Now she tells you the child was n't yours at all, hey? If you 'll remember, Bob, I suggested that to you once, but you would n't pay any attention to me. I dare say she had no idea who its father was —'

'No, no, Van Cleve! It was n't *that!* Don't think *that!*' Bob cried out with tragic earnestness, raising himself painfully. 'You've got it all wrong. Don't think a thing like *that*. You — she — I —' he began to cough pitifully.

'Here, lie down. You know the doctor said you were n't to bear your weight on that side,' said Van Cleve, alarmed. 'Lie down, Bob. Where's that stuff you take? I'll get you some of it. Never mind, you can tell me the rest after a while. You keep quiet now, old man.'

Bob dropped back on the pillows, exhausted, eyeing the other with affection and a certain wonder and confusion of mind, as Van Cleve carefully measured out and administered the medicine, using his big, strong, steady hands with surprising delicacy.

'I can't always make you out, Van,' he said. 'You're so hard sometimes I feel as if talking to you was like dashing myself against a rock. And then again you're — you're so solidly *good!* I can't make you out.'

'Oh, I think I must be about like everybody else,' said Van Cleve, embarrassed. 'You'd better not try to talk any more to-night. It'll keep till next time, won't it?'

But no, it would n't keep, Bob strenuously assured him; so Van Cleve, anxious not to let him excite himself further, sat down again with folded arms, and at last heard the whole.

He sat so long in silence afterwards that Robert, gazing at his overcast face, began to plead with a childish fearfulness. 'Look here, you — you don't think I did wrong, *do* you, Van? After all, it was — well, it was worse for me than for anybody else. I was going to tell you the whole truth down there at Siboney, on the boat that morning, you know. I had just found it out from those letters I took off of poor Cort's dead body. I was starting to tell you when it came out that you and all the rest, Lorrie and everybody, thought — thought *I* was the one. I did n't know why Paula fastened it on me; but all at once I saw that I — that — well, that I could take the blame perfectly well —'

'I don't see why you should. I don't see what good you expected to do by *that*,' said Van Cleve.

Bob looked at him in helpless appeal. 'I wanted to make it easier for Lorrie, Van. I did it to save Lorrie.'

'To save her from what?' said Van Cleve.

'Why, Van Cleve, you know what I mean. Why, you gave me the most awful roast at the very time for the way I'd treated Lorrie — what I'd made her go through — what she'd had to stand for me. And I knew it was all true; you did n't put it one bit too strong, I knew that. I deserved every word of it. I just thought of Lorrie worrying around over a dead beat like me — poor Lorrie sitting there all alone in Tampa, crying her heart out — and Phil in his grave! I thought I could afford to do that much for Lorrie, after all she'd done for me. I thought I could save her *that* anyhow.'

'Save her what?' said Van Cleve again. He got up and walked twice or thrice up and down the room, while the other's troubled gaze followed him. 'Do you know you've let Lorrie waste nearly ten years of her life — ten of her best years in devotion to the memory of that cheap seducer — that mean, flimsy, sensual —' He caught sight of Bob's face, and stopped. 'Very well, I won't say anything more

about him, only that you yourself must know in your heart, Bob, that he was n't worth a minute of it. She'd have wasted all the rest of her time, if this Jameson woman had n't come here and let her know the truth about him at last. You call that saving Lorrie? I don't, Bob.'

'I know — I know — I've sometimes felt it was n't all right somehow — when I saw the way she felt,' said Bob, tremulously; 'but I could n't possibly know it was going to turn out that way. I could n't tell what was going to happen. I did n't stop to think that far ahead — I did n't have time to.' He paused, collected himself, and went on in a firmer and more assured voice: 'And anyhow, Van Cleve, I want to ask you this: if *you* had known about it — about Cortwright and Paula — what would you have done? Would you have told Lorrie?'

Van Cleve halted abruptly in his tramping. 'Me? It's not a question of me, or what I'd have done, or not have done,' he said angrily, defiantly, uneasily.

'But *would* you?' persisted the other.

'I — I — well then, no, I would n't have!' shouted Van Cleve; 'it's not my habit to go running around, telling stories about dead men, or blabbing other peoples' secrets. I'd take somebody that could talk back. But you're different — I mean you were in a different position — I mean —' He halted again, floundering.

'Well, then, you see how it was — you see how I felt?' Robert said hopefully. And he went on explaining, piteously earnest. 'Of course I know it would n't have been exactly the same for you as it was for me, Van. You're in a different position, as you say. That's the only thing that has worried me. I sometimes felt as if it was n't right when — when I saw how Lorrie felt. And I've always been hoping that Lorrie would get over it, and then you and she —'

'I was n't thinking about that,' said Van Cleve, fiercely. Even as he uttered the words, he became suddenly aware that that was precisely what he had been thinking in some inner recess of his mind. His face flushed darkly; he went and sat down by Bob's cot again.

'I suppose that was really at the bottom of what I said just now,' he said, humiliated. 'Not that Lorrie would marry me, anyhow, you know, Bob. But I might have had a better chance. I did n't mean to be rough with you. I know you were doing it for the best. I think now we ought all to be ashamed of ourselves because we were so ready to be deceived — so ready to think evil of you. It must have been hard for you to stand, Bob. There are people that don't think any too well of *me;* I know how you must have felt.'

'No, you don't, because you are n't like me,' Bob retorted with a curious and touching lightness. 'It never did make much difference to me, Van — just once in a while, you know. It would have been hard for a man like you — I can understand that. But *me* — why, it did n't matter so much. Sometimes I've thought I'd like to have all of you know how it really happened. But you see I'd given all of Paula's letters back to her, so I could n't prove anything. And I was n't going to call on *her* for proof; and none of you would have believed me, if I'd sworn to the truth up and down. So I had to let things go as they were.'

He offered this explanation with a simplicity that cut the other to the quick; yet Van Cleve knew that none of them had ever been consciously unjust or merciless to Bob. They had all tried their best to do what was right, and the result was a miserable muddle, wherein everybody was somehow more or less in the wrong! 'Why, I would

have believed you, Bob,' he said huskily; 'we would all have believed you. Your bare word would have been enough at any time. What put that notion into your head?'

'*Would* you, Van Cleve?' said Bob, pleased; 'well, that's good to hear. People generally have n't got very much use for me, you know, and what I say does n't go very far with them.'

Van Cleve went away from the house, feeling oddly as if one important chapter in the lives of every one of them must be closed; indeed, it was not a chapter of Bob's life, it was the whole book that was nearing the end. 'If there is a Judge anywhere, He must be hard put to it to know what to do with a soul like Bob's. But you might say that of all of us — all of us,' Van mused, with no irreverence, in spite of the everyday words in which he clothed his thought. He began to recall the first days of their friendship — oh, those two lads with their dreams, their foolish, splendid dreams! And now Bob was dying, and Van was on the highroad to forty, and the hair was graying on his temples; his pockets, that had been so empty, were full nowadays, but his heart — perhaps best not talk about that. Then he found himself thinking of Cortwright, thinking, as he realized with a sort of passive wonder, without enmity. He could not cherish rancor now; Lorrie knew. She knew him now, with all his shabby sins and follies; it seemed to Van the most bitter and complete of punishments for Cortwright, alive or dead. Alive or dead, Van could wish him nothing worse. If he had been of a fanciful turn of mind, Van Cleve might have pictured Cortwright's wraith, that had walked by Lorrie's side, and beckoned her with its chill, shadowless hand, and interposed reproachfully between himself and her, all these long years — I say Van Cleve might have made a fine picture of that wretched presence going shuddering off into darkness and oblivion and its own dismal hell of memories. But as it was, he only hoped in honest and prosaic terms that she would get over the shock of the revelation soon, and that it would n't pain her too much, and — and that she would begin to think of *him* a little now.

During the succeeding weeks Bob's case progressed as had been foretold, with faint rallies, alternating with imperceptibly accelerated declines. The family could not hide it from themselves; yet Mrs. Gilbert still worked away at coverlids and bed-shoes and little sick-room conveniences; they still talked of next spring, next month, next week. It was habit. Robert had been a care to them so long, in one way or another, that they could not envisage a future without him, a time when he would no longer be on their minds to be loved, excused, petted, shielded. He himself was never plaintive, never fretful; and the end, when it came, was mercifully quick and quiet.

Van Cleve, at his office, was called to the telephone one morning, towards the end of the winter; he had been at the house the night before and had left Bob feeling better than for days, quite gay, and laughing over the comic papers some one had sent him. It was an instant before Van recognized Lorrie's voice, begging him to come out, in a hurried and frightened tone; Bob had had a good night; but somehow they did not think he looked so well this morning; he had been wishing Van Cleve would come; he seemed not to realize that it was daytime — early in the day; they had sent for the doctor —

Van Cleve got into his overcoat and hurried out; the winter day was dingily thawing, with a wan sky overhead, and the streets in a discolored slush. Van met the doctor picking his way down

the Gilberts' unswept steps, between the treacherous, sliding lumps of ice and snow; they spoke together for a moment. Lorrie was waiting, and drew him into the hall. She was not crying, but her face trembled as she began to speak in a guarded voice. 'The doctor told you, did n't he? He has just seen Bob — he says it may be any time now. It's so strange — we thought Bob was better for a little while this morning. And then all at once — no, he's quite right in his head, he'll know you, it's nothing of that kind. He's just like himself, and does n't seem to be in any pain either. But, oh, Van Cleve, *poor* Bob — it's such a pity — it's always been such a pity!' She stifled a sob against the front of his rough ulster which he had got half off; Van stroked her shoulder in an awkward, comforting caress.

He followed her into the sick-room. Bob was lying there, propped on his pillows in the bright, fresh, pretty place they managed always to keep about him, looking somehow a little different from the way he had last night, as Van swiftly noted, but certainly no worse. Van Cleve went up to the bed, where the father and mother drew aside for him, and sat down close beside it, taking the other's hand; he said with that false heartiness that seems as if it never should deceive anybody, least of all the person for whom it is intended— Van said, 'Well, Bob, how are you coming on, hey?'

Bob raised his head a little and looked at him with his old, sweet, boyish smile, confiding and gay. 'Why, I'm about even, Van, old fellow!' he said. His head dropped back with so gentle and natural a movement, it was a full minute before any of them saw that he was dead.

(*The End.*)

EVOE!

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"*Many are the wand-bearers, few are the true bacchanals.*"

I

MANY are the wand-bearers;
Their windy shouts I hear,
Along the hillside vineyard,
And where the wine runs clear;
They show the vine-leaf chaplet,
The ivy-wreathen spear.
But the God, the true Iacchus,
He does not hold them dear.

II

Many are the wand-bearers,
  And bravely are they clad;
Yes, they have all the tokens
  His early lovers had.
They sing the master-passions,
  Themselves unsad, unglad;
And the God, the true Iacchus —
  He knows they are not mad!

III

Many are the wand-bearers;
  The fawn-skin bright they wear;
There are among them mænads
  That rave with unbound hair.
They toss the harmless firebrand —
  It spends itself in air:
And the God, the true Iacchus,
  He smiles — and does not care.

IV

Many are the wand-bearers.
  And who (ye ask) am I?
One who was born in madness,
  "Evoe!" my first cry —
Who dares, before your spear-points,
  To challenge and defy;
And the God, the true Iacchus,
  So keep me till I die!

V

Many are the wand-bearers.
  I bear with me no sign;
Yet, I was mad, was drunken,
  Ere yet I tasted wine;
Nor bleeding grape can slacken
  The thirst wherewith I pine;
And the God, the true Iacchus
  Hears now this song of mine.

A SHEPHERD OF ARCADIA

BY JULIA D. DRAGOUMIS

A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece,
A grazing flock; —the sense of peace,
The long sweet silence, — this is Greece!
RENNELL RODD

I

LAMBRO the shepherd had come down from the hills of Poros to the village, as he usually did on Sunday mornings. Under his long frieze cape he carried two little new-born kids, one under each arm. He had been told that a woman near the Rock of the Cross wanted them, and he was on his way to see if it were so. After that, when he should be free of his burden, he could exchange a few words with the men at the coffee-house and buy his provisions for the coming week, before returning to his sheep and goats in the *stani* high up on the hills, far above Boudouri's monument.

Lambro was not a Poriote, but he was better known in the village than many a native. Old Louka who has the boats, Petro the hunchback shoemaker, and Kyr Apostoli the baker, all wished him good-day as he limped past, and even Kyr Vangheli the schoolmaster stopped in the midst of an animated political discussion with the doctor, to call out, 'Health to you, Lambro.'

For twenty years now, ever since he had been a weakly child of seven, lamed long before that by the kick of a mule, Lambro had made the journey backward and forward from Valtetsi, his native village in Arcadia, to Poros, twice a year, with the flocks and the other shepherds.

Other changes might happen in the island, other customs fall into disuse, but from time immemorial the day of Saint Demetrius in October sees the shepherds and their flocks arrive in Poros and on the mainland opposite, for the winter months; and Saint George's day in April, when Summer is close at hand, sees them start on their return to Arcadia. They come with their flocks, with their big fierce sheep-dogs and their strong little horses laden with the long poles for building the winter huts on the top of the hills, and the goat's-hair cloths which are thrown over the poles to form the roof and the walls; laden also with cocks and hens and chickens, as well as with all the primitive household utensils. They come, old men and young men, with their women and their children, from the big ones who can run and shout and help the dogs to keep the flocks together, to the babes slung in their leathern cradles over their mothers' shoulders. They come in long straggling procession, some riding, some walking, some laden, some free; old women carrying in their arms new-born lambs which cannot keep up with the rest; young men striding along with their bright colored 'tagaria'; and before the mind's eye rises unbidden the picture of the patriarchs of old, at the head of their tribe, moving with their tents and their flocks and 'all their substance' toward the land of Gilead.

Lambro's mother had died at his birth, and his father had been acci-

dentally shot before that, so he had never made the journey as an infant, but his uncles brought him along with the rest as soon as he could be of any use, and he remembered his old grandmother carrying him on her back when he was stiff from riding so long on the mule in their six days' journey from Valtetsi, over the hills and the plains of Arcadia and Argolis.

As he grew older he grew stronger; the simple life always under the open sky, the good air of the hills, the strong race of which he came, all helped him, and by the time he was twelve years old, his uncles found him as useful as any lad of his age, in fact more so, Nature having gifted him with good brains and a good memory. He always limped very perceptibly, and at first the other lads used to tease him mercilessly about his crooked walk, but as time passed, they had thought it wise to leave him alone. If his leg was lame, his arms were strong! Now, at twenty-seven, in his short linen kilt, so like the tunic of the ancients, with a red cotton handkerchief knotted round his dark head, long-limbed and broad-shouldered, he was a fine man, though a 'marked one' as he would say of himself with bitterness.

He had disposed of his kids, and was crossing the open market-place, when he met a woman in a black gown, with a black kerchief over her head, carrying a bundle of herbs in one hand and a small bottle of *retsinato* wine in the other. He looked at her, hesitated for a second, and then came to a sudden stop before her.

'Good-day, Kyra Laskarina.'

'Good-day, Lambro.'

'Why in black?'

'For the old man.'

'Bah! When?'

'Last week. We buried him on Tuesday. Did you not see the funeral crossing the Narrow Beach?'

'I was on the other side of the hills that day. And of what did he die?'

'Of nothing; of old age.'

'Was he ill many days?'

'Many days! Why, he was quite well, and sat out in the sun all that same day. Only in the evening he would not eat. I cooked him some *lappa* but he scarcely touched it, and then he would not go to bed. "If I fall," he said, "I may never rise again." So he sat all night in his chair. I kept a little fire in the *manghali* and pulled my mattress there, so as to be near him if he wanted anything. When the day was dawning, he stirred once and said, "Chryssi," — it was my mother-in-law's name you know, — and that was the end. He went out — like a candle.'

'Well, well, he had eaten his bread. Life to you, Kyra Laskarina!'

'I thank you.'

'Your man is well? — And the children?'

'They are well. They salute you.'

'And now that the old man is dead — the girl — your niece —?'

'Francesca?' replied the woman a little sharply, 'She stays with us, of course. Where else should she stay?'

'Of course — of course,' assented Lambro hurriedly; then after a second, 'Now that Easter is past, if you would like any *yaourti*, Kyra Laskarina, I have plenty.'

'I thank you; since you are so good, I will send for some; my man likes it.'

'Good-day, Kyra Laskarina.'

'The good hour be with you, Lambro.'

Before he had taken many paces — the heavy lame paces which made the one shoulder dip below the other at each step — a girl holding a black kerchief loosely over her fair hair, ran past, nodding a smiling good-day to him as she went. She joined the woman and disappeared with her under the dark arch leading up to one of the rocky streets

behind the market-place. Lambro turned round and followed her with his eyes as long as she was in sight.

It is true, most men in Poros did the same when she passed them; for Francesca, as they said, was as white as though the sun had never looked at her, and smiling always, and sweet-eyed, and her hair gleamed like ripe corn under her white kerchief, and you could look, and look, and never be satisfied. But Lambro frowned a little as he looked. Who was he to be gazing after a pretty maid? A marked man, a man set apart, — not as the others were. Had he not heard it often enough? Had he not grown up with its echo in his ears? He gave his shoulders a little impatient shake and passed on.

He had never been a man of many words, but the men found he had even less than usual, this fine spring morning, as he sat with them outside Sotiro's coffee-house, before starting back for the hills. 'Had the lambing season been successful this year?' 'Not so bad.' 'He would soon be returning to Arcadia again, would he not?' 'On Saint George's day as usual.' 'His uncles had not come with the rest this year?' 'No; they were too old for the journey now.' 'And he had charge of all their sheep?' 'Yes; it was he. Who else? since God had given them no sons.' 'But some of the sheep must be his own surely?' 'A few.'

At last, when they considered that they had said enough for good manners, they fell to talking of their own village matters: of Yoryi who was returning to America and taking his eldest son with him this time, of strangers who had come to the island for Easter, of the chances of a good oil year, and of Panayoti who had found trouble because he had begun his charcoal-burning without the written permission.

Lambro finished his black coffee, drank his glass of water, got slowly up from his chair, wished the men good-day and left them. His week's provisions were soon bought and packed in his *tagari*, and it was not yet noon when he left the more populous part of the village behind him, and set out along the quay toward the Narrow Beach and the hills.

In the courtyard, set a little back from the sea-wall, he came upon Viola, the daughter of old Stamo, and her husband Mantho, sitting under the big pine that grows among the mulberries, playing with their little one. They called out good-day to him, and Viola asked him in to see the child, and to feel how heavy it was, but he said it was late and with a gruff, 'May it live to you,' he limped on, his head bent, and his long crook trailing behind him.

II

Up on the hills, on the afternoon of that same day, Lambro sat carving a new head for his *glitsa*, his long curved shepherd's crook. He worked deftly enough, but his imagination did not soar beyond the time-honored design, the head of the very primitive-looking dragon, the scaly body, and the tail curled round and round itself.

His yellow sheep-dog, Mourgo, was stretched on the ground beside him, bruising hosts of tiny spring flowers with his big body and thereby bringing out the aromatic scent of the camomile. The higher slopes, with their velvety, pine-covered outline, rose behind the incline which sheltered the stani. The gray thyme bushes, that constantly recurring *leitmotif* of the Greek hills, were relieved here and there by the vivid green of the dog-onion, and the pink and mauve of the hill-rose bushes rising at this season out of a thick carpet of yellow brown-hearts, of honey-flowers, and of purple grape-hyacinths. The gray goats walked to and fro,

picking and choosing among the fresh green shoots, their bells tinkling as they browsed.

Lambro smiled gravely as he worked, for on the rock beside him, her black kerchief fallen back from her shining hair, her hands clasped loosely on her knees, sat Francesca.

Her aunt had bethought herself of the promised yaourti, and Francesca had been sent up to the stani for it. Though early in April, it was hot climbing while the sun was still so high, and Lambro had advised a rest before she began the descent; so, nothing loth, she was resting.

About them was the silence of the heights, the silence which can be felt, the fragrant pine-scented silence, broken only by the liquid sound of the goat-bells, and now and then by the faint plash of a distant oar. Above them, one solitary little white cloud was resting on the uplifted knees of the Sleeper, and below them, very far below, was the sea.

And, oh, the blue of that island sea! The deep, transparent, liquid, purple blue! The blue that spreads as far as the eye can reach, that never turns gray or misty in the distance, nor mingles with the horizon, but ends in a distinct and yet a soft line. A line beyond which those who have eyes that divine, know that the blue goes on and on till it washes the shores of other islands and turns purple where their rocks dip into it.

'So you have lost your grandfather?'

'Yes, it was last week he died.'

'And you grieved much for him?'

'No,' said the girl simply, looking up as she spoke, 'I did not grieve. You see, it is long, now, that he has been as one who is again a child. He sat in the sun and talked to himself all day; often he did not know even us of his house, and you could not tell him anything. Also, my aunt had much work with him when I was out sewing and could not tend him, and sometimes it made the food late; then, when my uncle came, he would get angry; and that made quarrels and loud talk.'

'Is not your uncle a good man?'

'He is not bad, but he makes much noise and trouble like all men,' answered the girl from the wide experience of her nineteen years. 'Not all, though,' she added after a moment. 'My father — God rest his soul — was different.'

'He was from another place, your father?'

'Yes; he was from Zante. He came to Athens when he was young, and worked at a printing-office. We lived there when I was a child, but when he died, my mother came back here with me to her own people. But the next year she caught cold, when she was washing at the garden over there,' — and Francesca pointed to a spot on the mainland where the trees grow down to the seashore, — 'and in five days — she died!'

'Life to you,' said Lambro.

'I thank you. She had never been ill before. In Athens she was always out washing at the big houses; even to the Palace she went, once! But my father was often ill, and I used to stay at home with him; and though I was but a little maid, he would talk to me, and tell me many things; so many things, that sometimes, now, I fear that I forget them.'

'What was his name?'

'Marino Bordoni. He showed me a big book once in which there was much writing; and in it he had also written my name, "My daughter Francesca, born on the seventh day of September, at the half hour after nine in the evening."'

'Your father must have been an orderly man.'

'Yes; he kept all his things himself;

and he had much learning; also, he was well born, he came of "a house." His father, and his grandfather before him, had been lettered men; he knew all their names and those from whom they sprung. In Zante, you see, the Turks have never been, and nothing was destroyed, and all the papers and books were kept, so my father knew everything about his "house." He told me that a great many years ago, long before the Revolution even, when the Venetians were still in the islands, the first one of his house who came from Venice and settled in Zante was the son of a man who painted beautiful pictures, much more beautiful than those in the churches, and that a king had asked him to go to his palace and paint some for him! My father said our name, Bordoni, was not written as it is now; that it has changed since then, a little.'

Lambro listened in silence. Ancestors, whether celebrated or not, were unknown luxuries in Poros, and in Valtetsi also. Sometimes one knew one's grandfather's name if he happened to have lived long, or if one were a first son and had been named after him; more often one did not.

'My father,' continued Francesca, 'often said that if he had had a son, he would have used all the money from the last bit of land which he sold when he left Zante, to give him an education, so that he should bear the name; but I was only a girl; and a little one who died was a girl also. God did not give him a son.'

'So he left the money of the land to you?'

'He meant it for my dowry; but when my mother's second brother, my uncle Yanni, went to America, he begged my father to give it to him, saying that he would make it twice as much; but he died there, and we never saw the money again. So now,' and Francesca heaved a deep sigh, 'I have no dowry.'

'That is a pity,' said Lambro gravely; 'your father should not have given the money. If he could help his brother-in-law it was well; but you were his child, and the first duty to women-children is to put aside something for their dowry.'

'He did it that greater gain should come,' replied Francesca, 'and he loved me much, did my father; he tried to teach me many things himself, but my mother was always angry and threw away the books, and made me work in the house.'

'That you should learn to be a good housewife, yes,' said Lambro, 'that is always needful; but it was a sin to throw away the books; learning is good, even for a maid. Why did not your father tell her to cease?'

'My father was as I am; he did not like noise and many words.'

Lambro was silent. He came from Valtetsi, and he could not understand that a man should not be able to impose his will on a woman, nor that he should of his own accord abdicate the place of master in his own house, for the sake of peace.

'If my mother had lived longer — God rest her soul — we should have been two to work, and in time we should have put aside something for my dowry; some clothes at least, and perhaps the mattresses, and a chest of drawers; but now there is nothing.'

'Your uncle —' began Lambro.

'My uncle can do nothing. I live with him of course, and there will always be a piece of bread and a mattress to lie on, but he is a poor man and he has his own children. For marriage — no — it will not be possible; I shall die a maid.'

Lambro seemed to have come to a hard knot in the wood; his short-handled knife went over and over the

same part of the dragon's tail, then it slipped from his hand and fell into a lentisk bush at his feet.

'It is not always needful,' he said slowly at length, 'to have a dowry, when a maid is a joy to look at—' He paused and turned away to reach for his knife; then with his face averted he finished the sentence, 'as you are.'

Francesca laughed a little. 'That is good to hear; but men always want a dowry as well. There is a girl who is staying at Kyra Sophoula's, next door to us; she is a cousin of Yoryi the carpenter, Maroussa's husband; and she came here from Piræus because she has been ill for a long time, to see if she would be better in the island. Well, she is whiter of skin than I am, and her hair is much fairer; but, for all that, she is to have five thousand drachmæ when she marries, besides all her clothes.'

Lambro was a simple man of the hills, and certainly knew nothing of the far-famed 'Venetian gold' which Francesca had inherited from her remote ancestors, but he was a Greek and certain comparisons came naturally to him.

'Her hair may be fairer,' he said, his head still bent over his work, 'but yours is golden as the sun when it is setting.'

Before she could answer, he laid aside the half-finished crook and rose to his feet. 'Will you not eat?' he added hurriedly. 'It is a long way up here, and the bread is fresh; my cousin's wife in the next stani baked it yesterday.'

Francesca nodded assent.

'It is strange,' she said, 'but I am always hungry.'

'That is a good thing,' approved Lambro; and he laid before her the big black loaf, and yaourti heaped on a cracked plate; not the ordinary yaourti of the towns, which is sold in bowls, but the thick creamy yaourti of the shepherds, which is hung to drip in bags. He cast a glance at her clean cotton frock, and fetched from his hut an old newspaper which he spread awkwardly enough on her knees, under the plate.

'You have newspapers up here?' she asked with astonishment.

'I get one on Sundays always when I go to the village, and,' he added, with conscious pride in his voice, 'I have also three books in there; of those little ones which are the color of a brick, and cost forty lepta each; they teach you many things.'

'Then *you* also have learning?' said Francesca, as she broke off a piece of the black bread.

'Not much; but the little I have,' touching the leg which was shorter than the other, 'is the only good thing which I owe to this misfortune.'

Francesca dipped her bread into the creamy mass of the yaourti, and looked up at him with inquiring eyes.

'You see,' he continued, 'I was not as other boys were. Now,—glory be to God,—though I always remain a marked man, still I am strong; I walk crooked, but I walk far, and without weariness. On the first day of the long journey, when we leave Valtetsi in the early dawn, and reach Yéress, where we sleep, at the setting of the sun, some of the others are often weary, for months have passed since they have walked for so many hours; but I am not weary; and when at the close of the fifth day of journeying, we come to the foot of the mountain of Ortholithi over there,' and Lambro pointed to the West, 'I am glad to lie down and sleep,—yes,—but weariness has not overpowered me. But when I was a child, I could not walk and run and climb rocks like the other lads, and they mocked at me.'

Francesca flushed hotly.

'They were bad!' she exclaimed.

'Was it your fault that you could not run?'

'It was not my fault, but it is so with boys always. We had an old schoolmaster in Valtetsi; he was a very old man; he had been a youth in the Revolution; he could scarcely see to read, but he was a good man, and they did not put a younger master in his place. It was always he who carried the flag going and coming from the Doxology on the twenty-fifth of March. Well, this master, Kyr Lazaros they called him, was good to me; he kept me by him when the other lads would not have me, and he taught me many things that they did not have time to learn. I have not much learning — no — but I can read easily, and sometimes up here it is a good thing.'

Francesca stood up and shook the bread crumbs from her dress, then she laid the empty plate on a flat stone beside her. Lambro went on dreamily, his eyes fixed on the hills of the mainland opposite, —

'Sometimes I think that we of Valtetsi know more of those times of the Revolution than others, because of Kyr Lazaros. You see, he did not read about them; he remembered. When he talked we all understood what it meant to have been born in those days, and that those were real troubles, not our childish ones! He talked to us of fleeing from the Turks across the mountains for days and days, of hunger, of wounds, of fear, of women who had to throw their infants over precipices, so that their cries might not betray the hiding-place of all the others.'

Francesca shivered. 'Ah, the unfortunate ones!'

'He made us see what men those were; those who with Kanaris had thought nothing of giving up their lives, and not in fair fight, — for even a Turkish sword can make short work sometimes, — but with the risk of being blown to little bits by a *bourlotto*, and their fragments strewn to the four winds. Sometimes after school, I remember, the fathers would gather round Kyr Lazaros in the coffee-house, and ask him about those times, and he would answer, "Why need I tell these things? Open the first history book, and you will see it all better than I can say it!" But they did not care for the books, and they would listen to him for hours.'

'Some day,' said Francesca, 'I will come up here again and you will tell me more of the old schoolmaster and of those times. Now I must go down. See, the sun is getting close to the knees of the Sleeper!' And she pointed to where the mountain rose out of a sea which was already taking a golden tint, broken up by long quivering lines of dark green where the pines of the towering rocks above were reflected in it. She tied her kerchief over her hair and looked up at him.

'You sleep in the little hut there?'

'Yes.'

'And the rest? Your cousins and the other shepherds and their wives, where are their huts?'

'Not two gun-shots from here.'

'And you never fear aught at night all alone?'

'What should I fear? It is only in deep winter, when there is great cold, that a wolf ever ventures so low as this; and,' he added, laying his hand on the big head of the dog, who had risen when he rose and stood beside him, 'if he did, Mourgo here would have two words to say to him!'

'I did not think of wolves.'

'Of what, then?'

'They say there are terrible things sometimes at nights; last summer at the big beach where the fig trees grow, they said there was a tall black figure, and sometimes it looked like a man and sometimes it looked like a dog, but

always its eyes shone like fire. Heracles saw it once, and though he made his cross and repeated over and over again, "Holy Virgin be close to me! Christ help me the sinner!" till it disappeared, still when he reached his house he fell on his mattress and was ill for many days. After that, no one would go there when darkness had fallen, and the people who lived near used to scratch the Pentalfa outside their doors at night, so that the black thing should not get in. Some said it was a vampire. Do I know?'

'All those are fables; some one was too lazy to guard his figs after dark, and brought out the tale to frighten away the thieves. You know, "It is fear guards the lonely places."'

'It may be,' she said, 'you have more learning; you know better.' Then, stooping, she lifted the little wooden pail, the vethoura of yaourti in her hand. 'Now, I go — Addio, Lambro!'

'The good hour be with you!' he answered, leaning on his crook and looking after her as she slowly began the descent between the lentisk bushes.

He stood there motionless till she was hidden from his sight far below by the pine wood of the red house; and even then he waited till he could distinguish a tiny figure that came out, beyond the wall, on the sea road below.

That night Lambro did not sleep much. He laid himself down in his hut, wrapped up in his cape, as soon as it was quite dark, after the habit of the shepherds, but he was soon afoot again, long before it was time to turn out the sheep for their midnight meal. From the higher slopes of the hills, the night breeze came laden with the aromatic odor of wild herbs, of thyme, of wild mint, of the lavender which grows tall like heather; and nothing broke the stillness but the silent little noises of the night, among the pine trees below. There was no moon, but the starshine gave almost as much light. It was one of those nights all dark blue and gold, with stars thickly sown over both sky and sea. Many of the larger and brighter planets, with their long shimmering reflections in the silent bay, looked like little moons, and Lambro fell to thinking of what Metro, the one who had studied many things and was now abroad in foreign countries, had once told him of their size: that they were larger than the whole of Greece, some of them even larger than all Europe and America together, and that wise men had said that there were mountains and plains and seas and rivers in them, and even perhaps people. But as he pondered, he shook his head, then spoke his thought out loud to Mourgo for company's sake.

'And even were they large enough, would not their plains and their trees and their people, too, burn up in yonder great light? Eh, Mourgo, my old one? It seems that the learned also have their fables!'

Mourgo shook himself, and probably finding the remark needed acknowledgment, laid his big head on Lambro's knee. Unconsciously the man let his hand fall on the dog's short ears.

'And yet, there are some folk, Mourgo, as far from a poor marked man, as though they lived up there in the stars!'

Mourgo, not being accustomed to caresses, moved his head luxuriously under his master's touch and woo — oo — oof — ed.

And they sat there, under the stars, for a long time, the man and the beast.

III

On the following Sunday, when Lambro went down to the village, he did not see Francesca. She had been ailing, some one said in his hearing, and he loitered about after buying his pro-

visions, in the hope of hearing something further. Twice he went into the small shop which modestly calls itself 'A Little of Everything,' for something which he had forgotten, once into the chemist's for some quinine for his cousin's child in the next stani. He walked up to the fine new school-house with the white columns, and exchanged a few words with Kyr Vangheli who was standing on the steps. Then he returned to the quay and admired a big fish which had just been caught, and which a boy was carrying up to the red house on the hill, by a bulrush strung through its gills. It was said that they were expecting strangers there, from Athens, and were likely to buy it.

Suddenly old Kyra Sophoula who was sitting on the ledge of the fountain, waiting for her pitcher to fill, called out to him, —

'Health to you, Lambro! Why may you be roaming about like an unjust curse this morning?'

He remembered, then, that she lived next door to Francesca; also that she talked less than other old women, and he made up his mind to inquire of her. She looked up at him with a little smile among her many wrinkles. Some old women forget that they have ever been young, but Kyra Sophoula had a good memory. It was nothing serious at all that ailed the girl, she assured him, just a little fever; who did not have a little fever now and then? It was not as if Francesca had it every day, like Yoryi's cousin, the poor girl from Piræus.

Lambro had not a bad heart, but just then he did not care at all whether the girl from Piræus had fever every day or not, if only Francesca might keep well. However, he was forced to extract the best consolation he could from the old woman's words, and return to the hills.

Sunday came round once more, and he was down at the Colonna, where the little tables surround the broken shaft left standing from ancient days, before any of the usual frequenters of the place had come; but ill luck attended his endeavors, for though he spoke to well-nigh all the people he knew, he could learn nothing, and though he lingered round the fountain till the women assembled there stared at him curiously, Kyra Sophoula did not appear. Of course a visit to the house where Francesca lived, or a direct inquiry, would have been totally against the Poros code of etiquette in such matters; and though he cudgeled his brains for a plausible errand that might take him to her uncle's, Arcadian wits are slow and he could find nothing.

So, once more he turned his face to the hills. But he walked very slowly, and the clock of the Naval School struck the hour of noon as he reached the wall of the red house on the hill.

The master of the house, who was standing at his gate which opens on the sea road, stopped Lambro to ask if he could bring them some yaourti the next day.

'We are expecting strangers from Athens, by the afternoon steamer,' he said, 'and as we want them to fare well, we must have some of your yaourti for the evening; there is no other like it.'

Lambro smiled, well pleased, and promised that he would bring the yaourti himself before sunset.

'Will you do me the favor,' added the master, 'to tell me exactly how you make it? I want to have the recipe for when we are in Athens, and we cannot get yours.'

'At your orders,' answered Lambro, and proceeded to give the intricate roundabout directions of his class, which the master wrote down in a little red note-book. Beside him, under a mimosa tree, in the full glory of its yellow bloom, stood a young girl playing with a little white dog, and Lambro

smiled gravely to see it seize hold of the hem of her skirt between its teeth and shake it vigorously. Her hair, he noticed, was something like Francesca's, only Francesca's was brighter.

When he had duly dictated all the directions, he renewed his promise for the morrow, saluted, and began the climb up the path between the aloes and the low wall which marks the boundary of the pine wood behind the red house. He was tired, and dragged his lame leg heavily behind the other, and the master remarked to his daughter that poor Lambro seemed lamer than ever this year.

It rained that afternoon, and Lambro sat for a long time inside his hut, listening to the drops pattering on the bushes outside. One of the three little books of which he was so proud lay open on his knees, but he did not turn the leaves. The clouds cleared away before night, and the stars came out, but perhaps because he had sat for so long under cover that day, Lambro did not sleep much. He walked to and fro between the gray rocks and the lentisk bushes, and talked to Mourgo, who whined sympathetically but never interrupted.

IV

In the early afternoon of the next day, he put his yaourti in its bag to drip, and sat idly looking over the bay dotted with white and red-sailed fisher-boats. Everywhere was the clean washed look and the strangely vivid coloring of the day after the rain. There was the soft golden-green mass of the pines up the nearer slopes, the dark brown-green of the hollows, the gray-green of the trees in the middle distance, and the blue-green of the farthest ones along the Monastery road, where they mingled with the red earth and dipped their roots into the sea.

Lambro's knife and the unfinished crook-head lay on the stone beside him, but he did not take them in his hands. The tolling of a bell came up to him clearly from the village below, and the gun-shots of the sailors' practice from the Naval School. Along the strip of the Narrow Beach moved a line of black dots which he knew must be a funeral procession slowly wending its way toward the walled-in cemetery beyond, and so pure was the atmosphere that he could plainly distinguish the reflections of the priests and the people in the sea below.

Later on in the day, he threw his frieze cape over his shoulders, as the air was fresher after the rain, took up his crook in one hand and the large bag of yaourti in the other and set off on his errand to the red house. But as soon as he got down to the lower slopes he flung off his cape, for the sun was burning his back. 'It will rain again,' he muttered; 'the sun burns too hotly for April.' The sudden heat had parched his throat and he made up his mind to stop at the little house above the lemon orchard and ask Varba Miltiadi to let him drink; but when he reached the first pines, he saw that the hollowed stones placed at the foot of the bigger ones for the resin were filled with rain water; so he stooped and drank from them, making a cup of the palm of his hand. Then he rose and went on again, but as he came in sight of the little door, between two tall aloes, in the wall at the back of the red house, he noticed a man, a stranger to him, making his way slowly and hesitatingly over the slope.

When this man caught sight of Lambro coming down the hill above him, he stopped short and waited.

'Will you not tell me, brother,' he called out as soon as the shepherd was within hailing distance, 'am I going the right way for the lighthouse?'

Lambro limped over the ground which divided them and came close down to the wall, looking at the man curiously. He was a tall stout man, wearing the full blue breeches swinging between his legs, and the cross-over vest of the older islanders. Lambro had never seen him before.

'You are going rightly,' he answered, 'but it is a long way from here; do you come from the village?'

'I come from there now, but I am from Hydra; I arrived in the steamer this morning. My cousin keeps the lighthouse and I am going to see him. A hundred times have I promised to do so, and only to-day do I succeed!'

'Ah!' said Lambro, 'You are a cousin of Andrea; I know him well; he is a good man.'

'Is the road hard to find to the lighthouse?'

'It is not hard, no; you must go up past that big olive tree with the twisted trunk, which you see there, then over the hill by the footpath behind Boudouri's Monument —'

'Boudouri? That is a name from our parts! Who was this one?'

'It was before my time,' replied Lambro. 'They say he was a director of the Arsenal which was here then, and they promoted others who deserved it less, before him, so his pride suffered, and he killed himself, and they buried him there on the hill over the sea.'

The stranger nodded his head approvingly.

'That is how we are in Hydra; we have much pride.'

Lambro continued his directions, —

'After you pass the Monument, you go down through the trees till you come out on to the Beach of the Little Pines; after that you mount again and keep straight on over the hills till you see the lighthouse. Keep the sea always in sight on your left hand, and that will guide you.'

'I thank you; there was one who would have come with me; he knew the way; but his wife went to a funeral, and he could not leave his shop.'

'Yes, true,' said Lambro carelessly; 'I heard the bell toll, and I saw the people passing over the Narrow Beach when I was up at the stani.'

'A girl died last night,' said the stout man, bending with difficulty to fasten the long narrow garter, which had come untied, under the knee. 'The poor one had not closed her twenty years, so they told me. I saw her in her coffin when they brought her out of a house beyond that dark arch behind the market-place. She had yellow hair which shone like gold in the sun. It is a sin that Charon should have taken her so young! The unfortunate one!'

The stranger from Hydra received no answer. He finished tying his garter and stood upright again, very red in the face from his exertions.

Lambro was not looking at him; he was staring fixedly at the wall opposite them. By some mischance the bag of yaourti must have fallen from his hand, for it had burst open on a stone and the thick creamy substance was slowly spreading itself over the red earth.

The stout man thought that this shepherd must be more than ordinarily slow-witted.

'Why brother! Look there!' he cried, 'Your yaourti is all spilt! A pity, all that good milk! How came it to fall?'

Lambro continued staring at nothing.

'Was it perhaps I, who pushed you with my elbow as I stooped?'

'No,' said Lambro at length very slowly, still keeping his eyes fixed on the blank wall, 'no, — you did not push me; it does not matter.'

'It is certainly a pity, but —' and the stranger spread out his hands and laughed a little — 'what is to be done? It cannot be picked up with a spoon!

Well — good-night to you, and thank you!'

'Good-night!'

V

Lambro was up again at the stani before dark, but he never quite remembered afterwards which path he had taken. He dismissed his cousin's lad who had been minding the sheep and goats in his absence, watered the flocks, and closed them in the fold for the night. When all necessary work was over, darkness had fallen on the hills, and Lambro limped slowly across the thyme and lentisk bushes which separated the fold from his hut.

Suddenly, before he reached it, he threw up his arms and stood so for a few seconds, his hands outstretched to the dark sky, every line of the figure one hopeless appeal to the cruel Powers above. Then he threw himself down at full length and dug his fingers into the red earth.

At first there was a long silence, then little choking cries, —

'My God! — My God! — What is this thing which Fate had written for me? Oh, my golden one! My soul! Why did Charon take you?' Then once more! 'My God! — My God! — My God!' And as though every repetition of the word brought revolt in its train, 'Is this a God, to commit such a crime?'

Mourgo sniffed and whined over the figure lying prone before him, and attempted to thrust his nose under the clenched hand, but his master lay there under the stars as one utterly strange to him. He was beyond comfort from any near presence save one.

When the earliest tints of dawn showed over the Monastery hills, he crept away to his hut for the sake of the greater darkness there. He fell asleep at last, for he was young and had walked much the previous day; also it was the first time he had tasted of grief, and every fibre of his body was exhausted.

The sun was high in the sky when he awoke, half dazed and faint from lack of food. He cut big slices of black bread, and of the white *touloumi* cheese, and ate them ravenously. Mourgo, satisfied that his master was himself again, careered clumsily around, giving vent now and then to a contented 'woof.'

After he had eaten, Lambro put some more yaourti to drip for the people of the red house, and, as he did so, he thought of the fair-haired young girl and the little dog that tugged at her skirt, and smiled at the recollection. When had he seen them? He could not remember; but it must have been many days ago, he thought.

Then he gathered his flock together and sat down on a big rock, mechanically taking up his carving.

The mountains at that hour were a faint blue against a fainter blue sky, reflected in a shimmering blue sea. Except the white of the houses down below, and the green of the pines, all things were blue. Lambro lifted up his eyes from his work, and as they fell on the familiar outlines of the hills and the reflections in the bay beneath them, it came over him with a sudden irresistible force of finality that this was a new world to which he had awakened, — a world in which the sun shone and warmed the body, but brought no warmth to the heart! A world in which good bread would taste bitter on his lips! A world in which he might live many years still, if so it was written for him, but where nothing would ever matter any more.

He thought of the return journey to Arcadia, and the length and monotony of it wearied him unspeakably, in advance. Should he ever undertake it, he wondered? But yes; naturally he

would. What else was there to do? Had he not always started on Saint George's Day? And when they reached Valtetsi, he and the others, what then? There would be his uncles to greet him, his cousins, the people he had known all his life long; there would be much talk of the winter and all it had brought. Already he shrank in fancy from it all: from the talk and questions, and the village news, and the laughing of the young girls, and the familiar faces and voices. And afterwards? A long hot summer, and in autumn, back again to Poros; to a Poros quite empty — horribly empty!

Was it possible that he had always led this life? Like the shuttle of a woman's loom, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards? And was it written that it should continue so for many years? How did other men live who were not shepherds? The fishermen, the boatmen, the husbandmen, those who kept shops in the towns and villages? But he only knew how to tend his sheep and goats, and how to make his cheeses and yaourti. And even were it otherwise, the sea, the boats, the ships, the lives spent under roofs in houses, all seemed equally black and barren.

The unfinished crook and the knife slipped to the ground, and he sat with his arms across his knees and his fingers empty. God! What was wrong with the world? Could one yellow-haired slip of a girl, who had gone out of it never to return, make all this unspeakable difference?

Mourgo, who was lying in the sun, lifted his big head off his paws and listened. Suddenly he rose and bounded to the edge of the little plateau; there he leaped upon a gray rock which overlooked the slope, and barked loudly and continuously.

Some one as yet out of sight was coming up.

Lambro did not even raise his eyes; he did not want speech of any human being. Mourgo barked again, and the echoes of the surrounding hills repeated the bark in a diminishing scale of sound. Then, from below the rock, a voice arose, clear and piercing.

'La — a — a — mbro! La — a — a — mbro!'

But Lambro did not stir; only as he sat there, his eyes opened very wide, and a great shiver ran through him.

'La — mbro! Are you there?'

This time he sprang to his feet, his eyes blazing with a wild intensity, his lips apart, and both hands at his breast.

Good God! What hellish likeness of voice! Who — what — was coming over the edge of the plateau?

Over the gray rock there was the shadow of a black gown, a flash of sunlight on bright hair, and Francesca stood before him.

'You are here, then?' she cried, 'I thought —'

But in one bound the man was beside her. He seized her almost fiercely, and holding her very tightly in his arms, let his head drop on her breast.

'My little heart! My soul! You are not dead then! Not dead! Not dead!'

Francesca neither started nor struggled to free herself. She stood very still and a light came into her eyes.

'The girl who was buried yesterday, — the girl from town, who was ill so long, — did they tell you it was I?'

Lambro bent his head.

'And you —?'

'The world had finished for me when I heard.'

She freed one hand and raised his head, till her eyes looked into his.

'And now —?'

'Now I have you, and though I be twenty times a marked man, no one shall take you from me!'

Over her face there swept a look of great tenderness, and there was a

break in her voice, as she answered, —

'My poor blind one! Have you not seen that though both your legs were lame, and you lacked both arms, yet it is you I would choose before the strongest and the finest man in all the world!'

'Francesca! — My Francesca! —'

Lambro had no words, but his eyes spoke for him, and she bent her head over his, and gave him her lips.

Later on, when they were sitting hand in hand on the flat rock, with nothing to disturb the warm thyme-scented silence about them but the tinkling of the goat-bells, Francesca turned to him despairingly: —

'But, oh, my Lambro! What will they say in your country? What is this bride you are bringing to them? Not one lepton have I of my own! Not a pot nor a pan, not a chair nor a table, nor even a mattress! No black silk dress for Church on the first Sunday! Nothing! Oh, what will they say?'

'Neither do I know! neither do I care! One thing only I know well: that you are my golden love, and my life, and my soul! and that nothing else matters in the world!'

MEXICO AS IT IS

BY LOUIS C. SIMONDS

[The conclusion drawn from the facts here given represents the author's personal convictions and is based upon existing conditions, without special regard to continuous relations of the United States with Latin-American countries. The interesting summary of the facts themselves may be accepted by Americans of all shades of opinion concerning our Mexican policy. — THE EDITORS.]

I

IT seems that a crucial point has been reached in the relations between the United States and Mexico.

The *ad interim* government of General Victoriano Huerta, which succeeded that of Señor Madero, has not been recognized by the Washington government, and this fact has caused, in pro-administration circles in Mexico, a certain degree of resentment, which is the keener in that practically all the European nations, from England to the diminutive republic of San Marino, have accorded recognition to the new régime in this country. The state of official feeling on the subject was manifested by the announcement of President Huerta that the presence in Mexico of Mr. John Lind, President Wilson's unofficial representative, was not desired unless he brought with him proper diplomatic credentials, and a formal recognition of the administration now in power here [1] as a government *de jure* as well as *de facto*.

For nearly three years now Mexico has been in the throes of revolution. It is an ominous fact that the long peace which General Porfirio Diaz had given to his country was broken in the very year in which Mexico celebrated the centenary of her emancipation from Spain, and soon after the termination of the festivities with which that event was commemorated, festivities attended by special embassies from the United States and the chief European nations. Hidalgo raised the cry of re-

[1] The author is a long-time resident of Mexico.

volt against Spain in September, 1810. The revolution which finally overthrew General Porfirio Diaz broke out in November, 1910. Here, apparently, was disheartening evidence that a century of independent life had not cured Mexico of the revolutionary habit.

For some time before the outbreak of the revolution of 1910, certain classes of the population had chafed under the mild paternalism of Diaz, and this impatience rose precisely in proportion as the rule of the aged statesman became more lenient. It is not necessary to inquire how far the promoters of this discontent were sincere and how far they were actuated by motives of selfish personal ambition and greed. Señor Francisco I. Madero, whom social and pecuniary prominence marked out for the leadership of the movement, was, I am convinced, an idealist, personally disinterested and inspired by motives — no doubt mistaken motives — of the purest patriotism.

Both Señor Madero and his followers contended that Mexico was now fully fit for the advanced type of democracy outlined in her Constitution, and that her people were qualified to exercise the political rights from which, it was alleged, General Diaz was debarring them.

Subsequent events do not seem to have borne out these contentions. The truth is that Mexico's greatest misfortune is that she adopted a constitution unsuited to her needs and to the genius and character of her people. The instrument in question dates from the year 1857, when feeling ran high between Clericals and Liberals. The latter, having for the time the upper hand, and admiring the greatness of the United States, but lacking a philosophical insight into the causes of that greatness, patterned the new Mexican Constitution very largely on the Constitution of the United States, overlooking the fact that the Mexican people, of whom eighty per cent are still illiterate, could not be expected to make an intelligent use of a political system devised for the most advanced and enlightened of modern democracies.

General Porfirio Diaz undoubtedly realized the inadaptability to Mexico's needs of the Constitution of 1857. But not even he, with all the immense authority which he at one time wielded, ever ventured to propose a radical reform of that Constitution, so as to do away with the Federal system and establish in its stead a strong centralized government, with a restricted suffrage. And he did not venture on this step, because he knew that to the Liberals of Mexico the Constitution of 1857 has ever been a fetish, and that to attempt to modify it radically, even though avowedly it remained largely a dead letter, would be to precipitate a civil war.

De facto, General Diaz did establish a strong centralized government, and, as for popular suffrage, he practically nullified it. But where the facts and theories of government are in chronic conflict, there can be no enduring political peace. A clamor will be raised from time to time for the strict enforcement of the Constitution, and reproaches will be launched against the government for its non-observance. Such, in effect, was the outcry that gave force to the movement headed by Señor Madero.

The masses of the people in many states of the Federation had been estranged from the Diaz administration by a long experience of local oppression and exactions. So far as they were concerned, the Diaz government was good in vain, if they felt few or none of its benefits. And here was illustrated another of the drawbacks of contradiction between the theories and facts of government. For, where a constitution gives a people in theory

the amplest liberties, of which, nevertheless, they are incapable of availing themselves in practice, the result will be that, *de facto*, they will enjoy no other liberties but such as their rulers choose to grant them. The authorities, from highest to lowest, will be a law to themselves. In Mexico there has been no more prolific source of discontent than the endless arbitrarinesses of the petty local caiques known as *jefes politicos*. General Diaz did, from time to time, correct the more flagrant of such abuses when brought to his notice. But he never took radical measures for the extirpation of the evil; and this must be accounted one of the weak points of his administration. He may have felt, particularly in his later years, that the task was beyond him.

Be that as it may, the discontent of the people, provoked by local irregularities, favored the propaganda of Señor Madero. Traveling from end to end of the country, he delivered public speeches in which the Diaz administration was denounced with extreme and unjust violence. Arrested, at last, for sedition, at Monterey in June, 1910, and removed to the city of San Luis Potosi, he was later admitted to bail and escaped into Texas in October, 1910, to make the final preparations for his revolution. But before his arrest, the purposes of his propaganda had been accomplished, for, from Sonora to Yucatan, the common people had been made to believe that General Diaz was responsible not only for the local abuses of which they justly complained but even for the limitations of their individual lot, and had been led to look for almost millennial conditions when the Diaz administration should be overthrown. This hallucination gained even on the more educated classes, and when the Madero revolution won its first successes in the State of Chihuahua, it was said that ninety per cent of the population were either open or secret partisans of the movement.

General Diaz resigned the Presidency on May 25, 1911. He was in a position to have kept up the struggle, for the bulk of the army was still loyal and the exchequer was full. But he was aware of the strength of popular sentiment, for the time being, in favor of Señor Madero; he sincerely wished to obviate further bloodshed; and he was also moved by the consciousness that, if he held out, his tenacity would be attributed not to a desire to restore order, for the country's good, but to a selfish reluctance to relinquish the power which he had so long wielded. 'I resign the more readily,' he said in his note to the Chamber of Deputies, 'in that, by retaining office, I should be exposing the country to further bloodshed, to the loss of its credit, to the destruction of its wealth, to the extinction of its activities and the risk of international complications.' There was dignity, and pathos, in the closing words of the note:—

'I hope, Messrs. Deputies, that, when the passions excited by this as by all revolutions shall have subsided, an ampler and more dispassionate survey will lead to a truer estimate of my acts, allowing me, when I die, to carry with me the consoling sense that I have in the end been understood by my countrymen, to whose welfare I have devoted and will continue to devote my entire energies.'

Immediately after his resignation, General Diaz left the city and sailed for France, where he has since chiefly resided.

Thus the best administration which Mexico had ever known came to an end. It had defects and shortcomings; but, in any event, seeing that Mexico had borne the Diaz dictatorship for thirty years, and had derived undeni-

able advantages from it, was it worth while, when, in the nature of things, it was bound soon to come to an end, to sacrifice all those advantages, which were real and positive, for the sake of shadowy and chimerical benefits, none of which has, in point of fact, been attained? The responsibility of Señor Madero, in this connection, at the bar of Mexican history, is unquestioned.

General Diaz was succeeded by Señor Francisco L. de la Barra, some time ambassador of Mexico at Washington, who held office as *ad interim* President, pending elections. These were held on October 1, 1911, with the result that Señor Madero was elevated to the supreme magistracy by the almost unanimous choice of his fellow countrymen. He took the oath of office on November 6, 1911.

The history of Señor Madero's brief administration is a signal confutation of the illusion that the character of a people and the broad facts which make the governments of the earth what they are can be changed by a sudden upheaval such as an armed revolution. If Señor Madero was candid, he must, soon after his inauguration, have formed a juster appreciation of the difficulties against which Porfirio Diaz had had to contend and have been disposed to view with greater tolerance the shortcomings of the Diaz administration.

The elevation to power of a legally elected President, far from putting an end to the revolution, seemed to throw the country into worse disorder.

In his eagerness to overthrow the Diaz régime, Señor Madero had accepted the coöperation of very promiscuous elements. And the results were what might have been expected.

Some of the revolutionary leaders, little better than freebooters, were not willing, once their atavic appetite for a life of adventure had been whetted, to return to peaceful avocations, simply because Señor Madero, having attained his object, wanted them to.

Other leaders, of a higher stamp, felt that the recognition of their services to the cause had been inadequate. It is always so in the Latin-American republics. Their revolutions breed a race of *caudillos*, for whom the victorious party have to provide and who rate their own deserts high.

Then jealousies and divisions sprang up among the intellectual leaders of the *maderista* revolution, resulting in open estrangement between Señor Madero and the Vázquez Gomez brothers, who, by not a few of the revolutionists, were considered factors in the movement almost as important as Señor Madero himself.

Emiliano Zapata and his followers, in the State of Morelos, alleging that they had been led to expect an immediate distribution of the land, and, when they found out that no such confiscatory policy was contemplated, declaring that they had been grossly duped, continued their campaign of pillage and murder.

In the State of Chihuahua, Pascual Orozco, Jr., who had been Madero's chief lieutenant in the anti-Diaz movement, headed a formidable insurrection against his former chief, and although he was defeated in the regular engagements, his forces broke up into small groups which gave infinite trouble to the government by their harassing guerilla tactics in a mountainous country.

In the State of Durango petty leaders or *cabecillas*, who had supported Madero, now turned their arms against him, asserting that the promises of the revolution of 1910 had remained unfulfilled.

To mention all the sporadic disorders in other states, in nearly every case started by former supporters of

Señor Madero, would be an interminable task. Suffice it to say that, when Señor Madero ceased to represent the idea of rebellion, and came, as President, to represent the ideas of authority, law, and order, he found arrayed against him the very forces which he had brought into existence to combat and overthrow General Diaz. He found that he had his own revolution on his hands! Never was retribution more swift or striking.

It must be owned that Señor Madero, as President, started out with a sincere and honest endeavor to govern according to the Constitution. But seldom has a sorrier travesty of democracy been witnessed. Elections were followed by interminable recriminations, and charges and counter-charges of fraud and intimidation; sometimes, too, by the open revolt of the defeated candidates. Governors of states refused to make way for their duly elected successors, and barricading themselves with their followers in the executive mansion, defied the agents of the law to oust them. Other disappointed aspirants to office importuned President Madero, against the clear precepts of the law, to help them set aside electoral results. The Mexicans seem at present to lack that virtue which is the *sine qua non* in a democracy — the faculty of acquiescing in the will of the majority until the next election gives them another chance of obtaining a reversal of the popular verdict.

Then, some adherents of the former administration, who had looked apathetically on while the Diaz régime was tottering to its fall, took advantage of the unlimited liberty which President Madero afforded to the Mexican press, to found opposition newspapers, in which, day by day, his administration was violently assailed and the army was openly invited to repudiate the constituted government.

The administration of Señor Madero being an accomplished fact, patriotism, it should seem, ought to have dictated to enlightened Mexicans the duty of giving to that administration at least the support necessary to enable it to carry on the fundamental work of government.

But opposition in Latin America knows little of this sacrifice of personal sentiments to the public good. The adversaries of President Madero aimed simply at rendering his position untenable and bringing about his downfall, regardless of consequences. They did not, apparently, reflect that a legally constituted government, however deficient, can seldom be overthrown by violent means, without bringing on the country evils greater than those which it is sought to remedy.

And when the deficiencies of Señor Madero's government are mentioned, the question arises whether they are not largely another name for the difficulties thrown in his way by his enemies. He failed not so much because his administration was deficient as because the Mexican people were not prepared for the régime of ample liberty which he sought to give them.

II

Two military uprisings, properly so called, against the Madero government had preceded that of which Mexico City was the theatre last February.

One was started in the North of the Republic in December, 1911, by General Bernardo Reyes, former Governor of the State of Nuevo León, and Minister of War in General Diaz's Cabinet from 1900 to 1902. But this movement was wholly abortive, and its leader, recognizing the utter collapse of his attempt, voluntarily surrendered to the government and was placed in confinement.

The other military insurrection occurred in October, 1912, at the port of Vera Cruz, and was headed by General Felix Diaz, a nephew of Porfirio Diaz. This second uprising was more formidable than the first, but it, too, failed. The city of Vera Cruz was recaptured by loyal forces and Felix Diaz was taken prisoner.

According to precedent and established usage in Mexico, the leaders of these movements, when once captured, would have met with short shrift. But Señor Madero adhered consistently to his principles, and to those who advised him to take summary measures, he replied that the prisoners should have the full benefit of the law.[1]

In February last both General Bernardo Reyes and General Felix Diaz were being held as prisoners in different penal establishments of the capital. In the early morning hours of Sunday, the 9th of that month, they were liberated by their partisans from their several places of confinement, and at the head of some forces of the garrison and some civilian adherents, they started a new military uprising against the government of Señor Madero.

The attack on the National Palace failed, owing to the loyal attitude of General Lauro Villar, the military commandant, who rallied the vacillating troops, and General Reyes was shot and killed during the assault.

General Felix Diaz, at the head of the remainder of his forces, then proceeded to the Ciudadela or Arsenal, stormed it and threw up barricades in the adjoining streets.

[1] General Felix Diaz, though the nephew of President Porfirio Diaz, was not in sympathy with the latter's administration. He was always, during the Diaz administration, regarded as an opposition factor; in various ways he encouraged the *anti-porfirista* sentiment; and it is, perhaps, not too much to say that he contributed indirectly to the downfall of his distinguished uncle. — The Author.

During the next ten days — the *Decena Trágica*, as it has been called — the capital was swept by shot and shell, in encounters between the loyal forces and the insurgents.

The Government failed to capture the Ciudadela, and the way in which hostilities were finally brought to an end on February 18, by a compact between General Victoriano Huerta, the Federal commander, and General Felix Diaz, the leader of the rebels, is still fresh in the memory of all who have been following Mexican events.

President Madero and Vice-President Pino Suarez were deposed, made prisoners, and met with a violent death while being transferred in automobiles from the National Palace to the penitentiary during the night of February 22 last.

General Victoriano Huerta, by the designation of Congress, assumed the provisional Presidency of the Republic.

And thus tragically ended this latest experiment of civilian rule in Mexico. With the single exception of President Juarez, no civilian executive in Mexico has succeeded in maintaining his hold on power. And Porfirio Diaz was up in arms against Juarez when the latter died in 1872.

It is, indeed, unfortunate for the future of civil rule in Mexico, that the first civilian president for many years (the last previous one, Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, was expelled by the Tuxtepec Revolution headed by General Porfirio Diaz in 1876) was not a man of greater tact and ability, and of stronger character, than Señor Madero, for the disastrous result of the latter's presidency will naturally confirm the belief that none but a military man can govern Mexico.

A pathetic interest, in view of the circumstances of President Madero's overthrow, attaches to the following passage of his message to the Mexican

Congress, at the opening of its spring sessions on April 1, 1912:—

'I desire to be allowed at this moment, solemn by reason of the circumstances, solemn by reason of the place where we are gathered together, to raise my voice in praise of our military men, who, from the humblest soldier to the highest officer, have demonstrated to the world that the Army of Mexico is no longer a sort of prætorian guard, making and unmaking governments and filling the country with sorrow and ignominy, but an organization of self-denying upholders of legality who make use of the arms which the Republic has placed in their hands for no other purpose than to defend the law and maintain the national honor unimpaired.'

Señor Madero should have remembered and applied, *mutatis mutandis*, Solon's famous answer to Crœsus.

But, however the revival of a prætorianism, characteristic of the days of Bustamante and Paredes, may have been regarded by thinking Mexicans, the great majority, in Mexico City at any rate, bowed to the accomplished fact and hoped that President Huerta would, at least, give the country the earnestly desired boon of peace. General Huerta himself declared, on taking office, that to that end all his efforts would be bent.

Unfortunately, after the lapse of six months, the object in question has not yet been attained.

The State of Sonora was the only one which in its sovereign capacity as a member of the Federation, by the united action of its executive and legislature, refused to recognize the Huerta régime. But, in addition, the Governor of Coahuila, Don Venustiano Carranza, revolted, and insurrectionary movements of greater or less importance are or have been on foot in the other northern States, viz., Chihuahua, Nuevo León and Tamaulipas. The Constitutionalists, as the new revolutionists call themselves, are in complete possession of the State of Sonora, with the exception of the port of Guaymas, and all efforts of General Pedro Ojeda, the Federal commander, to advance northwards from that port, with a view to recovering Hermosillo, the state capital, have hitherto proved unavailing.

The strength of the rebels in the other northern states is variously judged. In the early stages of the uprising against the government of General Huerta, the Constitutionalists made repeated efforts to capture Saltillo, the capital of the State of Coahuila, but they were repulsed on every occasion. On the other hand, they took and still hold the border city of Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, in that state. In the State of Tamaulipas, the rebels captured the port of Matamoros, but have since, it seems, been driven out.

As I write news comes of a determined attempt of the Constitutionalists to take the city of Torreón, the emporium of the rich cotton-growing region of La Laguna, an attempt which, so far, seems to have failed.

But one unwelcome fact speaks for itself. The first measure of the Constitutionalists, in inaugurating their movement against the Huerta administration, was to cut the railway lines between this city and the American border, and they have so far baffled every effort of the Federals to reëstablish communication by either the Laredo or the El Paso route.

It is possible to discern, beneath the apparent cause of the Constitutionalist uprising, a deeper, more fundamental, more abiding cause, which is the growing disparity between the northern states and the rest of the Republic. Because of their proximity and facilities for intercommunication with the

United States, the inhabitants of the northern Mexican states have developed characteristics differentiating them, to some extent, from other Mexicans. They are more enterprising, more self-reliant and independent, have greater political capacity than the inhabitants of the central and southern states. The northern movement is not yet a secessionist movement, notwithstanding gratuitous statements to that effect in some of the Mexico City newspapers; but it may develop into one, unless the conflict be brought to a prompt termination.

Armed opposition to the Huerta régime has not, however, been confined to the northern states. Among other states in which rebel movements have occurred or are still in progress may be mentioned: Durango — the rebels took and still hold the state capital; Zacatecas — the rebels captured the state capital, but afterwards abandoned it; San Luis Potosi — the insurgents have repeatedly cut the railway line connecting the state capital with the important port of Tampico; Michoacán — towns of some importance, such as Uruapan and Pátzcuaro, have more than once fallen into rebel hands; Guerrero — much raiding and capturing of small towns by surprise; Campeche — the Governor, Señor Castilla Brito, revolted, but has since taken refuge in the United States owing to the collapse of his movement; besides minor or sporadic disturbances in Jalisco, Vera Cruz, Puebla, State of Mexico, Oaxaca, and elsewhere.

In addition, the Huerta government has the chronic *zapatista* movement on its hands. The *zapatistas* have been described as brigands, pure and simple, and owing to their excesses, there is some ground for this designation; but there is more in the movement than mere brigandage; it is a protest against the malignant type of landlordism that prevails in the State of Morelos, a semi-tropical State in which the large sugar plantations have constantly encroached on and absorbed the smaller holdings and the lands of the townships. The movement, then, is essentially agrarian and in certain of its features resembles the Jacquerie of France in the fourteenth century. It is a movement by itself and quite independent, at present, of other insurrectionary disturbances, although it began (March, 1911) in connection with the *maderista* revolution, when Emiliano Zapata, a small *ranchero* of Morelos, with a handful of followers at the start, rose in arms against the government of Diaz.

While the focus of the *zapatista* movement is the State of Morelos, it shifts, when hard pressed there, into portions of the States of Puebla, Oaxaca, Guerrero and Mexico. Only within the last few days *zapatista* bands have made successful incursions into the Federal District and have looted *haciendas* within a few miles of the Federal Capital.

The most drastic measures, including the Weylerian system of concentration, the razing of towns and villages, the deportation of the male inhabitants and their drafting into the army for service in the distant State of Sonora, have hitherto failed to put an end to the *zapatista* movement, and the problem will be a most arduous one for any government to solve.

Such, in its broad outlines, is the condition of affairs which General Huerta has to face with a depleted treasury.

The financial problem, indeed, is one of the most delicate features of the situation.

That one of the chief merits of the Diaz régime was the excellence of its financial administration, not even its enemies venture to deny. The finances of the country were handled with consummate skill by Diaz's Finance

Minister, Señor José Yves Limantour; and even when Diaz resigned, after six months of revolution, the credit of Mexico was almost unimpaired on the European bourses and there was still a surplus in the treasury of over 62,000,000 pesos.[1]

But the edifice reared by the genius and probity of Limantour is now in ruins.

The budget of expenditure for the current fiscal year is 141,156,331 pesos, and it must be remembered that in the palmiest days of the Diaz régime, when foreign capital was coming hither in large quantities for investment, when new industries were constantly being established, when commerce, both foreign and domestic, was active and all the railway lines were in operation, Federal disbursements never amounted to 100,000,000 pesos. Prior to the revolution of 1910, the most considerable expenditure of the Federation in any one fiscal year was in 1909–1910, — 95,028,650 pesos. Federal receipts under the Diaz administration reached high-water mark in 1906–1907, — 114,-286,122 pesos.

The increased disbursements at present are due, of course, to the exigencies of military operations against the rebels and the maintenance of a larger standing army — 80,000 men — than Mexico ever had before. The War Department absorbs thirty-one per cent of the current year's Budget.

But how is the necessary revenue to be raised, when the investment of foreign capital has been curtailed, when industrial development has shrunk, when imports and exports have dwindled, when perhaps fifty per cent of the country's total railway mileage of 12,859 miles is out of commission, when important revenue-producing districts are held by the rebels?

[1] A peso is approximately equivalent to fifty cents in American money. — THE EDITORS.

Additional taxation can be resorted to only within comparatively narrow limits, unless new and dangerous discontents are to be provoked. Obviously, then, Mexico's only expedient for the time being is to borrow.

She has, in effect, adjusted with Paris bankers a loan of £16,000,000. But of this sum only £6,000,000 was underwritten outright, the balance being subject to options, and it seems there is some doubt whether the syndicate will take up those options. Their hesitancy is due in part to the continuance of disturbed conditions in Mexico, in part to American non-recognition, in part to the stringency of the European money-markets, but chiefly, it seems, to the desire of the French government that no foreign issue shall stand in the way of the war-loan which France herself is about to launch.

Furthermore, only a small part of the £6,000,000 which Mexico received was available for the government's current needs. Liabilities of £4,000,000 to New York bankers had to be met and other floating indebtedness to be discharged.

Thus, the government of General Huerta, in its efforts to restore peace, is greatly hampered by absolute shortness of funds.

Such, in brief, is the lamentable situation to which this country, so prosperous and respected under the Diaz administration, has been reduced by three years of revolution.

The relations of the United States to this situation may be summed up under the heads of intervention and recognition.

Peaceful intervention or mediation is unacceptable, it seems, to both sides. And armed intervention is too huge an enterprise to be entered on lightly or indeed except in the last resort when every other means shall have been ex-

hausted and no other honorable course is left open. It is not a question how soon an American army of invasion, as in 1847, could reach the capital. If the United States intervene in Mexico, they will become responsible for her to the civilized world for an indefinite period. And Americans in Mexico, who know how heavy that responsibility would be, and how thankless the task, are the first to deprecate a policy of armed intervention on the part of their government, so long as, consistently with safety and honor, it can be avoided.

There is nothing for it, then, if the idea of intervention be discarded, but to give Mexico time to work out her vexed internal problems and fight out her internal quarrels. This, of course, entails inconvenience on the United States, and losses to American citizens having interests in Mexico. But for a large proportion of the latter ultimate compensation can be obtained, and the former must be borne as the less of two evils. I speak, of course, on the assumption that disorder in Mexico will not become chronic, and that she will not be so unwise as deliberately to give to the United States provocation such as no self-respecting nation could tolerate.

The question of recognition by the United States of the Huerta government is a more complex one. Every Anglo-Saxon must condemn the methods by which President Madero and Vice-President Pino Suarez were deposed, and to put the matter as gently as possible, must regret that the provisional government of General Huerta did not take greater precautions to safeguard the lives of the two prisoners. But, at the same time, it is manifestly unreasonable to apply Anglo-Saxon standards to conditions in Mexico. As well might one judge by the standards of modern England the deposition and murder of Richard II by Henry of Bolingbroke or the assassination of Prince Edward by the Yorkist chiefs on the field of Tewkesbury. The United States, which, on becoming independent, inherited all the political conquests achieved by the English race through centuries of bloodshed and turmoil, is perhaps prone to judge rather unsympathetically these Latin-American republics, which, when they became independent, had had no experience in self-government and which inherited vicious and corrupt ideas of administration, as well as political, politico-religious, economic, ethnical and social problems of the most perplexing and intricate character.

In considering the question of recognition it is fair to remember that constitutional forms were at least observed in the transfer of power to the present executive. And the administration of General Huerta is all that at present stands between Mexico and anarchy. If it were overthrown, the condition of this country would become simply hopeless.

Presidential elections have been set for October 26 next, but it may well happen that the country will not have been sufficiently pacified, by that time, for valid elections to be held, and then the provisional term of General Huerta will have to be prolonged. Foreign residents, including Americans, know that elections held in the present disturbed conditions of the country would not only be an empty form, but also, far from allaying disorder, would fan it into a fiercer blaze of hatred and contention.

General Huerta's task in any case will be of the most arduous kind, and inasmuch as on its successful accomplishment the well-being of a neighboring nation, still in the formative period and laboring under many difficulties, is at stake, it would seem to

many unprejudiced observers in Mexico, a friendly act on the part of the United States to the Mexican people to give to the Huerta government, in the form of recognition, the moral support which it needs in the work before it.

Huerta is winning more and more every day the confidence of the business community and the masses of the people. With the latter, in particular, he is steadily growing in favor. He is a man of the people, accessible to the people; he understands the people and the people understand him. Moreover, he is demonstrating many of the qualities needed in the man who is to rule Mexico. The ease with which he has temporarily eliminated, one by one, the members of the *felicista* faction recalls the methods of Porfirio Diaz in his most masterful days. Felix Diaz has been sent on a special diplomatic mission to Japan. General Mondragón, the real leader of the *felicista* uprising, who for a time was Huerta's War Minister, was compelled to resign and was sent on a government commission to Europe. And so on, with some of the minor lights of the group. Thus, what would in the opinion of many, in the present circumstances, be a disturbing factor, has been removed.

It is almost a truism to say that it is more important that the President of Mexico should have the qualifications necessary to enable him to govern the Mexicans than that, in other respects, he should measure up to Anglo-Saxon standards.

I am not defending either the military uprising of February last or the *coup d'état* by which it was brought to an end. On the contrary, in principle, I think that both are severely to be condemned. But I look at things as they are at present and from the standpoint of Mexican conditions, and it seems to me the situation is simply this: Huerta or anarchy.

Such being the case, it seems to follow that the United States should recognize the Huerta régime, not for the sake of Huerta but for the sake of Mexico and the Mexican people, who, as everyone knowing them must concede, are worthy of better destinies than have hitherto been theirs.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

STRAINING AT THE TETHER

On a grass-grown hillside, wearing the softest green in all the world, I sit in a mood of absolute content, for it is a goodly moment. Soft, spicy odors are in my nostrils, of cedar and of wild sage that grows profusely all about; far and near, the blue-green waters ripple in unending loveliness, and the air touches forehead and finger-tips with a new gentleness. Here I sit and think, for, though you cannot think hard in Bermuda, you cannot stop thinking. There is a bland inspiration in the air; your ideas are curiously mixed up with your sensations, and, as the latter constantly present new moments of charm, your mind, like your feet, keeps jogging on, not into new regions, but traveling in content old paths of thought; for the beaten tracks seem safe and sweet.

It is not a new idea that comes to

me as I idly watch the goats browsing here and there below me on the hillside, but it comes with a new freshness, due, doubtless, to the air, and the fragrances, and the little imperceptible sounds that enhance the quiet. Surely it is very odd that every goat in sight is straining at its tether! For the grass is fresh and toothsome, and none is fastened near a bare spot; there are no bare spots. This slope to the sea is a very goat paradise; no Theocritus in the vales of Sicily, in his most idyllic mood, could have dreamed a fairer. At left and right, at rare intervals, one sees the little houses with snow-white roofs where dwell colored folk who apparently fashion their roofs to match their souls, not their skins. In each lives a kindly master of some fortunate goat; a soft-voiced woman, and gentle little brown-faced children who dance with the dancing kids. One can see in approaching these tethered animals that they are respectfully treated, as members of the family; they expect attention, and start a conversation as you approach; they seem to share the Bermudian sense of hospitality in wishing you to feel at home, and they give you a wholly pleasant feeling, not doctrinal but actual, of the brotherhood of men and goats.

Sitting in the warm sunshine, I watch them through half-closed eyes; that makes colors and outlines clearer, thoughts too, sometimes. Why should they do this thing? Every goat and goatlet in Bermuda is straining at its tether; with green and living grass close-by, — for the coffee-colored women in purple calico who come out to tie their respective goats have a genius for choosing the most fertile spots, — is straining after morsels just beyond reach, browner though they be. What, I wonder, is this instinct to escape, which drives us all on and on, over the long track, dominating alike the endless migration of the birds, the wandering of wild-beast herds, and the pioneering of human kind? Never, perhaps, have I been so free from it, and therefore so able to think about it, as I am at this moment, for I am minded to stay here forever, or as long as I can bear these spring-like bird notes mingled with the sound of plashing water on the delicate shore below. For heaven's sake, why can none of us 'stay put,' and rest content? Why, after choosing out of all the world a lot on which to build a little house in far New England, am I haunted and tormented thus by a vision of the lot just beyond? That has come to seem wholly desirable, with its eastern exposure, and its southerly slope for daffodils, while our own, which represented the sum total of desirability when we found it hard to get, is full now of imperfections that urge us on and away. The next lot, the next lot, — so it will go on until I reach that small and ultimate bit of real estate which leaves the location of the next lot too uncertain for covetousness.

Here I go, — a frequent occupation in Bermuda, — to unwind the nearest goat, which has so entangled and tied itself up in its eager and leaping aspiration, — one might suggest parallels, — that it is well-nigh choked; then I go back to my green spot. And in the sunlit air I see pictures of those driven by the immemorial impulsion of the race toward the new, — far-off, forgotten, Asiatic hordes, with their shaggy ponies and their shaggy sons and daughters, forever 'stepping westward' on a 'wilder destiny,' driven they knew not whither, by they knew not what.

I see, what I shall never forget: a great alkali plain beyond the prairies, a dusty prairie schooner drawn by discouraged-looking horses, a discouraged man and woman looking vaguely out and on; and I recall a fact some one had told me, that the ground along this

trail was sown thick with human bones. So is it along the trail of all human ideals!

Forever and forever, come the immigrants to our great ports, father, mother, and children, with carpet-bags and embroidered jackets. All faces wear a look of stolid expectancy, as these close-packed masses move along on the everlasting trek.

None can say what it means, or foresee an end, for God, when he set before us the far horizon, constantly escaping, set also the longing for it within our hearts. It is only because of the innate impulse to escape one's present self that we are here at all; otherwise our forbears had waited quite content without us. Forever a-pace, never arriving, has been the timeless past, and shall be the endless future.

> Ay, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what 's a heaven for?

Yes, but in the light of the fact that a man's reach always does exceed his grasp, what *is* a heaven for? Oddly enough, all the sons of earth, in spite of their life-experience of the necessity of perpetual motion, at least of the spirit, have conceived it as something static, fixed, final. Dreaming now of the walls of paradise, I see only rows upon rows of heads, with wistful eyes straining, longing for even the thistle patch, the thorn patch, any patch beyond.

And I, who could not be more absolutely contented in sense and in inmost soul than I am at this minute, think I see (a malediction on all aspiration, anyway!) a greener spot just beyond, where the juniper-grown slope stands out against water of a softer blue, so again I rise and trudge, with an insidious plan forming itself somewhere down in my subconscious self, where I cannot get at it to stifle it, to write something to-morrow which shall in some fashion voice this endless search of the spirit. It is only the goat impulse, at another stage of the game! No one else could express as well as Mr. Moody has done, the longing from which we may not escape: —

> Careless where our face is set
> Let us take the open way.
> What we are no tongue has told us: Errand-goers who forget?
> Soldiers heedless of their harry? Pilgrim people gone astray?
> We have heard a voice cry 'Wander!'
> That was all we heard it say.
> . . . . . .
> God, who gives the bird its anguish, maketh nothing manifest,
> But upon our lifted foreheads pours the boon of endless quest.

'THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER'

(An old-fashioned poet takes leave of his Pegasus)

With 'vers libre' and the like I have no patience
(Old-fashioned bards to modern fads are foes),
And, now I've realized my limitations,
I'll write in prose.

My Pegasus, farewell! I sadly leave you
For some new master to bestride and break;
But ere we part, my steed, this hint I'll give you,
For old sake's sake.

Be up-to-date, and realize, instanter,
That modern poets dub smooth metres 'rot';
So make your gait, instead of one long canter,
A turkey trot!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1913

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

WHEN I first came into this world the Rihbany clan experienced the usual rejoicing which comes to a Syrian clan when a man-child is born to one of its families. My kindred rejoiced at my advent, not merely because I was a son instead of a daughter, important as that was, but because I was an asset of the clan, a possible reinforcement to their fighting strength, which they had to use often against another powerful clan in the town, called Jirdak. In the Jirdak camp, however, a correspondingly great sorrow was felt. On the same night on which I was born they lost by death one of their most valiant fighters. To be so reduced in power at the same time that the enemy was reinforced with a possible fighter, seemed to the Jirdaks to be a stern heavenly visitation which it was beyond their ability to bear. But so far as I was concerned, the enemies of my people sorrowed in vain. I never lifted a finger against them, never had the chance. My years of strength find me fighting greater battles far, far away from them, but not with carnal weapons.

The usual formalities were observed on the occasion of my birth. Friends, both men and women, came to our house in large numbers, into the very room where the day-old babe and its mother lay, to extend their congratulations. They brought their presents with them as did the 'Wise Men' of old on their historic visit to Bethlehem. They sang and were exceeding glad, because unto them a child was born, a son was given. They were served with wine, coffee, and confections. I was baptized by triple immersion, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and thus adopted by the holy and ancient Greek Orthodox Church as one of her children. When I was forty days old, my mother being permitted again to come into the sanctuary, she carried me to the door of the church, as is the custom, where the robed priest met her, took me in his arms, as the aged Simeon took the infant Jesus, and presented me at the altar before the God of my fathers. In our family history I took rank as the fourth of a family of twelve children, five sons and seven daughters.

My parents were illiterate, as were their parents before them, and the parents of their parents, for generations. My father was a stonemason, a contractor and builder. He was a man of simple, unaffected dignity, kind-hearted, remarkably industrious and devoted to his family. He was highly respected by his kindred and business associates throughout his life. He

always seemed to me to be the type of man who would never willfully and designedly 'walk in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful.' In a business way, however, he was not of the truly sagacious type. Through a wily and decidedly unscrupulous uncle of his, he became involved in certain financial transactions which kept him in debt and perpetual anxiety from early manhood until near his death at the age of eighty. And, oh, that 'debt,' and the ever-recurring dread 'interest' at twelve per cent, and the thousand things which my father might have done to escape the evil designs of his uncle! how they haunted my soul from infancy to manhood, and how I shiver and shrink even now when I recall them to mind! Every bit of our property was taken away from us by the 'Frenchman' who held the mortgage and the hated 'note,' after my father had struggled for years, at least, to reduce the debt, but was prevented from doing so by the exorbitant rate of interest he was forced to pay.

My mother was in some respects more richly endowed by nature than my father. I grew up to consider her the intellectual leader of the family. She possessed an alert and resourceful mind, was swift both to hear and to speak, humorous, and generous to a fault. In our family troubles we generally looked to Mother for the wisest counsel. Along with her intellectual endowment, she possessed beauty of face and form, and absolute fearlessness. I never knew my mother to fear any situation, or anybody. Only the 'debt' oppressed her, because it was foisted upon my father by others. Those who knew her father always testified that she inherited his fearless spirit.

From description, I should judge that that grandfather of mine was such a man as Gideon, or Othniel, or Samson of the ancient leaders of Israel. His mighty voice was so heartening to his own clan in battle, and so terrifying to the enemy, that he was known to his generation as 'Ibrahim the Tiger.' My mother never forgot to remind me, with 'great expectations,' of the fact that I bore her father's name. She said that his sister picked me up when I was but an hour old, kissed my doughy, wrinkly, primitive face, and named me Ibrahim — Abraham — but, rather fortunately, left out 'the tiger.' Her action was confirmed at my baptism. My mother's strength of mind and great courage did not, as is sometimes the case with such women, militate against her feminine qualities. She was always a woman from the tip of her finger to the centre of her heart, and according to the fashion of her time and country an excellent housekeeper.

II

My father's house was a typical, common, Syrian house. It was one story high, and consisted of two rooms, a living room and a storeroom. It was built of roughly hewn stone,[1] and had one door and two windows, which had wooden shutters, without glass. The roof was the biblical earth-covered flat roof, such as the one on which Peter went up to pray in ancient Joppa. On every Syrian roof there is a stone roller, with which the dirt is rolled down and made hard enough to 'shed water.' 'Rolling the roof' is a daily task for the man of the house in the winter season. Failure to do this causes the roof to soften and the rain to soak through and 'drop' into the house. The 'dropping' is one of the most hateful things to a Syrian household. The writer of the

[1] In the western part of Syria all the houses are built of stone; in the eastern part generally of sun-dried brick. — The Author.

book of Proverbs did not at all exaggerate the ugliness of the situation when he said, 'Continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.'

The interior of that house of my early childhood appears on the negative of my memory in this shape. On the right as you enter stands a small structure of sun-dried brick, called *mekhdaah*. It is about five feet high, six feet long, and a foot deep. On the inner side it is divided into openings of different sizes, and serves the cosmopolitan purpose of a china closet, kettle cupboard, a place for father's Turkish pipe — *narghile* — and tobacco, and whatever other little articles it may be convenient for the moment to thrust into it. The *maukedah* — fireplace — is at the forward end of this structure. It is such a fireplace as you would build at a picnic: square, open at the top for the kettle to set in, and at one side to admit the fuel. It is built of clay mixed with straw and fine quartz. There is no chimney. The smoke floats in the house with the sufferance of public opinion. The ceiling is black and shining as if it had been varnished. The earthen floor is painted frequently with red mud, and rubbed with a smooth stone until it shines. It is furnished with straw mats, cushions, and, in the winter season, soft and fluffy sheepskins. There are no chairs, no bedsteads. The family sit and sleep on the floor. The bed consists of a thick cushion for a mattress, stuffed with wool or cotton, a pillow of the same material, and a quilt for a cover. So when Jesus said to the man he had healed, 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk,' the man did not have very much to carry. In the daytime the beds are either rolled up, each one, in a heap and left on the floor, next to the wall, or put in a recess in the wall, constructed for the purpose.

By the stone pillar stands the large earthen barrel of flour, on top of which is the large basin in which the bread is kept. Back, by the partition which stands between the two rooms, are two or three large, plain wooden chests which form the wardrobe for the whole family. The opposite wall contains many openings in which earthen jars, containing the family winter supply of dried fruits, cereals, butter, lentils, beans, crushed wheat, olives, olive-oil, molasses, rice, and other earthly comforts, are placed. By the door, on the left, there is a low wooden bench which holds the fresh-water jars, in which the women of the house carry the water from the fountain, as did the woman of Samaria whom Jesus met at Jacob's well. There are no pictures on the whitewashed walls. The only ornaments are a shot-gun, an ammunition belt, a short sword, and a few articles of wearing apparel, which hang from wooden nails. There are no books of any kind, no musical instruments. The other room contains the wood and charcoal, tools, and so forth.

My father's house did not stand on a street, because streets are unknown to Syrian towns. There was no lawn around the house, no fence, no garden of any kind, no flower-beds. The immediate surroundings were our grove of mulberry trees, consisting of four large terraces, a terrace of grapevines, a large fig tree which bore black figs, a pomegranate tree and an apple tree. On the west side of the house we had a large climbing rosebush, which lifted its flaming top above the roof, and an alder bush, which bore blossoms of delicate texture and sweet fragrance. These bushes were permitted to share the soil with the more useful trees, not simply for æsthetic delight, but because their blossoms possessed medicinal properties. At least we thought so, and thoughts are things. The houses of my

two uncles, father's brothers, stood very near our house, and had similar surroundings.

III

Back of our house, and extending some three hundred feet eastward, stood a row of majestic oak trees, which did not belong to us. They were perfect specimens of strength and beauty, and a real delight to the senses and the soul. But, strange as this may seem, the proximity of those trees to our house and my uncles' houses was very displeasing to our families. In so poor a country as Syria has been for ages, objects of mere intellectual and æsthetic delight savor of vain and vexatious things. The mode of life is severely utilitarian. Only the rich and the Europeans revel in the pleasures of gardens and other great luxuries. To the masses, the only desirable possessions are those things which can be converted into bread and raiment. The owners of those oak trees were of the families more highly favored with the things of this world; therefore they did not need the revenue which the strip of land occupied by the oak trees might yield, if put to better use.

But our family felt differently about this matter. The oaks shaded a whole terrace of precious, silk-yielding mulberry trees for us, and some grapevines, while their mighty roots drained the soil of its substance. That was a grave situation. It meant for us loss of revenue. The mighty oaks assumed in the eyes of my people the functions of highway robbers, of enemies which never slumbered or slept and which stood at our very door. How to get rid of them was one of those family perplexities which filled my childish mind with disquieting curiosity. My father was offered much advice, gratis, as to how to kill those pernicious oaks. Not being ours, they had, of course, to be killed in some mysterious way. One of my uncles, who was of a rather grasping disposition, felt a decidedly keener antagonism toward the oaks than did my father. At times he looked and swore at them with great avidity.

So far as I can remember, the first means which was employed to wither those giants of the forest was prayer, the Oriental's most natural speech. But, for some reason or other, prayer failed to accomplish the desired results. Then an appeal was addressed to St. John (I do not recall whether it was the Baptist or the Evangelist) whose convent was in full view from our house, farther down on the slope of the hill. He was promised three piasters (twelve cents) and a cruse of pure olive oil to be burned in the lamp which hung in front of his very picture. The understanding was that the saint was to show signs of death in the oaks before any payment was made; but St. John, for reasons known only to himself, failed to rise to the occasion and do what was expected. That was a severe disappointment.

However, there were other means of relief yet to be tried. My father was advised to seek a magician and have him 'blast' the oaks by his diabolical art. The formula as I heard it stated was this: The magician would enchant a pailful of water; breathe into it the very essence of Satan himself. Then all my father had to do was to step out in the night and sprinkle the enchanted water at the trunks of the oak trees, close to the ground, and they would wither in an incredibly short time. Fortunately for the trees, however, such magicians passed through our town only at long and uncertain intervals, and when one of them happened to be at hand, father was either absent from home, or something else happened to make the moment altogether inopportune for such dangerous operations.

One of our cousins urged that an

appeal be made to a person having the 'evil eye.' One having the evil eye was supposed to do great damage by just admiring an object. A fat and sweet baby, a handsome and strong man, a beautiful woman, a very fruitful tree, an abundant crop of silk cocoons, or any other good and beautiful person or thing, stood in constant danger of being injured or even killed by an admiring evil eye. Often did my mother grab and run away with me — her beautiful baby — to the nearest hiding-place, when one who was supposed to 'strike with the eye,' happened to be passing anywhere near our house. Certainly those oak trees were things to be admired. Then why not secure an evil-eyed person, and bribe him or her to cast upon those trees a blasting look? However, those persons who were suspected of having the evil eye, for obvious reasons never would admit the fact, and certainly they were not in the market for hire.

The last prescription to be considered, so far as I remember, for doing away with the beautiful oaks was the use of mercury. Father was told by those who 'knew,' that if he would take an augur and bore a hole in any tree and then pour in the hole a small quantity of mercury — 'live mercury' — the tree would die. Mercury, being very heavy in weight and of such awful, mysterious potency, would penetrate the fibres of the tree in seeking to return to the ground, course through the roots, and thus destroy all their fibres. That was a simple operation. But father was not the kind of a man to undertake it. He might resort to some impersonal agency of destruction, like prayer or magic, but to do evil himself, to destroy with his own hands, that he would not. He would not assassinate a tree any more than he would a person. So far as I know, the oak trees still stand, and wave their lofty tops over the mulberry trees and the grapevines which were forced away from us by my father's creditors.

IV

It must be that the nights I was first aware of in my father's house made deeper impressions upon my mind than the days, because they offer themselves now to my pen as the earliest bits of my conscious existence. This, I suppose, because of the fear with which they inspired me. I do not recall the time when, as a little child, those deep shadows which the dim lamplight emphasized behind the pillar in the middle of the house, and other objects, did not frighten me whenever I looked at them. Our only source of light was a small kerosene lamp, one of the very first to come to our town after the subtle fluid of the Standard Oil Company reached Syria, shortly before my conscious life began. It was, however, a great improvement on the little olive-oil lamp, the 'candle' of the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Virgins — an earthen saucer, with a protruding little lip curled up at one point in the rim for the wick. The lamp was placed on the edge of the mekhdaah, just above the fireplace. The corner in its immediate vicinity was reasonably well lighted, but the remoter parts of the living room were veiled with ghastly yellowish darkness.

But the most vivid of my early memories of kerosene is very grim. In filling the lamp one night my sister spilled some oil on the earthen floor. In order to amuse me she told me to soak little bits of cloth in the oil and touch a match to them and they would burn quickly. As I was doing so one of the little rags fell from my hand on the floor. I thought I saw where it fell and reached down and grabbed something that looked like it. It was a scorpion!

The fiery sting pierced my flesh under the thumb nail. I rolled on the floor, a ball of quivering flesh, with a dart of the bitterest fiery pain, which never abated the whole night, reaching from my thumb to my heart.

I feel no hesitancy in saying that when Rehoboam said to the people of Israel, 'My father chastised you with whips but I will chastise you with scorpions,' he made a telling figure, and the people of that country, which is full of all manner of 'creeping things,' must have understood him very clearly.

Our nights were not tricked into cheerfulness by any of the multitude of means which delight child-life in this age and country. As a child I enjoyed the love and care of devoted parents, the deep, instinctive, but untutored affections and protection of a richly endowed mother. But notwithstanding all that, and except on festive occasions, the evenings were very dreary for the little ones. There were no children's story-books to read, and there was no one who could have read them, if any of them had fallen into our hands. No pictures for the children, and none to cheer the blankness of those white-washed walls, which the smoke tinged with a murky hue. No toys of any kind. Now and then we fell spontaneously into a fit of laughter, or played a game of hide-and-seek in the dark corners of the room. Now and then we were favored with a tale about a miracle happening in the graveyard, or about ghosts, or wild beasts, which made the very hairs of our heads hiss with fear. Our peevishness and naughtiness had no 'psychological guidance.' When bribes, which were by no means of the most persuasive kind, failed, the chief remedy was, 'Be good or the camel will get you!' 'Listen! the hyena is coming! *Coming! right at the door!!*' From the fact that men could ride on his back, we always concluded that the camel must possess at least the imitation of a human spirit. But the hyena, so terrible and so abundant in the surrounding woods and rocky hills, never failed to bring us to terms. This is why, I believe, my earliest memories of the nights in my father's house claim precedence as I write.

And as I reflect on those days now, I realize most clearly how limited, how meagrely inventive, is love without culture. How almost helpless is sympathy without knowledge. Love is indeed 'the greatest thing in the world,' but without knowledge, acquired knowledge — real culture — love is like a skilled workman without his tools, a mariner without his chart and compass.

But the more joyful memories of those plastic years were stored in my mind in the spring and summer seasons. When the ploughman came, some time in April, to plough the mulberry terraces for us, I experienced a delicious sensation. When that rough peasant arrived with his primitive plough on his right shoulder, the yoke hanging from the left shoulder, his long, hard, strong goad — the same as the one with which 'Shamgar, son of Anath, slew of the Philistines six hundred men' — in his left hand, and his two cows, or oxen, or a cow and an ox, walking before him, my childish eyes beheld a most enchanting picture. His 'laborer' also came with the ploughman to break the clods behind the plough. 'Judah shall plow, and Jacob shall break the clods.' I would stand at a respectful distance, because of their menacing horns, and, with joyous bewilderment, watch those cows, with their eyes enlarged and their backs kinked, pull at the urging and goading of their master, turn the soil and cause the small stones and clods to roll musically over the terrace walls.

In the latter part of April the eggs

or 'seeds' of the silkworm begin to stir with life in the muslin sack (their winter quarters) hanging from the ceiling. Mother takes the sack down, as she makes the sign of the cross and implores the divine blessing on the silk crop that is to be. The sack is opened. The tiny worms are transferred to large trays where they are fed on mulberry leaves with conscientious regularity. Holy water is secured from the priest, consecrated especially to protect the precious worms from ants and mice, and sprinkled in the house. With such a sense of security, we proceed to bestow tender and incessant care on the silkworms for forty days, at the end of which time they cease to eat and begin to spin their cocoons in the bundles of brush especially prepared for them. It is a delight to watch them build their silken houses. My eyes feast, looking at them for hours, watching the web grow from a thin haze to a heavy shell. In a week's time the bundles of brush are converted into a solid mass of cocoons. One of the most luxurious of the bundles is given to the patron saint of the family for his gracious protection of the crop. Some choice cocoons are saved for seed, and the rest of the crop is sold to the spinners.

The summer follows and I dance for joy. Our own vines and fig trees, the desire of a peaceful Israel, are laden with fruit. The delicious black figs show their African faces among the large rough green leaves. The grapes and pomegranates afford delightful varieties. My uncle has an apricot tree near our house. He instructs me 'not to touch it,' but I do, both for the sake of eating apricots, and to spite him.

That was my father's house in its natural setting and human atmosphere. That was the feeding place and shrine of my early childhood, and these are my memories of it.

V

The larger environment of my early years was the town of El-Shweir in which my father's house stood. El-Shweir falls, geographically, in the province of Mount Lebanon, Syria, in Asiatic Turkey. It is situated about midway between Jerusalem on the south, and Antioch on the north, about sixty miles to the northwest of Damascus, and fifteen miles east of Beyrout and the Mediterranean Sea. Ecclesiastically, El-Shweir falls within the ancient See of Antioch, in the chief city of which the followers of Christ were first called 'Christians.'

The inhabitants of El-Shweir, who are supposed to count ten thousand,—and to the poetic Oriental mind a supposition is always more agreeable than an actual count,—are all of the Christian faith, and overwhelmingly Greek Orthodox. The minority consists of Maronites and Greek Catholics.[1] The inhabitants' chief source of livelihood is the stonemason trade, which is handed down from father to son, not, however, according to status, but from choice. The majority of the men follow

[1] The Greek Orthodox Church, known also as the Eastern Church, includes a great portion of Christendom, and with the exception of the Russian dominions is governed by the four independent patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem.

The Maronite Church is an ancient national communion of Mt. Lebanon, which in the 12th century came voluntarily under the sway of the Pope of Rome. It is governed by a local patriarch and a hierarchy, and retains many of its ancient characteristics, such as the marriage of the inferior clergy and the use of the Syriac service.

The Greek Catholic Church is a branch of the Greek Orthodox Church, which, as the result of a schism, joined the Church of Rome in the 18th century. The chief "Western" characteristics of the church are its submission to the Pope and its adoption of the Gregorian Calendar. In other respects it is practically the same as the Greek Orthodox Church. — THE AUTHOR.

this trade, and the minority provide the town with its storekeepers, blacksmiths, carpenters, butchers, muleteers and loafers — the leisure class.

The rocky hills which surround El-Shweir are crowned with lofty pine trees, the lower slopes are covered with grapevines and fig trees, while groves of mulberry trees form the immediate environs of the town. In its depressed location El-Shweir sees but little of the outside world. Ascending to the summits of the surrounding hills, however, one beholds some of the most beautiful and sublime natural scenery in the world: the rugged and picturesque slopes of Western Lebanon, terminating in luxurious gardens at the sandy shores of the blue and dreamy Mediterranean; the city of Beyrout, with its white buildings standing on the glittering shore like blocks of silver on a cloth of gold; a countless number of hills and mountains, groves of pine and olive trees, winding streams, vineyards, and a multitude of towns and hamlets, nestling in the bosom of the hills in all directions as far as the eye can see.

The large majority of the houses of El-Shweir were similar to our house. A few houses were two stories, and one or two three stories high. There were no streets. Syrian towns never were built according to preconceived plans. Each man built on his own piece of land, regardless of general convenience and symmetry. One or two main roads ran winding through the town, and crooked stony footpaths, running from all directions, connected with those roads. In the rainy season the roads became streams of water, mud and slush, and pedestrians picked their way as best they could.

The Orient in general has never troubled itself about sanitation, not even in the large cities. At the present time some changes for the better are gradually being introduced, but in my early years the country was just as Isaiah and Paul left it. Filth and refuse were thrown everywhere in the roads and around the houses. The 'dung-hill' existed by every house. The people knew nothing about germs, and the germs apparently knew nothing about the people. Or rather, the germs did their utmost with the people generations ago, leaving only those who proved germproof.

In recent years El-Shweir has made some progress in certain directions, but when I was a child it was decidedly primitive. When I think of that portion of my life in comparison with my present state, I seem to myself to have traveled through the lights and shadows of two thousand years. I never knew in those days what a library was; never saw street lights, glass windows, iron stoves, public halls, newspapers, structural iron of any kind, or anything that rolled on wheels. I had never heard the piano but once (in the home of an American missionary) before I came to America. Public education, citizenship, a national flag, political institutions of any description, were as unknown to me as the postulated inhabitants of Mars.

VI

The social life of the El-Shweir of my childhood was no less strangely interesting. As in other parts of Syria, and as in the days of Israel and Canaan, and the Jews and the Samaritans, the various clans of the town lived on terms of mutual enmity. Seldom did a year pass without a serious fight occurring between the clan of Rihbany and the clan of Jirdak. To down the other clans seemed to be every clan's ideal. This I was taught by example and precept from my infancy. Often did I hear a cousin of mine say that he would pay

the toll-tax for every man who died in the clan of Jirdak. As clans, we lived in accordance with the precept, 'Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, burning for burning, wound for wound,' and no favor. There was indeed social intercourse between the various clans; there were common feasts and festivals. But all these were temporary concessions which our contiguous existence and the oneness of our religious faith required. It is not difficult to see, therefore, that under such conditions the ideal man for us was the fighter. The good man, the man wise in counsel, was indeed greatly revered, but he needed the fighter to maintain his supremacy.

Of these thoughts my young soul drank its fill. Those men of strong limbs, heavy voices and fiery eyes stood for me as the heights of my climbing ambition. To be like one of them was a dream which seemed to me too good to be realized. And those interclannish fights, which I witnessed in my innocent, plastic days, thrill my soul to its centre, even now, when I think of them. The sight of a few hundred men engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, shouting, cursing, swearing, and inflamed with wrath; hundreds of women shrieking, children howling in terror; stones, clubs, and clods flying in all directions, blood dripping from heads and faces, was indeed bewildering, overwhelming for a little soul to witness.

The large majority of the men of El-Shweir were absent from their homes from spring until late autumn. As a rule they left their home town right after the Easter festival, and scattered all over Syria in pursuit of their trade as stone-masons. In their travels 'in the land of the stranger' they forgot their clannish animosities and worked and lived together as friends. They stored their summer wages in their Damascus-made girdles, until their return home. Their families in the mean time lived on credit.

Late in the autumn the men returned to town to spend the winter at home in complete idleness. Upon their arrival clannish animosities reasserted themselves in their hearts. Their wives, who stayed at home the year round and kept up their own feminine clannish fights, hardly allowed their returning husbands time enough to put their shoes from off their feet at the door, and their traveling bags from off their backs, before they told them of the many indignities which had been heaped upon their families in their absence, not only by the women and children of the other clan, but also by the old men who remained in the town during the summer. Thus a grave situation was immediately created, and the men made ready to 'clear for action' on short notice.

When my father came home the occasion was deliciously interesting to me. Life took on greater vigor and exhilaration. He brought with him many goodies which were 'pleasant to the sight and good for food.' The sound of the bubbling water in his long-idle narghile, the smell of the Persian tobacco smoked in it, his manly voice, and the sense of added security which his presence gave, were choice pleasures. It was a supreme moment for me when he took down the gun from the wall to clean and oil it. I was always taught that the gun was made by Satan, and I should not touch it, but I never knew the time when I did not take awe-inspiring delight in looking at this product of Satan's genius.

The social pleasures of the people of our town were very simple and unlearned. No literary circles, no lectures, theatres, or receptions; no dried-beef-and-creamed-potato church suppers, or ice-cream socials to pay the minister's salary. The social routine was very simple and most favorable to the per-

petuation of the juvenile temper. Life did not radiate in broad, intellectual, æsthetic, ethical, and political highways. It had only a few hungers to feed and small ambitions to satisfy. The inhabitants of the town gathered in homogeneous groups and feasted themselves on gossip and tales of adventure. Eating and drinking in parties was frequent. 'Tossing the ball' was a favorite game with the men, which, however, frequently ended in a serious fight. 'Lifting the mortar' was another heroic feat. A wooden handle was fastened in the hollow of a large stone mortar, and the strong men vied with one another in lifting it with the right arm to the shoulder, or the full height of the arm. Rivalry in this game, also, often precipitated a fight.

The game called 'Two-steps-and-a-jump' was an exciting one. A 'mark' was placed at a certain point. The player made a short run — 'to gather his strength' — until he reached the mark. Then he sprang forward with all his might, two steps and a jump. Another mark was placed where his feet last struck the ground. Thus the men strove to out-distance one another, and he whose agility placed the third mark beyond the reach of all others won the day.

The coming of 'the bear and the monkey' greatly excited the populace. The owner of the animals beat upon his tambourine at a certain spot in the town, to which the multitude hastened. A small sum was granted him by the authorities, out of the tax-money. He made the bear 'dance' and the monkey perform antics. He sang songs, the enchanting qualities of which made the animals do certain pleasing things. But the climax of the bear-and-monkey entertainment was reached when some strong man offered to wrestle with the bear.

The man comes forward. The bear, urged by his owner, stands up on his hind feet. The wild and the human beast come together. The man's arms encircle the bear just under the armpits. The owner must see to it that the bear does not bite his antagonist. The battle is joined. The bear snorts and grunts. The man does no less. The crowd sways with every movement of the combatants. The owner urges his bear to victory. The crowd, in a similar manner, stiffen the resolution of the man. Such a battle cannot last long. The bear grows weaker, because he has danced long before the fight. The crowd shouts. The man grips the ground with his feet and, with a last mighty push, lands upon the roaring animal! Men rush forward, extricate the victor from the claws of the angry beast, and proclaim him hero. The owner soothes the misfortune of his vanquished pet.

Playing cards was a prevalent pastime. Propounding riddles, like that which Samson propounded to the Philistines, was very popular. Ghost stories abounded. The miraculous workings of saints were often and reverently rehearsed; the relative strength of the kings of Europe considered, mythical heroes extolled, etcetera, etcetera.

VII

But the chief social event of the town, the summit of social joy to both old and young, was the marriage feast. I always looked forward to a marriage feast as do those who watch for the morning. Its tumultuous joys rolled within my soul like ocean waves. It was then that as a child I could do absolutely as I pleased. It was then that my pockets burst with plenty. Sugar-plums, nuts, raisins, cakes, and other delicacies fell into my hands in great profusion. The singing, dancing, and sword-playing thrilled every nerve in

me. Both in childhood and youth, *El-Airis* — marriage feast — was to me an expression comprehensive of multitudinous joy.

According to the ancient customs of Syria, which go back to that wedding of Cana of Galilee and ages beyond it, it is not a wedding day that is appointed, but a wedding festival, which extends over several days, during which time the whole town thinks of nothing else.

During the preceding week, a deputation on behalf of the bridegroom's family, and another on behalf of the bride's, visit all the chief homes of the various clans in the town and notify them of the coming event. This is the equivalent of an invitation to all the members of all the families. Whosoever will may come. Only unfriendly clans or families are omitted and only such refuse to come, even if invited. The parable in the Gospel of St. Matthew of 'a certain king, which made a marriage for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding, and they would not come,' indicates this social peculiarity. The intention of the parable was to show the persistent antagonism of the Jews of the apostolic age to the Christian faith. Though they were 'called' again and again, they would not come. To refuse an invitation to a marriage feast in Syria, excepting in case of a recent sorrow, is a sign of deep-seated enmity.

His wedding day is the supremest day in a man's life. Marriage to the Syrian Christians is not only a holy sacrament, but an ideal to which all other ideals stand subordinate. The loveliest thing a guest can say to parents at the end of a meal is, 'May we eat again within this house at the wedding of the dear grooms [i.e. sons].' Matrimonial expectations are affectionately expressed to boys from early childhood. Whatever service or courtesy a boy renders, he is repaid for it by saying to him, 'May we serve at your wedding?'

The guests come to the wedding in large groups, of hundreds and of fifties, representing clans and houses. While yet a short distance from the bridegroom's house they begin singing in groups and in diverse tunes. A large company of the groom's clan rushes out to meet the approaching throng, with singing and shouts of joy. The two groups meet and merge together, making not only 'a joyful noise,' but a deafening roar. They march into the house and are met by those within, with similar manifestations of joy. Presently all singing ceases. The relatives of the bridegroom stand in a straight line, with him as its centre and glory, facing their guests who have also fallen in line. The guests, speaking all together say, 'Blessed, O bridegroom, be your enterprise; May Allah bless you with many sons and a long life; Our joy this day is supreme.' To which the relatives of the bridegroom respond in similar fashion: 'May Allah bless your lives; May such events happen in your homes; May all your sons who are needy (of marriage) be so blessed and made happy. You have honored us by your coming!' The two parties thus give vent to their happy feelings, simultaneously causing a commotion resembling an artillery duel. Only an expert in the etiquette of the occasion is able to comprehend the meaning of the felicitations.

This part of the proceedings in the marriage festivities was always most thrilling to me. So many strong men, dressed in their best and many-colored garments, formed for me a rare picture of strength and beauty. My soul expanded and contracted with the rise and fall of their mighty voices. My heart beat tumultuously as the two crowds merged together in happy confusion. My supreme care was to be at

a safe distance from the wild tread of those many strong limbs, and the fearful points of those swords flashing at the head of the procession.

Sunday is the last and greatest day of the wedding festivities. It is the day of the solemnizing of the marriage, and all the town is out. If the ceremony is to take place at the house, then the bride is brought to the house of the bridegroom as Rebekah was brought to Isaac's house, where the consecration takes place. But if at the church, as is most often the case, then both the bridegroom and the bride are escorted there by the multitude. 'The bringing of the bride' from her father's house was a most interesting event to me as a child. Picked men are sent to 'bring the bride,' thus echoing the ancient custom of strong men forcing the bride away from her kindred. If the bridegroom is to be grave and reserved in his conversation, the bride is expected to be absolutely silent while the festivities last. She is not to open her eyes, either, excepting on rare occasions. Nor is she to close her eyes tightly. That would be humiliating crudeness. She has been instructed carefully to exercise her eyelids with lovely gentleness, until they just touch fringes, with no sign of effort, or stress. The 'drooping eyelids' of the right kind of a bride are poetized by the Syrians as a superb example of bewitching loveliness.

What seemed like an inscrutable mystery to my little mind on such an occasion, was the behavior of the bridegroom and the bride. Where did they get, all at once, such unapproachable dignity? Were they still such people as we are? Were they still my cousins? It did not seem possible. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw them a few days after the wedding conducting themselves just like other people. The bridegroom's looks were no longer awe-inspiring. The bride's eyes were wide open, and the output of her organs of speech seemed unlimited.

Shortly after the arrival of the escorting party, who are immediately served with wine and confections, the bride is led from her bridal seat by women attendants and the closest male friends of the bridegroom. The etiquette of the country requires that she walk out of her father's house extremely slowly. On some occasions the walk of the bride from the innermost part of the room to the door consumes about half an hour. A decorated horse or mule is at the door, on whose back she is lifted by the strong men of the party. Another mule carries the bride's bed and clothes-chest, and the procession moves slowly toward the sanctuary, amidst great rejoicing. A large concourse of people escorts the bridegroom.

When the ceremony takes place in the night, the whole affair assumes a brilliant aspect. Sword-players, singers, 'musicians,' torch-bearers and other merrymakers surround the bridegroom, and are distributed also along the procession. The housetops are filled with spectators, largely women and children. They shower on the procession rose-water, flower-water, wheat (the symbol of fecundity), and confections. Waves of *zelagheet* — songs peculiar to women — float over the marching host. The procession moves with flashing swords, flaring lamps and torches, and an indescribable din of music and song. 'Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him,' and woe to those 'foolish virgins' who are not ready to join the joyous throng! The contracting parties meet at the altar, and are joined together in holy marriage by a most impressive ceremony. This done, the mighty host retraces its steps with the happy couple to the house of the bridegroom, where the chief feast of the occasion has been prepared. Food is provided for an un-

limited number of guests. They come from all the walks of life, from 'the highways and the hedges,' and the house is literally filled. In the summer season the feast is spread on the housetop, but as most of the weddings occur in the winter, the guests crowd into the house, and eat and drink from an apparently unlimited supply of Syrian generosity. With this feast end the wedding festivities.

Such were the simple pleasures and social activities amid which my earthly life began. So distressingly homogeneous, so unmixed with higher intellectual and ethical delights, was the life of my people. There was no higher education to rid the mind of trivialities and superstitions, and lead to the higher unity of ideals. No industry to teach the value of time and create a longing for peace. No civic spirit to convert life's activities into ethical and social values, and lead to the love of law and order, and to cleanliness and beauty of material surroundings. Such was the home of my people when it was first introduced to my consciousness; out of it I have traveled by devious ways to the vastly various and complex present.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

A WEDDING AND OTHER MATTERS

[These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story. The writer, a young woman, who had lost her husband in a railroad accident, went to Denver to seek support for herself and her two-year-old daughter, Jerrine. Turning her hand to the nearest work, she went out by the day as house-cleaner and laundress. Later, seeking to better herself, she accepted employment as housekeeper for a well-to-do Scotch cattleman, Mr. Stewart, who had taken up a quarter section in Wyoming. The letters written to a former employer in Denver tell the rest of her story. The first installment appeared in the October issue. — The Editors.]

Burnt Fork, Wyo., *Nov.* 22.

My dear Friend, —

I was dreadfully afraid that my last letter was too much for you and now I feel plumb guilty. I really don't know how to write you for I have to write so much to say so little, and now that my last letter made you sick I almost wish so many things did n't happen to me for I always want to tell you. Many things have happened since I last wrote and Zebulon Pike is not done for by any means, but I guess I will tell you my newest experience.

I am making a wedding dress. Don't grin, it is n't mine, — worse luck! But I must begin at the beginning. Just after I wrote you before, there came a terrific storm which made me appreciate indoor cosiness, but as only baby and I were at home I expected to be very lonely. The snow was just whirling when I saw some one pass the window. I opened the door and in came the dumpiest little woman and two daughters. She asked me if I was 'Mis' Rupit.' I told her that she had almost guessed it, and then she introduced herself. She said she was 'Mis' Dane,' that she had heard there was a new stranger

in the country, so she had brought her twin girls, Sedalia and Regalia, to be neighborly. While they were taking off their many coats and wraps it came out that they were from Linwood, thirty miles away. I was powerful glad I had a pot roast and some baked beans.

After we had put the horses in the barn we had dinner and I heard the story of the girls' odd names. The mother is one of those 'comfy,' fat little women who remain happy and bubbling with fun in spite of hard knocks. I had already fallen in love with Regalia, she is so jolly and unaffected, so fat and so plain. Sedalia has a veneer of most uncomfortable refinement. She was shocked because Gale ate all the roast she wanted, and if I had been very sensitive I would have been in tears, because I ate a helping more than Gale did.

But about the names. It seemed that 'Mis' Dane' married quite young, was an orphan, and had no one to tell her things she should have known. She lived in Missouri, but about a year after her marriage the young couple started overland for the West. It was in November, and one night when they had reached the plains a real blue blizzard struck them. 'Mis' Dane' had been in pain all day and soon she knew what was the matter. They were alone and it was a day's travel back to the last house. The team had given out and the wind and sleet were seeing which could do the most meanness. At last the poor man got a fire started and a wagon sheet stretched in such a manner that it kept off the sleet. He fixed a bed under the poor shelter and did all he could to keep the fire from blowing away, and there, a few hours later, a little girl baby was born. They melted sleet in the frying pan to get water to wash it. 'Mis' Dane' kept feeling no better fast, and about the time they got the poor baby dressed a second little one came.

That she told me herself is proof she did n't die, I guess, but it is right hard to believe she did n't. Luckily the fire lasted until the babies were dressed and the mother began to feel better, for there was no wood. Soon the wind stopped and the snow fell steadily. It was warmer, and the whole family snuggled up under the wagon sheet and slept.

Mr. Dane is a powerful good husband. He waited two whole days for his wife to gain strength before he resumed the journey, and on the third morning he actually carried her to the wagon. Just think of it! Could more be asked of any man?

Every turn of the wheels made poor 'Mis' Dane' more homesick. Like Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, she had a taste for geographical names, and 'Mis' Dane' is very loyal, so she wanted to call the little firstborn 'Missouri.' Mr. Dane said she might, but that if she did he would call the other one 'Arkansas.' Sometimes homesickness would almost master her. She would hug up the little red baby and murmur 'Missouri,' and then daddy would growl playfully to 'Arkansas.' It went on that way for a long time and at last she remembered that Sedalia was in Missouri, so she felt glad and really named the older baby Sedalia. But she could think of nothing to match the name and was in constant fear the father would name the other baby 'Little Rock.'

For three years poor Gale was just 't' other one.' Then the Danes went to Green River where some lodge was having a parade. They were watching the drill when a 'bystander that was standing by' said something about the 'fine regalia.' Instantly 'Mis' Dane' thought of her unnamed child; so since that time Gale has had a name.

There could be no two people more

unlike than the sisters. Sedalia is really handsome, and she is thin. But she is vain, selfish, shallow and conceited. Gale is not even pretty, but she is clean and she is honest. She does many little things that are not exactly polite, but she is good and true. They both went to the barn with me to milk. Gale tucked up her skirts and helped me. She said, 'I just love a stable, with its hay and comfortable, contented cattle. I never go into one without thinking of the little baby Christ. I almost expect to see a little red baby in the straw every time I peek into a manger.'

Sedalia answered, 'Well, for heaven's sake, get out of the stable to preach. Who wants to stand among these smelly cows all day?'

They stayed with us almost a week, and one day when Gale and I were milking she asked me to invite her to stay with me a month. She said to ask her mother, and left her mother and myself much together. But Sedalia stuck to her mother like a plaster and I just could not stand Sedalia a whole month. However, I was spared all embarrassment, for 'Mis' Dane' asked me if I could not find work enough to keep Gale busy for a month or two. She went on to explain that Sedalia was expecting to be married and that Gale was so 'common' she would really spoil the match. I was surprised and indignant, especially as Sedalia sat and listened so brazenly, so I said I thought Sedalia would need all the help she could get to get married and that I should be glad to have Gale visit me as long as she liked.

So Gale stayed on with me. One afternoon she had gone to the post-office when I saw Mr. Patterson ride up. He went into the bunk-house to wait until the men should come. Now, from something Gale had said I fancied that Bob Patterson must be the right man. I am afraid I am not very delicate about that kind of meddling, and while I had been given to understand that Patterson was the man Sedalia expected to marry, I did n't think any man would choose her if he could get Gale, so I called him. We had a long chat and he told me frankly he wanted Gale but that she did n't care for him, and that they kept throwing 'that danged Sedalia' at him. Then he begged my pardon for saying 'danged,' but I told him I approved of the word when applied to Sedalia, and broke the news to him that Gale was staying with me. He fairly beamed. So that night I left Gale to wash dishes and Bob to help her while I held Mr. Stewart a prisoner in the stable and questioned him regarding Patterson's prospects and habits. I found both all that need be, and told Mr. Stewart about my talk with Patterson, and he said, 'Wooman, some day ye'll gang ploom daft.' But he admitted he was glad it was the 'bonny lassie, instead of the bony one.' When we went to the house Mr. Stewart said, 'Weel, when are you douchy bairns gangin' to the kirk?'

They left it to me, so I set Thanksgiving Day, and as there is no kirk to gang to, we are going to have a justice of the peace and they are to be married here. We are going to have the dandiest dinner that I can cook, and Mr. Stewart went to town next day for the wedding dress, the gayest plaid outside of Caledonia. But Gale has lots of sense and is going to wear it. I have it almost finished, and while it does n't look just like a Worth model, still it looks plumb good for me to have made. The boys are going up after Zebulon Pike, and Mr. Stewart is going after 'Mis' Dane.' Joy waves are radiating from this ranch and about Thanksgiving morning one will strike you.

With lots of love and happy wishes,

Your ex-Washlady,

ELINORE RUPERT.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

. . . I think everyone enjoyed our Thanksgiving programme except poor Gale. She was grieved, I verily believe, because Mr. Patterson is not Mormon and could not take Sedalia and herself also. I suppose it seemed odd to her to be unable to give way to Sedalia as she had always done.

I had cooked and cooked. Gale and Zebulon Pike both helped all they could. The wedding was to be at twelve o'clock, so at ten I hustled Gale into my room to dress. I had to lock the door to keep her in and I divided my time between the last touches to my dinner and the finishing touches to Gale's toilet and receiving the people. The Dane party had not come yet and I was scared to death lest Sedalia had had a tantrum and that Mr. Stewart would not get back in time. At last I left the people to take care of themselves for I had too much on my mind to bother with them. Just after eleven Mr. Stewart, 'Mis' Dane,' Sedalia and Pa Dane 'arriv' and came at once into the kitchen to warm. In a little while poor, frightened Gale came creeping in, looking guilty. But she looked lovely, too, in spite of her plaid dress. She wore her hair in a coronet braid, which added dignity and height, as well as being simple and becoming. Her mother brought her a wreath for her hair, of lilies of the valley and tiny pink rosebuds. It might seem a little out of place to one who did n't see it, but the effect was really charming.

Sedalia did n't know that Mr. Stewart had given Gale her dress, so, just to be nasty, she said as soon as she saw Gale, 'Dear me, when are you going to dress, Gale? You will hardly have time to get out of that horse-blanket you are wearing and get into something decent.' You see, she thought it was one of my dresses fixed over for Gale. Presently Sedalia asked me if I was invited to the 'function.' She had some kind of rash on her face and Zebulon Pike noticed the rash and heard the word 'function,' so he thought that was the name of some disease and asked Mr. Stewart if the function was catching. Mr. Stewart had heard Sedalia but knew 'Zebbie' had not heard all that was said and how he got the idea he had, so he answered, 'yes, if ye once get the fever.' So Zebulon Pike privately warned everyone against getting the 'function' from Sedalia. There are plenty of people here who don't know exactly what a function is, myself among them. So people edged away from Sedalia and some asked her if she had seen the doctor and what he thought of her case. Poor girl, I'm afraid she did n't have a very enjoyable time.

At last the 'Jestice' of the Peace came, and I hope they live happy ever afterward. That night a dance was given to celebrate the event and we began to have dinner immediately after the wedding so as to get through in time to start, for dances are never given in the home here, but in 'the hall.' Every settlement has one and the invitations are merely written announcements posted everywhere. We have what Sedalia calls 'homogenous' crowds. I would n't attempt to say what she means, but as everybody goes no doubt she is right.

Our dinner was a success, but that is not to be wondered at. Every woman for miles around contributed. Of course we had to borrow dishes but we could n't think of seating everyone, so we set one table for twenty-four and had three other long tables, on one of which we placed all the meats, pickles and sauces, on another the vegetables, soup and coffee, and on the third the pie, cakes, ice-cream and other desserts. We had two big, long shelves, one above the other, on which were the dishes. The people helped themselves to dishes and neighbors took turns at serving

from the tables, so people got what they wanted and hunted themselves a place to sit while they ate. Two of the cowboys from this ranch waited upon the table at which were the wedding party and some of their friends. Boys from other ranches helped serve and carried coffee, cake and ice-cream. The table cloths were tolerably good linen and we had ironed them wet so they looked nice. We had white lace-paper on the shelves and we used drawn-work paper napkins. As I said, we borrowed dishes, or, that is, every woman who called herself our neighbor brought whatever she thought we would need. So after everyone had eaten I suggested that they sort out their dishes and wash them, and in that way I was saved all that work. We had everything done and were off to the dance by five o'clock. We went in sleds and sleighs, the snow was so deep, but it was all so jolly. Zebbie, Mr. Stewart, Jerrine and I went in the bobsled. We jogged along at a comfortable pace lest the 'beasties' should suffer, and every now and then a merry party would fly past us scattering snow in our faces and yelling like Comanches. We had a lovely moon then and the snow was so beautiful! We were driving northward, and to the south and back of us were the great sombre, pine-clad Uintah Mountains, while ahead and on every side were the bare buttes, looking like old men of the mountains, — so old they had lost all their hair, beard and teeth.

My happy Christmas resulted from the ex-sheriff of this county being snowbound here. It seems that persons who come from a lower altitude to this country frequently become bewildered, especially if in poor health, leave the train at any stop and wander off into the hills, sometimes dying before they are found. The ex-sheriff cited a case, that of a young German who was returning from the Philippines where he had been discharged after the war. He was the only child of his widowed mother who has a ranch a few miles from here. No one knew he was coming home. One day the cook belonging to the camp of a construction gang went hunting and came back running, wild with horror. He had found the body of a man. The coroner and the sheriff were notified and next morning went out for the body, but the wolves had almost destroyed it. High up in a willow, under which the poor man had lain down to die, they saw a small bundle tied in a red bandana and fast to a branch. They found a letter addressed to whoever should find it, saying that the body was that of Benny Louderer and giving them directions how to spare his poor old mother the awful knowledge of how he died. Also there was a letter to his mother asking her not to grieve for him and to keep their days faithfully. 'Their days,' I afterward learned, were anniversaries which they had always kept, to which was added 'Benny's day.'

Poor boy! When he realized that death was near his every thought was for the mother. Well, they followed his wishes, and the casket containing the bare, gnawed bones was sealed and never opened. And to this day poor Mrs. Louderer thinks her boy died of some fever while yet aboard the transport. The manner of his death has been kept so secret that I am the only one who has heard it.

I was so sorry for the poor mother that I resolved to visit her the first opportunity I had. I am at liberty to go where I please when there is no one to cook for. So, when the men left, a few days later, I took Jerrine and rode over to the Louderer ranch. I had never seen Mrs. Louderer and it happened to be 'Benny's day' that I blundered in upon. I found her to be a dear old German woman, living all alone; the

people who do the work on the ranch living in another house two miles away. She had been weeping for hours when I got there, but in accordance with her custom on the many anniversaries, she had a real feast prepared, although no one had been bidden.

She says that God always sends her guests, but that was the first time she had had a little girl. She had a little daughter once herself, little Gretchen, but all that was left was a sweet memory and a pitifully small mound on the ranch, quite near the house, where Benny and Gretchen are at rest beside 'der fader, Herr Louderer.'

She is such a dear old lady! She made us so welcome and she is so entertaining. All the remainder of the day we listened to stories of her children, looked at her pictures, and Jerrine had a lovely time with a wonderful wooden doll that they had brought with them from Germany. Mrs. Louderer forgot to weep in recalling her childhood days and showing us her treasures. And then our feast, — for it was verily a feast. We had goose and it was *so* delicious. I could n't tell you half the good things any more than I could have eaten some of all of them.

We sat talking until far into the night, and she asked me how I was going to spend Christmas. I told her, 'Probably in being homesick.' She said that would never do and suggested that we spend it together. She said it was one of their special days and that the only happiness left her was in making some one else happy, so she had thought of cooking some nice things and going to as many sheep camps as she could, taking with her the good things to the poor exiles, the sheep-herders. I liked the plan and was glad to agree, but I never dreamed I should have so lovely a time. When the queer, old wooden clock announced two we went to bed.

I left quite early the next morning with my head full of Christmas plans. You may not know, but cattle men and sheep men cordially hate each other. Mr. Stewart is a cattle man and so I did n't mention my Christmas plans to him. I saved all the butter I could spare for the sheep-herders; they never have any. That and some jars of gooseberry jelly was all I could give them. I cooked plenty for the people here, and two days before Christmas I had a chance to go down to Mrs. Louderer's in a buggy, so we went. We found her up to her ears in cooking, and such sights and smells I could never describe. She was so glad I came early, for she needed help. I never worked so hard in my life or had a pleasanter time.

Mrs. Louderer had sent a man out several days before to find out how many camps there were and where they were located. There were twelve camps and that means twenty-four men. We roasted six geese, boiled three small hams and three hens. We had besides several meat loaves and links of sausage. We had twelve large loaves of the *best* rye bread; a small tub of doughnuts; twelve coffee cakes, more to be called fruit cakes, and also a quantity of little cakes with seeds, nuts and fruit in them, — so pretty to look at and *so* good to taste. These had a thick coat of icing, some brown, some pink, some white. I had thirteen pounds of butter and six pint jars of jelly, so we melted the jelly and poured it into twelve glasses.

The plan was, to start real early Christmas Eve morning, make our circuit of camps, and wind up the day at Frau O'Shaughnessy's to spend the night. Yes, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is Irish, — as Irish as the pigs in Dublin. Before it was day the man came to feed and to get our horses ready. We were up betimes and had breakfast. The last speck was wiped from the shining stove, the kitchen floor was scrubbed,

and the last small thing put in order. The man had four horses harnessed and hitched to the sled, on which was placed a wagon-box filled with straw, hot rocks and blankets. Our twelve apostles, that is what we called our twelve boxes, were lifted in and tied firmly into place. Then we clambered in and away we went. Mrs. Louderer drove, and Tam O'Shanter and Paul Revere were snails compared to us. We did n't follow any road either, but went sweeping along across country. No one else in the world could have done it unless they were drunk. We went careening along hillsides without even slacking the trot. Occasionally we struck a particularly stubborn bunch of sage-brush and even the sled-runners would jump up into the air. We did n't stop to light, but hit the earth several feet in advance of where we left it. Luck was with us, though. I hardly expected to get through with my head unbroken, but not even a glass was cracked.

It would have done your heart good to see the sheep men. They were all delighted, and when you consider that they live solely on canned corn and tomatoes, beans, salt pork, and coffee, you can fancy what they thought of their treat. They have mutton when it is fit to eat, but that is certainly not in winter. One man at each camp does the cooking and the other herds. It does n't make any difference if the cook never cooked before, and most of them never did. At one camp, where we stopped for dinner, they had a most interesting collection of fossils. After delivering our last 'apostle,' we turned our faces toward Frau O'Shaughnessy's, and got there just in time for supper.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is a widow too, and has quite an interesting story. She is a dumpy little woman whose small nose seems to be smelling the stars, it is so tip-tilted. She has the merriest blue eyes and the quickest wit. It is really worth a severe bumping just to be welcomed by her. It was so warm and cosy in her low, little cabin. She had her table set for supper, but she laid plates for us and put before us a beautifully roasted chicken. Thrifty Mrs. Louderer thought it should have been saved until next day, so she said to Frau O'Shaughnessy, 'We hate to eat your hen, best you save her till to-morrow.' But Mrs. O'Shaughnessy answered, 'Oh,'tis no mather, 'tis an ould hin she was anny way.' So we enjoyed the 'ould hin,' which was brown, juicy and tender.

When we had finished supper and were drinking our 'tay,' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy told our fortunes with the tea-leaves. She told mine first and said I would die an old maid. I said it was rather late for that, but she cheerfully replied, 'Oh, well, better late than niver.' She predicted for Mrs. Louderer that she should shortly catch a beau. ''Tis the next man you see that will come coortin' you.' Before we left the table some one knocked and a young man, a sheep-herder, entered. He belonged to a camp a few miles away and is out from Boston in search of health. He had been into town and his horse was lamed so he could not make it into camp and he wanted to stay over night. He was a stranger to us all, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy made him at home and fixed such a tempting supper for him that I am sure he was glad of the chance to stay. He was very decidedly English, and powerfully proud of it. He asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy if she was Irish and she said, 'No, ye haythen, it's Chinese Oi am. Can't yez tell it be me Cockney accint?' Mr. Boutwell looked very much surprised. I don't know which was the funnier, the way he looked or what she said.

We had a late breakfast Christmas morning, but before we were through Mr. Stewart came. We had planned to

spend the day with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, but he did n't approve of our going into the sheep district, so when he found where we had gone he came after us. Mrs. Louderer and he are old acquaintances and he bosses her around like he tries to boss me. Before we left, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's married daughter came, so we knew she would not be lonely.

It was almost one o'clock when we got home, but all hands helped and I had plenty cooked anyway, so we soon had a good dinner on the table. Mr. Stewart had prepared a Christmas box for Jerrine and me. He does n't approve of white waists in the winter. I had worn one at the wedding and he felt personally aggrieved. For me in the box were two dresses, that is, the material to make them. One is a brown and red checked, and the other green with a white fleck in, both outing flannel. For Jerrine there was a pair of shoes and stockings, both stockings full of candy and nuts. He is very bluff in manner, but he is really the kindest person.

Mrs. Louderer stayed until New Year's day. My Christmas was really a very happy one.

Your friend,

ELINORE RUPERT.

. . . An interesting day on this ranch is the day the cattle are named. If Mr. Stewart had children he would as soon think of leaving them unnamed as to let a 'beastie' go without a name.

On the day they vaccinated he came into the kitchen and told me he would need me to help him name the 'critters.' So he and I 'assembled' in a safe place and took turns naming the calves. As fast as a calf was vaccinated it was run out of the chute and he or I called out a name for it and it was booked that way.

The first two he named were the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of Montrose. I called my first Oliver Cromwell and John Fox.[1] The poor 'mon' had to have revenge, so the next ugly, scrawny little beast he called 'The Poop of Roome.' And it was a heifer calf too.

This morning I had the startling news that the 'Poop' had eaten too much alfalfa and was all 'swellit oop,' and, moreover, he had 'stealit it.' I don't know which is the more astonishing, that the Pope has stolen alfalfa, or that he has eaten it.

We have a swell lot of names, but I am not sure I could tell you which is 'Bloody Mary,' or which is Elizabeth, or, indeed, which is which of any of them.

E. R.

BURNT FORK, WYO., *Dec.* 1,

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I feel just like visiting to-night, so I am going to 'play like' you have come. It is so good to have you to chat with. Please be seated in this low rocker, it is a present to me from the Pattersons and I am very proud of it. I am just back from the Patterson ranch and they have a dear little boy who came the twentieth of November and they call him Robert Dane.

I am sure this room must look familiar to you for there is so much in it that was once yours. I have two rooms, each fifteen by fifteen, but this one on the south is my 'really' room and in it are my treasures. My house faces east and is built up against a side hill, or should I say hillside? Anyway, they had to excavate quite a lot. I had them dump the dirt right before the house and terrace it smoothly. I have sown my terrace to California poppies, and around my porch, which is six feet wide and thirty long, I have planted wild cucumbers.

[1] As the reader may infer, Mrs. Rupert is a Roman Catholic while Mr. Stewart is a true son of the Kirk. — THE EDITORS.

Every log in my house is as straight as a pine can grow. Each room has a window and a door on the east side and the south room has two windows on the south with space between for my heater, which is one of those with a grate front so I can see the fire burn. It is almost as good as a fireplace. The logs are unhewed outside because I like the rough finish, but inside, the walls are perfectly square and smooth. The cracks in the walls are snugly filled with 'daubing' and then the walls are covered with heavy, gray building-paper, which makes the room very warm, and I really like the appearance. I had two rolls of wall-paper with a bold rose pattern. By being very careful I was able to cut out enough of the roses, which are divided in their choice of color as to whether they should be red, yellow, or pink, to make a border about eighteen inches from the ceiling. They brighten up the wall and the gray paper is fine to hang pictures upon. Those you have sent us make our room very attractive. The woodwork is stained a walnut brown, oil finish, and the floor is stained and oiled just like it. In the corners by the stove and before the windows we take our comfort.

From some broken bamboo fishing rods I made frames for two screens. These I painted black with some paint that was left from the buggy, and Gavotte fixed the screens so they will stay balanced, and put in castors for me. I had a piece of blue curtain calico and with brass-headed tacks I put it on the frame of Jerrine's screen, then I mixed some paste and let her decorate it to suit herself on the side that should be next her corner. She used the cards you sent her. Some of the people have a suspiciously tottering appearance, perhaps not so very artistic, but they all mean something to a little girl whose small fingers worked patiently to attain satisfactory results. She has a set of shelves on which her treasures of china are arranged. On the floor is a rug made of two goatskins dyed black, a present from Gavotte who heard her admiring Zebbie's bearskin. She has a tiny red rocking-chair which she has outgrown, but her rather dilapidated family of dolls use it for an automobile. For a seat for herself she has a small hassock that you gave me, and behind the blue screen is a world apart.

My screen is made just like Jerrine's except that the cover is cream material with sprays of wild roses over it. In my corner I have a cot made up like a couch. One of my pillows is covered with some checked gingham that 'Dawsie' cross-stitched for me. I have a cabinet bookcase made from an old walnut bedstead that was a relic of the Mountain Meadow Massacre. Gavotte made it for me. In it I have my few books, some odds and ends of china, all gifts, and a few fossil curios. For a floor covering I have a braided rug of blue and white, made from old sheets and Jerrine's old dresses. In the centre of my room is a square table made of pine and stained brown. Over it is a table cover that you gave me. Against the wall near my bed is my 'dresser.' It is a box with shelves and is covered with the same material as my screen. Above it I have a mirror, but it makes ugly faces at me every time I look into it. Upon the wall nearby is a match-holder that you gave me. It is the heads of two fisher-folk. The man has lost his nose, but the old lady still thrusts out her tongue. The material on my screen and 'dresser' I bought for curtains, then decided to use some white crossbar I had. But I wish I had not, for every time I look at them I think of poor little Mary Ann Parker.

I am going to make you a cup of tea and wonder if you will see anything familiar about the teapot. You should, I think, for it is another of your many

gifts to me. Now I feel that you have a fairly good idea of what my house looks like, on the inside anyway. The magazines and Jerrine's cards and Mother Goose book came long ago, and Jerrine and I were both made happy. I wish I could do nice things for you, but all I can do is to love you.

Your sincere friend,
ELINORE RUPERT.

BURNT FORK, WYO., *April 5.*

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I find upon re-reading your letter that I did not answer it at all when I wrote you. You must think me very indifferent, but I really don't mean to be.

My house joins on to Mr. Stewart's house. It was built that way so that I could 'hold down' my land and job at the same time. I see the widsom of it now though at first I did not want it that way. My boundary lines run within two feet of Mr. Stewart's house, so it was quite easy to build on.

I think the Pattersons' ranch is about twenty-five miles from us. I am glad to tell you they are doing splendidly. Gale is just as thrifty as she can be and Bobby is steady and making money fast. Their baby is the dearest little thing. I have heard that Sedalia is to marry a Mormon bishop, but I doubt it. She puts on very disgusting airs about 'our Bobby' and she patronizes Gale most shamefully, but Gale, bless her unconscious heart, is so happy in her husband and son that she does n't know Sedalia is insulting.

My dear old Grandmother whom I loved so much has gone home to God. I used to write long letters to her. I should like a few addresses of old persons who are lonely as she was, who would like letters such as I write. You know I can't be brief. I have tried and cannot. If you know of any persons who would not tire of my long accounts and would care to have them, you will be doing me a favor to let me know.

I have not treated you quite frankly about something you had a right to know about. I am ashamed and I regret very much that I have not told you. I so dread the possibility of losing your friendship that I will *never* tell you unless you promise me beforehand to forgive me. I know that is unfair, but it is the only way I can see out of a difficulty that my foolish reticence has led me into. Few people, perhaps, consider me reticent, but in some cases I am afraid I am even deceitful. Won't you make it easy to ''fess' so I may be happy again?

Truly your friend,
ELINORE RUPERT.

BURNT FORK, WYO., *June* 16.

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

Your card just to hand. I wrote you some time ago telling you I had a confession to make and have had no letter since, so thought perhaps you were scared I had done something too bad to forgive. I am suffering just now from eye-strain and can't see to write long at a time, but I reckon I had better confess and get it done with.

The thing I have done is to marry Mr. Stewart. It was such an inconsistent thing to do that I was ashamed to tell you. And, too, I was afraid you would think I did n't need your friendship and might desert me. Another of my friends thinks that way.

I hope my eyes will be better soon and then I will write you a long letter.

Your old friend with a new name,
ELINORE STEWART.

(To be continued)

THE CALL OF THE JOB

BY RICHARD C. CABOT

I

A CAMPER starting into the woods on his annual vacation undertakes with enthusiasm the familiar task of carrying a Saranac boat upon a shoulder yoke. The pressure of the yoke on his shoulders feels as good as the grasp of an old friend's hand. The tautening of his muscles to the strain of carrying seems to gird up his loins and true up his whole frame. With the spring of the ground beneath him and the elastic rebound of the boat on its springy yoke, he seems to dance over the ground between two enlivening rhythms. It is pure fun.

In the course of half a mile or so, the carry begins to feel like work. The pleasant, snug fit of the yoke has become a very respectable burden, cheerfully borne for the sake of the object in view, but not pleasant. The satisfaction of the carry is now something anticipated, no longer grasped in the present. The job is well worth while, but it is no joke. It will feel good to reach the end and set the boat down.

Finally, if in about ten minutes more there is still no sight of the end, no blue sparkling glimmer of distant water low down among the trees, the work becomes drudgery. Will it ever end? Are we on the right trail at all? Is it worth while to go on?

Perhaps not, but to stop means painfully lowering the boat to the ground and later heaving it up again, which is the worst task of all — worse than going on as we are. So we hang to it, but now in scowling, stumbling, swearing misery, that edges always nearer to revolt.

In varying proportions every one's life mingles the experiences of that carry. At its best and for a few, work becomes play, at least for blessed jewel-like moments. By the larger number it is seen not a joy but as a tolerable burden, borne for the sake of the children's education, the butter on the daily bread, the hope of promotion. Finally, for the submerged fraction of humanity who are forced to labor without choice and almost from childhood, life seems drudgery, borne simply because they cannot stop without still greater misery. They are committed to it, as to a prison, and they cannot get out.

It is not often, I believe, that a whole life is possessed by any one of these elements, — play, work, or drudgery. Work usually makes up the larger part of life, with play and drudgery sprinkled in. Some of us at most seasons, all of us at some seasons, find work a galling yoke to which we have to submit blindly or angrily for a time, but with revolt in our hearts. Yet I have rarely seen drudgery so overwhelming as to crush out altogether the play of humor and good fellowship during the day's toil as well as after it.

In play you have what you want. In work you know what you want and believe that you are serving or approaching it. In drudgery no desired object is in sight; blind forces push you on.

In all work and all education the

worker should be in touch with the distant sources of interest, else he is being trained to slavery, not to self-government and self-respect.

Present good, future good, no good, — these possibilities are mingled in the crude ore which we ordinarily call work. Out of that we must smelt, if we can, the pure metal of a vocation fit for the spirit of man. The crude mass of 'work' as it exists to-day in mines, stores, railroads, schoolrooms, studies, and ships, contains elements that should be abolished, elements that are hard, but no harder than we need to call out the best of us, and here and there a nugget of pure delight.

Defined in this way, work is always, I suppose, an acquired taste. For its rewards are not immediate, but come in foretastes and aftertastes. It involves postponement and waiting. In the acquisition of wealth, economists rightly distinguish labor and waiting; but in another sense labor is always waiting. You work for your picture or your log-house because you want it, and because it cannot be had just for the asking. It awaits you in a future visible only to imagination. Into the further realization of that future you can penetrate only by work; meantime you must wait for your reward.

Further, this future is never perfectly certain. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and even when gross accidents are avoided, your goal, — your promotion, your home, the degree for which you have worked, usually do not turn out to be what you have pictured them. This variation you learn to expect, to discount, perhaps to enjoy, beforehand, if you are a trained worker, just because you have been trained in faith. For work is always justified by faith. Faith, holding the substance (not the details) of things unseen, keeps us at our tasks. We have faith that our efforts will some day reach their goal, and that this goal will be something like what we expected. But no literalism will serve us here. If we are willing to accept nothing but the very pattern of our first desires, we are forever disappointed in work and soon grow slack in it. In the more fortunate of us, the love of work includes a love of the unexpected, and finds a pleasant spice of adventure in the difference between what we work for and what we actually get.

Yet this working faith is not pure speculation. It includes a foretaste of the satisfaction to come. We plunge into it as we jump into a cold bath, not because the present sensations are altogether sweet, but because they are mingled with a dawning awareness of the glow to follow. We do our work happily because the future is alive in the present, — not like a ghost but like a leader.

Where do we get this capacity to incarnate the future and to feel it swelling within us as a present inspiration? The power to go in pursuit of the future with seven-leagued boots or magic carpets can hardly be acquired or even longed for until we have had some actual experience of its rewards. We seem, then, to be caught in one of those circles which may turn out to be either vicious or virtuous. In the beginning something, or somebody, must magically entice us into doing a bit of work. Having done that bit, we can see the treasure of its results; these results will in turn spur us to redoubled efforts, and so once more to increased rewards. Given the initial miracle and we are soon established in the habit and in the enjoyment of work.

But there is a self-maintaining circularity in disease, idleness, and sloth, as well as in work, virtue, and health. Until we get the result of our work, we

cannot feel the motive for exertion. Until we make the exertion (despite present pain and a barren outlook) we cannot taste the delightful result, or feel the spur to further effort. The wheel is at the dead point! Why should it ever move?

Probably some of us are moved at first by the leap of an elemental instinct in our muscles, which act before and beyond our conscious reason. Other people are tempted into labor by the irrational contagion of example. We want to be 'in it' with the rest of our gang, or to win some one's approval. So we get past the dead point, — often a most alarming point to parents and teachers, — and once in motion, keep at it by the circular process just described.

Various auxiliary motives reinforce the ordinary energies of work. Here I will allude only to one — a queer pleasure in the mere stretch and strain of our muscles. If we are physically fresh and not worried, there is a grim exhilaration, a sort of frowning delight, in taking up a heavy load and feeling that our strength is adequate to it. It seems paradoxical to enjoy a discomfort, but the paradox is now getting familiar. For modern psychologists have satisfactorily bridged the chasm between pleasure and pain, so that we can now conceive what athletes and German poets have long felt, the delight in a complex of agreeable and disagreeable elements. In work we do not often get as far as the 'selige Schmerzen' so familiar in German lyrics, but we welcome difficulties, risks, and physical strains because (if we can easily conquer them) they add a spice to life, — a spice of play in the midst of labor.

Work gets itself started, then, by the contagion of somebody else's activity or by an explosion of animal energies within us. After a few turns of the work-rest cycle we begin to get a foretaste of rewards. A flavor of enjoyment appears in the midst of strain. Habit then takes hold and carries us along until the taste for work is definitely acquired.

II

In the crude job as we get it there is much rubbish. For work is a very human product. It is no better than we have made it, and even when it is redeemed from brutal drudgery it is apt to be scarred and warped by our stupidities and our ineptitudes. Out of the rough-hewn masses in which work comes to us it is our business — it is civilization's business — to shape a vocation fit for man. We shall have to remake it again and again; meantime, before we reject what we now have, it is worth while to see what we want.

What (besides better hours, better wages, healthier conditions) are the points of a good job? Imagine a sensible man looking for a satisfactory work, a vocational adviser guiding novices toward the best available occupation, and a statesman trying to mould the industrial world somewhat nearer to the heart's desire, — what should they try for? Physical and financial standards determine what we get *out* of a job. But what shall we get *in* it? Much or little, I think, according to its fitness or unfitness for our personality, — a factor much neglected nowadays.

Among the points of a good job I shall name seven: — 1. Difficulty and crudeness enough to call out our latent powers of mastery. 2. Variety and initiative balanced by monotony and supervision. 3. A boss. 4. A chance to achieve, to build something and to recognize what we have done. 5. A title and a place which is ours. 6. Connection with some institution, some firm, or some cause, which we can loyally serve. 7. Honorable and pleasant relations with our comrades in work.

Fulfill these conditions and work is one of the best things in life. Let me describe them more fully.

We want a chance to subdue. We want to encounter the raw and crude. Before the commercial age, war, hunting, and agriculture gave us this foil. We want it still, and for the lack of it often find our work too soft.

Of course, we can easily get an overdose of crude resistance. A good job should offer us a fair chance of our winning. We have no desire to be crushed without a struggle. But we are all the better pleased if the fish makes a good fight before he yields.

Not only in the wilderness, but wherever we deal with raw material, our hands meet adventures. Every bit of wood and stone, every stream and every season has its own tantalizing but fascinating individuality, and as long as we have health and courage, these novelties strike not as a frustration but as a challenge.

Even in half-tamed products, like leather or steel, there are, experts tell me, incalculable variations which keep us on the alert if we are still close enough to the elemental to feel its fascinating materiality. When a clerk sells drygoods over the counter, I suppose he has to nourish his frontiersman's spirit chiefly in foiling the wily bargain-hunter or trapping the incautious countryman. But I doubt if the work is as interesting as a carpenter's or a plumber's. It reeks so strong of civilization and the 'finished product' that it often sends us back to the woods to seek in a 'vacation' that touch with the elemental which should properly form part of daily work.

We want both monotony and variety. The monotony of work is perhaps the quality of which we complain most, and often justifiably. Yet monotony is really demanded by almost everyone. Even children cry for it, though in doses smaller than whose which suit their elders. Your secretary does not like her work, if you put more than her regular portion of variety into it. She does not want to be constantly undertaking new tasks, adapting herself to new situations. She wants some regularity in her traveling, some plain stretches in which she can get up speed and feel quantity of accomplishment, — that is, she wants a reasonable amount of monotony. Change and novelty in work are apt to demand fresh thought, and reduce our speed.

Naturally, there is a limit to this. We want some variety, some independence in our work. But we can easily get too much. I have heard as many complaints and felt in myself as many objections against variety as against monotony. I have seen and felt as much discontent with 'uncharted freedom' as with irksome restraint. Bewilderment, a sense of incompetence and of rudderless drifting, are never far off from any one of us in our work. There is in all of us something that likes to trot along in harness, — not too tight or galling, to be sure, — but still in guidance and with support. That makes us show our best paces.

Nor is there anything slavish or humiliating in this. It is simply the admission that we are not ready at every moment to be original, inventive, creative. We have found out the immense strain and cost of fresh thinking. We are certain that we were not born to be at it perpetually. We want some rest in our work, some relief from high tension. Monotony supplies that relief. Moreover the rhythmic and habitual elements in us (ancient labor-saving devices) demand their representation. To do something again and again as the trees, the birds, and our own hearts do, is a fundamental need which demands and receives satisfaction in work as well as in play.

For the tragedies and abominations, the slaveries and degradations of manual labor we cannot put all the blame on the large element of monotony and repetition which such labor often contains. We should revolt and destroy any work that was not somewhat monotonous. But the point is that work should offer to each worker as much variety and independence as he has originality and genius, no more and no less. Give us either more or less than our share and we are miserable. We can be crushed and overdriven by too much responsibility, as well as by too little. Our initiative, as well as our docility, can be overworked.

We want a boss, especially in heavy or monotonous labor. Most monotonous work is of the sort that is cut out and supplied ready to hand. This implies that some one else plans and directs it. In so far as we want monotony, therefore, we want to be driven, though not overdriven, by a boss. If we are to do the pulling some one else should hold the reins. When I am digging my wife's garden beds I want her to specify where they shall go. We all want a master of some kind, and most of us want a master in human shape. The more manual our work is, the more we want him. Boatmen poling a scow through a creek need some one to steer and tell them which should push harder as they turn the bends of the stream. The steersman may be chosen by lot or each may steer in turn, but some boss we must have, for when we are poling we cannot well steer and we dont want the strain of trying fruitlessly to do both. This example is typical of the world's work. It demands to be bossed, and it is more efficient, even more original when it is bossed, — just enough!

Monotony, then, and bossing we need, but in our own quantity and also of our own kind. For there are different kinds (as well as different doses) and some are better than others. For example, to go to the same place of work every day is a monotony that simplifies life advantageously for most of us, but to teach the same subject over and over again is for most teachers an evil, though it may be just now a necessary evil.

We must try to distinguish. When we delight in thinking ourselves abused, or allow ourselves the luxury of grumbling, we often single out monotony as the target of our wrath. But we must not take all complaints (our own or other people's) at their face value. A coat is a misfit if it is too big or too small, or if it puckers in the wrong place. A job can be a misfit in twenty different ways and can be complained of in as many different tones. Let us be clear about this. If our discontent is as divine as it feels, it is not because all monotony is evil, but because our particular share and kind of monotony has proved to be a degrading waste of energy.

We want to see the product of our work. The bridge we planned, the house we built, the shoes we cobbled, help us to get before ourselves and so to realize more than a moment's worth of life and effort. The impermanence of each instant's thought, the transience of every flush of effort tends to make our lives seem shadowy even to ourselves. Our memory is like a sieve through which most that we pick up runs back like sand. But in work we find refuge and stability, because in the accumulated product of many days' labor we can build up and present at last to our own sight the durable structure of what we meant to do. Then we can believe that our intentions, our hopes, our plans, our daily food and drink, have not passed through us for nothing, for we have funded their worth in some tangible achievement which outlasts them.

Further, such external proofs of our efficiency win us not only self-respect, but the recognition of others. We need something to show for ourselves, something to prove that our dreams are not impotent. Work gives us the means to prove it.

I want to acknowledge here my agreement in the charge often brought against modern factory labor, — namely that since no workman plans or finishes his product, no one can recognize his product, take pride in it or see its defects. Even when factory labor is well paid, its impersonal and wholesale merging of the man in the machine goes far to make it unfit for men and women.

We want a handle to our name. Every one has a right to the distinction which titles of nobility are meant to give, but it is from our work that we should get them. The grocer, the trapper, the night-watchman, the cook, is a person fit to be recognized, both by his own timid self and by the rest of the world. In time the title of our job comes to stand for us, to enlarge our personality and to give us permanence. Thus it supplements the standing which is given us by our product. To 'hold down a job' gives us a place in the world, something approaching the home for which in some form or other everyone longs. 'Have you any place for me?' we ask with eagerness, for until we find 'a place' we are tramps, — men without a country.

A man with a job has, at least in embryo, the kind of recognition which we all crave. He has won membership in a club that he wants to belong to and especially hates to be left out of. To be in it as a member in full standing gives a taste of self-respect and self-confidence.

We want congeniality in our fellow workmen. One of the few non-physical 'points' which people have already learned to look for in selecting work, is the temper and character of the 'boss.' Men, and especially women, care almost as much about this as about the hours and wages of the job. Young physicians will work in a laboratory at starvation wages for the sake of being near a great teacher, even though he rarely notices them. The congeniality of fellow workmen is almost as important as the temper of the boss. Two unfriendly stenographers in a single room will often give up their work and take lower wages elsewhere in order to escape each other.

All this is so obvious to those who look for jobs that I wonder why so few employers have noticed it. The housewives who keep their servants, the manufacturers who avoid strikes, are not always those who pay the best wages and offer the best condition of work. The human facts — the personal relations of employer and employee — are often disregarded, but always at the employer's peril. The personal factor is as great as the economic in the industrial unrest of to-day. Are not even the 'captains of industry' beginning to wake up to this fact?

III

Payment can be given a working man only for what some other man might have done, — because his pay is fixed by estimate of 'what the work is worth,' that is, what you can get other people to do it for. Hence you never pay anyone for what he individually does, but for what 'a man like him,' that fictitious being, that supposedly fair specimen of his type and trade, can be expected to do.

The man himself you cannot pay. Yet anyone who does his work well or gets satisfaction out of it, puts himself into it. Moreover he does things that he cannot be given credit for, finishes

parts that no one else will notice. Even a mediocre amateur musician knows that the best parts of his playing, his personal tributes to the genius of the composer whom he plays, are heard by no one but himself and 'the God of things as they are.' There might be bitterness in the thought that in our work we get paid or praised only for what is not particularly ours, while the work that we put our hearts into is not recognized or rewarded. But in the struggle for spiritual existence we adapt ourselves to the unappreciative features of our environment and learn to look elsewhere for recognition. We do not expect people to pay us for our best. We look to the approval of conscience, to the light of our ideal seen more clearly when our work is good, or to the judgment of God. Our terms differ more than our tendencies. The essential point is that for appreciation of our best work we look to a Judge more just and keen-sighted than our paymaster.

Nevertheless there is a spiritual value in being paid in hard cash. For though money is no measure of the individual value in work, it gives precious assurance of some value, some usefulness to people out of the worker's sight. Workers who do not need a money wage for the sake of anything that they can buy with it, still need it for its spiritual value. Doctors find this out when they try to get invalids or neurasthenics to work for the good of their health. Exercise done for exercise's sake is of very little value, even to the body, for half its purpose is to stimulate the will, and most wills refuse to work at chest-weights and treadmills, however disguised. But our minds are still harder to fool with hygienic exercises done for the sake of keeping busy. To get any health or satisfaction out of work it must seem to the worker to be of some use. If he knows that the market for raffia baskets is *nil*, and that he is merely being enticed into using his hands for the good of his muscles or of his soul, he soon gets a moral nausea at the whole attempt.

This is the flaw in ideals of studiousness and self-culture. It is not enough that the self-culture shall seem good to President A. Lawrence Lowell or to some kind neurologist. The college boy himself, the psychoneurotic herself must feel some zest along with the labor if it is to do them any good. And this zest comes because they believe that by this bit of work they are 'getting somewhere,' winning some standing among those whose approval they desire, serving something or somebody besides the hired teacher or trainer.

I once set a neurasthenic patient, formerly a stenographer, to helping me with the clerical work in my office. She began to improve at once, because the rapid return of her former technical skill made her believe (after many months of idleness and gnawing worry about money) that some day she might get back to work. But what did her far more good was the check which I sent her at the end of her first week's work. She had not expected it, for she did not think her work good enough. But she knew me well enough to know that I had sworn off lying in all forms (even the most philanthropic and hygienic) and would not deceive her by pretending to value her work. The money was good for what it would buy, but it was even better because it proved to her the world's need for what she could do, and thus gave her a right to space and time upon the earth.

This is the spiritual value of pay. So far no one has thought of so convenient and convincing a way to wrap up and deliver at each citizen's door a parcel of courage for the future, and a morsel of self-respect which is food for the soul. But money is not the only means of paying people. The goods which money

buys, the ends which it helps us to achieve are part of our reward, perhaps the most genuine part. But gratitude, service to others, and success to our aims are often thought of as the proper ends or rewards of work. Do we want them? Can we achieve them? Let us see.

Gratitude given or received is one of the best things in the world. We need far more of it and far better quality. Yet I have never read any satisfactory account of what it so gloriously means. Its value begins just where the value of pay ends. Thanks are personal, and attempt to fit an adequate response to the particular service performed. Pay is an impersonal coin which has been handed out to many before it reaches you, and will go to many others when it leaves you. It is your right and you are not grateful for it. But thanks are a free gift and enrich the giver. There is no nobler art than the art of expressing one's gratitude in fresh, unhackneyed, unexaggerated terms which answer devotion with fresh devotion, fancy with new fancy, clarity with sincerity. Artists who get their reward only in money and in the stale plaudits of clapping hands are restless for something more individual. They want to be intimately understood and beautifully answered. For such gratitude they look to brother artists, to the few who really understand. There they find their best reward; — but even this leaves something wanting.

Why is it so notoriously difficult to accept thanks? Most things that I am thanked for I am not conscious of having done at all. Obviously the thanks are misdirected. Or, if I am conscious of having done what the thanker is grateful for, I am likewise conscious that I only handed on to a third person what had previously been given to me. I learned from Smith and then enlightened Jones. Smith is the man to thank. Or, again, one is thanked for simply carrying out a contract; but one could not honorably do less. Thanks for going along the usual and necessary road seem gratuitous and undeserved. Or finally one receives gratitude for what one did with joy; that seems as queer as being thanked for eating one's dinner.

But suppose that the deed one is thanked for was not an act of passing along what came originally from another as you pass money in a street car. Suppose a man has really originated something, an invention, a poem, a statue. He hardly claims it as his, for he does not know where it came from. He did not 'make it up.' It sprang into his mind, given to him as much as if he had received it from a friend. He does not feel that he is the one to receive thanks. The thanks should pass through him, as the gift did, to some one else, — to his parents who gave him and taught him so much, to his race, his nation, his health, his friends, his opportunities. That is where it all came from; that is where thanks are due. But each of these influences is itself the recipient of countless other influences. Every fact in the universe depends on every other fact. Ultimately, then, not he but the universe must be thanked.

He deals with firms and employers, but he looks behind them, over their shoulders, and redirects their thanks elsewhere, ultimately, if he but knew it, to the World-Spirit. One may not remember that spirit. One often does not bother about the world's work. Thinking exhausts some people and fatally confuses others. But if one thinks at all he runs up hard against the world plan and finds it the bulkiest object in sight.

The unsentimental male American is quick to reject the idea that he cares about *serving* anybody or anything. He may admit that he wants to 'make

good' in a fair and square way, according to the rules of the game. But 'service' sounds too 'stuck up' and Pharisaical for him.

Nevertheless I firmly believe that his derision is only a ruse to conceal his morbid bashfulness and oafish sensitiveness. For in point of fact service is one of the things that pretty much everybody wants, — however much he may disguise it and conceal it from himself. I have never seen any more unsentimental and raw-boned being than the American medical student; yet he is simply hankering for service. Medical teachers spread before him banquets of tempting 'opportunities,' rare 'cases,' 'beautiful' specimens, easy chances to distinguish himself in research and to absorb his medical food in predigested mouthfuls. He often remains indifferent. But the moment you give him a place to work in a clinic, to serve as Dr. Blank's fourteenth assistant in a hospital where good work is done, he will jump at the chance. The work is much harder and more monotonous than his regular studies. Much of it is not teaching him medicine. He has to go on doing Fehling's test for sugar and trying knee jerks long after he has learned the trick. He has to measure stomach contents, to weigh patients, to bandage legs, and to write down names and addresses in monotonous routine day after day. Yet he loves the job. Despite all the drudgery, he learns far more medicine by holding down an actual job of this kind, than by lectures and classes. If you separate out the instructive portion of his day's work and present it to him without assigning him any regular position and duties, he does not like the work as well or learn so much.

Extraordinarily sound, those students' instincts! The men are bored when we offer them more opportunities to do what is easy and self-centred, but outside the current of reality. It is only when we give them hard, dry work like an assistantship in a clinic, — a place where they can accomplish something that has a real value in the actual world, — that they fall to with real appetite.

The sense of somebody's need is, I believe, the most powerful motive in the world, one that appeals to the largest number of people of every age, race, and kind. It wakes up the whole nature, the powers that learn as well as those that perform; it generates the vigor of interest that submerges selfishness and cowardice; it rouses the inventiveness and ingenuity that slumber so soundly in students' classrooms. For many of us, for more every time the world takes a step in the right direction, work which is service taps a great reservoir of power, sets free our caged and leashed energy.

I conclude then that pay, gratitude, and service as ends of work, have each a value, though not exactly of the sort one might expect. What about *success* as a reward of work?

Financial rewards are nowadays less advertised than the general prosperity which they express. Civic ideals are kept in the foreground, alike by 'boosters,' real-estate men, and chambers of commerce. According to these authorities business success means a flourishing city and a contented, healthy community. To help build up a fine city is what we are asked to do in case we take the investment offered us. A fine city is an efficiently managed, well-lighted community, with plenty of schools, parks, and churches. But stop a moment. What is the use of such a place?

When we have built and finished this perfect city, with its smooth-running government, its crime-freed, sanitary streets will be swept and garnished, all ready to begin — what? It is hard to hear any answer. Few are interested

enough even to attempt one. For the interest of civic reform is mainly in the process, — far less in the result. Boys who build a boat or a play-house usually find that there is far more fun in the process of building than in using the finished product. So it is with the reform of a slum or a municipal government. The best of it is in the reforming. We shall hardly stop to notice it when it is perfect. We shall take it for granted as we do the safe delivery of the letters which we post, and be off on another campaign. Our civic goals are like the scented rushes in 'Wool and Water.' The most beautiful ones, Alice found, were always those just beyond her reach. Perfect adaptation to environment, which seems to be what the sanitary and civic reformers aim at, would mean absolute stagnation, — attainment that buds no more. For what should stir us further?

'Well, anyway, to reform our city is the best thing in sight. It is certainly in the right direction.' Ah, then we know what the right direction is! *That* is something far more significant than any single step in civic progress. If we know the true direction we can point beyond the civic models to something towards which they are on the road, and get our satisfaction all along its course.

The worship of 'the right direction' is a fundamental motive in art and play as well as in work. Every noble game and work of art calls for others, incites to pilgrimages, reforms and nobler arts. Art is not meant to give us something final; everything in it is pointing ahead and gets its justification because it is 'in the right direction.' Everything in art, as in civics, gets the courage to exist and to push on because of its readiness to be corrected by experience to a truer version of its own purpose. Sincere people want the true, in their work as well as in their thinking. But the truth is an Infinite, and the will to approach it is an infinite intention. The fruit of this infinite intention would be our utter prostration of self before the vision, 'Do with me as thou wilt.' 'Thy will not mine be done.'

I cannot see the end of all this. I see reform after reform of character and of civilization, progress after progress in science and art, rising like mountain ranges, one behind the other. But there is no conceivable sense in all these upheavals if they are mere changes, mere uneasy shifts in the position of a dreaming world-spirit. To make sense they must be moving in a single direction.

It is obvious enough that all work is supposed to fulfill someone's plan — the worker's plan or his master's. It is good for something. But every one of the goods we buy with our work is itself a means to something else, a coin with which to purchase something more. The goods we supply, the clothes, food, transportation, medicine, knowledge, inspiration which we give, are themselves means to something else, perhaps to comfort, health, education, courage. These again are means to better work, to civic perfection, to family happiness. But these once more are in themselves as worthless as fiat money or dolls stuffed with sawdust, unless there is absolute value behind them. Happiness, civic perfection, love, are sometimes named as the ultimate ends towards which the activities of busy men and women are means, but anybody who experiences any of these states and is not a Buddhist wallowing in vague bliss, finds that they incite us to new deeds. If they are not soporific drugs they are spurs to fresh action.

Taken literally, the ideals of utility and civic reform are like the old myth which explained the world's support as the broad back of an elephant. Who supports the elephant? He rests on a gigantic tortoise; and who supports the

tortoise? No answer is audible in the business sections of our cities, in the schoolrooms or in the colleges. The church's answer is derided or ignored by a large fraction of us. But it is the right one; and we shall learn to listen to it or pay the penalty. Government does not rest ultimately on the consent of the governed, but on their conformity to the will of the World-Spirit who makes and unmakes civilizations.

Success in industry, in art, or in love is saved from bitterness and disappointment because we regard our achievements far more symbolically than we know, and rest far more than we are aware upon the backing of God.

Assuming that in everyone there is an infinite and restless desire to get into the life of the World, — to share any and all life that is hot and urgent or cool and clear, — we can tackle this infinite task in two ways: —

By trying to understand the universe in the samples of it which come into our ken and to draw from these bits a knowledge which typifies and represents the whole. That is science.

By trying to serve. Service is one of the ways by which a tiny insect like one of us can get a purchase on the whole universe. If he finds the job where he can be of use, he is hitched to the star of the world, and moves with it.

ABSENCE

BY AMY LOWELL

My cup is empty to-night,
Cold and dry are its sides,
Chilled by the wind from the open window.
Empty and void, it sparkles white in the moonlight.
The room is filled with the strange scent
Of wistaria blossoms.
They sway in the moon's radiance
And tap against the wall.
But the cup of my heart is still,
And cold, and empty.

When you come it brims
Red and trembling with blood,
Heart's blood for your drinking;
To fill your mouth with love
And the bitter-sweet taste of a soul.

A PRACTICABLE ORGANIZATION OF DEMOCRACY

BY J. N. LARNED

So long as space, in contradiction to Kant, asserted its substantial reality by holding men apart, social relations were limited narrowly, and the process of their orderly organization was very slow. In this matter our age has experienced the most marvelous of the great changes of circumstance that have occurred in the life of mankind. We have seen space become so collapsible, as we may say, in the hands of the engineer and the electrician, and so feeble an obstruction to human intercourse, that it is hardly, any longer, in the reckoning of difficulties to any social undertaking, however big. As a consequence, the organizing of human relations, in every possible articulation of common interests or reciprocal services, is now the busiest and most important work of our time. Everywhere, on an always expanding scale, people are giving the organic corporate structure to everything they do: to their industries, their commerce, their works of education, their pursuits of science, their entertainments, and equally to their iniquities and their reforms.

In other words, society is being organized with remarkable completeness in a disjunctive way; while integrally, in its wholeness, it has no more organization than it had a hundred years ago. Its organizable wholeness is, of course, only that of its political incorporation, through which runs the single thread of social relationship that ties each to every other of the individuals who inhabit given sections of the earth. In this relationship the social organization of mankind is showing nowhere a distinct advance. To us, whose political incorporation is that of a representative democracy, undertaking entire self-government, this unorganized condition is a serious fact; and the more serious because the process of disjunctive organization has been applied to it with alarmingly disjunctive results. Its members, so far as they will submit to it, are organized to mechanical perfection as political partisans; but as constituents of the sovereign democracy, — the basic social body, — they have no organization, and seem generally unconscious of their need to have any.

The needed organization for democracy in its wholeness is one that shall be inclusive of everything requisite for party organization, carrying in itself such forms, agencies and processes as will offer free and ready service to all assortments and combinations of differing political opinion, equipping them with equal opportunity to contest the ordering of public affairs. A true democracy is impossible without the fluency of popular action in politics which these conditions would secure, and which can be lost under despotic parties as well as under despotic kings.

Primarily, the needed organization must be based on a representation of the people in their government by a truer assorting of them than is possible to our present method, which takes them as they are grouped by the mere accident of their residence together within given districts of ground. Of

course it is impossible to devise a system of selection (nomination) and election which would give exactly correct weight to agreements and disagreements of choice, and make every functionary of government a strictly true representative of his constituency; but it cannot be impossible for an intelligent, ingenious, resourceful democracy to achieve something nearer to that result than has been thus far realized. It has never even attempted to make *opinion* the basis of its political representation. It has never tried to form constituencies for representation by an assortment of voters according to what they most strongly desire their government to do. It contents itself with bunching them in districts of territory, as they happen to be living together, and thus representing, not the voters and their opinions and wishes, but certain areas of house-lots and farms, within each of which whatever happens to be the uppermost disposition of mind, as expressed at the polls by any majority whatsoever, shall be taken for an expression of opinion and will from the community entire.

In all cases this annuls some large part of the votes cast; in most cases nearly half of them; in many cases more than half (when pluralities instead of majorities prevail); extinguishing completely the public opinion and will expressed in these minorities of votes, and carrying into government a delegation of authority and a dictation of policy which rarely come from any large proportion of the governed. When we bring our political beliefs and desires to the polls of such an election, the best we can do is to pick out one or two, on which we may possibly combine votes with enough of our accidental neighbors to secure some chance of accomplishing an election, with some hope that the chosen representative of our patch of ground may coincidentally represent our individual selves in some fractional way. It seems farcical to call this a system of government representative of the people.

Naturally, in such circumstances, we have drifted into the two-party division of the mass of voters in our districted constituencies; and just as naturally those make-shift parties are steadily losing their last remnants of meaning and purpose as organs of popular opinion and will. A few people among us — prohibitionists, populists, socialists — are sufficiently earnest in particular aims to throw away their votes on hopeless candidatures, rather than contribute to a misrepresentation of what they care for most. In this there is a fidelity to democratic principle which claims high respect, and which ought to have the encouragement and the cultivation that a reality of representation would give it.

If the best were made of the geographical formation of representative constituencies it would still be farcical in its pretension to organize self-government by the governed. But the best is never made of it, and never can be, for the reason that, in the working of our two-party politics, one or the other party will always have power to gerrymander the carving of districts, for the wasting of its opponent's votes, and will never fail to employ that fraud. I doubt if an instance to the contrary can be found in any districting of constituencies, for city, county, state, or national elections, within these United States. Examples of the gerrymander and its juggling are everywhere. I take the one that lies readiest to my hand, in the ward elections of 1911 in my own city. The city is divided into twenty-seven wards, of a carefully calculated eccentricity in their shapes. It had one alderman to elect in each. Regular nominations were made on each side of our ridiculous two-party division; a

few independent candidacies were undertaken; some scattering and some blank votes were cast; and the whole aldermanic vote in the city was 70,611.

By majorities or pluralities the nominees of one party were elected in seventeen wards, where that party polled 26,993 votes, against 20,772 in opposition. The other party was successful in ten wards by an aggregate vote of 11,729, against 11,700. The number, in all wards, of votes cast successfully, — cast, that is, for candidates who were elected, — was 38,722. The total number of unsuccessful votes was 31,889. The party which carried ten wards (which was the party that had planned the ward divisions, to its own advantage) secured its representation in the board of aldermen by an average of 1173 votes in each ward. The other party suffered a wasteful expenditure of 1588 votes in the average of its seventeen wards. If the twenty-seven elected aldermen had represented equal constituencies of voters, the 38,722 votes which elected the entire twenty-seven should have elected only fifteen, and the 31,889 votes which elected none, and had no voice in the city government, should have sent twelve representatives to the board.

This is a fair, common example of the working of the system under which we try to persuade ourselves that we are operating a government representative of the governed. To state the facts is enough to show how crude, how rudely fashioned a piece of social mechanism it is; how well designed to become the ready instrument of self-seeking and intrigue in politics; how very far from realizing any rational conception of a representatively self-governed democracy. The bare facts, too, show plainly that the evils which infest our politics are mostly inseparable from the practice of representing in government, not sections of public opinion, but sections of a map. It is the difficulty of making any other than the coarsest assorting of our oppositions in political opinion, within these hard-and-fast boundaries of residence, that has driven us into our two-party organization, with its utter misfit as to all questions of local government; with its machine-like structure and working; with its wide opportunities for turning public service to personal profit, — its open temptations to corruption, — its emptiness of any inspiration of political ideals.

In the primitive evolution of representative government a districted election of representatives was fallen into inevitably, because it was the simplest, easiest mode, and because it was naturally satisfying to peoples who had had no voice in government before. Habit then fixed it in use, and it was justified, perhaps, so long as restricted means of communication limited all kinds of combination to narrow neighborhoods. But that justification exists no longer. To-day, for every purpose of social co-operation, the areas of neighborhood are stretched less by a hundred miles of distance than they were by ten miles a generation or two ago.

In my belief we have nothing now but habit to hinder us from organizing *undistricted constituencies of agreeing opinion*, and giving them a representation in government that will be uncontested and complete. As I hope to show, it is a rearrangement of representation which need not be undertaken sweepingly, at once, in a revolutionary way, but which can be tried here and there, now and then, side by side with the existing system, beginning naturally in the fields of local government, city and county, and extended later into the larger fields of state and national politics, or abandoned, according to the satisfaction or otherwise that it gives. If it should carry the will of the people into government with more directness

and better effect than the districted method, the old political parties might be constrained to adjust their own organization to it, with advantage to their character and usefulness; but no legitimate function of theirs would be menaced in the slightest degree.

Already, it seems, there are younger communities than ours, Pretoria and Johannesburg, in South Africa, for example, in which an assorting of voters in constituencies of agreeing opinion has been accomplished with success. This is done in connection with a method of preferential voting, under a law which confers election on any candidate who receives a prescribed number of votes. The preferential voting involves some complexity which may not be serious, but which I think it possible to avoid.

As I have the thought of such undistricted constituencies, they involve no change in our present mode of preparing or polling votes. The ballot may be unaltered; the same election districts may be maintained — each citizen voting in the district of his residence, as now. The change of effect in the voting would come primarily from a more systematic registration of voters, — a complete and exact enrollment, — such as all communities need for other than political purposes, and the lack of which is a fundamental crudity of our social organization.

With such a registration established and maintained, I can see no slightest impracticability in the idea of forming constituencies of people who are most nearly in agreement on the measures and policies to be dealt with by the representative whom they elect. The formation of such constituencies, according to my conception of them, would start naturally and easily from the gathering of what may be called *electoral groups*, made up of kindred-minded people, resident in the same election district. Let some state, in its election laws, simply permit any number of voters in any election district to form such a group, and to associate themselves with other electoral groups of like-minded voters in other election districts, to such an extent as will make up some prescribed number of voters, sufficient for the constituency of a representative in their city board of aldermen, or their county board of supervisors, or either branch of their state legislature, or in the national Congress. If action is taken on such permission, let the law provide that the electoral groups formed in election districts, and the constituencies made up by their association, shall be officially numbered and recorded, and that the registration of citizens in each community shall cover full particulars concerning them. That is, the register of a citizen must record the electoral group, if any, to which he has attached himself, and the register of a group must record its membership and the constituency or constituencies of which it forms part.

The only needful innovation in procedure on election day would seem to be in the marking, counting, and reporting of votes. Each vote cast by a voter registered as belonging to an electoral group would bear the number of the group, and the count and return of votes would be required to show the number to the credit of the several groups so designated. If the groups united in a given constituency were shown by the returns to have polled a number of votes which satisfied the requirement from such constituency, and if the same person had been named by all or by a majority, that constituency would have elected its representative. This is all that I can see of complication that would be added to the present process, and it is too slight to have weight for a moment against the reality of representation in government that would be brought about.

Taking for illustration the circumstances of the municipal election already described, the working of the method would be this: the total of votes for aldermanic candidates in that election having been 70,611, the average per ward was 2615. The latter number, then, or an even 2600, would have been the fair minimum of membership to prescribe for the making up of twenty-seven undistricted constituencies to be represented in the aldermanic board. If a municipal representation on that plan had been authorized by law, as an alternative to the representation of wards, and if the existing political parties had already found it desirable to adopt this construction of constituencies, and if the array of voters in party ranks remained unchanged, one party could have formed groups in the election districts sufficient to make up fourteen constituencies, and could have seated that number of aldermen in the board, representing the exact ratio of its supporters to the total voting population of the city; while the other party could have seated eleven, and the scattered and blank votes could have filled two independent seats.

But this hard-and-fast division on national party lines would not have been maintained; for the reason that there happened to be a local situation at the time which made the party yoke more than commonly oppressive to many citizens. On the question of a new city charter, to increase the measure of home-rule and to concentrate responsibility in the city government, thousands from both parties would have thrown their votes together, if an effective combination had not been so difficult to organize. What I suggest would seemingly take most of that difficulty away. Occasions which call loudly, as in this instance, for some special demonstration of public opinion and feeling, but which are afforded no effective response under a districted representation, are of frequent occurrence everywhere. Some measure of legislation or some line of policy, in city, county or state government, which the professional politicians of established parties antagonize, is desired very earnestly by a large body of citizens, numerous as a whole, but so divided by district lines in their voting that they can make little or no showing of their numbers in the election of representatives to the legislative body from which action must come. By the offer of the undistricted constituencies their feebleness of political influence would be converted at once into something of effective weight, scaled with mathematical precision.

If there is anything of serious new difficulty or troublesomeness in our political action involved in this method of organization I cannot see it. Nothing is commoner among us, nothing more familiar to our social experience, than the forming of associations or clubs; and an electoral group would be no more or less than a political club, affiliated with other clubs of like opinion and aim to form a representative constituency. The work incident to the movement would be mostly within the local circles of the groups, and not likely to be greater than goes into the action for which religious or benevolent or business associations are formed.

Citizens who did not choose to enter an electoral group could continue to vote under the districted system of representation, so long as political parties continued to put forward candidates in districts. The only necessary interference with the existing system would be the prescription of some minimum of votes that must be cast in a districted constituency, as well as in an undistricted one, to validate elections in either. If there came to be, in time, a considerable use of the offered opportunity for representing constitu-

encies of agreeing opinion, the permanent parties might find so many of their districted votes drained away into the new constituencies, that they could not hold their ground in politics without accepting for themselves the more rational plan. A systematic representation of all political opinion might thus be instituted, displacing the crude representation of majorities and pluralities in territorial districts, by the simple effect of a permissive law, if the people found it good.

Action under such a permissive law would naturally begin, as I have said, in the spheres of local government. It is there that the joining of group to group, in the associating of a fixed number of voters, could be effected most easily. A widened grouping and association, however, extended from wards and townships to legislative and congressional districts, would only widen the communications to be employed; which is almost a negligible consideration at the present day. And if undertakings in this suggested line should be carried no further than into municipal representation, they might with reason be expected to do much in that sphere toward the accomplishing of a political reform which is foremost among our needs. They would weaken to easy breakage the fatal domination of national politics and national party organization, which paralyzes municipal politics and denies to local questions and interest their due share of attention in the public mind. To break the unnatural and mischievous connection of municipal with national and state politics would be the breaking of our political parties from the most powerful of the influences and the most pernicious of the conditions which vitiate their management now.

It must be confessed that undistricted constituencies can be of no advantage in the election of administrative officials, city or state, where the voting, of necessity, is undistricted; but neither can they be troublesome to it. No difficulties could attend the attaching of the election of a mayor or governor to any balloting for which electoral groups and open constituencies have been specially formed, if it connects with their other aims.

When the most has been made of all objections to the suggested system, let the following considerations to its advantage be set down:—

Public opinion and desire on political questions of the day would be represented, in all of its important divisions, with a definiteness and an accuracy which cannot conceivably be attained by a representation of mere majorities and pluralities among the voters dwelling within given areas of ground. To accomplish that state of things would be to realize a government of the people by the people, in true operation for the first time. Unless the theory of democracy is a delusion, this is what must be realized; for otherwise the theory becomes a doctrine that one hundred members of a free and equal body politic may silence the voices of ninety-nine, and exercise the rankest of tyrannies, while conducting, nevertheless, the freest form of government attainable by mankind. Practically, such is the implication of the democratic theory, so far as it has yet been applied in a general way. Varied devices for its modification, to prune the absolutism of majorities, by some small concession of effect to minority votes in a districted constituency, have been long under discussion and occasional trial; but their complicated operation and defective result are discouraging to their adoption, and there appears little promise that any among them will ever have much use. Hence, while the ideals of democracy are the most rational that humanity can entertain, I discover no

hope that they can be realized politically until a free and fluent representation of public opinion in its differences is organized in some such fundamental mode as I have described.

The worst working of our system of districted representation is in the primary and most important movement of the elective act, — namely, the seeking and naming of candidates from among whom the election is to be made. Out of the mixed population of a constituent district, whether it be the ward of a city or a larger legislative district, the manipulators of party organization, who control the sharing of political spoils, can generally command a body of supporters against whose obedient unity in the primary voting there is seldom an opposing rally that can be organized with success. Present demands for legislation to provide for the nomination of candidates by direct popular vote may produce something to curtail the dictatorship of the party 'boss'; but nothing yet realized from this important reform gives assurance that its effects will go very deep. The self-interested agencies of party organization will still be active at every polling place, with large advantages of unity and plan in what they do.

But if our mixed constituencies, of districted populations, were broken into constituencies of citizens assorted by their agreements and disagreements in political opinion and purpose, then the kind of voters who serve political bosses would have to go together, in separated groups and constituencies of their kind, while citizens of the other sort, having political beliefs to assert, ideals of government to strive for, and standards of quality to be satisfied in the choice of their representatives, could make an uncontested choice. Organization would have been ready-made for both, and the contest of political independence with political bossism, fought then on level ground, would have its right result.

Citizens who cherish political ideals, coming together in electoral groups and then united in constituencies, would be fastidious and critical in their choice of representatives, as no constituencies of the present system can ever hope to be. The man of their preference would be sought by them, and solicited, not to submit himself to the indignities of a vulgarized political contest, uncertain in result, but to accept a service of honor, lying entirely within the gift of those who proffered it. Public life might then offer careers which would appeal to one of the worthiest of ambitions, be responsive to one of the highest calls of duty, and yield one of the most substantial of satisfactions. Men who scorn the servile terms on which public office is now most commonly conferred, would accept it then from the hands of their fellow-citizens with well-justified pride.

The character of our legislative bodies and of our whole public service could not fail to be raised. The better political motive and intelligence of most communities might still remain in minorities of their citizenship; but they could secure their representation, proportionately to whatever weight they had; they could have full expression in legislative chambers; their demands, their protests, their appeals to reason, could be carried where they must have the hearing and the influence which they seldom get now.

All of which leads to these final questions: Is there any other political reform that could give us so much of the reality of government by the people governed, and determine its possibilities so conclusively, as an organized representation of undistricted constituencies of agreeing opinion? and, Why do we not undertake that natural and very simple organization of democracy?

RED BIRD, HE CAN SEE

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

'JIMMIE,' said George Washington Morris, better known among the blind boys at the Lomax School for deaf and blind children as 'Red Bird,' because he hailed from a little post-office place of that name. 'Jimmie, what would you do if you was to fall into a gre-at *big* ditch?'

Red Bird was given to facing Jimmy Little, his small running mate, with terrifying problems of the foregoing nature.

'Just Jimmie,' the teachers called the latter among themselves, from his habit of repudiating his last name.

'No, sir,' he would say, wrinkling up his thin gray-mouse little face with its shrunken, scared eyes. 'No, sir, I don't know nothin' about no Little name. Mr. Todd at the poorhouse he tagged that on to me, when he sent me here to school. I reckon he thought it sort of finished a fella out like, to have a second name. But I never had no folks, they found me when I was a baby just throwed away 'long side of the Mill Creek highroad — that's one of the roads down in Lupin County — and I never was called nothin' but just Jimmie. But,' he was apt to add as a triumphant afterthought, 'Red Bird *he's* got folks, an' he kin see too!'

At Red Bird's question in regard to the big ditch, Just Jimmie's upraised listening face twitched all over with excitement as it always did whenever his hero spoke. It was as though the words actually fell upon his waiting little visage.

'Why — why, Red Bird, I think I'd pray,' he offered eagerly, after due consideration.

'Hem,' the other retorted. 'Bet yer *I* could git out a heap quicker 'n that!'

'Well, maybe *you* could, Red Bird — maybe you could, 'cause you kin see, you kin see real good.' (Red Bird's face screwed itself into a curious little frown at this tribute.) 'An' course,' Jimmie went on, elaborating his philosophy, 'if a fella kin see he don't have to pray so much.'

'A fella *has* to pray, anyhow, whether he kin see or not,' Red Bird declared severely. 'You don't reckon seein' makes any difference to the Lord, do you?'

Though this last was put in the shape of a reproof, there was, nevertheless, the hint of a wistful question in Red Bird's tone.

'Er course it don't make no difference to the *Lord* whether you kin see er not,' Jimmie returned, waving about excitedly, 'but — but it makes a heap of difference to yourself.'

It was George Washington's Birthday, not Red Bird's, but that of the father of his country. The school in consequence was indulging in a half holiday, for which reason Red Bird and Jimmie were free to perch at leisure on the stéps of the blind boys' sitting-room, and speculate over such high problems as prayer and big ditches.

When Jimmie Little had arrived the previous autumn at Lomax, Mr. Lincoln, the Superintendent, thought he had never before seen such a forlorn, gray-mouse bit of a blind boy of eight.

Just a little human derelict tossed over to Lomax from the Lupin County Poorhouse. Blind he was, of course; thin as a little skeleton; bewildered by his new surroundings; dazed by all the babble and confusion of the sixty or so other blind children; and more than usually handicapped in finding his way about by having slipped down a flight of stairs and broken one arm. He was forever missing his bearings and getting lost. This, however, he appeared to be used to, and if no friendly hand arrived to guide him into port, he curled himself up wherever he happened to be and dropped off to sleep. And being stumbled over and furiously berated by the other blind boys, 'for *allus* layin' 'round in the way!' was apparently just one more drop in his bitter bewildered cup of existence, and wrung from him no retort or defense.

On the fourth day of school, however, George Washington Morris, Red Bird the masterful, the braggart, the triumphantly self-confident, blundered over Just Jimmie's little curled-up person lost in the wide courtyard between two of the school buildings, and at once took him in tow.

'You just hitch on to *me*, kid,' he had commanded; 'I'm pretty nigh nine years old, an' I been at Lomax for more 'n a year, an' I kin tell you there ain't much erbout this ole school *I* don't know. An' anyhow I kin see real good.'

Jimmie closed joyfully with the friendly offer, and from that time Red Bird became his hero — nay, he was more than a mere hero, he made up the romance, the poetry, the zest, of Just Jimmie's existence. To him the other boy was as exciting as a pitched battle, as intoxicating as wine. The contagion of this new buoyant personality wrought an extraordinary change in him. He began to hold up his head, to walk with more confidence, even to develop a comical little swagger of his own. And all day long his thin little voice was forever proclaiming the wonders of Red Bird. How strong Red Bird was, how he could fight — 'Yes, sir! Lick any boy at Lomax!' How he had folks — folks who sent him postcards — 'Why — why Red Bird, he — he gits a postcard from *his* folks most — most every day — leastways he gits one onct a week *anyhow*.' But most of all Just Jimmie's pæan was, 'Red Bird, *he* kin see!'

When Red Bird's parents had brought him to Lomax the year before, his mother had seized an opportunity to say privately to Mr. Lincoln, 'Georgie can see a little with one eye — just the least little bit. It ain't anything really, not much more than telling light from dark, but,' she went on with wistful shamefacedness, 'maybe we've kind of humored him into thinkin' he can see more than he really can. He's so terrible proud of it that — some way' — she swallowed — 'we just *could n't* tell him the truth. But he ain't really lyin' when he says all that about how well he can see,' she added in quick defense, ''cause he thinks he can see real good.'

And later on when Mr. Lincoln saw Red Bird staring at an intensely bright electric flashlight held within a few inches of his eye, and heard him announce triumphantly, 'There now I kin see that light just fine, an' yet some folks says I'm nearsighted,' he had understood.

Through the open door of the sitting-room there came all at once a burst of shouts for Red Bird.

'Here, Red Bird, where you —'

'Read my postcard for me —'

'No, sir! He 's not, he 's goin' to read mine for me —'

Red Bird and Jimmie scrambled up from the steps and groped their way to the shouting group of boys within,

Jimmie's quavering little voice keeping up a devoted refrain of 'Red Bird he kin see, he kin see to read postcards 'most as good as sighted folks,' though nobody was paying any attention to him.

'Well boys, how are you?' an unexpected grown-up voice inquired pleasantly.

For an instant the animation of the little company fell to a dead listening silence. Then realizing that the voice belonged to Miss Lyman, their matron, they burst into a chorus of friendly greeting, Jimmie coming in behind all the rest with — 'I'm-very-well-I-thank-you'm-How-are-you?' said all in one breath, and very much as if her query had pulled a string, or touched a button somewhere or other in his small anatomy.

'Is n't this a beautiful holiday?' she went on. 'It's real spring weather, and don't the mountains look beautiful —' She caught herself up sharply, biting her lips.

'I heard Mrs. Lincoln say they was looking lovely this morning,' one of the older boys answered politely, possibly divining the reason for her sudden pause.

'Gee! I don't have to have nobody *tell* me mountains is pretty, I kin see 'em for myself,' Red Bird boasted.

'Well, I can't *see* er mountain, but — but I kin smell 'em,' Jimmie announced, crinkling up his nose, and sniffing excitedly from side to side.

One of the other boys gave a great shout of laughter. 'Well, just listen to that kid, will you! He says he can smell a mountain!' he cried. 'Say, what does it smell like anyhow, Jimmie?'

Jimmie's sensitive little face went crimson. 'It — it smells like woods, an' — an' like things growin', an' wet leaves, an' that's a all-right way to tell about a mountain, ain't it, Red Bird? You — you can't *hear* a mountain, an' — an' — an'' (Just Jimmie always fell to wild stuttering when put on the defensive) 'an' it's too big to *feel*, so if you c-can't *see*, why *smellin's* a all-right way to tell about it. Ain't it, Red Bird? Ain't smellin' a all-right way to tell about a mountain?' he appealed shrilly.

'Course it is,' Red Bird returned, 'an' —' he whirled suddenly and, with swift fingers ascertaining the direction of the boy who had laughed, implanted on his face a sudden and stinging blow — 'an' maybe *that'll* learn *you* to know it is,' he wound up.

'Why, *George!*' Miss Lyman cried, flinging herself between him and his outraged victim. 'Why, what on earth makes you act like that!'

Red Bird thrust his hands into his pockets, and executed an awkward and wholly unrepentant double shuffle.

'I dunno,' he returned engagingly, 'but sometimes seems like I feel so good, I just naturally *have* to smack somebody.'

'You could have told Edward Jimmie's way of telling about a mountain was all right, without hitting him —'

'Maybe so, Miss Lyman,' Red Bird interrupted, with airy confidence, 'but if you'll notice you'll see er fella is mighty apt to know a thing a heap better if you tell it to him with your fist.'

Catching his hero's spirit, Jimmie thrust his thumb and forefinger gruesomely into his eye-sockets, and spun round and round in a grotesque little war-dance of his own.

'Yes, sir! That's the way to tell 'em, Red Bird! That's the way!' he cried, the shrill anxiety of his voice changed to triumph, 'an' I just knowed that was a all-right way to tell a mountain, an' Red Bird, he knows, 'cause *he* kin see!'

'Yes, Red Bird can see,' another boy chimed in. 'Gee! If I could see good

as him, bet I would n't be at no blind school.'

Red Bird let this pass.

'Here, boys,' he cried briskly, 'gimme yer cards so's I kin read 'em for you; I ain't got all day to fool with you all.'

Putting out a groping hand, he took a card from the nearest boy, and holding it up before his face he began, 'Dear Son, this is to let you know I am well, an' hopes you are the same. You must be a good boy, an' learn your lessons good. From your respectful father.'

'Why, George! how well you read!" Miss Lyman exclaimed in astonishment. Involuntarily she took the card from him, but the words which stared up at her were, —

'Dear little Robert, — How are you getting along? Sadie was sick a spell but is now better. Don't forget your father and mother.'

'Why, the little *liar!*' she cried sharply to herself, and turned upon Red Bird.

He had shrunk slightly away, every line of his body speaking of a strained consciousness of her reproachful eyes upon him, and his averted face was half-pleading, half-defiant.

'George,' she began gravely.

But suddenly Jimmie's quavering pipe cut in with, 'Yes, sir! Red Bird kin see to read writin' good as anybody.'

Miss Lyman shut her lips tight. Jimmie had choked her intended reproof to silence. It did not seem to her that she could shatter his idol in his very presence, but she registered a vow to have a serious talk with George in private.

At this moment word came that Miss Cynthia — the teacher who was managing the entertainment to be held that evening by the blind department of the school, in celebration of the day — wanted all the boys who were to take part in it to come and rehearse.

'Come on, kid,' Red Bird cried, reaching out an arm for Jimmie in the general scramble. 'Mind out now for that bench —'

But alas! in thus masterfully guiding Jimmie, Red Bird struck his own head against the sharp edge of a half-open door.

'*Oh!*' cried Miss Lyman, starting forward.

'What's the matter, Red Bird? What's the matter — what'd you run into?' Jimmie cried distractedly.

For a moment the blow had staggered Red Bird, and he leaned dizzily against the door, breathing hard and struggling against the surge of tears; but at Jimmie's words he flashed up straight and flung his shoulders back.

'I did n't run into *nothin'!* Course I did n't! What's the matter with you? Don't you know I kin see?' he cried passionately, proudly, while the blow on his forehead swelled to a hot finger of red.

The entertainment in celebration of Washington's Birthday that evening was drawing to its close. It had been a great success. There had been patriotic songs, recitations, and dialogues. There had even been a one-act play, in which Red Bird's engaging self-confidence, umblemished by any hint of stage fright, had brought down the house, and had so inspired Jimmie that he had even achieved a small success of his own.

An address by Mr. Lincoln had followed the play. He made no attempt at impassioned oratory, but he had a clear-voiced, earnest, direct manner of appeal which aroused every child, boy or girl, from fiddling with fingers or buttons, to listen with all his or her attention. And as with swift, vivid word-strokes he presented the glories of patriotism and of truth, there was not a small heart there which did not

go a beat or two faster, or a little soul which did not dedicate itself to a stricter truth, and a higher devotion to its country.

There remained just one more number on the programme, then the general singing of 'My Country, 't is of Thee,' and then, ice-cream and cake and bed, with Washington's Birthday of nineteen hundred and twelve swinging into its place among the years crowned with all the honor and glory of which the Lomax School was capable.

'I'm glad you said what you did about truth,' Miss Lyman commented warmly, as Mr. Lincoln dropped to a seat beside her and Mrs. Lincoln. 'I trust our small George Washington may take it to heart. You know what stories he tells about how much he can see.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Lincoln thoughtfully, 'I had Red Bird very much in mind. He always exaggerated about that, but it seems to me his imagination has grown perfectly unbridled ever since I let him go home for the Christmas holidays. His parents are extremely foolish, but of course he can see a very little, and it must be hard for them to check him. But why don't the festivities proceed?' he broke off, realizing that for some reason there was an unusually long wait.

'What do we finish with?' He glanced at his programme. 'Oh, "My Name it is George Washington," sung by George Washington Morris. Red Bird seems slow in testifying to the fact.'

'I don't wonder,' Miss Lyman laughed. 'Ah, here he is,' she added in relief, as the curtains, manipulated by two of the big deaf boys, swung apart to reveal the small performer holding a large American flag over his head.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, a sharp ache clutched Miss Lyman's throat. Red Bird was all alone upon the stage, and somehow she had never before realized what a little boy he was. Moreover, there was something about his face that seemed to blur and soften away its usual swaggering conceit.

'Why — why he's been *crying!*' she whispered sharply.

Nevertheless, flinging his head back with his old arrogance, Red Bird struck bravely into his song. It was one of exalted sentiment in which a small boy enumerates the different things he cannot do, because (the refrain)

My name it is George Washington, I cannot tell a lie,
Beneath this flag he gave to us, So let me live and die.

Red Bird's clear voice managed the opening lines well enough until he came to the refrain. There he faltered, almost stopped, recovered himself desperately, struggled on somehow to the end, waved his flag, and rushed on to the next verse.

'Think of Red Bird having stage fright,' Miss Lyman commented uncomfortably.

'That's not stage fright,' Mr. Lincoln whispered. 'Look at Jimmie,' he added sharply.

Across the aisle from them, in his place among the smaller blind boys, Jimmie sat — a keyed-up, tense little figure, all the usual eager waving of his body fallen now to a frightened stillness. His elbow on his knee, thumb and forefinger thrust into his eye-sockets, he sat, bowed over, listening — listening with his whole body. He was perfectly motionless save for a faint agonized quiver, responding like some tuned instrument to that throb of emotion in Red Bird's voice, and there was nothing that he could do. Nothing save sit there in the dark and wait and listen, while there, almost in touch of him, the being who made up the romance and delight of his existence met his tragedy all alone.

Red Bird was nearing the end of the second verse, and with every word the refrain was looming nearer. He stumbled on somehow to the last line, then—

'My name it is George Washington, I — I —'

He could get no further. He stopped dead, panting, struggling, breathless, fighting with all his proud little boy soul to choke the tears back. But it was no use. The flag dropped from his hands, he flung his arm across his face, gave one little sharp gulp, and broke down before them all.

Someone with presence of mind hurried the curtains together, while Miss Cynthia at the piano dashed into 'My Country, 't is of Thee,' and after a dazed moment the audience rose and sang, and the entertainment came to an end.

'Well, sirs! What do you know about that! Red Bird he's a great singer, now ain't he!' one of the blind boys jeered.

A little wild ball of fury launched itself upon him.

'I'll learn you to laugh at Red Bird!' Jimmie screamed.

'Doggone you, Little! Get out er here!' bellowed the outraged boy.

'An' I'll learn you my name ain't Little! It's Jimmie! Jimmie! nothin' but just Jimmie! Now do you know it!' Beside himself with passion Jimmie hammered the information home, until Miss Lyman and Mr. Lincoln rushing up shook the two apart.

'Where's Red Bird?' Jimmie demanded, stemming all rebuke.

'He has gone to bed,' Miss Lyman answered. 'I promised to save his candy and cake for him. No,' she added, seeing Mr. Lincoln's questioning eyes upon her, 'I could n't get him to tell me what the trouble was.'

'I'm goin' to bed, too, I don't want no ice-cream,' Jimmie announced.

'No, you are not,' Miss Lyman returned firmly. 'I want George to go to sleep, and if you're there you'll just wake him up.'

Later that evening, when the small blind boys trooped into their dormitory, Red Bird lay very straight and still in his cot, his head buried deep among the pillows.

Later still when all the scuffle of going to bed was quiet, and everyone supposedly asleep, Jimmie, after a long, long time of lying on his back and waiting with the dark stillness pressing down on his face, heard — what he had known he would hear — the creaking sound of Red Bird's cot, as the figure in it relaxed, a sobbing breath, and then stifled crying.

Jimmie slipped out of his own cot which was next, and stumbled across the way.

'Red Bird, it's me, it's just Jimmie,' he whispered wistfully. His groping arm crept timidly about the other's neck.

'Don't cry, Red Bird,' he implored.

But Red Bird shrugged him angrily away.

'Git out!' he gasped.

Jimmie hesitated a moment, then crept away through the dormitory between the long rows of sleeping boys.

There came presently at Miss Lyman's door the soft faint sound of groping fingers, and then a timid knock. In the dim light of the hall she found Jimmie's shivering little figure.

'It's — it's Red Bird,' he whispered, touching her dress lightly to assure himself that she was really there. 'He's cryin' just awful.'

Miss Lyman went down the dormitory to investigate, stopping on the way to jump Jimmie back into his bed.

Red Bird was indeed crying just 'awful,' the difficult strangled tears of a proud child.

He quivered away from her touch, seeming to desire to burrow into the very mattress.

'Come into my room, honey, where

there's a nice fire, and tell me what the trouble is,' she whispered, urging his reluctant little figure out of bed.

In her room he crumpled up in a big chair before the fire, his head buried deep in his arms, and all his gay conceit utterly routed.

'I'm — I'm a liar, Miss Lyman!' he broke out at length with a gasp.

Miss Lyman was conscious of the sudden twinkle of tears in her eyes. It was one thing to call him a 'dreadful little liar' in her own heart, faced by his lordly boasting, but quite another to have him admit it in that small heart-broken voice.

'Why, dear?' She compromised softly.

'I can't see one thing.'

The five short words came in a gust desperately.

'Oh, but you can see a little,' she cried in quick extenuation. 'Of course I know you can't see as much as you pretend to, but —'

'I *can't!* I can't — I tell you!' he interrupted her passionately. 'I can't see *one thing* any more! An' I've lied, an' lied, an' *lied* —'

His voice went out in a little sharp sob, but presently he began again.

'I uster could see real good, most — most as good as sighted folks, but — but when I was home Christmas there was a kind of a quack doctor fella come 'round an' told my mother for — for ten dollars he'd fix my eyes so's I could see sure 'nough. An' she gave him the money — it was some she was saving to buy a tombstone for our baby that died — an' the doctor he made a kind of a cut in my eye — an' — I ain't never seen a thing since, not — not *one thing.*'

'O my little boy!' Miss Lyman cried pitifully.

And now he let her warm sorry arms creep about him, and turning, pressed his face against her shoulder.

'I uster could see. I was n't tellin' no lies then,' he sobbed. 'I uster could see sure 'nough. I could see 'lectric lights if they was close. An, onct in er thunder-storm, I seen er lightnin' flash, an' most always on clear days, I could see the sun — honest I could, Miss Lyman, I could see it real good. But now I can't see *nothin'*,' he whispered. 'An' I've just lied an' lied erbout it.' His broken little story came with long breaks between. 'Some way I just *could n't* tell the fellas the truth, an' so — so I just went on an' lied, an' acted like I could see better 'n' ever — An' I never thought 'bout havin' to tell the truth 'cause of my name till — till after what Mr. Lincoln said — but now I reckon I'll just have to tell. I — I sort of hate to tell Jimmie worst of all,' he dragged out at last.

And Miss Lyman knew that the telling Jimmie was the bitterest drop in all the bitter cup.

'Some way he — he thinks I can see so awful good,' Red Bird explained brokenly.

She caressed him softly for a moment in silence, her heart full of rage at the 'quack doctor fella.' At length she said, —

'How would it do to tell Jimmie now and get it over with?'

'Well —' he said after a long moment, a reluctant crushed consent.

Miss Lyman brought Jimmie in, a very small white-clad father confessor. His little face, sharp with anxiety, turned from side to side, as he seemed to feel the aura of his friend's misery.

'Red Bird has something to tell you, Jimmie,' Miss Lyman said.

He put out his eager hands — which for all their thinness and smallness were so alive with character — and found his hero's bowed shoulders.

'Such *little* boys!' Miss Lyman thought, as she looked at the two white

figures there in the circle of firelight which they could not see.

Red Bird took a fierce breath and began.

'Jimmie, I've just lied an' lied to you, kid. I can't see a bit more'n you; my eyes was ruined when I was home Christmas an' I been lyin' to you ever since, an' I —'

But Jimmie cut him short all in a breath.

'Why — why, Red Bird,' he cried, stuttering, and stumbling over his words in his haste to get them out, 'why, *that* don't matter — I — I knowed all the time you could n't see. I knowed it right off — soon as ever you come back.'

Red Bird shot up straight and furious.

'Why, you doggoned little liar!' he cried. 'If you knowed, what made you go on actin' like you thought I could see so good!'

Jimmie winced away from his hero's wrath, but he stumbled bravely on, a faithful little Jonathan.

'Well — well, you see, Red Bird, I sort of — sort of knowed you hated awful bad bein' sure 'nough blind — you'd hate it maybe sort of worse 'n a fella would that 'd allers been that away, — an' so when you kept er actin' like you could see better 'n ever I thought you'd kind of — kind of like it if I acted that away too. An' — an' I 'lowed it did n't matter what I did 'cause *my* name ain't George Washington, it's just Jimmie, an' I ain't got no folks to keer how I act. Maybe I'll go to Hell for it,' he pursued calmly, — having evidently faced this possibility in his small mind, — 'but' said Just Jimmie quite simply, 'course a fella would n't mind that if — if it would make it any better for — for the fella he — he keered erbout.' And after a moment he added 'Sort of,' vaguely, which two little last words were wholly irrelevant and were merely thrown in as a cover to his shyness.

'But course,' he resumed, 'when I heard all this George Washington truth talk, why — why I knowed then you'd *have* to tell, Red Bird, 'cause of your name.'

Suddenly Miss Lyman remembered the picture of Jimmie's agonized little figure during Red Bird's song. So he had known all along what his friend was facing. She wondered how much else Just Jimmie knew back there behind those blind eyes of his.

'Jimmie,' Red Bird gasped presently, 'it's awful! Bein' sure 'nough blind is just — just *awful!*'

He had not admitted this to Miss Lyman.

Jimmie started as though he had been stung and his hands fell to patting the other's head with acute awkward tenderness.

'Why — why, Red Bird, it — it ain't really so awful after a fella gits used to it,' he stuttered. 'It's — it's just 'cause you ain't really used to it yet. Why — why,' he stumbled — he whose sight had been wiped out by Infant Ophthalmia at the age of two weeks — 'why, I recollect *I* felt just like you do when I first went blind, but *now* — why — why now I kind of like it,' he protested valiantly. 'Why — er —' his little gray-mouse face with its disfigured eyes waved about as he hunted desperately for the advantages of being blind — 'Why, Red Bird, you an' me is awful bad fellas, an' maybe if we could see we'd do somepun 'at 'ud git us locked up in the penitentiary. An' — an' anyway, er fella don't want to be bothered with havin' to see such a heap of things all the time, an' so — an' so — so — bein' blind is — is kind of nice and *quiet*,' he brought out triumphantly at last.

'Gee!' Red Bird retorted in a muffled voice, 'you're mighty right, your name

ain't George Washington. But all the same you're a awful good little kid.'

He reached out one moist tear-dabbled hand, and finding Jimmie's, hugged it close, as though trusting to its small wise strength to guide him along that dark path which the other knew so well.

Suddenly a fresh inspiration came to Jimmie, and he gave a joyous squirm, like an ingratiating puppy.

'Red Bird,' he said, 'the fellas is goin' to be awful mad when you tell 'em how you've fooled 'em. I would n't be s'prised if you — if you had to lick quite a few of 'em.'

A swift delighted stiffening up of muscle animated Red Bird.

'Why — that's so,' he cried in happy anticipation. 'I just b'lieve that's so, kid. An' I can fight, can't I?' he demanded wistfully.

At last Just Jimmie felt himself upon familiar ground, and took his cue joyfully.

'Fight? Great snakes! Red Bird! I just everlastin'ly bet you kin! Why, why there ain't er boy in school you can't lick! Yes, sirs, fellas,' he proclaimed, addressing the whole school in imagination, 'yes, sir! Red Bird he certainly *kin* fight!'

WAR

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

If there is one way more than another in which the twentieth century has gone mad, it is in this, that it has transferred the tests of good and evil from judgment of the moral actions of personal beings to judgment of physical and impersonal things. Time was when an act was esteemed good if it furthered some good end. It was bad if it hindered that good end. Nowadays, however, we have got ourselves twisted up into such a sorry state that we esteem things good in themselves or bad in themselves, entirely apart from their use by moral agents. There was a time when people said that using alcohol properly was good, and misusing alcohol was bad. Now we discover a considerable portion of the people of the earth declaring that alcohol is in itself bad. Once, ambition employed to the furtherance of a noble end was considered a good; ambition merely selfishly to succeed, an evil. Now we teach our children that ambition itself is a good thing. When our boys and girls read Shakespeare, they are commonly at a loss to discover why Brutus justified his killing of Cæsar by stating that Cæsar had been ambitious. Once upon a time actions were said to be good or evil according as they helped or hindered the good of men and the glory of God. Nowadays impersonal things are said to be in themselves good or bad, no matter how they may be used.

This confusion of thought is the parent of much of the moral and intellectual confusion of our time. For instance: once men knew that dancing could be either good or bad, according as it was of a sort that spiritualized men or of a sort that brutalized them. Then along came those blind and practical

business men, the Puritans. The Puritans boasted that externalities were nothing to them, but that they lived on spiritual truths. As a matter of fact, of course, there never was a sort of people who so thoroughly destroyed the interior spirit of everything they touched or who clung so persistently to external husks. Dancing to Puritans was a merely external thing. The poetry in it they could never perceive. The external husk of dancing they esteemed, rightly, an imbecile thing. — David's wife, sitting in the window, was an early Puritan. — They therefore called dancing a thing in itself evil. Of late years Puritanism has begun to die, for which the world of poets should render thanks. But people still retain their bad habits of moral thought, and conclude that, since Puritanism declared dancing in itself utterly bad, therefore dancing in itself must be utterly good. The logical outgrowth of this position is the spectacle of our young men and women falling victims to modern revivals of the most degenerating dances the world has ever seen. Possibly at some time men may come to the conclusion that dancing is neither good nor bad, being a non-personal and therefore a non-moral thing, but that the use of it may be either good or bad. This profound discovery will be simply a return to a point of view everywhere accepted in the despised Middle Ages.

But all this somewhat lengthy dissertation is but to prepare the way for the presentation of a thought about war. The wise ancients always danced before they fought, so that possibly to talk of dancing is not an improper way to preface a talk on war.

This modern tendency which we have mentioned is nowhere more evident than in the serious utterances which are printed, preached, and talked by presumably intelligent and careful thinkers on the subject of war. This talk may all be summed up in the dictum, uttered as if it were the most self-evident of truths, that 'War is wrong.'

Here, again, we have the ascription of a moral quality to a non-personal and therefore non-moral thing. It is plain to any person who thinks with any degree of accuracy, and who speaks the English language, that war is not wrong at all. Neither is war right. The goodness or badness of war cannot be rightly spoken of, any more than the hardness of black or the sootiness of space. The use of war may be very good, if it tends toward the good of man and the glory of God; or the use of war may be very bad, if it tends to the hindrance of these things. But war is neither moral nor immoral; it is merely non-moral.

As one glances over the pages of history, one finds wars, it is true, which are blots upon the records of man; but one also finds wars without which the world would have been so incomparably the poorer that we could never have done without them. And one also perceives, to his astonishment if he is a 'practical man,' that the wars which have been gigantic blunders and crimes have all been wars for the attainment of practical ends, like territory, or markets, or wealth, while the wars which the world could not have done without have all been wars for abstract principles, for beliefs, for religions, for mad dreams and seemingly impossible hopes. The world could well spare the conquests of Napoleon, because they were all wars merely for Napoleon; but the world could not spare the martial conflicts surrounding and realizing the French Revolution, because it was a war for those abstract and sensible absurdities, liberty, equality, and fraternity. We could well spare the Mexican War, which was a fight for territory, but we could not at all get along with-

out the Civil War, which was a war for man.

This idea that all war is bad is due to the fact that men have lost their belief in principles, ideals, mad dreams, impossible hopes, as the most real things in life; while they have retained their belief in the very great reality and importance of material welfare. A religion is apt to be an unreal thing to most of us. But getting hurt or killed is still a very real thing to all of us. That a man should be killed in a war is plainly deplorable even to a man who has no dreams at all; but that it is glorious for a man to get killed for a cause which possesses him, is something which no puny materialist can ever understand. The difference between a murder and a martyrdom is comprehensible only to people with souls. In the back of its mind, our age has a generally unavowed but nevertheless real sympathy for Christ upon the Cross, just because He was killed. We pity Him Crucified; our fathers adored Him.

And the greatest of all these dreams and ideals which the world has lost, the thing which has been at the back of every good war since time began, is love. If you ask nine out of ten people to define love to-day, they will say it is the absence of hate. This is the definition of a man intellectually and morally standing on his head. Love is no negation. Love is no pale, sentimental mist. Love is a great, burning fire which flames so fiercely in the breast that one rushes, like what the world would call a madman, to throw one's life away for what one loves, to defend it, to slay its enemies, to champion it, to let one's death for it bear witness to one's passion.

How completely extravagant such a definition sounds to us who have emasculated love until it is but the negation of hate! How absurd it seems to us of the very practical, and very drab, twentieth century! We love our wives and husbands so mildly that we let them divorce us rather than fight with and for them. We love our country by politely putting a flag up on the Fourth of July and by insisting on her protecting us in our personal affairs. We love our Church so mildly that we cannot bear to see her enter upon social and industrial battles, into which she may drag us. We love God, good-humoredly patronizing Him by not opposing Him. And we think we are in charity with all men because we do not quarrel with them even when they take the high-road to Hell. We think we love people because we have stopped fighting them.

If we really loved them, we should have to fight them often, for their good. And if we really loved God we should have to fight for his truth. The fact that men quarrel no more about religion is a sign that their religion has become formal and perfunctory. The fact that men have ceased to war for their ideals is a sure sign that they have not any ideals worth fighting for. If a man really has a dream before him, a dream not yet realized upon the earth, he will have to fight, — shed blood, kill, and die if necessary, — to embody that dream.

Even the dream of universal peace produces wars. This explains the paradox that the Prince of Peace has been the patron of innumerable struggles wrought in blood. There can be no cessation of struggle until every ideal is realized. There can be no end to war this side of Heaven. The mystic battle of Armageddon goes on. He is either a coward or one without wits who has no enemies whom he must fight to the death, and fight, possibly, with bloody tools.

To determine the morality of any struggle one must discover the motive of that struggle. A fight conducted for

some one's else benefit is a good fight. A fight for one's own selfish benefit is an evil fight. Wars for territory or markets or that sort of thing, these are evil. Wars for religions, wars for theories, wars for mad dreams, these are right. What if in them men are killed and injured, wives left widows, children made fatherless? These things are not always unmixed disasters. Is not the heritage left a child by him who has lost his life for a noble cause of more value than either the caresses or the material wealth that the father might otherwise have given it? Is not the widow of a martyred hero made rich in the knowledge that she helped to make that hero? Was it not Calvary which really made the Virgin blessed among women? There are things worse than death and better than life, and in our hearts, if not in our minds, we know it.

The records of Christ show that He knew all this, despite all the emasculating criticism of the Tolstoyans and near-Tolstoyans. He said, indeed, that the ultimate purpose of his coming was to establish peace. His hearers, with their usual denseness, supposed that He meant that all wars should forthwith cease. Wherefore He was careful to say these words: 'Think not that I came to send peace upon the earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be those of his own household. . . . He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'

Would it not be just as well for Christians to stop singing indiscriminately the praises of that pale negation which moderns falsely call peace? Would it not be just as well to cease shouting unmixed anathemas at war? Would it not be just as well to admit that often toleration and a desire for peace are but other names for spiritual bankruptcy? It is perfectly possible to damn mightily those who would use war and fighting for their own selfish ends, — personal, party, or national, — and at the same time to continue to honor with all devotion those who have laid down, are laying down, or shall lay down their lives battling for the fraternity of men and the love of God. Professor James has said that what we need to-day is a 'moral equivalent of war.' The records of the ages have shown us that there is only one moral equivalent of war, and that one is war itself.

SECRET ANNALS OF THE MANCHU COURT

I. THE STORY OF PRECIOUS PEARL

BY EDMUND BACKHOUSE AND J. O. P. BLAND

I

READERS of *China under the Empress Dowager* may remember how, when the great Tzŭ Hsi lay a-dying, the watchers by her bedside asked her, in accordance with ancient custom, to pronounce her last words. 'Never again,' she said, 'allow any woman to hold the supreme power in the State. It is against the house-law of our dynasty and should be strictly forbidden. Be careful not to allow eunuchs to meddle in government matters. The Ming dynasty was brought to ruin by eunuchs, and its fate should be a warning to my people.'

When Tzŭ Hsi spoke of the ruin of the Ming dynasty by the eunuchs, she had in mind the history of the Emperor Wan Li, who ascended the throne in 1573 as a child, and his three successors, the last of the Mings, and of the infamous Chief Eunuch Wei Chung-hsien, whose memory is universally execrated by the Chinese people. The tale of this foul creature's evil deeds and of the calamities which he brought upon the Throne and people of China throws no little light on the dark places of life in the Forbidden City, where, beneath the dignities and splendors prescribed by venerable tradition, lie grim shadows of death-dealing intrigue, of cold-blooded cruelty, lust, and greed; where, close to the polished surface of sacred edicts and Confucian philosophy, lurk the elemental passions and insatiable ambitions of Oriental despotism.

In 1620, Wan Li lay on his death-bed, but by order of the Lady Cheng, the Imperial concubine who wished to secure the throne for her son, Prince Fu, his Ministers of State and the Heir Apparent were not permitted to enter the Presence. Rumor flew trumpet-tongued through Peking, and a brave censor named Yang Lien urged the Grand Secretaries to do their duty and to insist upon admission. The Grand Secretary Fang, after much persuasion, proceeded at the head of his colleagues to the Emperor's bed-chamber. His Majesty was evidently moribund. Yang Lien and another honest censor, Tso Kuang-tou, seeing this, insisted that Ch'ang Lo, the Heir Apparent, who was anxiously waiting without, should be summoned to receive his father's last commands, to tend him at the last and to 'taste his medicine.' He was brought in just as Wan Li expired.

Ch'ang Lo, known in history by the dynastic title of Kuang Tsung (Glorious Ancestor), might have saved the dynasty had he been able to protect himself against the murderous hatred of the Lady Cheng and her eunuch confederates; but his life lasted less than two months from the date of his accession. He died of slow poisoning by arsenic, undoubtedly administered

by his eunuch attendants. His illness was aggravated shortly before his death by one of the eunuchs (Ts'ui Wen-sheng), who administered an extremely violent purgative. The court became seriously alarmed, while in the city the report was spread that the Son of Heaven was being done to death by the Imperial concubines. Once more the brave censors Yang Lien and Tso Kuang-tou came forward, demanding that, in conformity with inviolable tradition, the Lady Cheng be compelled to depart from the Palace of Celestial Purity (in which Wan Li had died), where no female is allowed to sleep. The Lady Cheng at first refused to move, but eventually, fearful of popular clamor, she complied.

Yang Lien next proceeded to impeach the eunuch who had administered the purgative to His Majesty. 'This villain is no physician,' he said, 'and ought not to be allowed to conduct his wanton experiments upon the Divine Person.' Another censor urged the Grand Secretary to take more care of the Emperor's sacred person, and added that a wrong prescription had evidently been given.

The Emperor lingered on, growing daily worse. Five days later the last agony had begun, and once more he summoned his ministers to a farewell audience. As they pressed him to nominate his successor, he pointed to his eldest son and said, 'Help him to be a good man.' Then he spoke of the Imperial tomb. The courtiers pretended to misunderstand, and asked if he referred to his father's tomb north of Peking. 'No, I mean my own.' They answered, 'May your Majesty live for ever; why speak of this now?' The Emperor then asked, 'Where is the official from the Court of Banquets who was to give me some medicine?' The Grand Secretary replied, 'The Secretary Li K'o-shao claims that he possesses a marvelous remedy, but we dare not recommend it.' The Emperor bade him be sent for, to feel his pulse. He was ushered in, gave a very fluent diagnosis of the disease, and suggested his remedy. The Emperor was pleased, and agreed to take the drug. Li was told to discuss the matter with the doctors and the ministers, but they came to no decision. The Grand Secretary Liu Yi-ching remarked that this particular remedy had been taken by two men in his native place. One had recovered and the other had died, so that it could not be called an infallible prescription. The Board of Rites thought it would be risky to administer it, but while they were still discussing, they were again summoned to the Emperor's presence. Li K'o-shao then hastily compounded the medicine — the famous red pill — and gave it to the Emperor, who swallowed it. He gasped slightly and exclaimed, 'My loyal servants!'

After taking the medicine, the Emperor dismissed his ministers, who waited in an ante-chamber. In a short time a decree was brought out to them which said, 'Our person is much better.' At sunset Li K'o-shao was permitted to administer another red pill, and at dawn of the next day the monarch 'ascended on the dragon,' aged thirty-nine.

II

Upon the Emperor's death, the concubine Li, his would-be-Empress, threw off all disguise and came boldly to the front, with her chief henchman the eunuch Wei Chin-shang (who subsequently received from the new Emperor the name of Wei Chung-hsien, meaning Wei, the loyal and good). These two, and their troops of eunuchs, now held the palace against all comers, kept close watch on the heir to the throne and issued orders forbidding the

usual mourning of ministers at the deceased sovereign's bier. Once more the censor Yang Lien braved the powers of darkness in high places. Forcing his way through the eunuchs, he demanded to see the Heir Apparent. The concubine Li sent word that the young Emperor had left the Palace, but that he would soon return. She then actually endeavored to smuggle him out of the Forbidden City, but her movements were discovered and the Emperor was taken back to his Palace. Under the direction of Yang Lien, he ascended the palanquin and received the obeisances of the court. It was proposed that he should formally ascend the throne without delay, but Yang Lien deprecated unceremonious haste, since the succession was not contested; at the same time he took vigorous steps to preserve law and order in Peking.

The young Emperor T'ien Ch'i (known to history as Hsi Tsung) was but fifteen years of age when called to ascend the Dragon Throne: a weakly lad, of small stature and utterly lacking in strength of character. From the date of his accession, the power of the eunuchs, hitherto kept in check by the firmness and moral impulses which his grandfather Wan Li displayed at critical moments, increased beyond all bounds of experience, until their leader, Wei Chung-hsien, became the autocratic ruler of the Empire. With the death of Kuang Tsung, the Lady Cheng could no longer hope to secure the throne for her son, the dissolute Prince Fu, so that gradually her influence and her interest in palace politics became less personal and less aggressive.

Immediately upon the death of Kuang Tsung, a struggle for supreme power began between the Concubine Li and the new Emperor's foster mother, the fascinating and notoriously evil woman known to history as Madame K'o. The Emperor's mother having died years before, it was the ambition of Lady Li, through her influence over him, and by the power of the eunuchs, to arrogate to herself the position of an Empress Dowager, and to rule the Empire. To this end, she began by ignoring the dynastic law which required her to remove from the palace of her late lord, announcing her intention of residing there with the young Emperor, and she was able to enlist on her side the sympathies of the Grand Secretary Fang Tsung-che.

But the censor Yang Lien and his colleague Tso Kuang-tou, backed by an honest eunuch named Wang An, were not disposed to acquiesce in such irregularities. They protested most energetically, and put in a joint memorial demanding that the Concubine Li should forthwith take her departure from the Central Palace to that of the 'Whirring Phœnixes.'

Faced with this crisis, on a clear issue where public opinion and the law were all against her, the Lady Li made a virtue of necessity and evacuated the palace, but not before her retainers had looted much of its store of gold ingots. The chroniclers report that Yang's hair and moustache turned completely white during these days of crisis. But he had won the day, and from this point the influence and activity of Lady Li waned rapidly at court. A little later, and her downfall was complete. Another decree of the Emperor deprived her of her rank as concubine 'in order to comfort his mother in heaven,' while continuing her maintenance grant 'in order to show honor to his father,'—a typically Chinese 'face-saving' solution.

From this moment, Wei Chung-hsien and his confederate Madame K'o stand forth in absolute and almost undisputed authority. Under Wan Li, the chief eunuch had ruled the capital and chas-

tised the court with whips: he now proceeded to chastise it with scorpions.

The first noteworthy indication of their vengeful and bloodthirsty power was given when they did to death the loyal eunuch Wang An, who had dared to support the censor Yang Lien in his fight for clean government.

The young Emperor was only too willing to allow all the business of the State to pass into the hands of the masterful eunuch and of the woman K'o, who exercised so baneful an influence over him. He devoted himself continually to his hobby of carpentry, which Wei Chung-hsien encouraged. The eunuch would wait until he was busy with plane and saw and then go to him, asking for instructions concerning some routine question of government or one of the day's memorials. Hsi Tsung, hating to be disturbed, would tell him to settle the business as he thought fit; and thus, little by little, the eunuch usurped all the functions of the sovereign.

III

During the seven years of his calamitous reign, one good influence, and one only, saved the young Emperor from utter degradation and led good men occasionally to hope that he might in time cast off his bondage and assert the Imperial dignity of his throne. This was the influence of his consort, the 'Precious Pearl,' in whom dignity, virtue and high courage were combined to a degree which make her one of the most admirable women in China's history, and indeed, in the history of the world. Her gentle and steadfast character shines brightly to this day against the dark background of those evil times; her lofty ideals, patience and loyalty smell sweet and blossom even now amid the dust and ruins of that degenerate age. Seldom, indeed, has history recorded a nobler life, a more pathetic death. The story of her youth, and of her selection to be the Empress Consort of China's weak and dissolute monarch, is one of the most remarkable romances in Chinese history.

In the winter of the year 1612, a student of K'ai Feng-fu, named Chang Kuo-chi, found lying by the roadside a little girl, aged six, and taking her to his home, adopted her as his daughter, by the name of Chang Fen. Her 'style' was 'Precious Pearl.' He attended carefully to her education and she proved remarkably intelligent and diligent in study. Chang Kuo-chi had intended her to marry his son, but he was dissuaded from this course by a Buddhist priest who, after casting her horoscope, foretold for her a far more exalted position.

In 1620, the year of the death of Wan Li, the dissolute Prince Fu (son of the Lady Cheng) came to take up his fief of Honan, and forthwith sent eunuchs to search through the city of Kaifeng for damsels worthy to enter his harem. One of these eunuchs came to Chang's house, and seeing 'Precious Pearl,' then aged fourteen, bade her go with him to the Prince's palace; but she indignantly repelled him, threatening that, if he laid his hand upon her, she would commit suicide.

In the year (1621) following the death of the Emperor Wan Li and his unfortunate son, the Emperor Kuang Tsung, the young Emperor Hsi Tsung, then aged sixteen, proclaimed his intention of solemnizing his marriage. The whole empire was notified that comely maidens between the ages of thirteen and sixteen were eligible, after which the eunuchs made an eliminating inspection. Those whose height or figure failed to reach the required standard were weeded out, until the number was reduced to four thousand. On the following day a much more careful

scrutiny was conducted by the two head eunuchs, who made copious notes of each damsel's features, size of nose, color of hair, shape of waist, and length of foot. Each maiden was required to state clearly her name, lineage, and age; if the timbre of the voice did not satisfy the eunuchs, she was at once rejected. Stammering or thickness of speech was regarded as an insuperable defect. As a result of this scrutiny, only two thousand remained eligible, and on the following morning further measurements were made, in addition to which each candidate was required to walk a hundred paces, in order that her deportment might be observed. Any slovenliness of gait or lack of dignity disqualified the candidate.

After this test only one thousand remained. These were then taken into the Inner Palace where they were subjected to a searching scrutiny by discreet and elderly women of the palace, who compelled them to strip, that their persons might be scanned from head to foot.

Three hundred were ultimately chosen to undergo a month's probation as palace handmaidens. Those among them who showed signs of stubbornness or of a frivolous disposition were weeded out, until at the end of the month only fifty remained, all of whom were appointed to be Imperial Concubines.

The chief eunuch in charge of the Ceremonial Department was greatly impressed by 'Precious Pearl's' beauty, and placed her at the head of the list to be presented to the Senior Concubine, Lady Chao, who had been one of the Emperor Wan Li's chief wives and was at present acting as Empress Dowager. This lady, an accomplished scholar, tested each candidate in calligraphy and other accomplishments. Finally, three were chosen as candidates for the position of Empress, of whom 'Precious Pearl' was one; the other two young ladies were named Wang and Tuan.

In accordance with ancient custom, the Lady Chao enveloped the heads of the three chosen ones in turbans of black crape and fastened the arms of each with a bracelet of jade and gold. They were thereupon taken into an inner chamber for a final examination by the women of the palace, to make sure that they were without spot or blemish.

In due course their report was submitted. The official chronicler gives from it a detailed list of the future Empress's charms. Her complexion was as the dawn, her eyes like autumn waves, her lips like cherries; her teeth, numbering thirty-eight in all, were perfect, her chin ample, and she was free of birthmarks.

Lady Chao hastened to report to His Majesty, and conducted the three maidens to his apartments, where his foster mother, the evil Madame K'o, was waiting to help the Emperor to make a final choice. At this time, K'o was about thirty-three, a woman of great physical beauty and charm. The Emperor had already bestowed upon her the title of the 'Holy Lady of Ch'in.'[1]

Madame K'o took an immediate and instinctive dislike to 'Precious Pearl' and began to criticize her. 'For a girl of fifteen,' she said, 'her figure is too stout; she won't improve as she gets older. She is good-looking after a fashion, but quite unworthy to be your Consort.' Pointing to Miss Wang, she exclaimed, 'That's the wife for you.'

The Emperor, however, was evidently attracted by 'Precious Pearl,' but, following the prescribed custom, he

[1] Ch'in, the classical name of the province of Shensi, of which she was a native. The ruins of Madame K'o's private residence are still visible just outside the Tung An gate of Peking, and the site is popularly known as the 'Foster Mother's Palace.'

asked the Lady Chao's advice. She replied 'All three are exceptionally comely, but Miss Chang (Precious Pearl) surpasses the others in dignity of demeanor.'

Nothing loth, His Majesty chose 'Precious Pearl' for his consort. Miss Wang was given the title of Virtuous Concubine and Miss Tuan that of Pure Concubine. The eighth day of the fourth Moon following was fixed by the astronomers as auspicious for the Emperor to ascend his nuptial couch; three weeks later the new Empress received her patents. The Emperor asked her many questions about her family and past life. Her replies greatly pleased him, and she speedily acquired over him that influence for good which became the one redeeming feature of his weak nature. Her father (by adoption), Chang Kuo-chi, was ennobled as an 'earl of exalted strength,' and other members of her family received suitable honors.

A few days after the marriage, Hsi Tsung and his consort proceeded to the Ancestral Temple, where Her Majesty performed obeisance before the Imperial shrine. Hsi Tsung was at this time only sixteen, and of very diminutive stature; his consort towered above him.

In spite of the Emperor's devotion to his beautiful bride, it was evident to all the court that he was becoming more and more subject to the influence of the Chief Eunuch Wei Chung-hsien, who had attended him since early infancy. This man and Madame K'o gradually established their authority as the real rulers of China, and maintained it throughout his reign. Wholesale proscriptions were made by Wei against those who had criticized him, so that it came to pass that even the great viceroys vied with each other in currying favor with the all-powerful eunuch. In nearly every province, shrines were erected to him during his lifetime, and he was worshiped as a deity. In Kiangsi, a temple which had been built centuries before in honor of one of the most eminent disciples of Confucius, was dismantled and Wei Chung-hsien's tablet was set up in its central hall. He was likened to the Sage for virtue and learning: nay, his merits were even exalted beyond those of the Sage, and he was accorded the highest place in the national Pantheon. The Governor of Shantung gravely informed the Throne that a *chi lin*[1] had been captured in Confucius's native province near to the Sage's grave, an auspicious event which he attributed to the fact that near to the throne there stood a person of Wei Chung-hsien's consummate virtue. (The *chi lin's* rare appearances, like angel's visits, only occur when the Empire is governed by a perfect ruler.) The eunuch was called Lord of Nine Thousand Years, and the Emperor's decrees, which Wei invariably drafted, began with the words, 'WE and Our eunuch minister decree as follows —'

In all this, the infatuated monarch submitted to the will of Wei Chung-hsien, except only when the eunuch and Madame K'o endeavored to poison his mind against his beloved consort, to whom he remained devotedly faithful all his life.

IV

Shortly after His Majesty's marriage, certain censors began to send in outspoken memorials against K'o, urging that she should be forbidden to spend so much of her time in the Forbidden City in close attendance upon the sovereign, it being contrary to etiquette that a woman should be allowed to enter the Palace of Heavenly Purity.

[1] A fabulous animal, of origin probably similar to our unicorn.

The Emperor, in reply to these memorials, declared that his wife's extreme youth required the guiding hand of a foster mother. The censors returned to the charge, pointing out that a woman of K'o's low antecedents was unfit to minister to a person so virtuous as the Empress. K'o was eventually compelled to leave the Palace, and for a time she remained at her own residence; but the weakling Emperor felt her absence so deeply that he lost his appetite and became greatly dejected. In spite of the remonstrances of the censors, he soon recalled her, and thereafter her influence grew greater than before.

Thus things went on, from bad to worse. K'o and Wei now tried to lay snares for the Empress, and set one of their eunuch minions, Ch'en Ti-jun, to spy upon her in her Palace of Feminine Tranquillity, endeavoring all the time to turn the Emperor against her. But she, being blameless and pure of heart, paid no heed. Most of her time was spent in reading and in practicing penmanship, wherein she was highly expert; to the more intelligent of the palace concubines she gave lessons in history and philosophy. A devout Buddhist, she spent many hours in prayer before the altar of the Goddess of Mercy. Frequently, she attired herself as a nun and gave herself over to pious meditation. She knew full well that her enemies were plotting against her, but she relied upon her gentle influence over the Emperor, which never failed to hold him, though she used no feminine arts to win his favor.

Her lord the Emperor being without an heir, she would recommend various concubines to his notice, without thought of self. At times he would invite her to a boating excursion on the lake adjoining the Forbidden City, His Majesty himself rowing and endeavoring to please her by good-humored badinage. But she would use these occasions to remonstrate with him for his wild life, urging him to study state papers and to give daily audiences to his ministers. 'You ought to make friends with scholars and attend lectures on the classics,' she would say, 'instead of dallying with these sycophants.'

For a time, the Emperor would follow her advice, but he speedily relapsed into evil ways. Wei Chung-hsien arranged lewd theatrical performances for His Majesty's amusement; but whenever the play was indelicate, the Empress would rise from her place and leave the theatre in disgust.

In the hope of securing her deposition, Wei and K'o bribed a man named Sun erh, a Honanese who was lying under sentence of death in the Board of Punishments, to say that the Empress was his child and that he had given her to her father by adoption, Chang Kuo-chi. To the Emperor they said that a criminal's daughter ought not to be his consort and that she should be deposed, Chang Kuo-chi receiving the punishment he merited. The Emperor was impressed by the story, and went swiftly to his consort's apartment to ask her about it. But at sight of her tranquil beauty he was abashed, and could only say in an embarrassed way, 'Are you really the daughter of that wretched villain Sun erh?' The Empress blushed slightly and paused before replying. Then she said, 'If Your Majesty believes such foolish rumors, why should I continue to defile the Palace with my presence? Pray let me be deposed and make room for another more worthy.' The Emperor thereupon hurriedly apologized and made amends, all doubt having been dispelled from his mind. That night, he supped with the Empress, and next day warned Wei Chung-hsien against uttering idle reports.

In 1624, the Chief Eunuch was at the height of his insolence; none were safe from his rapacious and vindictive power. It was at this time that he took a fearful revenge upon the censor Yang Lien and the others who had denounced him and his former confederate, the Concubine Li. Yang Lien had retired from the court to his native place in 1622, shortly after the death of Wan Li. In 1624, he returned to Peking and, moved to righteous indignation by the evil deeds of Wei and his accomplices, he handed in the denunciatory memorial which eventually cost him his life.

This famous impeachment of the notorious eunuch is too long to quote in full, but it throws so much light on the condition of the Court and on the power wielded by these 'rats and foxes' and its effect on the government of the country, that we reproduce a few of its most important clauses.

The memorial begins thus:—

'The founder of our dynasty desired that eunuchs should not interfere in governmental affairs, and that evil doing should not be condoned. But the eunuch Comptroller General of the Eastern Court[1] behaves with overweening arrogance and treats the dynastic ordinances with contempt. I venture to set forth his chief crimes as follows. . . .

'(2) When His late Majesty lay dying, Liu Yi-ching and Chou Chiamo were the recipients of his last testament, but Wei was able to secure their abrupt dismissal, because he feared that they might clip his power. In this way, Your Majesty was made to act undutifully in the removal of your august predecessor's faithful servants. . . .

'(8) Thus far, I have referred to consorts, but there were worse crimes. Your Empress had given birth to a son, but he died straightway as the result of Wei's plottings. It is common knowledge that Wei and Madame K'o brought about this death. You cannot even protect your own son. . . .

'(10) Each day sees him rejoicing in fresh honours: shrines are built in his honour at which he, a living man, is to be worshiped. There is no limit to his evil influence with Your Majesty. In conferring distinctions on such a man, the words of the Emperor are defiled. At his native place of Hochien fu, he has erected triumphal arches in his own honour, on which are carved Imperial dragons and Heaven-soaring phœnixes. His sepulchre in the Western Hills is built on the scale of an Imperial mausoleum and covered with a yellow roof. . . .

'(15) When Wei was sent to perform sacrifice at Chochin, the road was cleared for him as for an Imperial progress. Heralds announced his advance and yellow earth was spread upon the highway, so that the people believed that he was the Emperor himself. On his eastern journey, he was borne in a chariot drawn by four horses; Imperial banners and insignia were carried in the procession. His bodyguard surrounded him on both sides to screen his sacred person from the vulgar gaze. In every respect his passing resembled a progress of Your Majesty. Numbers of persons offered their petitions to him or made offerings of tribute, prostrating themselves in the dust. What manner of man does this Wei fancy himself to be? . . .

'The tale of his crimes and treasonable designs is blazoned abroad in all men's eyes; yet none of your courtiers dare speak against him, lest they incur doom. Their tongues are tied; no one dare memorialize you. Should perchance any have the courage to reveal

[1] A bureau under eunuchs which had become virtually the Supreme Court of the Empire, which drew up decrees and completely superseded the Grand Secretariat.

Wei's treasons, the "Lady of Divine Worship," Madame K'o, stands at Your Majesty's side to gloss over his guilt. These two are sworn allies: each aids and abets the other; if one calls, the other comes to the rescue.

'Humbly I implore Your Majesty now to display the might of your high displeasure and to appoint a commission of the ablest nobles and highest officials, with power to subject Wei to relentless examination, in order that the law of the land may be vindicated. Also I beg you to have the "Lady of Divine Worship" removed from out the precincts of the Forbidden City, in order to guard you from further danger. Then, though your servant dies, yet shall he live.'

Wei was greatly alarmed at the revelations of this bold memorial, and besought the Grand Secretary Han K'uang to defend him. Han refused, so Wei hurried to the Emperor's presence and abjectly asked to be allowed to resign the Comptrollership of the Eastern Court. Madame K'o then used all her wiles, imploring the Emperor not to give his ear to calumny, while one of the Grand Secretaries was found to intercede for the eunuch. For a moment, Wei's fate hung in the balance, but in the end, the unfortunate Emperor, in his purblind folly, listened to Madame K'o and issued a complimentary decree retaining Wei at his post. On the following morning, he issued another edict sternly rebuking Yang Lien for his temerity. It had been the latter's intention to see the Emperor at the morning audience and to recount the eunuch's crimes in the monarch's presence, but Wei induced his master to suspend the court for that day. Balked of this opportunity, and realizing the danger of further delay, Yang handed in a second memorial at the Gate of Supreme Unity. This Wei suppressed, and though Yang sent in a third memorial, it never reached the throne. For three days, no audiences were held, and when finally the monarch emerged, he was surrounded by a guard of several hundred eunuchs, all of whom had weapons concealed on their persons. Orders were issued that no memorials would be received, and Yang was compelled to desist.

Nevertheless, other memorials of impeachment poured in. One, endorsed by over a thousand Academy students, accused Wei of suppressing all attacks upon himself, of inducing the Emperor to ignore the word of the officials who, kneeling at the gate, had begged for Wei's dismissal, and of designs on the throne itself. Finally, a board secretary named Wan Ching denounced the Chief Eunuch fiercely. This official had charge of the building and equipment of the late Emperor's mausoleum; a large amount of copper was needed for its sacrificial vessels, and as there were vast supplies of the metal lying unused in the imperial precincts, he asked the eunuch comptroller to issue what he needed for the tomb. This Wei not only refused to do, but he issued a forged decree censuring the application.

Hereat Wan, greatly enraged, impeached Wei. He wrote: —

'Sovereign power cannot be delegated, and least of all to an emasculated minion. This Wei is practically become Emperor and the fountain of all honour; his friends secure well-feathered nests, whilst the bodies of his enemies are covered with boils and sores. At his asking, hereditary titles are granted; his household servants receive bribes in thousands of taels. Your Majesty favours him with unbounded confidence for that he served your father; yet he refuses to issue copper for your father's shrine. His own grave at Pi yün ssü in the western hills, is as

large as an Imperial mausoleum; in the provinces, stately shrines have been erected in his honour, emblazoned with inscriptions and gaudy ornaments. On his own tomb he has spent a million taels, while His late Majesty's sepulchre is denied even the necessary fittings. Your Majesty's existence is ignored; Wei Chung-hsien fills all men's minds.'

Wei, having recovered from his alarm, and made sure that the Emperor's favor would not be taken from him, now determined to make an example of Wan, so as to put fear into his other enemies. The wretched man was seized by a stratagem and flogged to death. Next the brave censor, Yang Lien, was thrown into the Imperial prison, and with him, Tso Kuang-tou and Wei Tacheng, who had joined him in denouncing the Chief Eunuch. This prison was separate and distinct from the Board of Punishments; tortures were freely practiced there. Wei issued a decree that these three men were to be tortured every fifth day, and not to be handed over to the Board of Punishments until all their money had been extorted.

Finally, Tso Kuang-tou, unable to endure his misery, said to his fellow-prisoners, 'Either they will torture us to death for not confessing, or else they will hire one of the gaolers to kill us. If now we confess, they must hand us to the Board of Punishments for formal trial, and we may then escape.'

His companions agreed, and they all confessed to the false charge of having taken bribes. But the tiger would not release his prey. Wei issued a decree that they were not yet to be taken to the public prison, and the torturing went on. Yang Lien was eventually killed under a torture which consisted of piling great sacks of earth upon his belly, and driving nails into his ears.

In the year 1623, to the great satisfaction of Hsi Tsung, the Empress became *enceinte*. But the Chief Eunuch and Madame K'o had no desire to see Her Majesty's authority at court increased by the birth of an heir to the throne. Two of the Empress's favorite and most faithful serving maids were therefore put to death, by means of forged decrees, on false charges, and all her other personal attendants were dismissed, except those upon whom Madame K'o could rely. Their places were taken by women selected by the Chief Eunuch, one of whom, who was employed as a masseuse, so mishandled the Empress that her child was born dead.

Shortly afterwards, Her Majesty, goaded to desperation by the Emperor's infatuation, determined on an attempt to rid the court at last of the woman whose deplorable influence was the chief cause of the court's wickedness and shame. Taking her seat on the dais of the main hall of the Palace of Feminine Tranquillity, with a number of armed retainers on either side, she summoned Madame K'o to her presence. When the woman came, suspecting nothing serious, the Empress launched straightway into a recital of all her sins and wickedness, and ended by bidding her prepare to die. K'o knelt at her feet and prayed for mercy; meanwhile, a eunuch had gone swiftly to inform the Emperor (busy as usual at his carpentering) of what was taking place. He arrived upon the scene just in time to save his foster mother's life. From this time forward, the Chief Eunuch and Madame K'o endeavored by all possible means to poison the Emperor's mind against his consort and to deprive her of his protection.

Wei Chung-hsien made repeated attempts to ruin the Empress in the eyes of the Court and country by securing the disgrace of her adopted father,

Chang Kuo-chi, against whom he brought criminal charges backed by the false evidence of his creatures. But Hsi Tsung, weak as he was in all other matters, remained strongly attached to his beautiful and virtuous wife, and the Empress found another loyal defender in the Grand Secretary Li Kuo-p'u, who succeeded in checking some of the Chief Eunuch's bloodthirsty schemes and in frightening the woman his accomplice. Finally, in the spring of 1627, upon a false impeachment, the Emperor was induced to deprive the 'earl of exalted strength' of all his titles and emoluments and order him into retirement. This he did, weary of the importunities of Madame K'o, but still he would hear no word against his consort.

When she heard of her adopted father's disgrace, the Empress stripped off all her ornaments, and, dressing herself as a mourner, without head covering, sought the Emperor's presence, where, on her knees, she thanked him for his clemency.

Shortly after this episode, in the summer of 1627, the Emperor fell sick of an illness from which he never recovered. As his state became worse, his affection for his loyal and devoted wife increased. At this juncture, Wei Chung-hsien had the effrontery to propose to Her Majesty that she should become his confederate in a new scheme of treason and dishonor. He proposed that, upon her husband's death, she should become Chief Regent, accepting as Regent Assessor (practically co-Regent) a creature named Wei Liang-ch'ing, one of the eunuch's adherents. At the same time, he desired that the Empress should give out that she was *enceinte*, with the intention of passing off a son of Wei Liang-ch'ing as her own child after the Emperor's death. In this way the blood of the house of Wei would attain to the throne.

Such suggestions the Empress rejected with the scorn they deserved. She knew well that upon Hsi Tsung's passing, it must come to a life-and-death struggle between the eunuch and herself, but she held her head high and showed no signs of fear. 'For many years,' she said to him, 'I have made me ready for death. If now I obey you, you will kill me sooner or later; if I refuse, you will kill me only a little sooner. But if I die resisting you to the utmost, I can face unashamed the souls of the departed Emperors in the other world.'

As the Emperor's end approached, Her Majesty begged him to name as his successor his brother, the Prince Hsin. 'But,' said the dying monarch, 'Wei Chung-hsien assures me that two of my concubines are with child. If an heir should be born to one of them, he will become our son and should surely succeed to the throne.' Upon this, the Empress spoke to him most earnestly; the attendants never knew what words passed between them, but the Emperor nodded consent and summoned his brother to receive his dying behests.

Prince Hsin was about to plead his incompetency, but his sister-in-law (attired as a widow) hurriedly came out from behind an alcove, and pleaded with him saying, 'My brother, do your duty, obey His Majesty. The situation is desperate, and I fear a tumult in the palace. Thank His Majesty and do as he desires.'

Prince Hsin then fell upon his knees, and the monarch bade him govern the Empire wisely, avoiding the errors which he himself had committed. But, blind to the last, he added, 'Wei Chung-hsien fully deserves your trust, and may be given the highest office with absolute confidence.' Finally, he commended the Empress to his brother's tender care. 'See to her welfare: she

has been a faithful consort to me these seven years. Much do I owe her: often has she admonished me and urged me to better things. Her influence has ever been for good. She deserves all your pity: a widow, and so young. To your care I commend her.'

Prince Hsin left the Presence, and the Empress concealed him in an inner apartment of the palace, for fear lest Wei should assassinate him.

The Emperor passed away at 3 P.M. on the twenty-second of the eighth Moon. Thereupon the Empress issued his valedictory decree and commanded the hereditary Duke Chang Wei-hsien and other officials to escort the new Emperor to the Main Hall of Audience, where he should receive obeisance. The dead Emperor was dressed in his robes of longevity, and his widow, weeping at his bier, so exhausted herself by excess of grief that she fainted away.

The new Emperor conferred upon her the title of 'Empress Senior[1] of Feminine Virtue and Tranquillity,' and gave her the Palace of Motherly Peace and of Motherly Blessings for her abode.

VI

The new Emperor had abstained from all participation in palace politics during his brother's occupancy of the throne, but he soon showed himself to be a man of strong character and noble disposition. The Chief Eunuch's position soon became one of great danger, for his crimes had made him many enemies, who now combined and turned against him. Also, Madame K'o had been sincerely attached to her foster son, though she had abused his confidence, and at his death, stricken with remorse, she ceased to be subservient to the eunuch's treasons, stratagems and spoils.

The power of the evil confederacy which had wrought so many and great evils was now broken. Before the late Emperor's coffin, Madame K'o penitently burned pathetic relics of his childhood which she had treasured — his first tooth, some locks of baby hair, a few broken toys, and the scabs which had peeled off him after smallpox. Shortly afterwards, she was arrested, accused of her countless crimes on overwhelming evidence, and sentenced to death by the slicing process, every member of her family and household being also condemned to execution. At her death, the people rejoiced as at a festival. In her quarters at the Palace there were found six imperial concubines, all with child, and it was proved that she had intended to poison the new Emperor and to make one of these infants of unknown paternity heir to the throne. All these wretched women were condemned to death, victims of another's evil ambition.

The tide had turned strongly against Wei Chung-hsien, and realizing that his position was desperate, he fled to Shantung. Outlawed and abandoned by all his followers, he committed suicide near the grave of Confucius, but by order of the throne, his body was subsequently dismembered and the head exhibited at his native city, Ho Chien-fu, and many scores of his adherents, — especially those who had conspired against the Empress, — were put to death.

Throughout the troublous reign of the new Emperor Ch'ung-chen (1627–1644), the Senior Empress lived on terms of happy intimacy and affection with him and with his consort, respected and beloved of the populace. In 1642, upon the marriage of the Heir Apparent, she took up her residence, as custom prescribed, in the Palace of Benevolent Old Age.

Her death was as meritorious as her life had been. In 1644, when Peking

[1] To be distinguished from Empress Dowager.

had fallen into the hands of the rebel Li Tzŭ-ch'eng and the city was being ravaged and burned by his troops, the Emperor sent her a message bidding her commit suicide; but in the tumult and confusion the messenger failed to reach her. When she heard that Li Tzŭ-ch'eng was battering at the gates of the Forbidden City, she called for a sword, but was unable to deal herself a fatal blow, and her attendants endeavored to dissuade her from seeking death. Failing with the sword, she hanged herself with her girdle, but was cut down by her servants and urged to seek safety in flight. Angrily she stamped her foot, saying, 'You have disgraced me,' and ran to a side room, where again she tried to hang herself, but some of Li Tzŭ-ch'eng's men arrived just in time to cut her down. As she came to her senses, the rebels gathered around her, praising her beauty. One of them, who seemed to be a leader, exclaimed, 'We are now in the palace of the late Emperor's widow: this beautiful woman must be she. Never have I seen so beautiful a face. Let no one lay hands on her. She must await our Chief's orders.' But some declared that this was not the Goddess Chang — that she had fled in disguise and escaped, whilst others said she was dead.

The rebels were still disputing as to her identity, while she sat silent, when some eunuchs entered with an elderly woman who was Li's personal attendant, and who had been ordered by him to arrange the palace concubines in batches, according to their age and beauty, for his inspection.

The eunuchs pointed out the Empress to her, saying, 'That is the Goddess Chang, wife of the late Emperor.' She was placed in the care of attendants who tried to console her. 'Lady Chang, do not be afraid,' they said; 'you are so beautiful that when our great prince inspects the concubines to-morrow, he will surely choose you for his Empress.'

In her grief and despair, the Empress felt as if her breast were being pierced by a myriad arrows, and she was wondering how she could contrive to kill herself, when a loud voice called out from the courtyard, 'Where is the Empress Dowager, Goddess Chang?' This was one of the chief commanders of the rebels, named Li Yen. Before Peking had fallen, some of the eunuchs had gone over to the rebels, and had informed them of the whereabouts of the most beautiful palace women, whom they divided into three classes.

Li Tzŭ-ch'eng had promised thirty concubines to each of his generals, and a list of all the women in the Palace had been placed in Li Yen's hands. Li Yen was a licentiate of Honan province who had joined the rebellion, a fluent expounder of moral philosophy. Seeing that the Senior Empress's name was at the head of the list of women, he sighed deeply and said, 'How dare these wretched eunuchs desecrate Her Majesty's name in this way! She stands too high for such disgrace. I, who come from her own province, must save her from this outrage.'

So he hurried into the palace and, on finding her, bade two handmaidens lead her to one of the throne rooms, where he assisted her to mount the dais. Li Yen then dressed himself in court robes and made obeisance before her nine times. Placing her in the charge of attendants, he hurried away to find Li Tzŭ-ch'eng.

That same evening, she succeeded in killing herself. When they found her body she was attired in black silk, with gold embroidery and full sleeves: her face was veiled with yellow crape and her hair neatly dressed. She looked like a woman of thirty. Those who saw the serenity of her face felt as if some

heavenly visitant hovered near them, so happy was she in her death.

Li Yen buried her in the courtyard of her palace, and did homage at her obsequies. Meanwhile, Li Tzŭ-ch'eng had given orders that the late Emperor and his Consort should be buried, but made no public announcement concerning the death of the Senior Empress. It was freely rumored that she had been taken alive by one of the rebels. On the same day, the concubine Jen surrendered to Li Tzŭ-ch'eng and, to increase her own importance, told him that she was the Senior Empress, wife of Hsi Tsung. Li Tzŭ-ch'eng believed her, and later, on his retreat before the Manchus, took her with him. Thus it came to pass that, in the court of the fugitive Mings at Nanking, calumnious tongues insulted this noble woman's memory, and it was spread abroad that she had become the mistress of the rebel chief. There were still eunuchs and women at that court who had been of the faction of Wei Chung-hsien, and who were only too eager to besmirch her spotless reputation. The new Ming Emperor, Prince Fu, was in the hands of evil advisers, and believed these cruel falsehoods, so that no canonization was conferred upon her until the following year, when her death was undeniably confirmed. A eunuch eyewitness of her death described it to the Manchu Regent, Prince Jui, who gave orders that she should be buried beside her husband, at his mausoleum to the north of Peking. So came she to her honorable rest.

After the dispersion of Li Tzŭ-ch'eng's forces by the Manchus, the concubine Jen, who had accumulated great store of treasure from the palace, moved to Wu T'ai Mountain, west of Peking, and her abode became the resort of many lawless characters. She still claimed to be the Empress Consort of Hsi Tsung and, in that capacity, extorted money from the common people. Eventually, complaints were lodged at court, and she was arrested and brought to Peking. On her arrival there, she still claimed to be Empress, and some there were who believed her. But the eunuchs of the court had no difficulty in proving her to be a base pretender. The romantic chroniclers aver that she was compelled to try on one of the Goddess Chang's tiny shoes, before which test she failed ignominiously. Be this as it may, she was allowed to commit suicide, since when the memory of the illustrious and virtuous Empress has shone undimmed throughout the centuries.

IDEAS OF DESIGN IN EAST AND WEST

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I

SOME five and thirty years ago a Spanish gentleman, Señor Sautuola, owning an estate near Santander in the north of Spain, set out to explore a cave on his property, in the hope of finding remains of prehistoric man. The cave had been discovered accidentally some years before by a hunter, the narrow entrance being masked by brushwood. Señor Sautuola made repeated visits to the cave and discovered the blackened traces of a cooking-place, heaps of shells, broken bones and flint instruments. But it was only when he took his little daughter with him that the discovery was made which has given fame to the cave of Altamira. The child, with that superior vivacity of observation which grown-up people so often lose, noticed something on the ceiling of the cave. 'Look up!' she cried, and the party, following her direction, perceived a painting, a painting of a bison strongly colored in red and black. As they examined further, more paintings were discovered, — pictures of antelopes, horses, wild boars, and above all of bisons, but in every case of animals.

This was the first discovery in Europe of paintings by prehistoric men. One would have thought that it would have made a sensation in the world. But no! With that brilliant skepticism for which the nineteenth century had so much talent, these wonderful paintings were pronounced by learned archæologists to be recent forgeries. For quite a number of years the caves of Altamira were forgotten. Then discoveries of a similar character were made in the Dordogne district of France. Altamira was remembered. Señor Sautuola, who would have added picturesqueness to the story if he had died in the mean time of a broken heart, — Señor Sautuola was vindicated; and the paintings discovered in the first instance by a little girl were made the subject of a magnificent publication.

Apart from the interest of this little story as a chapter in the long record of the blunders of incredulity, there is something that fascinates imagination in contemplating these paintings by ancestors of our race so infinitely remote in time from even the earliest art of the most ancient of civilizations. Michelangelo has told us of the agonies of discomfort he endured, as he lay on his back on a scaffold and painted the sublime figures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. But to similar discomforts were added, for these unknown precursors of the world's artists, the discomfort of working in darkness. The sheltering recesses of their dwelling gave them security, but it condemned them to live in midnight gloom, lighted only by oil lamps.

The pictures are of extraordinary vitality, full of character and vigor. I do not know which to wonder at more — the astonishing boldness and truth of the drawing, or the driving power of the instinct which impelled the race of men at this remote stage,

'In the dark backward and abysm of Time,'

to find an outlet for their spirits in art,

even in conditions of the most painful discomfort.

What was it that made these primeval cave-dwellers devote so much time and so much toil to the portraying of these wild animals? This was art. Why did they want it? Why, when nature and life itself hold such interest and fascination, why do we want it? What was the instinct, so strong in man even hundreds of thousands of years ago, which impelled him to produce it?

Some perhaps will say, it came from a belief in magic. The cave-dwellers thought that they might more easily capture their quarry if they caught its image on the walls of their caves. Or was it a kind of religion? Did they seek to glorify these wild beasts? Or did they seek to glorify their own prowess in hunting? Or was it merely the pleasure of imitation?

Something possibly of all of these motives was present. We cannot tell. But we can say that these prehistoric men were keenly and profoundly interested in the beasts they hunted. Mere existence for them was a tremendous struggle. And the contest with these wild animals, from which they had to get food to sustain them and the skins to clothe them, represented for them —life. They drew what interested them in the world, and nothing else. It is probable they had no eyes for anything else.

In South Africa there are remains of remarkable paintings by Bushmen which strongly recall the prehistoric paintings. In one of these an antelope is shown browsing on the branch of a tree. But the painter was so little interested in the tree that he left out its stem and painted merely the branch, high up in the air, on which the antelope was browsing.

In all the various aspects and workings of Nature, primitive man found but one thing which interested and fascinated him so much that it possessed his imagination, and haunted his dreams, and drove him to re-create in line and color the images of his dreams.

His art expressed his relation to the world. And that I think is what at bottom art is: an intuitive expression more profound than language can articulate of man's relation to the universe. Even now, when we are so infinitely removed from the prisoning narrowness of the primeval wrestle for mere existence; even now, when the world has come to be realized as something unimaginably complex, what else is art than this?

On the one side is the world, all the august powers, the ever-changing enchanting appearances and the mysterious terrors of Nature; on the other side is man, played upon by all those visible and invisible forces, seeking and questioning and crying, 'What does the world mean to me? What do I mean in the world?'

I am not wishing to attempt a definition of art, but I want to lay stress on a fundamental characteristic, often lost sight of in the popular view.

I suppose at the present day in our Western civilization the most general notion of art is that it is a luxury and ornament of life, not a function of life, not a necessity, not part of our common need.

Well, but are we satisfied with our art? When we look back to one of the great periods of art, to Athens or to Florence in her prime, what is the difference that strikes us? There is an immense amount of talent to-day, genius even is not wanting. But surely our art fails just in the measure in which it fails to express a genuine relation to life. It has become a separate thing, not a common interest.

I remember some time ago visiting an old country house, such as we have so many of in England, with its beautiful gray walls, its ordered garden full of

old-fashioned flowers, and its interior and furniture scarcely touched. And the thought came to me that the people who built and lived in this house were probably people who cared little or nothing for art as we talk of it nowadays; they certainly never conceived of anything like our exhibitions of pictures, and I dare say their interests were just those of ordinary country gentlemen to-day, country pursuits, farming, sport, politics. But they lived in a house where nothing was ugly; they had admirable taste, without perhaps knowing it; and the garden with its blended elements of order and freedom was a real work of art. I am not sure indeed that gardening is not the most living and best practiced art surviving in England. And I thought of our fine picture exhibitions and of our acres of hideous streets, and our progress made me sad. With all our wonderful inventions and conquests we have left behind the idea of harmony: and that is what civilization has somehow to regain.

In such a house and garden as I have in my mind there is at any rate a harmony between man and his surroundings.

It is true that when such a harmony is reached, something in the human spirit impels us after a time to break it. Life is a perpetual readjustment to conditions, and art is the expression of an *everchanging relation* of the human spirit to the world. The greatest and most splendid harmonization of life was that achieved by the Greeks; a balance of human faculties so perfect that we have seen nothing like it since. But how soon was that fine poise to be disturbed and overset! No perfection, on whatever plane, seems ever to be reached but at the cost of death; the death that is new life. Destruction and chaos succeed to order; but soon its inner necessities drive mankind to a new effort, involving yet greater conquests.

In the great Gothic cathedrals we see the symbol not of perfection, but of vast aspiration. The wants and desires of the spirit are there expressed as perhaps nowhere else in art; all the profound and inarticulate reachings out toward the unknown and the infinite, the longings that this earth never wholly satisfies; all that the Greeks in their serene adjustment of their faculties to the world had left out or suppressed.

In these cathedrals, in Chartres, in Notre Dame, in Westminster Abbey, there is magnificent art but there is no imitation of nature. These are ideas expressed in stone that becomes almost dematerialized in the effort to soar and spring.

There is no imitation. And this leads me on to consider the notion which has been prevalent for so long in Europe, the notion that art has come into existence as a result of the imitative instinct in mankind. I believe this notion to be wholly error. There is undeniably a pleasure in the exercise of imitative skill; but imitative skill will never carry us far. Of itself it will never make a work of art.

It is true that in art we desire and need reality. But we do not need facts for their own sake. For art, as for religion, facts are nothing till they become symbol and idea. They become symbol and idea by becoming parts of ourselves, factors of our imaginative life. That the earth goes round the sun and not the sun round the earth is of no moment to us in itself; it is the stupendous change in the conception of man's place in the universe involved in the discovery which transforms the cold fact into a living energy of idea. It has become an experience; a change has happened in our own minds, and it is this which matters. Thus the copying of the facts of nature for their own sake in the in-

terests of objective truth, leaves those facts outside ourselves, as we know from many a conscientious bad picture. The life within man and the life outside man meet in the imaginative power which blazes forth as art.

Why do we need reality in art? We need it because the spirit of man only shows its mastery of the world by the grasp of essential truths, the significant truths, the truths that mean something to each of us and answer therefore to something vital in ourselves. It is not the external reality that is ever the subject of art, it is the meeting of the reality with ourselves. That is why I say that art is an expression of our relation to the world.

Wants and desires are as much a part of that reality we call experience as the facts and laws of nature which are continually opposing or controlling those wants and desires. Indeed these are the strongest part of our human nature. Could we conceive ourselves to be for a moment non-human and absorbed into the energies of the world without, we should be forever meeting with a restless obstinate force striving to combat those energies and to harness them. This restless, obstinate force is the will of man.

It is the want and desire in man which has made him what he is, which has won all his hard-fought and splendid victories. I do not want to use terms like realism and idealism, because such terms as these seem expressly invented to stop us from thinking. But it is evident that in art we cannot help expressing a preference; we choose out certain things, certain aspects of life, to dwell on them with special interest and fondness. And this implies that such things partake of and belong to the world we should like to live in. We express in art something of our ideal of life. But then in art the instrument of expression is representation of real things: at least we cannot entirely get away from reality, however bold and free the convention we use.

Art therefore partakes both of ourselves, our dreams and desires, and of the world about us. It is not enough to say that art is the expression of emotion: the emotion expressed must have some vital relation to the things by means of which it is expressed.

But if art is not the result of the imitative instinct in mankind, is it perhaps decoration?

Did those prehistoric draughtsmen of Altamira paint the ceiling of the cave with pictures of wild animals to add an amenity to their struggling existence by decorating their dwelling? Well, perhaps this motive entered into their work. Certainly the instinct to decorate both houses and furniture and things of common use has been universal among human races. And at any rate we have here a principle which makes no artificial distinction between the fine arts, as they are called, and crafts of handiwork.

But what is decoration? We commonly speak of it as the filling of a surface with a design or pattern pleasing to the eye. And in our time an attempt has been made to consider this as the essence of pictorial art, and to divorce it from the matter represented. Whistler, you will remember, said that all human significance and association were non-essential, were nothing but claptrap.

The answer to this is that it is contrary to experience. We might make the parallel assertion that the essence of poetry lies in the rhythm of the verse. Why then trouble about the meaning of words? But we find that when a poet ceases to care about the meaning of words his music becomes thin and poor. And so too with the painter. When he ceases to care about the significance of what he represents, his design becomes enfeebled. You cannot make abstrac-

tions like these. The truth is that rhythmical verse is the most perfect, pregnant, and effective way of expressing poetic ideas. And so too rhythmical design is the most perfect way of expressing pictorial ideas. The resistance of the material, the difficulty of fusing the matter with the form, the effort required to subdue complex forms and masses in a picture like a group of animated figures, for instance, into a beautiful pattern which does no violence to natural gesture and movement — all this calls out the deepest powers in an artist. It keeps him ever freshly interested. But to go on weaving arabesques that have no relation to natural form becomes as tiresome very soon as writing melodious nonsense. It does not engage the deepest interests of the artist; and art, it has been said, requires the whole man.

But we may go further than this. For pattern is itself expressive. Even melodious nonsense has a certain effect; at any rate we may be moved by the rhythm of a poem in a language unknown to us, though we should easily tire of its repetition. In the same way no pattern is without meaning. Just like those related tones of music, the relation of tones and colors or of lines and spaces in a pattern appeal to something in us below the surface of ordinary consciousness, perhaps, but all the more sensitive on that account. The Greeks, you will remember, gave to music a paramount importance in education. We train the conscious intelligence, but wholly neglect the harmonizing of those deeper emotional states on which music and the elements in all the arts which are akin to music play so powerfully. Plato held that the introduction of a new kind of music might imperil the whole state, by subtly insinuating a disturbing influence into the character of the citizens. And really we have only to remember how different we feel in a room that is nobly proportioned and in a room which has been built without any care or idea of proportion, to realize how strongly we are affected by these silent influences. Think too how the pattern of a wallpaper may affect us, even though we may be quite unconscious of what it is that makes the difference. The very fact that we talk of patterns as gay, restless, depressing, or the like, shows how they respond to our moods. Colors also, as is well known, have a direct action on our senses; green soothes and red excites. I have no time to pursue this subject, but what I want to emphasize is the truth that pattern, the elementary language of pictorial art, is language, is expression, and has always meaning. And not only this, but the artist's intuitions of life and conceptions of the world will be found expressed in the character of the design he chooses, even more surely than in the ostensible subject of his picture.

Now if this is true of an individual artist, it will be true, broadly true, of the art of a race. With all its varieties of mood and character and style, the art of Europe has some definite characteristics which we may call European. This perhaps only becomes plain when we look at the art of Asia as a whole. Whether we admire the art of the East or not, it has this great interest, that it brings into relief the salient qualities of Western art.

As we shall see, the art of the East, or at any rate of the Farther East, has different principles and a different character of design from our own art; and I shall show how these really are but the inevitable results of a different conception of the world and of man's relation to the world.

II

The first thing that strikes one in European painting is its firm and power-

ful grasp of matter. For good and for evil a strong hold on and a lively interest in the material world mark the art of Europe. It is needless to point out how exactly this corresponds to the character of our civilization. It is because of this that the notion of art as an imitation of nature has been so popular and persistent. And yet that has never been the inspiring motive of the great European masters. Leonardo, Correggio, Rembrandt did not explore the mysteries of light and shade; nor did Michelangelo probe the secrets of anatomy, merely for the sake of knowledge and scientific truth of representation. They studied these things because they sought a richer and more powerful means of expression. But many a secondary artist has lost himself because he lost sight of the end in the means. And that is just the vice of much of our Western civilization. We are so engrossed in getting the means to live that we forget how to live, to use life itself.

This firm grasp of the material world shows itself in our art not only in the steady exploration of fact, the study of anatomy, perspective, atmosphere, light and shadow: it is also seen in the character of our design. Western design has a character of fullness and abundance: the symbol of the mind which desires to have all experience for its own, to press out the essence of experience, like ripe grapes, into wine. It shrinks from empty spaces, as the Western mind shrinks from solitude.

One might choose as a typical example of Western painting at its finest the world-famous picture by Titian, still best known by its traditional title, Sacred and Profane Love.

This picture, certainly among the most beautiful in the world, shows the designing faculty of Europe at its noblest. Breadth of vision still allows of exquisite detail. With a great pervading richness, both of form and color, there is no excess or crowding. The peaceful, ordered landscape is beautifully related to the human figures. We feel the presence of a nature generous in emotion and outlook, ardent but not feverish, sane but not cold; a mind equal to the problems life presents it; a spirit richly sensitive to the glory and beauty of this world, and untroubled by the thoughts of another world than this. In such a picture we feel that glow and vitality of superb health which was the foundation of the Greek ideal.

It may be said this is a picture inspired by a pagan theme and pagan in its spirit. Ought we not to take rather a picture possessed by the Christian ideal? Certainly the change effected in men's minds by Christianity was not without its immediate effect in European design. Greek art expresses the beauty that there is in order; it expresses a harmony of the human faculties, and a splendid consciousness of human power. Rome with her pervading sense of Law emphasized the conception of order into hardness.

How different a conception of the world came into art with the Middle Ages! The significant thing about life was its transitoriness, about man was his smallness and weakness. This world was a wilderness, the other world only was stable and secure. And so we find in mediæval art the lines of Gothic sculpture and Gothic architecture prolonging themselves as if in the infinite quest of something beyond, and ever attenuating the sense of mass and substance. Extravagant longing and aspiration embody themselves in slender pillars and in soaring arches. And with the conviction of life's transience comes a tenderness for frail and fugitive things, for the flowers which Greek art seemed so strangely to forget but which spring and cluster so naturally in the borders of mediæval missals.

Yes, the change was great. And yet not so great in fundamentals as appears. For in the first place the mediæval temper never took so complete a hold on the spirit of Europe that it could withstand the power of the revival of the classics. It had in it something of disease, because of its inadequate conception of the world, of its ready acceptance of ignorance.

And if this life was transient and fugitive, how all the more firmly fixed the eternal order of the other world! The conception of order, weighted and hardened by the inheritance of Roman Law, remained; only now it was transferred from this world to the next. The Middle Ages bequeathed to us the idea of a mechanically ordered universe, with man at its centre, and God outside it. That has remained with us as the popular conception. While science has been enlarging the universe for us, we have somehow managed to accept incompatible conclusions at once, dividing our minds into compartments. But in art we are always haunted by Greece and Rome, just as our education has for centuries fed upon the classics. And so the art of Europe since the Renaissance, with no very coherent spiritual ideal of life behind it, has fallen back more and more on the material world. It has been the tendency in the West, in art as in religion, to materialize the unseen, to reduce infinity to the finite. We have conceived of perfection as something that ends activity, as a completion, a state of repose.

Take a typical altar-piece, the famous Giorgione at Castelfranco. A lovely picture, full of graciousness and peace. But how thoroughly human is the conception! There is nothing of the grossness of earth, yet the elements are all earthly. A beautiful maiden enthroned in a pleasant landscape embodies the transcendent idea of the Virgin-Mother. The warrior-saint stands forever armed and idle; the energies of life have ceased. It is like a coming into a fair haven after the struggle of a stormy voyage: it is an end.

Now I think it may well profit us to turn away from the art of our own Western tradition and consider an art which has grown up and flowered among races of a quite different civilization, among a different order of ideas and nourished by a different inspiration: the art of Asia. That is the only other body of creative art which can be compared with our art, the art of the Western world, on equal terms. And it is strange that it is only within the last few years that this art has come to be known in the West. Our knowledge of it can still perhaps be described more accurately as ignorance: yet we know a little about it, and we are going to learn more as years go on.

In the fourth century A.D. there lived in China an artist, who was also a poet. His name was Ku K'ai-chih. In London we have a painting, a long scroll, which for at least a thousand years has been treasured as his work; and though that cannot be proved, I believe it is in all probability a painting by his hand. But I am not now going to discuss his pictures. One day, we are told, he intrusted to a friend a chest full of paintings which he had collected. For better security he fastened the lid of the chest and sealed the fastening with a seal. The friend however coveted the paintings, and hit on the simple expedient of removing the bottom of the box and so abstracting them. When the box was restored to Ku K'ai-chih, he broke the seal and found it empty. But he suspected no theft and expressed no surprise. Beautiful paintings communicate with supernatural beings, he said; they have changed their form and flown away, like men when they join the immortals. I quote this little anecdote

because it plunges us at once and in a vivid way into the world of ideas, so different from our own, which prevailed among the Chinese.

The artist was a wonder-worker, a magician. The animating power of the universe, if he was great enough to be wholly possessed by it, seized upon him for its instrument and in his paintings created actual life. There are innumerable stories of the Chinese and Japanese masters which testify to this belief. Even when the belief became legendary it retained its hold on the imagination. Thus there are stories of horses painted with so surcharged a vitality of movement that they escaped from the bounds of the picture and galloped into space, and of dragons which, when the last finishing touch was put by the master's brush, rose crashing through the ceiling among peals of thunder. And then there is that story of the end of Wu Laotzŭ, the mightiest of the Chinese masters, which is at any rate a magnificent symbol. The painter in his old age had painted a great landscape on a wall and invited the Emperor to look at it. While the Emperor was lost in admiration, Wu Laotzŭ exclaimed, 'There is more beauty behind,' and clapped his hands: a cave in a mountain opened, the artist stepped within and disappeared forever, while the fresco faded into nothing on the blank wall.

A folklorist might tell us that here was an interesting survival of belief in magic, and pass on. But I think there is more than this in such stories. For do we not feel that a painting is here conceived of as a spiritual creation, something partaking of the essential spirit of life, possessing the painter's personality and absorbing him into a life greater and more powerful than his own? The idea of imitation is not here present at all.

But let us take a typical example of Chinese design. I have in my mind a painting by a Sung master. The subject is a priest, a recluse among the mountains, meeting with his disciple. How sharply the conception of design contrasts with the European altar-piece! The figures are not placed in the centre and made dominant, so as to absorb the eye. The principle of symmetry is done away with. And yet we feel that the elements of the design are held together in a subtle equilibrium. The great height and space of blank sky is employed as a positive factor, attracting the eye in equal measure with the mass and contour of the figures. Then too there is a great tree, but this is only shown in part, the stem swerving out of the picture and a branch returning into it above. If the tree were all shown it would overweight the balance that is in the artist's intention. Moreover, by half concealing it, he makes us think of it as greater than it is; he makes us understand that the picture is only a little part of nature, and that nature is not enclosed and prisoned within the frame, but that it is a kind of symbol of nature's infinite growing life ever reaching out beyond the limit of our senses and only to be apprehended by our imagination. The same principles of design run through Japanese art, and you will often hear people praising a Japanese print or painting for the happy gift of placing that it shows, the instinctive felicity with which a touch is put in the right place for a decorative effect.

But what we have to realize is that this comes not merely from a decorative instinct or intention, but is rooted in a definite conception of the world and of man's place in the world. The whole imaginative philosophy of that side of the Chinese mind which found expression in Laotzŭ is implicit in this picture.

We have always thought of perfection as something completed, and

therefore finite. But, as Mr. Okakura tells us in his charming 'Book of Tea,' Laoist thought rejects the finite, because where there is an end, where there is completion, there is death. Growth has stopped. Therefore we find a dwelling on the idea of the imperfect, the uncompleted, when the capacity for growth still remains. Taotzŭ praises the softness and weakness of the new-born child, so helpless yet so mighty in its potentialities, and contrasts with it the rigid strength of the grown dead man. He is full of the praises of emptiness, the emptiness of the bowl that may be filled again and again with water. We too should make ourselves empty that the great soul of the universe may fill us with its breath. So too in the Chinese picture there is the empty space, that our imagination may enter into and there find its freedom. Never to be stagnant, never to let the dust of the world settle on the wings of the soul, to be spiritually fluid and free — that is the ideal of Laotzŭ. For so we join the great stream of the cosmic life that permeates all things.

Our Western thought is so dyed and saturated with the image of man as the central fact of the universe, that it is difficult for us readily to enter the Eastern modes of thought.

The Chinese seem never to have felt the need to throw their imagination of the life-force into a human image. They kept their thoughts strangely vague and impersonal. They conceived of the Divine as Lao, the Way, that is, a movement, an energy; and they accepted the fact of perpetual change in the unchanging movement of life. How often in Chinese pictures do we meet the sage or poet contemplating the splendor of a waterfall, that symbol of life, with its countless drops never for a moment the same, yet presenting forever an unchanging aspect!

One of these Eastern poets, in one of those little poems which seem a mere exclamation, yet flash into our minds a wide landscape and a whole world of imaginative thought, cries, —

> In the sky, lo, the wild geese flying;
> On the highway a file of pilgrims.

Yes, we are pilgrims like the wild geese that trail their flight across the clouds, but not pilgrims weary of the way and thirsting for its end, but rejoicing to belong to that movement which has no end, which is infinite and eternal.

It is characteristic of this art and poetry that the spirit in it goes out exulting to the immensities and profundities, as to its natural home.

In the decoration, as in most of the figure-painting of the West, the foundation of symmetry tends to make a concentration within the design. Our eyes are led to a central object, which holds the design together, as a keystone holds an arch. But in the typical Chinese or Japanese painting there is no one central or dominant object; it is the relation between the several objects that makes the unity of the design. And so we are led out of the picture rather than compressed within it; we are led out into the infinity of nature's freedom and variety.

I do not mean to imply that such a conception of design is unknown in European painting. One might instance Velasquez, with pictures like Las Meninas, certain compositions of Giorgione, and of artists so different in type as Piero della Francesca and Goya. But the study of relations, rather than the delineation of objects, has been practiced but tentatively in the West. And in especial the use of space as a positive element in pictorial language has been remarkably neglected. Our Western compositions tend to symmetrical grouping with a certain surplus of space between the edges of the subject and the frame, which has to be filled up somehow. These tendencies I speak of

are more plainly manifest in our decoration and pattern designing than in mature figure-design. For when our decoration deserts a geometrical basis it seems to lose grasp of all principle and becomes simply capricious.

And now to consider another point. The relation to the world expressed by the artist should be, or partake of, an ideal relation. We have to adjust ourselves to the world we live in: and however much we may scorn a material view of life, we cannot disregard the subtly acting but eternal laws which give life and meaning to matter. How can pictorial art or sculpture express such an ideal relation? Wherever there is life, there is movement; wherever there is natural movement, there is rhythm. Mankind delights in rhythm because it is the natural expression of life. Now the Chinese, with their haunting sense of an eternal flow of animation sweeping through all things, man included, held as the cardinal virtue of a work of art that it should be pregnant with this rhythm of life. We have all watched children dancing. Is there any sight more wholly delightful, more literally entrancing, than to see the grace and energy of youth forgetful of itself and unconsciously absorbed in giving plastic expression to the creative rhythm which moves the world? To capture in line and color something of the genius of the dance is to express pictorially a central emotion of our nature. The expression of movement by means of an art which is of necessity stationary, like painting, sounds paradoxical in theory. But we know by experience that it can be done. When we look at Chinese or Japanese paintings of dancers — I remember especially some examples of the school of Matabei — the sense of motion is irresistibly communicated to us, not only by the figures themselves but by the design which relates them to one another. We note again the use of space, and the character of design by which the figures not only dance within the picture but lead us out and beyond into wider spheres of motion.

In Western art we have sought for relief, mass, solidity, and have correspondingly sacrificed the aerial joys of movement and all the spiritual qualities of which these are the expression.

In this Eastern art, then, we have noted three salient characteristics in which it differs from our own: the deliberate substitution of balance for symmetry in design, the use of space as a factor in pictorial language, and the expression of movement. These exist in Western art, but on the whole their use has been sporadic and intermittent; felt for instinctively against the trend of other tendencies by exceptional natures, rather than pursued and mastered so as to become a tradition and a power. Assuredly we can learn to increase the range of expressiveness in our art by enlarging and developing these means and these principles. But I have tried to show that these characteristics of Eastern art, all interwoven with each other, are the natural outcome of a certain inherent conception of the world and philosophy of life. They are not mere technical devices which can be learned and added on to our own art, from outside.

Now is it mere coincidence, that just when this great world of Oriental art is opening out before us in beauties hitherto unknown, — is it mere coincidence that we find our own conceptions of the world are changing too? For we are moving away from the old idea of a great fixity in things, which were for so many centuries rooted in the thought of Europe, when the earth was still conceived of as the centre of the universe. Inert matter is resolved into streams of energy. We begin to realize the incessant stream of change and motion that

the apparent solidity of things really means. We have submitted to a humbler, if a vaster view of the destinies of man; for our eyes are opened to the infinities and complexities of the life outside our own, and we apprehend at last the continuity of the universal life. Men of science are beginning to tell us that we may believe that in plants, in the vegetable world, there is something corresponding to what we call consciousness in ourselves. Science begins to tell us what the old Chinese seem to have understood by some felicity of intuition, two thousand years ago. Inevitably, though perhaps unconsciously, such changes in our view of the world will appear in our art, and in the very language it uses. At this moment the significant stirring in European painting is the revolt against mere representation, the research into movement, the reaction from excess of solid matter, the new inspiration in the idea of rhythm. We know how sensitively Whistler responded to the first revelation of Japanese design. And in art like that of Puvis de Chavannes we see, as in Wordsworth, who has so much affinity with Eastern thought, man allied to the great things, the great spaces of Nature, which humble his pride but at the same time exalt him.

And again I might recall how Watts, while at work on one of his equestrian statues, discovered that every good line in a work in sculpture or painting was a section of a large curve which, if continued, would find its completion far away out of the actual design; whereas a bad line was part of a small circle suggesting a form contained well within a limited space. In the former case the line suggests spring and growth: and Watts confirmed his discovery by observing the lines in vegetation, in trees. Here is a principle akin to that worked out fully and boldly by the masters of China and Japan.

We in the West have found that the vitality of our art has been nourished chiefly by the influx of new material. The spur to our artists has been the zest of exploration. The painters of the East have remained content to repeat the same motive for century after century. And not only this, but they have remained content with the same means of expression, eschewing the representation of relief as well as of light and shadow. Our painters, on the contrary, have tried to press the utmost possible amount of matter into their medium; they have sought not only the effects of painting pure and simple, but the effects of relief as given by sculpture and of depths of space as given by architecture. They have explored the anatomy of the body, the effects of atmosphere on shape and color, they have challenged the intensest pitch of the sun's radiance. Now it is easy to envisage the history of Western painting as a progress in scientific mastery. But after all, science is science and art is art, and these are two very different things.

If there is a progress in painting, and if that progress is in scientific mastery of materials, what is the end to which painting progresses? We can but answer, the production on a flat surface of the complete illusion of appearances. Yet we know very well that the attainment of this end, which seems indeed well within our grasp, will not satisfy us. The truth is, there is no end to art till humanity comes to an end, till the hopes of humanity are over, the desires of humanity are extinguished. Shall we say, then, there is no progress? No: but the progress lies not in scientific mastery; it lies in that perpetual readjustment of life which craves an ever-fresh answer, a profounder, sincerer, more pregnant answer to those questions, What do I mean in the world? What does the world mean to me? It

lies in the conquest of matter for the spirit. When we think of art in this way, how little seems to have been done! But then how vast the future! The art of the West has been like a fire, choked with the fuel which we have heaped on it so eagerly; burning fiercely but turbidly, with smoke and crackling. In the art of the East the flame has burned far clearer and purer: the danger for it is rather inanition from want of fresh fuel. How much, what a plenitude of material has our Western art to consume! how grand an inspiration remains!

THE GERMAN SIDE OF MEDICAL EDUCATION

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

For upwards of half a century American medical students have resorted in increasing numbers to the universities and hospitals of Germany. A few of the striking features of German medical education are generally understood and appreciated in America, notably the opportunities for research on the part of advanced students and the value of the assistantship in the laboratories and clinics. It is nevertheless surprising how inadequately many of those who have studied in Germany grasp the sources of German strength in the field of medical education, the actual details of its organization, its failures and its defects. Equal vagueness prevails as to the precise extent to which the German system is transferable to us or as to how far its transfer is desirable.

One must admit that the reverse is just as true, perhaps more so. If we do not fully understand the Germans, they even less fully understand us. For their failure to see us correctly or in fair perspective in the matter of medical education there are several obvious causes. They have seen us only slightly and superficially in our own country and the specimen Americans whom they have met in their own laboratories and clinics have not always been selected with a view to representing what is best or what is characteristic in American medical education. It is even a question whether such a hodgepodge as American medical education is really capable of being sampled or represented at all. I recall the amazement with which one of the most distinguished of living teachers of medicine in Germany described to me two American students who had recently asked to enter his service on the recommendation of prominent American colleagues. The first of the two appeared at the clinic, and to the professor's question as to what he wished to see or do, replied, 'I am interested in everything connected with your clinic — its organization, staff, the laboratories belonging to it, the way the current ward work and laboratory work are managed, how topics for research are selected, what is being done in the way of investigation, and how the teaching of students is harmonized with all the other activities.' I suspect that the professor was a little overwhelmed

by the extent of the young American's programme. Nevertheless he was willing. 'Good,' he replied, 'I will do all I can to promote the objects of your visit; my laboratories and wards and assistants are at your service. How long do you propose to stay here?' 'I have all day,' answered our compatriot.

Not much later the second appeared, armed with equally flattering introductions. He was quizzed immediately as to the length of his proposed stay and answered satisfactorily; accordingly a table in the laboratory was assigned to him. Next morning he made a vigorous entrance, peeled off his coat, donned a white jacket, and got busily to work with characteristic American energy. Anon it was remarked that he rushed to the window, waved his handkerchief up and down as if in salutation, and then returned to his table for a few minutes, after which the window performance was repeated. The stolid Germans at work in the room were puzzled, but worked on. On the next day the same series of incidents was repeated. Finally, one of the men ventured to ask an explanation. 'Oh,' said the American, 'we have just been married, and it's my wife waiting for me in the automobile.'

To return, however, to my subject. The importance to us of German methods is quite independent of their and our relative greatness. It was somewhat amusing, on the publication of the Carnegie Foundation bulletin dealing with medical education in Europe, to notice the passion with which some of our medical Jingoes undertook to prove that, however badly we came off in the educational comparison, American medicine is as a matter of fact superior to that of any country in Europe. Not being a medical man myself, I am quite incompetent to pass upon the issue here involved. But as a dispassionate layman, I cannot but be struck by the fact that in whatever medical school an American student may graduate, he rarely seeks further opportunity elsewhere in his own country. The Harvard graduate does not go to Johns Hopkins for larger fields of study; the Johns Hopkins man does not go to Columbia; the Columbia man does not go to Pennsylvania. They all go to Germany if they can. A lay interpretation of these facts may be of course wholly mistaken. The students here in question may go to Germany because it is, or has been, the fashion; or, after their strenuous exertions, they may need the rest and change provided by a sea voyage. Until, however, eager foreigners begin to flock to American schools for the purpose of continuing their studies, it is extremely likely that the one-sided movement of American students to Germany will be construed by laymen to mean that they find something there which is not found with equal ease and in equal abundance in the medical schools of their own land.

To what is this superiority, if such it be, due? It is to be attributed in the first place to the fact that a wise and powerful government has drawn a sharp line below which no medical school can live. The German medical faculties are not all equally strong, equally varied, or equally resourceful. Their laboratories differ in size, in modernity, in productivity, and in efficiency. The German clinics vary in the extent of differentiation, in the number of beds, in the adequacy and efficiency of their laboratory attachments. These variations are sometimes very pronounced, according as the man in charge is more or less able, more or less progressive, and more or less well supported. Nor does any one propose to extinguish these differences. 'Standardization' has never been sug-

gested, in the sense that facilities and equipment and methods must conform to a pattern, — even though the pattern may be unexceptionable. Differences such as are above alluded to give zest to scientific and medical competition; they are the inevitable outcome of variety in history, situation, talent, and purpose.

But for us the important point is that the differences never cut below a certain well-marked and lofty level. In respect to the educational qualifications of its students, in respect to the intelligence and capacity of its teachers, in respect to general laboratory and clinical facilities, every medical school in Germany surpasses, and far surpasses, what any state in America lays down as the minimum requirement. There is, I repeat, no uniformity; but not in all Germany is there a feebly equipped or a feebly manned medical school, or a heterogeneous body of medical students. How high the minimum standard is in all these respects I will try to make clear by stating that on the minimum standard on which a medical school can live in Germany, over three fourths of the medical schools of the United States and Canada would be at once stamped out of existence. Standardization in Germany is therefore a negative policy: it forbids the incapable; it places no restraint upon the development of that which is adjudged fit to live. It does not embarrass the good by pedantic or bureaucratic interference. True enough, the schools have developed along similar lines; but no minute governmental regulation requires that this be so. There is no formulated standard that would interfere with the development of variations; and variations of the greatest importance continually crop out, and at the very places where variations are most fruitfully significant. But the main point is that the power to forbid the creation of unfit universities and medical departments is real and is strictly applied. It was, for example, a matter of years before the rich and ambitious city of Frankfurt was permitted to proceed with the organization of the university which it is shortly to possess; and it obtained the necessary authorization only after conclusively demonstrating the possession of the necessary facilities: in the case of medicine, — money, laboratories and clinics of the proper character and capacity.

A passing contrast may show the practical result of a different policy. The only American state which possesses a department of education somewhat resembling that of a German state is New York. The home of the Department of Education in Albany is rather more imposing than that of the Prussian Department of Education in Berlin; and the New York department also has large powers. The difference is that the Prussian department uses its powers and the New York department, despite improvement in recent years, does not; in the city and state of New York, medical schools still exist which are utterly incapable of fulfilling respectably the purpose for which they purport to have been established; and schools in other states are recognized, despite equal or greater defects. That is to say, in the one American state in which an agency has been created for the maintenance of a decent minimum, the decent minimum is not yet maintained; still less so in other states. I do not wish to imply that this is the fault of the present officials. They may plead that they are not sustained by enlightened opinion, — professional or public. But the fact remains. In Germany the minimum is strictly maintained and the minimum is high.

Aside from the high minimum level

in respect to equipment and organization, perhaps the most important single feature of medical education in Germany is the character of the student body. The achievements of German medicine, scientific and educational, are largely due to the solidity of secondary education in Germany. I do not deny that this education has its defects; but they concern us very slightly, for they are the last thing in the world to which we, as a nation, are liable. Secondary education in Germany may be too inflexible. The point, however, need not be dwelt on in a country where flabby and inefficient methods of teaching prevail from the primary school through the high school, only to become still more flabby and inefficient in the college. No boy is permitted to begin the study of medicine in Germany until he has passed through a prolonged and serious secondary-school training, covering nine years. In the course of this training he comes to realize that he has an intellect, and to learn how that intellect can be made to do its proper work. He brings into the medical school disciplined, serious intellectual power, and he cannot enter without it. We shall never rival the achievements of Germany, or, for that matter, of France, in any intellectual field, until we have perfected a system of secondary education that is at least as effective as the German *Gymnasium* and the French *Lycée*.

The medical curriculum in Germany practically falls into three unequal divisions. The first comprises physics, chemistry, and biology, and is, in my judgment, treated in an inadequate fashion. The work occupies the first semesters in the university, where adequate opportunity for the sound teaching of these branches is lacking. As a matter of fact, the medical curriculum is, even when narrowly viewed, so extensive that it is highly important to detach from it any subject which can be as well, or better, taught in the secondary school or in the college. Physics, chemistry, and biology, being essentially the foundations of medical study, belong in the Gymnasium, not in the university. Local and historical reasons, on which I need not enlarge, have thus far prevented a sound readjustment on this point.

The second division includes anatomy, physiology, pharmacology, pathology, and legal medicine. The facilities for teaching and investigation in all these branches, though more extensive in some places than in others, are everywhere excellent. It is, however, a characteristic of the German university that the student is allowed enormous liberty in the choice, arrangement, and conduct of his various courses. It is assumed that he has received what discipline he needs in the course of his secondary education. He enters the medical school a mature man. He is in the university as he would be in an office, a railroad, or a factory, — responsible for his own doings. If he chooses to fail, that is his high privilege, for the exercise of which he will be dropped out. If he chooses to achieve mediocre success, that, too, is within his power. If he chooses to work overtime, every encouragement and all possible appreciation will be extended to him.

A nation of educational "spoon-feeders," such as, alas, we in this country are, may well stand aghast at this free-and-easy treatment. I am myself inclined to think that the German arrangement is needlessly chaotic and wasteful; but I have no quarrel with the full responsibility which it throws upon the already well-disciplined medical student. The German instructor is not a probation officer dealing with children in their early twenties. He

provides a rich and abundant fare. He could not provide this rich and abundant fare if his strength had to be exhausted in police duty, in quizzing, drilling, and marking. The two things of course hang together. Where there are well-trained students, there may in the years of maturity come full responsibility. If the student body were incompetent, the university professor would have to degenerate into a 'school marm,' as is frequently the case in our country.

We Americans are in this respect absurdly inconsistent. Despite what is denominated a reaction against the elective system, a highly elastic curriculum is nowadays in vogue in both high school and college. In other words, elective freedom sufficient to deprive the curriculum of both continuity and coherence still survives. A fair measure of the leeway allowed to boys in the secondary school is provided by the enlarging variety of the alternatives allowed by the college entrance requirements and the steadily contracting sphere of the college entrance examinations. Individual, local, or other considerations are suffered to suggest to the high-school boy what he should study, and the colleges are increasingly inclined to accept it, if qualitatively satisfactory, as the basis of academic work. In the college itself freedom perhaps quite as great prevails. A few very general directions with a view to procuring some intensive work in one field, accompanied by a certain amount of sympathetic attention to allied topics, form the main restriction upon the student's dispersive tendencies. I am not concerned now to criticise these arrangements. I wish simply to draw attention to them by way of contrasting them with the martinet spirit which prevails the moment his liberal education is completed and the student begins to attack a subject in which he is really interested. That is the moment that we Americans select for tying him hand and foot: once he enters the medical school, he is, for the most part, committed to a four years' uniform grind, precisely as if it were known just what he ought to learn and as if the curriculum-makers knew it. The necessary subjects and parts of subjects are specified, as is the number of hours that he must devote to each. Routine is so exacting that the average medical student is not quite equal to it, and the better student is quite used up by it. Instead of furnishing opportunity and stimulus for development, the American medical school closes down upon the enterprising student, long inured to academic freedom, with an exhausting and depressing uniformity.

This phenomenon is closely connected with another previously pointed out. Our laws — or their lax enforcement — permit the continued existence of weak medical schools. The public interest demands that their graduates be as well trained as possible. The states have endeavored, by precise specifications as to what the student must be taught, how and how long, to force inherently poor schools to be better than it is in their nature to be. Some poor schools have been thereby made so uncomfortable that they have desisted; a few have improved slightly; but the good schools have been harmed, and medicine and medical science have been deprived of initiative and originality. The Germans, surveying our situation, taunt us good-humoredly: they recall our pride in being a 'practical people.' 'Would not a truly practical people reach the end by forbidding the incompetent rather than by crippling the competent?' I have been frequently asked.

The third division of the German curriculum is devoted to the clinical

branches. The student pursues these branches almost in what order he pleases. His freedom is even greater than the freedom he has enjoyed in the laboratories. The failure to work out his studies in more logical sequence seems to me once more an unnecessary dissipation of time, energy and interest. But the absolute responsibility of the mature student for his own course I regard as a highly important characteristic. The German procedure recognizes and emphasizes the vastness of the field, its essential and inherent lack of any one type of organization, and the abundance of loose ends and unsolved problems. No two students have pursued precisely the same course; their contact is therefore novel and stimulating. They know different things, reached by different routes; for the student wanders from place to place, seeking new teachers, whose diverse views stimulate thought and rebuke conformity. An air of adventure therefore permeates laboratory and lecture-room, — and in such environment native power enjoys an incentive which the neatly dovetailed course of study is powerless to impart, though potent to destroy.

With the teaching methods commonly employed much fault can be fairly found. The German university was originally, and long remained, a lecturing institution. The laboratory and the clinic have been grafted on it. Meanwhile, the lecture remains the backbone of the general instruction in all departments. Its stubborn hold is due not only to tradition but to interest. The university attracts strong and able men partly because a successful university career is highly profitable, and the profits depend upon the large classes which can be assembled to hear the professors' lectures. Efforts to improve the lecture by joining with it occasional practical exercises either in the laboratory or in the clinic have not, in my judgment, succeeded. But the training of the student is enormously better than one would judge from a casual glimpse into a crowded amphitheatre. It is enormously better, in the first place, because of the skill and intelligence of the teacher; in the second, because of the highly trained quality of the student; in the third, because every student who is worth his salt takes advantage in one form or another of the abundant opportunities for individual work as a volunteer or as an assistant in the laboratories and clinics.

This voluntary activity is indeed the very essence of the German system of medical education. It begins with the boy's entrance into the medical school and it does not stop for years after his graduation from the university. Aside from the variety of opportunity offered by varied and abundant courses, in term time as in vacation you will find *famuli*, or student-assistants, working in the laboratories of anatomy, physiology, and pathology at every spare moment from the very outset of their medical studies. Six, eight, or a dozen boys will be engaged in working up extra or superfluous material, watching carefully for every scrap that is not consumed in the daily demonstration. The same practice holds in the clinic. The elasticity of the time-table permits and encourages this valuable custom. Student volunteers are found in every hospital service, during the semester as well as between semesters. And the habit of working overtime — a natural consequence of consistent opportunity and stimulus throughout the medical course — does not of course disappear with the attainment of the degree. No serious person regards his educational career as finished until, as assistant, he has served under one or more dis-

tinguished masters. A year's hospital service is indeed required; but it has thus far proved of little worth on account of lack of supervision and oversight. But of the high value of the assistantship, whether it be volunteer or appointed, there is no doubt whatsoever. No praise is too great for the patience and devotion with which the German student of medicine, who has passed nine years in the Gymnasium and at least five years in the university, devotes himself on small or no pay to the service of assistant for periods ranging from one to ten years, without which service he does not regard himself as equal to the full responsibilities of his calling.

In connection with clinical teaching, I have one more point to make, — a point in respect to which we Americans make a particularly bad showing. The German medical profession respects — as the American medical profession does not respect — the teacher of medicine. The German doctors do not think — as Americans doctors usually do think — that the practicing profession of a town is quite capable of taking up without forethought or preparation the responsibilities of clinical teaching. Very properly, I think, the Germans hold that medical teaching is a profession, a career, — not identical with medical practice. They therefore allow the universities to select their teachers of medicine and surgery where and as they please; and they do not dream of contesting hospital privileges with men thus chosen. I can imagine no more instructive contrast than could be drawn between the great Allgemeines Krankenhaus of Vienna and Bellevue Hospital, New York, or the Cook County Hospital of Chicago. At Vienna the hospital has university and non-university divisions; as a matter of course, the university is free to appoint whom it pleases, and the men appointed are free to conduct their wards as their judgment approves. At Bellevue there are also university and non-university divisions; but no university is really free in its own division, and, if one division desires to do a particular thing, the others can automatically come together to prevent.

The German hospitals that are affiliated with medical faculties are in earnest about medical education and medical research. They permit universities without question to summon their clinical professors whence they please; and the universities scour all German-speaking Europe for competent leaders. The professor, once installed in the clinic, is eager to distinguish his tenancy by the productive work of himself, his assistants and his students. America makes a sad contrast in this very important respect. With few exceptions the relations between medical schools and hospitals leave the schools no initiative in the choice of clinical teachers. In some instances a proper understanding has indeed been arrived at, but even in these, the school is rarely strong enough to utilize its nominal privileges. To no small extent, the improvement is as yet mainly on paper. More serious still, our clinical heads — mainly unproductive men — are far from hospitable to young workers. Where the chief is not himself a productive scientist, obvious considerations make it inexpedient for him to open the doors wide to ambitious and original advanced students.

The truth is that the clinical teacher in the German sense hardly exists as yet in America at all. As contrasted with Germany, American teaching of medicine, surgery, and obstetrics, and so on, cannot properly be called professional teaching. Our professors of the clinical subjects, with exceptions so few as to be numerically negligible

are practitioners who make no effort to create the scientific or academic atmosphere and environment characteristic of the German clinic. The university spirit is missing in the clinical half of the American medical school. Let us not deceive ourselves on this score. We are paying the price of long-continued and still-continuing exploitation of clinical teaching. A race of practitioners willing to sacrifice personal advantage for scientific progress is just beginning to be bred. In consequence, the few young men who have renounced practice have received quick and large rewards in the shape of promotion and opportunity. But the movement is in its incipiency. The general situation has not been transformed, even though it has been improved. The spirit of a medical school cannot be wholly renewed even if one or two clinical posts are tenanted by devoted and ambitious men.

An amusing example of total incapacity to appreciate the ridiculous has recently been furnished by a New York institution. In order to avoid being lowered in classification by the Council on Education of the American Medical Association, certain influential members of its medical faculty undertook to introduce certain improvements, — itself a situation which could not arise in Germany. The university authorities refused to carry out the bargain, whereupon the members in question resigned. Did this affect the school? Not a bit! The vacant places were at once filled with practicing doctors. I venture to say that the incident could be repeated indefinitely, and the faculty kept full none the less.

The essential features which have contributed to the greatness of German medicine may then be concisely formulated as follows: first, the high minimum level of organization and equipment, below which the government will permit no medical school to live; second, the prolonged and serious secondary-school training which is absolutely, without exception, exacted of every student in the medical faculty; third, the freedom of the German university, which gives the professor the strength and leisure to work and encourages the capable student to do more than the minimum requirements of the curriculum for graduation; finally, the high respect in which the practicing profession holds the teaching profession, and the custom of calling teachers freely from university to university. Reformers of American conditions will do well to bear these four criteria in mind. Those schools which cannot now meet them, or soon hope to meet them, ought not to be allowed to go on contributing their quota of immature and ill-trained practitioners to a medical profession whose general average is already probably below the lowest to be found in any other great modern nation.

My praise of German medical education, though high, has not been unmixed. But to one important defect in their situation, — a defect which the native German critic hardly suspects, — particular attention may be called. In the creation and development of the medical faculties in Germany government has done everything. Practically nothing has come from private initiative. For this reason there is even now very little to be hoped for from private sources. The demands on government for the support of the army, the navy, the schools, and so forth, are so great that the universities unquestionably suffer for lack of the funds needed for expansion. The German medical scientist, therefore, looks with envy and wonder upon the munificence of the great American benefactors of medical education. Johns

Hopkins is an old story; but it may be repeated any day, as can readily be illustrated. Three years ago, for example, there was hardly a single auspicious opening for medical education west of the Mississippi River. Within that time, however, preliminary steps have been taken to establish in St. Louis an institution whose ideals and equipment place it on the same level with the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Through the wisdom and generosity of a small group of men, Washington University, St. Louis, has constituted a medical faculty composed of able scientists brought together from different quarters of the continent. It has built an admirable set of modern laboratories, to be opened the coming autumn, and it has established a working connection with a newly endowed hospital answering every necessary purpose in respect to treatment, science, and education. The difficulties in the way of launching this undertaking were very great. An old type of medical school had to be slowly wound up, even while the new school was ushered into being. Abundant building and endowment funds had also to be provided. The arduous and delicate steps have been successfully carried through, thanks to the confidence, imagination, and generosity of local benefactors.

Farseeing, public-spirited, and generous citizens of this type are found only, or mainly, in America. Whatever be the advantages enjoyed by the teachers across the waters, men of this type are not 'made in Germany.'

The large scope allowed in America to private initiative is, however, not without countervailing disadvantages. It produced the excellent medical schools I have named in Baltimore and St. Louis, and is doubtless destined to produce others in the near future. But it produces other things, too. For example: the rapid decrease in medical schools during recent years might be interpreted by an ordinarily intelligent person to mean that the day of the unsupported medical school, with ill-taught students and with incompetent local practitioners as faculty, has gone by. But in this free country it is dangerous to look upon anything as finally and utterly dead. Nothing prevents the resuscitation of a departed medical school or the creation of a new one without adequate resources.

Our real problem lies here. Private initiative in education — in originating as well as in furthering educational movements — has amply approved itself in America. Its scope is likely to increase rather than decrease, as conscience and intelligence suggest further fields of endeavor. The Germans have thus far denied themselves expansion thus secured; and they give little indication of ever embracing it. The excesses and absurdities to which private initiative in America has led appear partly to justify their policy. It is therefore for us to decide whether we can retain the full benefits of large individual initiative without laying ourselves open to its abuse.

CRACK O' DAWN

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Crack o' dawn! Red sun looks in
Through my curtains white and thin.
Sun looks in, and I look out
At the sweet world spread about.
Silver dew on lilac tree,
Meadow-larks desiring me,
Hills that sleep along the dawn,
Sense of wise stars just withdrawn
(Serious stars that hide away
In the hot blue halls of Day).

No one sees me as I run
Clear to meet the clear-eyed sun.
No one hears me laugh and sing
Many a dawn-swept dancing thing.
No one knows my prayers are made
Out of dew-pearl and leaf-shade,
Out of lark-song and sky-breath;
Simplest challengers of Death.

Crack o' dawn. The City still
Sleeps behind my daisy-hill;
Very dull, with shutters locked.
Though the red sun knocked and knocked
They would never ask him in.
But the bull-mouthed whistles' din
Breaks their heavy dreams apart;
And they groan, and stretch, and start
Grumbling up.

O Dawn! Am I
Guilty of their sweat and sigh?
Am I cold and hard, to run
Free of foot to meet the sun,

While the bull-mouthed whistles roar,
And the drab-faced people pour
Herded down the blank gray street, —
Leaden eyes and leaden feet?

Could I help them if I too
Lost my sunrise leaves and dew?
If I made my own dreams gray
With the dust of day-to-day,
And forgot the stars, and fell
In that hideous barren Hell,
Where, I think, my soul would be
Hard for God Himself to see?

Once I was a pagan wild,
With the wonder of a child.
Once I thought the City too
Might go free of dawns and dew.
Oh, I thought them stupid folk,
With their crazy wheels and smoke,
Swarming babies, huddling halls,
Brazen laughter, sodden brawls,
And their blind souls, — blind, while I
Played the god with wind and sky.

Crack o' dawn! Red sun, I wake
Singing for your splendid sake;
Silent, for the City still
Drugged behind my daisy-hill.

Oh, but were I pagan yet!
God! could I forget! forget!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS

BY AMY WENTWORTH STONE

ARCHIBALD DERRY stood on a garden bench and peeped over the wall at Agatha Blake. Archibald had, only twenty minutes before, been strictly forbidden to play with Agatha, and that was in itself a reason why it was important that he should see what she was doing. Agatha never did anything that was not interesting. Archibald saw that she was at present hopping up and down on the sundial at the edge of the rectory garden. With arms extended and scarlet bows erect as two pert wings behind her ears, she looked for all the world like an animated little Mercury in a short tan frock.

'What you doin'?' called Archibald.

Agatha paid no attention whatever to him. She did not even glance in the direction of the wall; she simply went on hopping as if there were no Archibald in existence. It was one of the most fascinating things about Agatha, this complete indifference as to whether you went over to play with her or not. She always seemed to have on hand a dozen charming things which she could play by herself. Archibald could not understand this in the least. For him life was an utter bore on the afternoons when he was cut off from Agatha and thrown back upon the society of the twins on his own side of the wall.

'What you doin'?' he repeated.

This time Agatha stopped long enough to nod and smile at the wall.

'I'm being punished,' she said, and then appeared to forget him again immediately.

Archibald clambered up on top of the wall. This was more and more interesting. When Agatha was being punished she was always in her most original and delightful frame of mind.

'What for?' said Archibald; 'saucy again?'

Agatha nodded and revolved gingerly on the sundial. Then there came into view a large cardboard, pinned across the shoulders of the tan frock. It read: —

I'M THE LITTLE GIRL
WHO SAYS
AUNT EUNICE I WON'T

'Did your mamma put it on?' asked Archibald.

Agatha nodded again.

'And I have to stand up here for half an hour,' she said with a cheerful smile; 'it's a new punishment.'

'Did your mamma think it up?' pursued Archibald, 'or you?' It was just the sort of thing that would naturally suggest itself to the fertile mind of Agatha herself.

'Mamma did,' replied Agatha, not without a touch of pride; 'she thinks up new ones all the time.'

Poor Mrs. Blake was, in truth, at the end of her resources. All varieties of punishment had in turn been tried upon Agatha, but never once as yet had Agatha been punished. She simply turned every new penalty into a delightful new game. Not that Agatha was not sorry for her misdeeds; she always was. Nothing, indeed, could have been more disarming than the cheerful promptness with which she acknowledged her sins. But having

once acknowledged them, she declined to dwell upon them further. A sin committed was, for Agatha, a sin forgotten; and then there was always a possible new punishment to be anticipated.

Agatha, moreover, had a gift for inventing new forms of sin, and she was never in any way to be guarded against. For the things which Agatha thought of doing were things that had never even entered into the heart of her family to conceive. How, for instance, was Aunt Eunice to foresee that her niece would interest herself in the cause of votes for women to the extent of taking her (Aunt Eunice's) brocaded yellow petticoat for the banner in a suffrage parade, which Agatha organized and led about the neighborhood one Saturday? Or why should her father, who finished his sermons every Friday behind the closed doors of the study, have guessed that Agatha would spend this hour, arrayed in his clean surplice and armed with his Book of Common Prayer, reading the burial service over the chickens that were already stuffed for the Blake Sunday dinner? In the course of time their plump shapes, laid out in shoe-boxes, had been rescued from beneath the floral offerings sent by Archibald Derry and other mourning friends, and Agatha had graciously explained that she intended of course to bring them back in time for dinner.

For this particular escapade she had been locked up in her mother's closet for an hour. She had spent the time in the experiment of putting on all her mother's clothes at once, in layers; and when she had succeeded, she played that she was an enormously fat princess under a spell, whose weight could be reduced only by the ringing of a magic gong outside her castle walls. Whenever the telephone on her mother's desk rang once she could take off one garment; when it rang twice she could take off two. And so she had played breathlessly against time, to see if haply she might get them all off before her mother came to release her. Never in all Agatha's experience had an hour so flown on the wings of the wind.

The next time that she found herself shut up in that particular closet, every article of clothing had, needless to say, been removed from the hooks. So she had played that she was an Early Christian in the Roman Catacombs, and had wandered up and down its dark and empty length, writing pious inscriptions on the plastered walls with an indelible pencil. And when she had presently heard her mother coming to open the door, she had begged to be allowed to stay just a minute more, till she could see how nice a Holy Family she could finish drawing in the dark.

'She's so shockingly well read,' said the despairing mother that evening to her husband, 'we simply *must* school ourselves not to give her another scrap of historical information.'

'My dear, calm yourself,' replied the rector, who had unbounded faith in his daughter's genius. 'If she had n't heard about the Roman Catacombs you may be sure that she would invent them.'

Agatha, it is true, had first and last examined nearly all the works in her father's library. The Reverend Mr. Blake had not in the beginning sought to direct or curb his daughter's reading, holding to the comfortable theory that for true culture the child must dip at will into the treasure-house of the past, and believing fondly that what was not suited to the infant mind would, of itself, escape the average child. But Agatha never thought of being an average child, and nothing ever escaped her that could serve her purpose, as her parents began, too late, to understand. She had therefore dipped and skimmed

about the tolerant shelves of the rectory library, reading the lives of the saints — and also, incidentally, of a number of sinners. Before she was nine Percy Bysshe Shelley was already the hero of her dreams. For several weeks, indeed, she had played that she was Mary Godwin, and eloped regularly every morning with Percy through the pantry window, and flitted with him through the currant bushes to Italy. This was a game into which she had never thought it wise to initiate any one else. Archibald Derry, with his little round cropped head, striped blouse, and soul barren of poetry, struck her as an unpromising Percy. So she had fled instead on the arm of an intangible, but quite satisfactory lover, until the day when, making her usual hasty exit, she stepped by accident into some large pans of walnut fudge, which Aunt Eunice was cooling at the pantry window. The jolt with which she came down to earth — and to Aunt Eunice and the scraping of nuts and chocolate from her shoes — had been too much for Mary Godwin. Accordingly the elopement had been superseded the following day by the execution of Anne Boleyn on the carriage block, Archibald this time being permitted to stand by in the unimpassioned rôle of Henry VIII.

'Do you want me to come over and play?' said Archibald on the wall to Agatha on the sundial.

Agatha was more indifferent than usual. She was absorbed for the moment in watching something in the pergola beyond the sundial.

'I don't care; if you want to you can,' she replied, 'only don't bring the twins.'

'I'll have to,' said Archibald, 'or else they'll yell and fetch somebody out here.'

In confirmation of this there arose two shrill demands from two small invisible throats on the other side of the wall.

'Me go p'ay wiv Aggerter, Artzie.'

'Me go p'ay wiv Aggerter, too.'

Archibald, therefore, reached wearily back behind the wall and hoisted up over its brim two bunches of pink-checked rompers and yellow curls. When placed right-side-up on the grass they were seen to be Ulrich and Ursula Derry, in no possible way to be distinguished one from the other, except by a large pink ribbon bow askew over one of the four little ears.

'Watzoodoin', Aggerter?' they said, cocking up dimpled chins at the sundial.

'I'm Saint Simeon Stalactite,' she said.

'Who's he?' said Archibald, who had dipped no further into general culture than the Alger books.

'He was a very, very holy man who lived up on top of a pillar for thirty years,' replied Agatha.

'G'wan,' scoffed Archibald.

'G'on,' echoed Ulrich and Ursula.

'For thirty years,' repeated Agatha unmoved.

'Did he have a sign on his back?' asked Archibald, still skeptical.

'We none of us know,' replied Agatha.

This was one of Aunt Eunice's telling rejoinders, which had always been effective with Archibald. It was now.

'What did he have to eat up there?' he inquired, shifting his ground.

'Oh, everything,' said Agatha, whose method was to improve upon history.

The menu of Saint Simeon did not, however, interest her, and she began hopping about on the numerals again. Archibald found himself filled with an ardent longing to be mounted on a sundial too. This was the invariable effect of Agatha.

'How long you been up there?' he said, yearning for the moment when

Saint Simeon should descend and the serious business of the afternoon begin.

'Twenty-six years,' replied Agatha. There was the shriek of a motor-horn from over the wall behind the sundial. 'That makes twenty-seven,' she cried, jubilantly; 'every time an automobile goes up the hill it counts another year, and every time one comes back I have to subtract one, and I'm seeing if I can get up to thirty before mamma tells me to get down.'

Archibald, enchanted, clambered up on the wall.

'Here comes another,' he cried, 'and another and a trolley-car way down the street.'

'Trolleys don't count,' said Agatha firmly.

Just then a window opened across the croquet ground.

'Agatha,' called a voice from behind a curtain, 'you may get down off the sundial now.'

'O mamma,' pleaded the saint,'can't I *please* stay up here just a little while longer?'

'No, you can't,' was the exasperated rejoinder, 'you're to get down at once.' The window descended with a bang — and who will blame it. It went up again, however, immediately. 'And you're to keep that card on your back,' the voice continued, 'until your father comes out from his confirmation class. Do you hear what I say?'

'Yes, mamma. All right,' replied Agatha, with unruffled sweetness. And she slipped lightly off the sundial and went curveting across the croquet ground, her two scarlet bows flashing like oriflammes before her retinue.

'Will your father let you take it off when he comes out?' inquired Archibald as he puffed along behind, with the twins at his heels.

'I don't know,' said Agatha, 'but I don't *want* to take it off anyway. I'm going to put something else on that will make it *perfeckly* lovely.'

'What?' said Archibald.

Agatha, as usual, did not deign to explain. Instead, she skipped over to where Aunt Eunice's new croquet set still lay amid its loose wrappings, tore off a strip of the stiff manila paper, and sat down with it on the croquet box. Then, with the freckled chin of Archibald upon her shoulder and an eager twin pressed close against each knee, she began to print in vast characters: —

TELL PAPA
THAT YOU ARE IN THE
PURGLER WITH
MR. PERKINS

'Gee,' said Archibald, mystified.

'Zee,' echoed Ulrich and Ursula.

Agatha jumped up with business-like decision.

'Now you pin that on underneath the other,' she directed, turning a demure little tan back upon Archibald.

Archibald obeyed as usual.

'Now read it,' said Agatha.

'"'I,"' pronounced Archibald slowly, '"'am the — little — girl — who — says — Aunt — Eunice — I — won't — tell — papa — that — you — are — in — the — purgler — with — Mr. — Perkins."'

'Perky, Perky,' echoed Ulrich and Ursula, catching at this delightful sound.

Slowly a light dawned upon Archibald's stodgy little face.

'*Are* they?' he asked, glancing in the direction of the pergola.

Agatha nodded.

'He's sweet on Aunt Eunice,' she said, 'and papa thinks he's a silly. Maybe he'll elope with Aunt Eunice some day.'

'Perky, Perky, Perky 'lope,' burbled Ulrich.

'Perky, Perky, Perky 'lope, too,' echoed Ursula.

Archibald, who was law-abiding, was a good deal shocked.

'What you goin' to do now?' he inquired doubtfully.

'I'm going to play I'm a sandwich-man,' announced Agatha promptly, 'and walk up and down the sidewalk like the corn-and-bunion man down on Main Street.'

Archibald stared at her in admiration.

'Can I come too?' he begged.

'No,' said Agatha, 'the sandwich-man always walks alone.'

'I tell you,' he suggested, 'I'll be a sandwich-man too.'

'You can't,' said Agatha, 'you haven't got anything on your back.'

'Then you make me something to put on,' he entreated, '*please*, Agatha, make me something.' And he swooped upon another piece of the manila paper that had begun to blow about the croquet ground.

The impish brown eyes of Agatha began to dance.

'All right,' she said, 'let's put something perfeckly awful on your back.'

Archibald grinned widely, but with vague misgiving.

'What'll you put?' he said. Agatha sat down on the croquet box again and spread a fresh piece of paper on her knees.

I'M THE LITTLE BOY
WHO SAYS

she began, and then she placed her pencil upon her lips and considered.

'Oh, I know,' she cried suddenly.

'What?' said Archibald.

'I'll whisper it,' she suggested decorously.

'Wisper me,' clamored Ulrich.

'Wisper me too,' echoed Ursula.

'No, you're too little,' said Agatha firmly, and put her mouth close to the freckled ear of Archibald.

'Oh-h!' said Archibald. It was indeed very awful. Spell-bound, he watched it being printed upon the manila paper with Agatha's indelible pencil. The twins also watched. Ulrich was still in his unlettered innocence, but Ursula was known to be precocious.

'D — a — m,' she spelled joyously, and demanded instantly to be told what she had spelled.

'Sh!' said Agatha.

Now Ursula had found that when told to *sh*, the best thing to do was to open your mouth as far as it would go and yell at the top of your lungs. This she now did, being joined at once by Ulrich. It was a most happy idea. Agatha, a hand clapped hastily upon each of those uproarious mouths, immediately promised the twins that they too should be sandwich-men as soon as ever they were quiet. In ten seconds they were watching in a state of joyous hiccoughs while Agatha printed two more manila posters, one for

THE LITTLE BOY
WHO SAYS
SHUTTUP

and one for the very appalling

LITTLE GIRL
WHO SAYS
GO TO THE DOOCE

The twins could hardly wait to have them pinned to the backs of their rompers. These syllables were not in common use in the home circle of the twins and their infant ears were ravished.

'S'uttup, s'uttup, Perky 'lope, s'uttup,' sang Ulrich, combining all the pleasant new thought of the afternoon.

'Go dooth, go dooth, Perky 'lope, go dooth,' caroled Ursula, as the sandwich-men set off across the lawn in the direction of the rectory gate.

The grocer's boy was just removing a ham from the back of his wagon when the procession filed out upon the sidewalk.

'Holy Moses!' he said, 'and the Derry

twins, too.' And he dropped the ham and thrust his hands into his pockets while he studied the receding backs. Then he went and looked over the wall in the direction of the pergola. Then he turned and whistled softly to the fish-boy who was delivering a mackerel across the street. The fish-boy and the mackerel also came and looked over the wall.

Archibald, who was glancing back over his shoulder somewhat nervously, fancied he also saw the boy who delivered the *Saturday Evening Post* join himself to this group. But Agatha marched straight ahead in the middle of the sidewalk, looking neither to the right nor to the left, her scarlet bows rigid with purpose, the manila paper waving behind her in the breeze. The twins brought up the rear, rolling along hand in hand and singing lustily, —

'S'uttup, s'uttup, Perky 'lope, s'uttup.'

'Go dooth, go dooth, Perky 'lope, go dooth.'

'Where you goin'?' said Archibald presently, who kept thinking he heard steps behind him.

'I'm going to Riker's to get some ice-cream cones,' replied Agatha.

'Ice-tweam tone, s'uttup,' shouted Ulrich.

'Totchlit ice-tweam tone, go dooth,' warbled Ursula.

Mrs. Derry disapproved wholly of ice-cream cones. Archibald therefore stood outside of Riker's, his back plastered against a tree, while Agatha negotiated over the soda-water fountain within. Then, fortified with cones, the sandwich-men retraced their steps up the street. When they came once more in sight of the rectory wall, at least ten heads were to be seen crowded at the spot which commanded a view of the pergola. From the pantomime among them, it appeared that something of great interest was going on in that structure. Agatha stopped, looked, and listened. As she did so there suddenly arose a feminine scream from the direction of the pergola, and all the heads ducked simultaneously below the wall. She waited to see no more.

'Quick,' she cried, 'it's Aunt Eunice!' And she hurried her followers through the gate and on toward the cellar steps and safety.

And all might yet have been well, but for the Hose and Ladder Company, which at this of all moments chose to come swirling down the street in a gallop of hoofs and a clang of bells. At the sound the sandwich-men wavered in their flight across the lawn. Then back they scampered to peek for just one instant over the top of the gate. In that instant they were lost. For it was precisely then that the door of the rectory opened and the confirmation class streamed forth upon the porch. The distance from the porch to the sidewalk was short, and the entire class, including Bertha the first-born of the Derrys, was thus able to read the legends spread upon their rector's gate. They read them in silence. The rector also read them. He had just opened his mouth to say something, when his sister Eunice rushed around the corner of the house. She was followed by a small, nervous man, who looked as if he had had a bad fright.

'There they are, Mr. Perkins,' she choked, pointing a finger at the gate. 'I knew it. Look at *that!*'

It was an unnecessary injunction. Every eye in the garden was already glued upon that eloquent spot. The sandwich-men scrambled hurriedly from the gate. The magic word of *Perkins* also served to start the twins blithely off again upon their cantata.

'S'uttup, s'uttup, Perky 'lope, s'uttup,'

'Go dooth, go dooth, Perky 'lope, go dooth,' they began with fresh zeal.

Then they suddenly saw the cloud of witnesses on the porch and were silent.

But it was enough. Mr. Perkins needed no further hint. He went, went quite hastily and unobtrusively. So did the confirmation class. So, next, did the twins, upon whose faces the ice-cream cone was seen to have done its perfect work. They were guided through the gate by the hand of their sister Bertha, Archibald following reluctantly. Long after they were lost to sight, there could still be heard distantly, —

'S'uttup, s'uttup, Perky 'lope, s'uttup.'

'Go dooth, go dooth, Perky 'lope, go dooth.'

It seemed likely that the twins had acquired this for all time.

'Agatha,' said the rector, 'you may go to your room.'

Agatha looked with indulgent sorrow from her square-jawed father to her crimson aunt.

'All right, papa,' she said pleasantly, 'and I'm sorry I made you mad, Aunt Eunice.' Then, at peace with all the world, she came skipping lightly up the concrete walk, trying to see if she could reach the porch without stepping on a crack.

'Edward,' gulped Aunt Eunice, as the tan skirt flipped through the doorway, 'you — you don't mean to say you're going to laugh!'

The rector certainly did look a little apoplectic.

The scarlet bows of Agatha reappeared behind the screen for a moment.

'May I stay upstairs until after supper, papa?' she said. 'You need n't send me up anything but a Uneeda biscuit. I'm going to play I'm Saint Agatha in the convent, and I shall be under a vow.'

Aunt Eunice stared stonily at her brother, who was getting redder every moment. There was an awful stillness in the garden, which was suddenly broken by a limpid soprano, floating out through the open windows. It was the voice of Saint Agatha going serenely upstairs to her white-washed cell, and she was singing, —

'Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.'

A DAY AT BABYLON

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

The swift Mesopotamian twilight had passed as we picked our way through the broken arches and sought the places where our names appeared, in fantastic imitation-cuneiform inscriptions upon fragments of tile from the palace wall. Soft-footed Arab servants filed in through a tottering portal and placed the soup before us, the fragrant steam from which, rising incense-like, turned to loops and coils of gold as it wound into the haloes above the shades of battered brass which fended from our eyes the flickering rays of the yellow oil flames winking at the lips of the ancient stone lamps.

'Gentlemen,' — our host, the distinguished German archæologist, Dr.

Koldeway, did us the honor of speaking in English, — 'we all have good appetites from our long day in the open air; so let us, as you Americans put it, fall to at once.'

Quite by coincidence, the moving-picture man from New York and I had arrived in Babylon at the same time — he from the south by Nejd and Hilla in an *arabanah*, and I from the north by Kerbela and Hindia on horseback — and the dinner in the recently-excavated Feast Hall of Belshazzar was in honor, as one of our German hosts phrased it, of the 'Yankee invasion.' By one of the ruined portals was draped the 'Made-in-Turkey' Stars and Stripes which had been borrowed from the roof of the picture man's arabanah, — it is the custom for foreigners traveling in this part of the world during troublous times to keep their country's flag in evidence as a warning to robbers, — and the centre-piece on the table was a battered stone bird discovered in a crypt beneath the Temple of Ishtar, which, though plainly intended in the first instance for a Babylonian goose couchant, was this evening, after being decorated with a red, white and blue ruff and tipped up at an angle of forty-five degrees, held to represent an American eagle rampant. This was the extent of the *motif* Yankee, further decorative touches being of Babylonic, Arabic, or Teutonic inspiration.

The soup, though appearing on the *menu* as 'Potage Nimroud,' had come from a can with a French label. It had a distinctly appetizing odor and no second injunction to fall to was necessary.

It had indeed been a day of absorbing interest, for me the crown of a magical sheaf of days which had begun a week before, when I rode out of Bagdad for a spell of 'nomading' in the company of a single Arab dragoman, and was to end on the morrow, when we were to journey back to the City of the Kaliphs in the Hilla stage. There had been chill nights when we had shivered in our close-drawn cloaks on the benches of Arab coffee-shops or solitary Turkish khans; warm noons when we had munched dates and Arab bread in the grateful shade of bowers of greenery by canal lip or desert well. There had been a gazelle hunt in which the dogs were borne in the arms of the mounted hunters until the moment of the final *coup* arrived; a banquet with a nomad sheikh of sinister reputation, who proudly showed us the loot of a Persian caravan which he had sacked within the week; a day of hunger in fanatical Nejd, where the devout Mohammedans had refused to sell as much even as a handful of dates to the servant of the despised *Ferenghi;* and then, in breathless succession, all within the last thirty-six hours, had come Kerbela, Hindia, and Babylon.

And where but in this one corner of Mesopotamia can there be seen within the radius of a single fifteen-mile circle three such objects of unique and absorbing interest as these: Kerbela, the shrine of Hussein, the Mecca of the great Shiite sect of Mohammedans; Hindia, the site of the initiatory project in the greatest work of reclamation of modern times, — the restoration, through irrigation, of the traditional site of the Garden of Eden; and the half-uncovered ruins of Babylon, once the seat of one of the richest and most powerful of ancient empires?

'The work of the *Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft* at Babylon is the most thorough and comprehensive piece of excavation ever attempted,' the German Consul in Bagdad had told me. 'Heretofore all the excavation that has been done in Mesopotamia — and in other parts of the world as well — has been little more than a search for relics of a character calculated to make the best

museum display. At Babylon "finds" have been a secondary feature of a work the main idea of which is to uncover and draw to the last brick every standing fragment of the walls of the palaces, temples and other buildings, until sufficient data are obtained to make possible a pictured restoration of that ancient city so exact as to rival the sketches of the architects of Nebuchadnezzar. Dr. Koldeway's work at Babylon will undoubtedly entitle him to rank as the foremost archæologist of his generation, and you should not miss the chance to make his acquaintance and see him at work.'

Just at dusk, a week later, I cantered into Babylon from the desert, followed my servant past the guard of *zaptiehs* at the gate and down a dim arcade, at the farther end of which a squatting white-clad figure appeared to be in the act of feeding an illimitable mob of yowling gray cats.

'Take and carry to the Master,' ordered the dragoman brusquely, thrusting my letter into the hand of the squatting menial, and failing to accompany the action with the customary shove only on account of the intervening wall of cats. An instant later the figure straightened up and I found myself shaking hands with the distinguished Dr. Koldeway himself. 'We have been expecting you,' he said genially, 'and I am pleased to say that a compatriot of yours has also arrived to keep us company. Pajamas are dinner clothes at Babylon at this time of year, and dinner will be ready by the time you have bathed and shifted into yours.'

Cool and comfortable, we dined in our pajamas, — Dr. Koldeway, his three assistants, the picture man and myself, — and the talk was of Europe and America and China, of the war in Tripoli and the little things of local life, of everything, in fact, except ancient Babylon and the work in hand. Dr. Koldeway told of his new motorcycle and the grief to which it had brought him when he endeavored to use it in a cross-country chase after gazelles. Dr. Reuter told of their troubles with the rascally sheikh of the near-by native village, who only the day before had shot a Persian pilgrim in pure wantonness and then thrown him with the two embalmed bodies he was bearing to Kerbela for burial, into the well from which the scientists drew their water. Dr. Reuter concluded his recital with, '"And by the waters of Babylon I sat down and wept," and to-night we can only offer you German beer to drink.' The picture man told of a recent fight with Arab robbers, in which a zaptieh and a couple of horses were killed before the marauders were finally driven off; and I expatiated on my twenty-four-hour search for food in the streets of fanatical Kerbela.

Our distinguished hosts evidently avoided shop entirely out of working hours, and it was not until the following morning, when Dr. Wetzel took me in hand for a tour of the ruins, that I felt free to ask questions.

Then I learned that the mission, which owed its conception largely to the efforts of Emperor William, had come out to Mesopotamia in 1899, Dr. Koldeway having been in charge from the first. Work had been started on a large but only slightly explored series of mounds on the old channel of the Euphrates, above Hilla, from which the brick to build the latter town had been quarried, and from which, also, much of the material for a comparatively useless barrage at Hindia had been taken by the Turks. At the time, nothing definite had been known as to what the mounds really were, but the fact that all of the quarried bricks bore the name of Nebuchadnezzar stamped on them in archaic cuneiform characters had led to the belief that the heart of

the richest of the ancient civilizations might have beat at that point. Work had been prosecuted, as was explained to me at Bagdad, with the idea of revealing all that was hidden; and before many years had gone by not only had the identity of the ruins been established beyond question, but a series of tablets had been discovered, the translation of which cleared away the mists of doubt which have always obscured many of the most striking events told of in the Old Testament, — notably the Deluge. Other tablets turned out to be the 'books' of a great Babylonian banking institution, others told of remarkable social and economic conditions hitherto unguessed, while others proved to be architectural records of such accuracy as to be of the greatest help in prosecuting further exploration. Now, after a dozen years of uninterrupted work (it had hitherto been the custom for archæological missions in this part of the world to push operations only in the cool winter months), nearly all the salient objects of the Biblical and Grecian descriptions of Babylon stood revealed beyond a doubt; and as Dr. Wetzel led me here and there through the uncovered ruins he spoke of this and that feature of interest with the easy assurance of a Cook's guide in Rome or Paris.

'We know these must have been the Hanging Gardens because of the great size of the supporting pillars. These foundations would take a New York sky-scraper, and in Nebuchadnezzar's time there could have been no reason to build thus except to support some such weight as the replica of a Persian mountain scene which that monarch is said to have had fashioned at the whim of a homesick favorite whom he had brought from Iran. The Tower of Babel, which has always been popularly identified with the great mound called Birs Nimroud, some miles to the north, we were able definitely to locate through data obtained from tablets. Such of its upper walls as existed within the mound were torn down for the bricks by the Arabs many years ago, but we have laid bare its foundations, as you see, and from the angle of its stairway have estimated its height at about two hundred feet. So, while it was several times as high as the loftiest of the palaces, it must have had more the form of a modern steel-frame fifteen-story office building than that of a tower as we ordinarily understand the latter.

'Temples of Baal and of Ishtar — the latter was the Babylonian prototype of Venus — we have uncovered at a number of places, the largest being those connected with the great palaces. They are always identical in form, — large outer chambers opening successively to smaller inner ones until the "Holy" and the "Holy of Holies" are reached, — as you may see by tracing the lines of the foundations. That narrow passageway, walled off from all the chambers to which the worshipers had access, but penetrating to a recess behind the "Holy of Holies," is an invariable feature and we have not yet been able to account for it. The most likely theory seems to be that it was used by the priests to reach the hidden recess, from which strange sounds to mystify the worshipers were made to emanate. Possibly, even, definite oracular functions of question and reply were carried on. Tablets throwing light on the question may be uncovered any day.'

We passed along the elevated, bitumen-paved 'Street of Daniel,' — so called because it was the only passage giving access to the palace dungeons where the prophet was believed to have been confined, and therefore must have been the one in which he walked to take the air, — and found the picture man trying to put the members of one of the exca-

vating gangs through their paces. Fresh from the soaring pillars and ornate portals of Palmyra and Balbec, he had found in the crumbling sun-dried brick foundations of Babylon few of the outstanding features so imperative to the moving picture that is to figure in popular exhibitions, — a deficiency he was endeavoring to remedy by introducing 'human interest.' Now, one of the men was supposed to be detected in the act of tucking away in his loin-cloth a jewel which he had unearthed among the ruins, and, after a struggle, was led off by two hovering zaptiehs to condign punishment; now, two of the workmen became embroiled in a quarrel and put up a very good imitation rough-and-tumble fight at the foot of the statue of the man-eating lion; and now, crowning touch of all, the dignified and sedate Dr. Koldeway was made to execute a *pas seul* of triumph in front of the clicking machine, in celebration of the supposed discovery of a priceless tablet. The indefatigable operator even had a scenario roughly sketched in which I — the villain, impersonating a rival scientist disguised as a hunter — was to purloin some carefully guarded tablets which contained unguessed secrets of the past, to be betrayed by an Arab dancing-girl, and pursued and captured, after a long chase across the desert, by the hero, a trusted servant of Dr. Koldeway's. Inasmuch as the finale involved, for the villain, a limp tumble from the back of a camel flying before the pursuit of the Doctor's motorcycle, I was not entirely sorry that lack of time if not of talent prevented the rehearsal of this playlet.

One of the most interesting things incident to a tour of the ruins is the noting of the evidences of occupation by the long series of conquerors who followed the downfall of the Babylonian empire. This portion of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar was restored by the Medes and Persians; this open-air theatre was the work of Alexander; that line of foundations marked a Parthian temple, that was a Hittite causeway, and that restoration of the Temple of Ishtar bore Roman ear-marks. From later Roman times the ruins must have looked much as they do now, for there is nothing to show that the Arabs had a city at this point even in the times of the Kaliphate of Bagdad.

But among all the evidences of this or that despoiler or restorer, there is one structure which has not been, and probably never will be, traced to its true origin. For the great city of Babylon — fourteen miles square within the walls which have been definitely mapped — was itself built upon the ruins of a city scarcely less extensive, and so ancient that even the records of the Babylonians themselves have so far failed to reveal its name or builders. Traces of this prehistoric capital have been found wherever excavations have gone beyond a certain depth, a level, unfortunately, at which the swift-flowing seep of the old Euphrates is also encountered. As this water level is shortly to be raised by the completion of a dam at Hindia, which will divert a good part of the flow of the main Euphrates into its old channel, there is scant likelihood that this problem, one of the most alluring ever offered to archæologists for solution, can be worked out.

Something of the fascination which this riddle has held for the scientists of the German mission, I realized when I stood with Dr. Wetzel at the river-front face of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, where the rounded brick pillars of a still more ancient structure might be dimly guessed through the dark water that filled the excavation and stopped the work, and heard him tell of the countless nights when, unable to sleep from thinking of it, he had paced up

and down those banks and pondered upon the mystery beneath.

'Never was anything so near and yet so completely beyond reach,' he said plaintively. 'And the most aggravating part of the whole thing is that some of the bricks of the lower palace are stamped with a name or legend, just as are those of Nebuchadnezzar, but in a character just different enough to baffle translation without the discovery of a "key." There are gray hairs in the head of every member of the mission which trace to nothing else but fruitless speculation along this one line, and especially as to the meaning of the writing on the bricks.'

'How about Kipling's, —

> "After me cometh a builder.
> Tell him, I too have known," ?'

I suggested.

'That 's probably as near as any one will ever come to it,' he said with a sigh as we turned to go. 'And if the word "archæologist" could be substituted for "builder," I don't know any epitaph I would prefer to have on my tombstone, especially if it was to be decreed that I was to rest out here near the scene of our labors.'

Almost if not quite as great a disappointment to the members of the Babylonian mission as that occasioned by the impossibility of delving after the secrets of the buried city, came four or five years ago, with the victory of the Young Turks, when it was decreed that no antiquities of any kind, no matter by whom found, should be permitted to leave Turkey. Except for a single small shipment, the priceless accumulations of the first seven or eight years of the mission's work were stored in the compound at Babylon at this time, and these, so far as the *Orient Gesellschaft* was concerned, were as completely lost as if, like some of the Layard antiquities from Nineveh many years before, they had been upset in the river. That the work was never allowed to lapse for a day, in spite of the fact that every foot of earth moved, so far as the discovery of antiquities was concerned, was for the benefit of the Turkish Government Museum at Constantinople, speaks volumes for the devotion of the society and its patron, Emperor William, to their unselfish purpose.

Few of the fruits of the dozen years' work of the mission have as yet been removed to Constantinople, and these, stowed away in packing cases, large and small, are taxing the capacity of the long lines of the compound's sheds. Scant reference, save in the most casual way, was made to any of the stored antiquities, nor yet was I encouraged to linger and examine any of the 'finds' of the last few days' work — strange implements, utensils, ornaments and the like — which had been washed and laid out on long tables to dry. This, Dr. Wetzel explained half-apologetically, was because only the reports on the first few years' work of the mission had been made public. 'But,' he added, 'Dr. Koldeway, at our little dinner-party to-night in Belshazzar's Feast Hall, will do us the honor of making his first public statement on one of the most puzzling questions upon which we have worked, "A Scientific Accounting for the Appearance of the Writing on the Wall." I trust it will compensate in a degree for your having to wait upon the opening of the Babylonian wing of the Constantinople museum in order to see the tangible fruits of our work here.'

We ended the day with a swim in a still, cool pool of the old Euphrates, and twilight found us refreshed and expectant, feasting within the very room where, it is recorded, occurred an episode so spectacular and dramatic that — fact or fiction, history or myth — it has become a by-word of the ages. 'Poisson Babel' had followed 'Potage Nimroud,' and 'Pheasant Nabopollas-

sar' had given way to 'Prawns de Euphrates à la Ishtar,' when our distinguished host arose and, holding aloft his goblet of 'Vin Baal,' proposed a toast to the memory of His Royal Highness, Belshazzar, King of Babylonia.

The moon had risen as the dinner had progressed, and now its level beams, striking through a broken archway, fell full upon the trim, erect figure at the table's head. The howl of a jackal answered our chorused, 'His Royal Highness, Belshazzar,' and I felt the flick of a bat's wing on my fingers as I lifted my glass to drink the toast. A moment later and we had resumed our seats, and the Doctor was speaking from a crumbling dais at the end of the moon-shaft. I can, of course, give but a fragmentary outline of the drift of his discourse.

After tracing the manner in which he had established, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the fact that this particular structure had been the palace of Belshazzar, and that the room in which we were seated was the festal hall of that palace, Dr. Koldeway launched at once into the heart of his subject: —

The statement that writing appeared on the wall of this room on the occasion of a great feast which preceded the downfall of Babylonia by but a few days, has come down to us from so many different sources that we have come to accept it as a fact. It is as definitely substantiated as any other specific happening of so remote a time. Now, the all-important questions to be answered are: How did this writing come to appear where it did? and, Did it really have the meaning which Daniel gave it?

The Scriptures tell us that, 'There came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall . . . and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.'

Regarding the moving hand, we must consider that the only evidence in support of that phenomenon was the testimony of the revelers themselves (Daniel was not present at the time the writing appeared), and it is probable that most of them were in a condition in which moving hands would have been among the least startling of the things they were seeing. As for the words themselves, — *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,* — the only equivalents which the most exhaustive of searches has enabled us to find for them have been the names of certain tools and measures which were employed by Persian builders. We know that Persians were employed in the construction of the Hanging Gardens, and it is reasonable to suppose that they — or others of the same nationality — worked upon the palace of Belshazzar. Since it is necessary to account for the presence of the writing in some way, and since the unsupported evidence of the feasters is not enough to incline one to the acceptance of its miraculous appearance at the tip of a moving finger, I am advancing the theory that the words in question were written in an idle moment by one of the Persian decorators and that they remained unnoticed until the night of Belshazzar's historic feast. Have you not seen an intoxicated person suddenly give frenzied attention to some ordinary object, such as the silver cap on his umbrella handle, which he may have looked upon a hundred times, unheeding, when sober? Thus it was, I am convinced, that the drink-shaken monarch saw the fateful writing on the wall and demanded an instant interpretation, a task which, it is not surprising to learn, none of his fellow-revelers was equal to. When Daniel was called, what could be more natural than that he, the staunch moralist, knowing — as all must have known — of the imminent approach of the Medes and the

Persians, should take the occasion to read the profligate ruler a stern lecture, tell him that he had been weighed and found wanting, and that his arrogant and wicked city was about to fall into the hands of the invaders? It cannot have been long after this that the armies of Cyrus, King of the Persians, took the city. Belshazzar was killed in the fighting, but Daniel, as you know, survived to attain to still greater honors under the new rulers. — No, we have not thought it necessary to attempt a 'scientific accounting' of the Lion's Den episode. We have animal tamers in our own day.

On the eve of a visitor's departure from Babylon it is the custom to bring the guest-book of the current year to his room, set pen, ink, and a bottle of German beer before him, and leave him for the night with the warning that if a page of the book is not covered with an appropriate poem or drawing by morning he will not be allowed to go his way. Thus I found myself 'imprisoned' on the night of our Belshazzar Feast, my captors, however, having granted me permission, as a special favor, to seek inspiration by conning over the versical 'ransoms' of all the years since the mission began its work.

It was midnight when the books, each containing a year's contributions, were brought and stacked upon my table, and the 'Phantom of False Morning' had flickered and gone down again in the east before I had read through them all and bought my freedom by filling the designated page with a string of wretched jingles.

But what a register of famous names was that little pile of roughly bound parchment volumes! Lord Curzon, Sir William Willcocks, Baron Oppenheim and Percival Landon all appeared within a score of pages; but it is sad to record that it seemed the invariable rule that the more famous the writer the worse was the verse. Only two or three of the contributions were of real merit, and the lines of one of these were running in my head as I stepped out on the balcony for a breath of fresh air before going to bed.

Across the courtyard the white-clad figure of a man was pacing slowly up and down the opposite balcony, pausing at one end of his beat to gaze out vacantly across the moon-silvered pools of the half-emptied river channel, and at the other to regard fixedly the shadow-mottled ruins of the imminent palace of Nebuchadnezzar. How long he had been there I could only guess, — possibly for hours, — but presently, after one last look at the crumbling ruin, wearily, dejectedly, he turned and went in to his room. I did not try to see which of my hosts it was; but I knew as well as if he had shouted it to the unpitying stars that he was thinking of the coming of the water in the ancient Euphrates and of the secrets of the city buried beneath old Babylon, never to be read.

'He is weary with the task Time set,' I muttered to myself as I, too, turned and sought my room, and the phrase repeated itself several times in my thoughts before I recalled that it was from one of the poems I had just been reading in the guest-books. I turned to it and read it again — and then again. Unlike the other efforts, it was unsigned and undated, but I know that it was written by one who had felt the brooding spell at the end of the desert night and had himself wept by the waters of Babylon. Here it is: —

When each age, weary with the task Time set
  Of Empire-building, sinks again to sleep,
Time's kindly hand draws o'er the coverlet
  That the tired Titan's slumbers may be deep.
Tier upon tier, palace and banquet hall,
  Towers, pinnacles and temples front the sky;
Witness the nations' prowess and their fall —
  Life lasts a day; at eventide we die.

EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW

BY ADELBERT LATHROP HUDSON

I

THE idea of equality has in the past been regarded as essential to democracy. Only recently has any one challenged the statement in our American Declaration of Independence, that 'all men are created equal'; and yet when applied to actual life the idea is so manifestly chimerical, that we are now coming quite generally to qualify the statement by substituting 'equal in opportunity.'

But except as a vague generalization the change avails nothing. Any attempt to apply the idea would show that there is no more equality of opportunity among men than there is equality of powers. Various methods have been tried, especially by means of popular education, to minimize the outward effects of natural inequalities. Still the inequalities remain — not merely in the artificial products of organized society, such as the right to accumulate private property, but as well in every natural field of human activity.

The persistence of the idea, notwithstanding these facts, strongly suggests that there may be some principle of equality, not as yet fully defined in popular thought, which is fundamental in a democratic state. May it not be that such a principle will be found in 'Equality before the Law'?

The blackest pages of history have been written because of the lack of such equality. Again and again have nations been overturned, or dynasties destroyed, because judges have failed to recognize the equality of all men before the bar of justice.

Justice is blind. She takes no note of a man's appearance or position. She simply hears his case and weighs the evidence. Solomon is a good example of a just ruler. He was jury, trial judge, and court of last resort. Yet his decisions were so fair and unbiased that he was able to weld the jealous and turbulent tribes of Israel into a mighty nation.

On the contrary his son, Rehoboam, in his very first decision, which was delivered on a question of taxation, showed so clearly his bias in favor of the privileged class who were his advisers, that ten of his twelve provinces revolted on the spot, his kingdom became hopelessly divided, and soon declined into a subject province.

Again, a celebrated Roman case in which the Decemvir, Appius Claudius, in the arbitrary exercise of his judicial power, condemned to slavery and dishonor the beautiful daughter of a Roman citizen, led to the deposing of the tyrannical Decemvirate, and the assumption of authority by the tribunes of the people.

Similarly in England, it was in part on account of the assertion by the Stuarts of their authority to administer justice as of divine right, and their flagrant abuse of that power, that James the Second lost his crown and Charles the First his head.

Then, too, revolution was the logical expression of the condition of society

existing in France in 1789. The courts in no way safeguarded the rights of the people from the rapacity and lust of the privileged class; and, by an inexorable law, outraged justice overthrew that favored class, and created for itself a new tribunal, which became in turn the relentless engine of their destruction.

These are a few instances and seem to show that in all civilized times, in the past, justice has been considered a divine quality which man might demand as his right. He has had an undefined feeling that a just God would see to it that justice was administered to his children. If kings and courts failed to do this, then plainly it was the duty of the people to overthrow these faithless agents. This is the psychology of revolution.

II

The increasing popularity of democracy as a form of government is no doubt due in large measure to the discovery that monarchy — unless it should be merely nominal, as in modern England — tends everywhere to the creation of legal tribunals which favor certain classes. Even old China is playing at democracy in the hope of securing at least some approach to justice, in place of the arbitrary decrees of an absolute despotism.

And this growing protest against monarchical systems goes on in spite of the fact that democracy is much more cumbersome and less efficient as a form of administration. If any one is inclined to question this last proposition, let him observe how frequently, in cases of acute emergency, — where immediate efficiency is required, — a city, state or province is placed under martial law, giving supreme authority to the will of one man, with an armed force to carry out his orders.

The feeling appears to be that in a democracy the humblest citizen will be guaranteed the equal consideration of his rights by courts of justice, even if he be opposed by the wealthiest or most powerful; that if democracy does not mean this then it has no excuse for being.

Unfortunately this ideal has not thus far been attained merely by adopting a democratic form of government. And this lesson the United States has had to learn at bitter cost.

Many causes, no doubt, contributed to that 'irrepressible conflict' in our country generally known as the Civil War. But probably no one will now deny that chief in the chain of causes leading to that fratricidal conflict was the decision of the famous Dred Scott case by the Supreme Court of the United States. This final proof that the slave-holding aristocracy of the South could control the highest legal tribunal in the land, and use it as a means of working injustice, aroused the people of the North to the need of vigorous action in defense of their most cherished ideals.

III

The result of the Civil War settled, for a time at least, the bitterly contested issue between national supremacy and state sovereignty, which was the natural outgrowth of the compromise effected in the Constitutional Convention of 1787; it left quite untouched, however, the semi-political character of the courts, which was a part of that compromise, and which has prevented them from realizing the ideal of democracy in the administration of justice.

This element of weakness in our judicial system was very clearly pointed out by Mr. Brooks Adams in a striking article in the April (1913) number of the *Atlantic* on 'The Collapse of Capitalistic Government.' That article seemed to many readers to demonstrate conclusively that 'the relation which

our courts shall hold to politics is now the fundamental question which the American people must solve, before any stable social equilibrium can be attained'; and also that the attitude which influential and powerful members of the capitalistic class shall assume toward that question is most vital, both to their own safety and to the welfare of the Republic. Since then, the problem has been worked out more thoroughly by Mr. Adams, in a book just published, on *The Theory of Social Revolutions*.[1]

A most important contribution of this volume is its discussion of the fact that not only are our American courts semi-political in their functions, but that this character was given to them from the beginning in order to safeguard the National idea; that it was in effect incorporated in the Constitution and made an integral element in our system of government.

The presentation of this fact to-day seems somewhat novel, so accustomed have we become to a feeling of unquestioning reverence both for the Constitution and the courts. And yet we are reminded that Jefferson, at the time, opposed the giving of such power to the courts, contending that 'a bench purposely constituted to pass upon political questions must be politically partisan,' and predicting, from the abuse of such power, many of the evils which have in fact followed.

But as Mr. Adams aptly says, 'The abstract virtue of the written Constitution was not a question in issue when Washington and his contemporaries set themselves to reorganize the Confederation. Those men had no choice but to draft some kind of a platform on which the states could agree to unite.'

The convention had met 'to form a more perfect union,' the Confederation having broken down through its own inherent weakness. And the problem was to secure the consent of the thirteen new states, each jealous of its own prerogatives, to the formation of a federal government strong enough to do its work effectively, and to bear the strain which was sure to come upon it. The Federalists, of whom Hamilton was the mouthpiece and Washington the dominating personality, were in favor of a strong centralized government with power sufficient, if necessary, to coerce a recalcitrant state into obedience. Their opponents, under the lead of Jefferson and other strong men, were bitterly opposed to such a policy on the ground that it was monarchical in its tendency. Our written Constitution was the result; and probably it was the best that could be accomplished at the time. The Federalists, aided by the clear and forceful arguments of Hamilton and the personal influence of Washington, were for the moment in control of the situation, and were able to secure the form of a national government on paper. But they evidently recognized the fact that they were in a minority, and that some means must be devised for safeguarding what they had gained, until the new nation, by its own momentum, had acquired sufficient cohesion to survive. Otherwise, as soon as their opponents came into power the acts of state legislatures, or of Congress itself, might easily undo all that had been accomplished.

The expedient eventually adopted was to give to the federal courts, presided over by judges appointed for life by the President, the power not only to interpret the federal Constitution, but also to pass upon the constitutionality, under its provisions, of laws passed by the several state legislatures, as well as by Congress itself. This was brought about through the interpretation placed by the judges appointed by

[1] Recently published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

President Washington and others on the clauses defining the judicial power.

It is quite unlikely that the Federalists would have been able to secure such an interpretation but for a fact not mentioned by Mr. Adams, but which must have had a strong bearing upon the result, namely, that the colonies were already accustomed to a similar exercise of power by a political court in England, known as the Privy Council, and had come to recognize its necessity. In fact such necessity was obvious. In the charters of the colonies were many conflicting grants. For example, both Massachusetts and New York had grants of land extending from ocean to ocean, which covered of course the same territory as soon as the western boundary of New York was passed — a fact which has affected litigation in the latter state down to the present time. The liability to serious disagreements between the colonies, arising from such conflicts, made it necessary to have some tribunal with authority to arbitrate between them. The Privy Council fulfilled this function, and frequently declared some act of a colonial legislature to be void, on the ground that it was *ultra vires*. That is to say, the particular act thus nullified was beyond the power conferred upon the colony by its charter.

After the Revolution there was need of some tribunal to continue the exercise of this function between the states themselves, and also between the state and federal governments. This would naturally devolve on the Supreme Court. And, in effect, a declaration by that body that an act of Congress, or of some state legislature, is unconstitutional (that is, void under the Federal Constitution), in no way differs from a similar declaration by the Privy Council that an act of some colonial legislature was *ultra vires* under a colonial grant. Both were political acts, and both were made necessary by the relations existing, first between the colonies, and afterward between the states. Thus the Supreme Court was in effect constituted an independent chamber with an absolute veto power over legislation, in the name of a constitution of whose provisions it was the final interpreter. And the judges who should wield this enormous power, being granted life-tenure of office, were not responsible to the people, as other legislators are, but were subject to impeachment for misconduct only.

In view of the fact that 'manifest destiny' pointed to Washington as the first President, the plan was well conceived for the end to be gained. But the incidental result has been to place a construction on the Constitution which has stood and still stands as an insuperable obstacle to the realization of that ideal which, as we have seen, is fundamental in democracy — Equality before the Law.

IV

The plan worked as expected, and the bench was filled with men who for a generation maintained the Federalist idea of a strong national government. To quote the words of Mr. Brooks Adams, 'General Washington chose John Jay for the first Chief Justice, who in some important respects was more Federalist than Hamilton; while John Adams selected John Marshall, who, though one of the greatest jurists who ever lived, was hated by Jefferson with a bitter hatred because of his political bias.'

At the close of John Adams's term of office as President, the Federalists were driven from power by the rising tide of popular protest against centralization, and Jefferson became President. But their theory of government had been protected so successfully by the expedient of a political court that, during

the first generation of the nation's life, the powerful opinions of Chief Justice Marshall so far strengthened the idea of national sovereignty, that when the inevitable clash came in 1861–65, the nation had gained sufficient power to prevent dismemberment, and Appomattox completed the work of 1787.

It is only fair to recognize that the Federalists had no personal interests to serve. Their motives were purely patriotic. What they planned and carried out was done to preserve the Union. But in doing this they gave to the courts a political power which might, at any time, be used for selfish purposes, and which was bound to be so used as soon as the first noble impulse toward nation-building had been lost sight of in the pursuit of personal interests.

It is evident that a certain undefined recognition of this fact, at the time, tended to create a feeling of distrust and antagonism in the minds of the people. Aside from the specific denunciations of the political character of the courts by Jefferson, there seems to have been a widespread feeling that the Federalists were somehow working to subvert the liberties of the people. Even the exalted character and devoted service of Washington himself did not save him from direct charges of this sort, as will be seen by an extract from the Philadelphia *Aurora*, published on the day following his retirement from the presidency: —

'The man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period of rejoicing this is the moment. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of George Washington, from this day, has ceased to give a currency to political iniquity and to legalized corruption. . . . It is a subject of astonishment that a single individual should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to put in jeopardy its very existence.'

But although the Federalists were defeated in the elections and their policies denounced, no effort seems to have been made to change the political character of the courts, after the first ineffectual protests of Jefferson. He did, indeed, when he became President, undertake to impeach one of the justices of the Supreme Court on account of the exercise of the political powers thus conferred; and had he succeeded he might have carried the proceeding far enough to include the entire bench, including Marshall. But the effort failed on account of the lack of the necessary two-thirds vote in the Senate, and no further attempt was made to interfere with the political powers of the court under the Constitution.

Thus it happened, most fortunately as it would seem to us to-day, that in spite of adverse elections which placed the legislative and executive departments of the national government in the hands of their opponents, the most vital political ideals of men like Washington, Hamilton, and Adams prevailed over those of Jefferson and his supporters, through the assistance rendered by the Supreme Court in the beneficent exercise of those political functions conferred by the Constitution. But although we may admit that, historically, this particular *use* of the power thus granted was beneficial, what we need to recognize to-day is that, in principle, the *possession* of such power is both undemocratic and hazardous.

V

The evil effects of such exercise of power by the courts began to appear in

the second generation, when personal and sectional interests solicited their protection. Quoting again from Mr. Adams's concise summing up of the facts:—

'Before Marshall died slavery had become a burning issue, and the slave-owners controlled the appointing power. General Jackson appointed Taney to sustain the expansion of slavery, and when the anti-slavery party carried the country with Lincoln, Lincoln supplanted Taney with Chase in order that Chase might stand by him in his struggle to destroy slavery. And as it has been, so must it always be. As long as the power to enact laws shall hinge on the complexion of benches of judges, so long will the ability to control a majority of the bench be as crucial a political necessity as the ability to control a majority in avowedly representative assemblies.'[1]

With the assumption of the ermine by Chief Justice Taney there began a series of political decisions culminating in the Dred Scott case, which were calculated to and which did maintain the commercial interests and political power of the dominant class of that period, namely, the slave-holding aristocracy of the South. Under this powerful protection the slave-holders became arrogant and self-assertive. They not only trampled ruthlessly on individual rights, and ignored the protests of their fellow-citizens in the North, as well as the growing sentiment of the civilized world against human slavery; but they even set at defiance the laws of Congress itself — as witness the persistent and unlawful importation of slaves from the west coast of Africa. This importation had been prohibited by Congress in 1808; but when the invention of the cotton gin made Negro labor an industrial necessity in the South, the protected slaveholders resumed this traffic with impunity; nor was it stopped until a successful blockade of Southern ports had been established during the Civil War.

Meanwhile all the stock arguments for the maintenance of the *status quo*, such as the stability of law, the sacredness of the Constitution, the inviolability of vested rights, and so on through the familiar list of phrases which are still heard to-day in support of special privilege, were freely indulged in by the Supreme Court to buttress their opinions in support of slavery.

The Dred Scott decision was the final proof needed to convince the people of the North that the slave-holding aristocracy owned the courts, and that there was no hope of securing justice so long as the perpetuation and expansion of slavery continued to be the controlling issue in the Nation's councils.

Then that innate sense of outraged justice, which has so often led to social revolutions in the past, set in motion the tremendous impulse which resulted, in November, 1860, in the triumphant election to the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln, who had declared that this nation 'could not permanently endure, half slave and half free.'

In the struggle which followed, the slave-owning class was practically annihilated — its industrial system swept away, its property confiscated or destroyed; and its members as a type perished from the face of the earth.

[1] The reader should perhaps be guarded against a misunderstanding of the use of the word 'supplanted' in the above quotation. The fact referred to of course is that, upon the death of Chief Justice Taney in 1864, President Lincoln filled his place with the great anti-slavery advocate, Salmon P. Chase, just as President Jackson had previously filled the same position with Taney, the upholder of slavery. And although Chase went upon the bench so late in the physical struggle, he was still of great service to the cause in sustaining the constitutionality of those executive and congressional acts adopted both before and after his appointment for the purpose of destroying slavery.

VI

But the climax of Mr. Adams's remarkable book is reached in his searching analysis of the present situation. The facts presented in the course of this analysis are fully verified by citations from the opinions of the courts, clearly establishing the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States to-day, under the pressure which is unavoidable where courts exercise political functions, is supporting the interests of the present capitalistic class, quite as fully and unequivocally as the same court under Marshall maintained the national ideas of the Federalists, as later on under Taney it upheld the power of the slave-holders, and still later under Chase helped to sustain the new régime.

This article can hardly undertake more in this connection than to indicate some of the conclusions reached by Mr. Adams, leaving the reader to find more convincing proof in a perusal of the book. But one of the instances cited seems particularly illuminating. In 1890, Congress passed the 'Sherman Anti-Trust Act,' prohibiting *all* combinations in restraint of trade. A suit known as the Trans-Missouri case, brought under this act to dissolve an obnoxious railway pool, came up for final adjudication in the United States Supreme Court in December, 1896. The railroads sought a decision limiting the operation of such laws to 'unreasonable' restraint of trade. But the Court refused at that time to make such a decision, which would have been virtually an amendment to the act. Thereupon those concerned in such combinations set up the claim that this decision 'disturbed the business interests of the country,' and the question was repeatedly argued in other cases. For a time the Supreme Court adhered to its decision, holding that under the Sherman act *all* restraints of trade were unlawful. Then an effort was made to have the act amended by Congress. This attempt was defeated after an exhaustive report by a committee appointed to investigate the facts.

The pressure from those interested in large combinations continued, however, and finally, in May, 1911, when opinions were handed down in the celebrated cases of 'Standard Oil Company *vs.* United States' and 'United States *vs.* American Tobacco Company' (221 U. S. 1 *et seq.*), the personnel of the Court had been so changed by death and new appointments that a majority of the justices, speaking through the Chief Justice, laid down the rule so long contended for in the interest of large combinations of capital, namely that it is 'undue' restraint alone which should be regarded as unlawful. The fact that the court held in those cases that the particular combinations then before the court had been shown to be guilty of undue restraint of trade and were therefore amenable to the penalties of the Sherman Act, does not disguise the more significant fact that a majority of the Supreme Court of the United States had at last declared its adhesion to a rule which for fifteen years that Court had steadily refused to recognize, namely that it is 'undue' or 'unreasonable' restraint of trade which is to be held unlawful under the Sherman Act.

In a dissenting opinion in the Tobacco case Mr. Justice Harlan comments as follows: 'But now the court, in accordance with what it denominates the "rule of reason," in effect inserts in the act the word "undue" which means the same as "unreasonable," and thereby makes Congress say what it did not say . . . and what, since the passage of the act, it has explicitly refused to say. . . . In short the court now, by judicial legis-

lation, in effect amends an act of Congress relating to a subject over which that department of the Government has exclusive cognizance.'

Could any proof be more convincing to show that our Supreme Court under the Constitution does assume legislative or political functions, or that it does so, even though indirectly, under pressure from the dominant class? The mere recital of the record seems almost sensational as an indictment of our present system.

At the same time Mr. Adams disclaims any intention of reflecting upon the personal integrity of our judges. His attack is not on men but on the system. His contention is that 'where political influences enter, disaster follows.'

The principle involved is briefly stated in these words: 'In no community can every person have equal civil rights. That is impossible. Civil rights must vary according to status. But such rights as any person may have, those the courts are bound to guard impartially. If the courts do not perform this, their first and most sacred duty, I apprehend that order cannot be permanently maintained; for this is equality before the law, and equality before the law is the corner-stone of order in every modern state.'

A survey of the whole situation seems fully to sustain the proposition stated in the first chapter of the book: 'So long as our courts retain their present functions no comprehensive administrative reform is possible.'

VII

Mr. Adams does not propose, in this volume, any specific remedy for those defects in our judicial system which he thus lays bare. His purpose seems rather to challenge serious discussion of these vital matters, and if possible to arouse the wiser members of the capitalistic class to a sense of their own responsibility and danger.

But to the thoughtful reader the inference to be drawn from his clear and logical analysis is obvious. It has been made plain that political functions were conferred upon the courts of this country in the first instance, with the evident purpose on the part of the Federalists of protecting the National idea, and also because of the need of some tribunal to arbitrate such questions as might arise among the thirteen separate states, or between one or more of these and the federal government. This necessity has increased, rather than diminished, with the admission of thirty-five additional states. In the meantime the evils inhering in the exercise of such powers by the courts have been multiplied indefinitely by the social and economic changes which have taken place.

Obviously the way to escape from the evil effects of semi-political courts is to get rid of the administrative system which has made them necessary. So long as we continue, with growing difficulty, the effort to maintain order and to regulate the relations of one hundred millions of people of diverse races and conditions, by means of a national government of limited powers, and forty-eight separate and autonomous constituent governments, reserving to themselves all other powers, — just so long we shall impose upon ourselves the necessity of maintaining political courts to arbitrate differences. It has been abundantly proved that such courts are bound to be influenced by pressure from the dominant class, thus permanently preventing that even-handed justice which is the *sine qua non* of true democracy.

In view of past experience, why would it not be the part of wisdom to reconstruct our form of government?

We could, for instance, replace our present cumbersome and ineffective system of divided authority by giving the national government exclusive power to make and enforce all necessary laws for the regulation of industry, commerce and finance throughout the country. Such a government would be capable, with the power of all the people behind it, of compelling the obedience of all, even the wealthiest and most powerful. Then the courts, released from the necessity of arbitrating between conflicting claims of state and national sovereignty, would be free to resume those purely judicial functions whose exercise would guarantee 'Equality before the Law.'

The primary obstacle to such a change is our written Constitution. But surely a political creed, even though called a constitution, which was adopted as a doubtful compromise in the eighteenth century, ought not to be regarded as a finality in the twentieth century, when substantially all the interests and relations with which it deals have undergone most drastic change.

The truth is that few if any of the practical or material interests of the people to-day bear any relation to state boundaries. On the contrary our most important activities along commercial, industrial, and financial lines either are already, or are rapidly becoming national in their scope of operation, like our great railway systems. Manifestly such activities could be regulated much more wisely and fairly for the interests of all concerned by one strong central government, such as is here suggested, than by the present system of divided authority.

But the real obstacle in the way of such a reconstruction is the attitude of the people themselves. Those most fundamentally antagonistic to the capitalistic class, because opposed to any accumulation of private property, do not care to reform our present system of government. What they want is to abolish it altogether. They would have no interest in changing the functions of the courts. They would in fact prefer political courts, if controlled by themselves, as a weapon to destroy their enemies and buttress the decrees of a socialistic state.

Between the extremes of revolutionary socialists and the few who might justly be regarded as 'predatory' capitalists, stands the great body of sane, comfortable, law-abiding citizens who might control the situation if only they were united and aroused. But in fact they are not only widely separated in their political interests and opinions, but at present they do not seem aware of any need of change save in the cost of living. Like a sleeping giant unconscious of approaching danger, the average citizen seems hardly awake to the present menace of social revolution, except for an occasional start at the extent and magnitude of those sporadic cases of riot and disorder which indicate the growth of social discontent. Moreover, it is just this average citizen who is apt to feel a sense of undiscriminating reverence for the Constitution, as expressed in the motto, 'Let the work of the Fathers stand.' And this feeling makes it difficult to convince him of the need of any change in our organic law.

On the other hand, the dominant or capitalistic class are well aware of the advantage they possess in their ability to control the courts, to a certain extent, as a safeguard against attack upon their special privileges. Quite naturally they are disinclined to surrender their advantage; and it is to them especially that the argument of Mr. Adams's book appears to be addressed — not in any sense as any attack on capital, but, quite the reverse, as a recognition that these are the men of power and should

be the responsible rulers of the nation; that it is to them that we must look, not merely to save themselves from destruction, but also to save American society from disintegration. Calm, dispassionate and judicial as the volume is in tone and method, it is in effect a most powerful appeal to the present dominant class to transcend the limitations of their highly specialized ways of thinking and to adapt themselves to the requirements of a rapidly changing environment. And yet the author appears to have little hope that his appeal will be heeded — not because the reasons for it are not perfectly definite and obvious, but because the capitalistic class, as such, have come to think so exclusively in terms of money that their attitude of mind has become rigid and inflexible. And in the inevitable overthrow of this specialized class he seems to apprehend the failure of American Democracy.

It is just here that the writer of this article is inclined to dissent from Mr. Adams in his evident lack of faith in the ability of the great body of the American people to meet the present emergency, when once they come to recognize that a real crisis is impending.

It is in fact the stability and the underlying moral sanity of the large, slow-moving, undemonstrative mass of loyal citizens, belonging to different parties, grades, and classes, which has preserved the nation in the various crises through which it has already passed. This mass is slow to apprehend and slow to act; its members are divided by a thousand varied and even conflicting interests; but it has never failed to come together in response to any clear-cut moral issue involving the salvation of American Democracy. And when thus united its impact has been irresistible, just as Cromwell's 'Ironsides' were invincible because they believed that they were fighting 'the battle of the Lord.'

Mr. Adams's closely reasoned argument may fail to bring conviction to the majority of those to whom it is more particularly addressed, and yet become an epoch-making book through the response it meets from an unexpected quarter. We are told by Mrs. Stowe's son that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written as an appeal to the slave-holding aristocracy. As such it failed; but it accomplished its real purpose through the awakened conscience of the great body of liberty-loving people in the North.

As an appeal to the self-preserving instinct of the capitalistic class, *The Theory of Social Revolutions* may fail to find its mark, and yet may do vastly more by awakening the dormant consciousness of the serious-minded masses. For, in the last analysis, the argument for equality before the law is nothing less than a plea for common justice; and such a plea has rarely failed to reach and rouse the conscience of the people, when they are brought, as in this volume, face to face with naked truth.

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

ARE the publishers right in assuming that we need large numbers of 'summer novels' for summer reading? My own notion is that the hotter the day, the more gripping and vital is the tale required to divert our attention from ourselves, the heat, the mosquitoes, the irritating tendency of butter-balls to squashiness and of iced tea to tepidity. One needs the great novels and the breathless novels to lift one's spirit across the pitfalls laid for it by heat and humidity. When the mercury is below zero and every breath an exhilaration, one can encounter gayly those gentle, pleasant tales commonly known as 'summer novels.' A young acquaintance defines these as 'books you can't imagine a *man* reading from choice'; but this is perhaps too drastic. We all have our devitalized hours. However, as these stories take from our mental vigor rather than add to it, why not reserve them for the vigorous days and brace ourselves during the languorous season with the most thought-compelling fiction that the publishers' tables afford?

As dissent is exhilarating, I confess to detecting with delight a 'tendency' worth combating in certain of the season's novels. It runs through a group of tales as widely various in setting, character, and style as *The Declension of Henry D'Albiac*,[1] *One Woman's Life*,[2] and *Comrade Yetta*.[3] The one thing these volumes seem to say in common is that the Futurist Novel is knocking at our doors. They are all written under very modern influences, political, economic, sociological, and they break with the tradition of good novel-writing in that their preoccupation, consciously or not, is chiefly with types and symbols, instead of with breathing figures of flesh and blood.

For instance, in *The Declension of Henry D'Albiac*, the heroine is a militant English suffragette from the lower-middle class. A young French marquis, returning on foot from a dinner-party one moonlit night, chances to rescue her from the grip of a policeman even more militant than herself. Later, a formal introduction is brought about between them, and Henry D'Albiac finds the gay intelligence and comradeship of Flora Evans so much more fascinating than the great physical beauty and mental heaviness of the well-placed English girl to whom he is suitably affianced, that he ceases to love the latter and woos the former most abjectly — but in vain. The story is written with ease and with a certain dry incisive wit that enlivens it delightfully, but it fails as a whole for the very simple reason that the author did not say to herself, 'I will create three characters, Henry D'Albiac, Patrice Beaufoy, and Flora Evans, who shall be as far asunder as the stars, yet tangled together in the net of circumstance, and I will show their mutual influences and reactions as vividly as though they were the only human relations in the world that matter.' Instead, she said something like this: 'I will "do" a fighting suffragette, a spoiled beauty and a French nobleman. The first shall win the last,

[1] *The Declension of Henry D'Albiac.* By V. GOLDIE. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[2] *One Woman's Life.* By ROBERT HERRICK. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[3] *Comrade Yetta.* By ALBERT EDWARDS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

hands down, from the second, and thus I shall prove conclusively what is in great need of proof — that sex-attraction will not be decreased but rather increased by granting the franchise to women!' Parenthetically, this logic is purely feminine and quite indefensible.

The result of this method of approach is to vitiate the reality of the characters. Henry D'Albiac comes nearest being human because he is inconsistent, suggestible, and enthusiastic, but the wonderful Flora, who should be the strongest character, is quite thin and unconvincing. We fail to get that charm in her which, if felt, would at once take the book out of polemics and into life. I do not profess to state what the human quality is, nor how to get it as a literary effect. Each author must have his own definition and his own recipe, but it is as well demonstrated as the law of gravitation that the human quality is the one thing that cannot be omitted from a novel.

Milly Ridge, in *One Woman's Life*, is a little more definite than Flora Evans, yet almost equally unsatisfactory. Robert Herrick is a seasoned and admirable novelist. For the sake of *The Real World*, which turned upon a very deep and genuine insight into the meaning and worth of moral struggle, I always approach Mr. Herrick's novels with respect and expectation. Here, I say to myself, is a book by a man who, once at least, saw to the ultimate core of things. How fortunate for him and for me if he has done it again! But in *One Woman's Life*, no such luck! We go through it wondering why we do not really care what happens to Milly Ridge, only to learn the reason in the final pages. To the author she has not been Milly Ridge at all but merely the type. 'She's Woman — the old-fashioned kind — just Woman.' She is the Parasite, in short, the Mollusc, 'the little grafter' — for it is thus that Mr. Herrick professes to see woman as the ages have made her.

Now the process of successful generalization necessarily moves from the individual to the abstraction. A very forceful presentation of a single Milly Ridge might drive us to generalize, 'The Parasite must go'; but the somewhat languid presentation of a Parasite does not drive us to say, 'The Milly Ridges must go.' Personifications, one suspects, are usually pale argument.

Or perhaps it is only the masculine personification of a feminine type that is likely to be so? For in *Virginia*[1] Miss Glasgow presents a picture of the Woman-Who-Was, vastly different from Mr. Herrick's portrait. Virginia Pendleton is an extreme example of the saintly, self-sacrificing woman, a type once found everywhere but quite probably brought to its highest perfection, as Miss Glasgow believes, on Southern soil. While she is frankly presented as a type, however, the author has drawn her with such strong appreciation, combined with such a fury of conviction as to the disadvantages of this utter self-abnegation both for a woman's family and for herself, that the selfless Virginia takes very real shape before our eyes; she refuses, in fact, to remain a type and steals softly into the domain of the definitely individual, — whereby she is temporarily removed from the present discussion.

Comrade Yetta, which opens strongly with a very individual little Jewish girl brought up in a second-hand bookshop on the East Side by a fine old father, promises at first to be vital and personal. But Mr. Edwards begins to lose power as soon as he begins to lose perspective, and the book trails away into ineffectiveness. One suspects the author may be more interested in the

[1] *Virginia*. By Ellen Glasgow. New York Doubleday, Page & Co.

development of socialism and the work of the labor unions as an antidote to industrial evils, than in the development of the individual case he presents. At all events, he loses his grip upon his characters, and therefore upon his readers, just as he would do if this were the case. The novel divided against itself can never 'arrive.' This is an axiom for modern novelists to consider.

The classic example in American fiction of a novel which effectively attacked an intrenched evil is, of course, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Read it again, you gentlemen who would use the novel as a vehicle to propagate economic and social theories! See how closely and forcefully it sticks to *the argument of the individual instance;* see how vivid and vital the individual is made. Can you hew characters, thus red and dripping, out of the life-stuff? Thus and not otherwise must your work be done, based on the one enduring foundation for a novelist's achievement, if you, too, would move a nation!

Whether a writer seeks art or propaganda in his fiction-making, nothing can be clearer than this: the best method for art is also the only method for propaganda. It behooves you to be a better artist than your fellows, not less skillful and less creative, if you would command the convictions of your audience.

It may be that novelists yet-to-come will create types and symbols whom we will laugh and cry with, love and hate, whose histories we will buy as freely as we buy Shakespeare and Dickens; but current fiction has not yet proved this. Even the Creator of the Universe (in order to keep up his interest and ours in the story) found it advisable to make each one of us individual and human. The creative writer, too, makes a world, and so far, and so far only, as he can follow that vast example of putting personality into each created thing, his world also is good.

Other arts appear to be in the same case as literature in this matter. Consider the novels which attempt to deal with types, masses, abstractions, in their relation to the painting of the future as it was prophesied in the International Exhibition last winter. Out of all that tumult of work, some of which was simplified to stupefaction while some was complicated to the same point, the canvases of one man emerged, clear and compelling. Whether you personally enjoy the painting of Odilon Redon or not, you must admit that he paints the thing as he sees, or imagines, it with a significance, concentration, and carrying-power beyond all words. He presents to your eye the portrait of a little red geranium in a clay pot, and does it so that you, regarding it, see there the soul of all the red geraniums that ever bloomed, caught and made visible for all time. To be able to see thus clearly and represent thus vividly is the supreme test of the artist. To have this vision is to be great, for — I devoutly believe it — it is to see for the moment that one thing as God himself must see it.

It is this vision that all creative talent, more or less blindly, seeks. That same International Exhibition presented instance after instance in which it was sought unsuccessfully or with half-success. Often, one could almost name the drug or stimulant under whose influence the search was impiously made! Certain painters other than Redon almost achieved that wonderful penetration — but not quite. At the critical instant the lines waver, the vision breaks and curls, and the spectator shudders and turns away with the feeling that he has seen a divine thing profaned. It is a more serious matter to fail in representing the

soul of a thing than the body. And nothing is more obvious than the inadequacy of cocaine, absinthe, or alcohol as adjutants to that vision which is, perchance, reserved in its fullness for the pure in heart. Shall they not see Man as well as God?

Assuredly every novelist would do well to hang Redon's little red geranium on the wall of his mind, questioning it daily until its secret becomes his own. Do not tell me that novelists have no time for such rites! In the sacred depths of its being, as Henry James somewhere says, all Art feeds upon example. Curiously enough, the painter's art is almost better than the writer's own as food for literature-about-to-be, so that one masterpiece of brushwork may help create an hundred masterpieces of the pen.

Believing with all one's heart in this intense creative concentration upon the individual case as the novel-writer's only method of salvation, one must still admit that at least one novelist has just carried a different contention to a splendid conclusion. Of all the recent novels, *Widecombe Fair*,[1] by Eden Philpotts, is easily the greatest. And it is really great. It is the last of the author's cycle of Dartmoor novels, completing a twenty-year's work which he asks his fellows to judge as a whole and as an attempt 'to say "yea" to life even in its most difficult problems.'

In *Widecombe Fair* itself we have a whole vale of Dartmoor with all its manifold life, its thousand interests, set down before us. We learn its physical conformation as though our very feet had trod those ways; we see its lifting or lowering skies, its manors, farmsteads, inns, and mills, with all the intense and individual life of them. We go in and out of every household, and not one withholds its secrets from us. From our knowledge of the individual lives so masterfully and richly presented, there is distilled, as a kind of precious essence, our apprehension of the life of the community itself. Hardy never did anything on so large a scale as this, or with a truer touch, and it is better than Balzac, because it is sane and tender and our own.

In a noble and moving preface the author sets forth many things. Meeting the criticism often passed upon his work, that he makes his scenery as important as his people, he frankly admits that to him the phenomena of man's environment are as interesting as man himself. If he chooses, therefore, to make a river a protagonist or depict a forest 'more portentous than the human beings who move within it' none has the right to deny him. But going further than this, in a marvellously worded passage, he suggests that we have yet to learn 'what is the veritable personal good and evil' of the unconscious life that surrounds us, and that when it is learned we shall presently be able to formulate our discoveries in terms of art, a proceeding which would infinitely enlarge the field of the novelist and the sympathies of his readers. So wonderfully does he wield his words that we thrill with him to his vision of a cosmic art.

'We may incarnate the seasons and set them moving, mighty and magic-fingered, upon the face of the earth, to tell a story laden with unsleeping activities, mysterious negations and frustrations, battles and plots, tragedies and triumphs. Before such an immense spectacle, man's exact significance in the warp and woof will be found to change; his thread becomes relegated to its fair place in the loom, and we discover mightier stories than his hugely outlined on the tapestries that hang between the stars.'

Notwithstanding this miracle of

[1] *Widecombe Fair*. By Eden Philpotts. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

woven words, such art is still in the womb of Time. *Widecombe Fair* itself, great achievement as it is, deals not with seasons, suns, and systems, but chiefly with the little lives of little men, made warm, human, rich in detail and in interest. The perceptive reader is bound to feel immensely respectful and enthusiastic toward both Eden Philpotts's theories and his practice, but is not bound to admit that the two can ever entirely coincide. Granting, even, that he has gone successfully beyond the individual life for matter of interest, still is his success based primarily upon his handling of that life. Success is always valid, but, in art at least, it proves few theories.

Mr. Snaith, who does not take the public into his confidence at all, and, apparently, has no theories, since, as yet, he has written no two books to which the same theory could possibly apply, has just published a novel which goes further toward carrying out Eden Philpotts's ideas than that author's own work has done. *An Affair of State*[1] is, distinctly, a book in the transcendent manner. One sees in it the passing of a wonderful political pageant; one watches the movements of parties as the secret strings of statecraft are pulled; one observes a nation moving toward its fate. The story is based upon a very possible crisis in English politics. It is carried on almost entirely by conversation between the leading characters, so that each succeeding crisis is staged before the reader's eyes and is as if it were projected upon a screen at some distance from him. The whole thing is set forth with great clarity and detachment, and with precisely that slight austerity and chill which we have just declared to be inevitable when the human interest is superseded by something larger. It will be a long while before we see a more finished specimen of a novel wholly in the grand style.

One might almost say that sex-antagonism is one of the summer modes in fiction. *The Flirt*,[2] by Booth Tarkington, an unusually vivid and brilliant piece of work, recalling in its dash and vigor his early successes, is obviously based upon no broader-minded sentiment than the author's hatred for the kind of girl he is painting. Cora Madison, as he draws her, is intensely alive and altogether diabolic — too much so, in fact, for perfect realism. The soil of Indiana is fertile, but hardly of a quality to produce that particular flower — the perturbing, restless, sensual, utterly heartless and unprincipled beauty. Marriage and a tincture of Slavonic or Latin blood usually go to the making of such products, which belong, essentially, to the boulevards rather than the prairie-capitals. We are not likely to find these luxuriant, unwholesome growths blossoming in old-fashioned Middle-Western gardens alongside such lily-maids as Cora Madison's sister Laura. The latter is as much too good for human nature's daily food as the former is too highly spiced for the same end, and thus both escape entire probability, though their power to interest is undeniable.

Chivalry is not the business of a novelist, but the square deal to all characters should be one of the rules of the game of artistic creation. The zest with which Tarkington pursues Cora Madison through the jungles of her undisciplined will, and the relentlessness with which Robert Herrick hunts down Milly Ridge on the open ground of her serene selfishness, are too biased to seem quite virile. How different, even, from the attitude of Thackeray toward Beatrix Esmond!

[1] *An Affair of State.* By J. C. Snaith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[2] *The Flirt.* By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

One must deplore the fact that in this new combat the men are the least scrupulous fighters. Comparing Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Herrick in their pursuit of their victims with Miss Glasgow as she hunts down Oliver Treadwell, the errant husband in *Virginia*, one observes that she punctiliously uses only honorable methods of warfare and gives the man the benefit of every possible excuse. What are we to make of this reversal of traditional attitudes? What, indeed, are we to conclude about the whole matter? This intense sex-antagonism, at its lowest point approaching spitefulness, is a new attitude in literature. Born, doubtless, of the new attitude of women toward the world, what does it presage? Is romantic love and all its courtesies and ideals about to die out of fiction? The question, we surmise, is one that concerns the race somewhat closely.

At all events, the old-fashioned type of woman is not going to die out of fiction if Mr. Richard Pryce can help it! All old-school readers will bestow on him the Irish blessing, 'More power to your elbow!' for they believe that if Mr. Pryce could make that neglected lady popular again as a national ideal he would be doing more for the Race, the Future, the Child, the Family, — in short, all the abstractions we capitalize so lavishly nowadays, — than any other gentleman competing, be his sociological reputation what it may. He would qualify for a Nobel prize, if not a Carnegie pension, — at all events for the gratitude of humanity. But it is to be feared that he will not thus succeed.

Elementary Jane[1] is a lonely little Londoner who makes a modest-wild-flower success in the London music-halls. She is a modest wild-flower in fact and to the core of her soul. She is the Woman Constant. She loves — a little; she marries — the wrong man. Having married, she continues to love, and to love more. Mr. Pryce considers that change is not possible, neither shadow of turning, to this elementary type of woman, once she has been a wife. The sociologists who are harking back to the matriarchate as an excuse for all current feminine foibles, from militancy in politics to recreancy in marriage, would disagree with Mr. Pryce. They would tell you that good, simple little Jane, perfectly monogamous, perfectly adoring, is a freak and a sport, besides being a tame and spiritless person whose social value is debatable — as perhaps it is if decency, honor, and self-respect are also debatable values. It all depends on the point of view. Of course Jane's little story is not a happy one, but one does not wish it so, for it is better to be Jane than to be happy.

The sub-title of Mr. Pryce's novels might be *Portraits of Good Women*. Happily the theme is susceptible of many variations, and the author will never thrum on one string to monotony. *Jezebel*,[2] high-spirited, tempestuous, beautiful, cut from the same cloth as Di Vernon, gallantly fights Destiny, including her sponsors in baptism, for her goodness, but she never has to fight herself. Mary Redwing, in *The Burden of a Woman*[3] fights her own true love for recognition of the fact that a woman who has gone astray may be a pure woman still. The author makes her the maternal spirit incarnate and sets her over against a technically pure specimen of very common clay. The contrast is finally convincing even to the hero.

[1] *Elementary Jane.* By Richard Pryce. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[2] *Jezebel.* By Richard Pryce. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[3] *The Burden of a Woman.* By Richard Pryce. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Pryce does not moralize; he simply tells his story, always an adequate and interesting one, and tells it persuasively and well. But he never loses sight of the meaning of his own work, and that meaning is a brave one. Elementary Jane is, perhaps, blood-sister to Amelia Sedley; and Mary Redwing is related, not so much by her circumstances as by her quality, to some of the fine, calm, maternal women of George Eliot. But if the author is reproached with being mid-Victorian in the way he feels character, the obvious answer is that, as yet, no better way to feel it has been demonstrated.

Mr. Pryce is English and masculine; Miss Glasgow, American and feminine. The women in whom he most delights are of the type of her Virginia, whom she deplores. As he sees the problem, by selflessness the woman retains the love of God and of all men worth mentioning. As she sees it, by selflessness the woman is like to lose her husband's love and her up-to-date daughters' consideration, but her son she attaches to herself forever. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands, — but what man shall finally judge a woman if not he who is fruit of her body? By this test, whose finality Miss Glasgow is too sincere to evade and too truthful to deny, her deserted, piteous Virginia is still *mater triumphans*. Is there a better thing to be?

If certain novels by virtue of something in their attitude predispose us, as the foregoing have done, to reflection upon the problems of life, certain others plunge us as surely into reflection upon the problems of art. Consider, for instance, *The Judgment-House* of Sir Gilbert Parker. Here is a novel upon which it is not possible to pass any but a favorable judgment, yet it reminds one, somehow, of the young man in the Gospel story who had great possessions. It has almost all the points that a novel may have; clear-cut characters, picturesque settings, exciting, not to say sensational, incidents, with great national events in the background; finely written passages, much elevation of feeling and a distinct ethical trend, the effort, that is, to present what Stevenson calls 'God's moral.' With all this, why has one no greater enthusiasm for it?

One asks one's self the same question about a very different book, the *Fortitude*[2] of Hugh Walpole. The development of this young English writer is one of the most interesting things now going on in current literature. One is at liberty to infer that the process is likely to be as lengthy as it is interesting. His *Prelude to Adventure* was a work of pure imagination, concise, restrained, quite wonderful within the well-defined limits the writer set himself. *Fortitude* is an attempt at life, showing how a young man stripped of all that ordinarily makes for happiness, falls back upon the lasting joy of sheer courage. The book is inchoate here, too definite there; it sprawls somewhat, it is ill-digested, it weakens its aim by too much insistence upon it. Yet in all this it reflects faithfully enough the soul of youth which shows, as in a glass, these same phenomena. It is less of a performance than the earlier book, but even more of a promise. If there are things in it which the writer has heard from others, there are also some things which the gods themselves have whispered in his ear. Of the former, one suspects, is his central truth, 'It is not life that matters, but the courage that you bring to it.' This is vital fact, but, quite frankly, it is only those who have been crucified who dare write of crucifixion.

[1] *The Judgment-House*. By Sir Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

[2] *Fortitude*. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Imagination does not help one here. Of the things the writer himself knows beyond all peradventure are the words of the old writer to the young one: '*You are here for one thing and one thing only . . . to listen. The whole duty of Art is listening for the voice of God.*'

When two novels, each unusual and very different from the other, fail in arousing just that degree of emotion in the reader which the reader would gladly feel and almost thinks he ought to feel, then it is likely that there is something wrong in what Sir Gilbert deftly terms 'the power-house.' In each case the thing that subtly lacks is poignancy, that pang which is art's very soul. This last creative gift we only demand from those who are capable of it. That the author of *Fortitude* knows the secret, there is little doubt, while Sir Gilbert himself said somewhere recently that no book ever greatly moved many readers which was not the result of concentration, of protracted subconscious effort. The somewhat intangible complaint we have to make of both these admirable performances is that this subconscious effort was not, in either case, sufficiently profound, sufficiently protracted.

Of stories of excitement and adventure, the summer's best were *The Shadow*,[1] *The Woman in Black*,[2] *The Scarlet Rider*,[3] *The Penalty*,[4] *The Amateur Gentleman*,[5] *The Right of the Strongest*,[6] and *The Sixty-First Second*.[7] Of these, *The Scarlet Rider* and *The Amateur Gentleman* are historical romances so-called. The history may be scant but the romance is heaped full measure. Both are high-spirited tales, uncomplicated with probability, that step as gayly into favor as a leaf dances in the wind. *The Shadow* deserves a paragraph to itself for it is one of those striking stories in which the psychology is as penetrating and accurate as the incident is exciting and varied. It deals with a man-hunt, lasting for years and leading around the globe, but the most startling thing it shows us is the effect of 'sleuthing' on the soul of the sleuth. What an obsession this becomes, stretching the man on the rack of his long suspense, shaping him utterly to his work until he responds to no other stimulus, Mr. Stringer shows in a manner ill-calculated to recruit the detective service.

The Sixty-First Second is one of Owen Johnson's experiments with his own talent. If it were all as exciting as the first chapter, we should be breathless and panting at the end. The author of *The Right of the Strongest* is new to the work and has not yet complete mastery of her tools, but the book is full of force and an interest that goes deeper than mere incident. It is real as well as exciting.

It is with regret that one pronounces *The Penalty* a very fair 'shocker.' It is sensational and nothing else, and one dislikes to surrender wholly to sensation the pen of Mr. Gouverneur Morris, to whom much is still possible. One fears sensation will ultimately assail his gayety, eat away his delicacy, and destroy his 'touch.' But what can one do about it?

Those readers who require absolutely problem-proof fiction and are indifferent to adventure were also well-pro-

[1] *The Shadow.* By ARTHUR STRINGER. New York: The Century Co.

[2] *The Woman in Black.* By EDMUND C. BENTLEY. New York: The Century Co.

[3] *The Scarlet Rider.* By BERTHA RUNKLE. New York: The Century Co.

[4] *The Penalty.* By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[5] *The Amateur Gentleman.* By JEFFREY FARNOL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

[6] *The Right of the Strongest.* By FRANCES NIMMO GREENE. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[7] *The Sixty-First Second.* By OWEN JOHNSON. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

vided for last summer. To begin with, Mrs. Humphry Ward actually wrote a 'summer-novel.' *The Mating of Lydia*[1] is a charming love-story, expertly told. It has ethical implications, to be sure, for that is the aspect under which Mrs. Ward sees life; but they are far from burdensome and the book moves lightly but firmly to an appropriate end. In *The Heart of the Hills*,[2] one of Mr. Fox's studies of mountain-character is mingled with an able exposition of Kentucky's political complications, which are always difficult for the outsider to understand. *Mr. Pratt's Patients*[3] is one of Joseph C. Lincoln's perennially amusing tales of Cape Cod. *Pippin*[4] is a pleasant, vivacious English story with a much-diluted flavor of Dickens; and *Mr. Hobby*,[5] an equally pleasant, vivacious American story with a flavor of its own. *The Life-Mask*[6] recalls the romantic novels of the early seventies, Mary J. Holmes's and Mrs. Southworth's, to be exact, but its style is brought up to date. *Bobbie, General Manager*[7] is a quite delightful book for young girls, but are there any young girls left to read it, one wonders. *The Wings of Pride*,[8] which is adapted to the same audience, is written with much freshness and enthusiasm. These adjectives also apply to *Ever After*[9] by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, an optimistic study of early married life when the man is poor, Irish, and an artist, the woman, rich, New England, and 'a leetle near.' There is always a bright sanity and a breezy unexpectedness about this writer's work, frankly produced for the domestic journals as it is, that carry it to a wider audience. In *The Candid Adventurer*[10] we have again the inter-play of Puritan upon artistic temperament when the bank-balance is heavily on the Puritan side. The stinginess of this graceful heroine, however, is emotional, not financial.

The Opening Door[11] and *The Invaders*[12] coquet, indeed, with problems, but not to a disturbing extent. Mr. Forman would prove that an ardent suffragist may work for her cause without upsetting the comfortable tenor of domestic life or alienating a perfectly good husband; while Mrs. Allen believes that the immigration problem, at least in the Connecticut Valley, will be well on its way to solution when the nice girls of old New England families marry the nice men among those invaders who own most of the still-fertile acres in that adorable locality.

E. F. Benson, who customarily avoids problems, presents in *The Weaker Vessel*[13] an extraordinarily strong and searching study of the man who yields to the devil and the flesh. Whoever desires, without personal experiment, familiarity with the mechanism of surrendering to temptation, cannot do better than to consider the ways of the hero.

Lovers of the short story will find

[1] *The Mating of Lydia.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[2] *The Heart of the Hills.* By John Fox. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[3] *Mr. Pratt's Patients.* By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[4] *Pippin.* By Evelyn Van Buren. New York: The Century Co.

[5] *Mr. Hobby.* By Harold Kellock. New York: The Century Co.

[6] *The Life-Mask.* By the author of *To M. L. G.* New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[7] *Bobbie, General Manager.* By Olive Higgins Prouty. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[8] *The Wings of Pride.* By Louise Kennedy Mabie. New York: Harper & Bros.

[9] *Ever After.* By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

[10] *The Candid Adventurer.* By Anna Coleman Ladd. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[11] *The Opening Door.* By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Bros.

[12] *The Invaders.* By Frances Newton Symmes Allen. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[13] *The Weaker Vessel.* By E. F. Benson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Nest,[1] *Vanishing Points*,[2] *The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon*,[3] and *Roast Beef Medium*[4] a singularly varied and stimulating collection of tales. It is permitted novels to set forth biased and distorted views at times, but short stories are seldom successful among us unless they are crisply sane. Common-sense in tabloid form is very dear to the American reader. *Roast Beef Medium* and *The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon* are instances very much in point. Miss Ferber's incidents in the life of a 'lady-drummer' are crammed with the cheerful, every-day reasonableness by which our nation chiefly lives. Most of Mrs. Bacon's clever stories of jangled nerves and tottering brains proffer, delicately but clearly, the priceless lesson that healthy occupation, preferably housework, would empty half the sanatoriums. This is good doctrine, which might well be proclaimed more stridently.

Miss Brown's stories are always based upon sublimated common-sense, and though the title *Vanishing Points* deliberately warns us that she has gone to the end of certain old horizons, the sensitive reader will find her work herein four-square to the Universe and in harmony with the kingdom of heaven. As compared to them Anne Douglas Sedgwick's adorable tales may well be called worldly, for the ultimate authority to which they subtly refer is not the custom of the kingdom of heaven, but the custom of the nicest people. There is, even yet, some difference between the two. One always sees this finished writer as a slightly more melancholy Jane Austen with a wider world to depict. She is also slightly more merciless. The gentle Jane laughed gayly at feeble human nature, but Miss Sedgwick takes foibles with a certain gravity and deals justice with no frivolous hand. Her insight into the tortuous current of the feminine spirit is as wonderful as is her dexterity in expressing what she sees. In *The Nest*, the title story is most striking in this respect. Its penetration is so deep and keen that one wonders why women of the heroine's type do not mob the author for giving away the secrets of their construction. Perhaps it is not quite fair, so long as men usually exhibit a more durable *esprit de corps*. Barring George Meredith's *Egoist*, I do not at the moment recall any revelation of man by man so deft and merciless. The irony of that very delicious story *The White Pagoda* is more comfortable, inasmuch as the foible it derides is less serious. It is ridiculous, however, to cavil at any of the offerings of a talent capable of these two tales. There is nothing in the language with which to compare them save certain of those short stories which will always stand as the best achievement of Henry James. One wishes Miss Sedgwick might be persuaded to indulge oftener her talent for the *conte*. The only objection her readers will offer is a sigh at the thought that the number of her novels might thereby be diminished.

Do *you* believe in fairies? Maurice Hewlett does, and James Stephens, and Algernon Blackwood. If you question this assertion, read *Lore of Proserpine*,[5] *The Crock of Gold*,[6] and *A Prisoner in Fairyland*.[7] As no two of

[1] *The Nest.* By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. New York: The Century Co.

[2] *Vanishing Points.* By ALICE BROWN. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[3] *The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon.* By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[4] *Roast Beef Medium.* By EDNA FERBER. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

[5] *Lore of Proserpine.* By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

[6] *The Crock of Gold.* By JAMES STEPHENS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[7] *A Prisoner in Fairyland.* By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. New York: The Macmillan Co.

these competent writers believe in the same kind of fairies, you may take your choice unchallenged. Personally, I repudiate the fairies of Mr. Hewlett and all their works. In a clever preface he says he hopes nobody will ask him whether his incidents are true, for it will then be his humiliating duty to reply that he does not know. 'They seem to be so to me writing them; they seemed to be so when they occurred, and one of them occurred only two or three years ago. That sort of answer satisfies me and it is the only one I can make. As I grow older, it becomes more and more difficult to distinguish one kind of an appearance from another and to say, that is real, and again, that is illusion. . . . If a thing is not sensibly true, it may be morally so. If it is not phenomenally true, it may be so substantially. And it is possible that one may see substance, so to speak, in the idiom of the senses. That, I take it, is how the Greeks saw thunderstorms and other huge convulsions. . . . They saw natural phenomena as shadows of spiritual conflict or of spiritual calm, and within the appearance apprehended the truth. So it may be that I have done.'

This shows Mr. Hewlett in line with Eden Philpotts's intention. It well may be that such Natural Facts as winds, trees, hills, flowers, brooks 'have an underlying Idea or Soul whereby they really are what they appear,' and that 'these souls can be discerned by mortal men.' Anyhow no canny critic would deny to an author such a working premise. However, the real point is this: can the author so write of these Indwelling Souls as to make them more interesting than the Natural Facts they represent? One has yet to hear of a dryad half as attractive as a tree. Certainly Mr. Hewlett's dryads are not so! But if the alleged soul of a thing has less beauty, delicacy, and significance than the thing itself, may we not safely doubt it to be the soul it is affirmed? These Hewlett fairies are remote and arid as so many fragments of tissue-paper, yet they are tainted with the things of sense, steeped in the bitter flavor of mortality. They will not pass the pragmatic test; they are not good to believe in.

The sub-human and super-human folk in *The Crock of Gold* are droll, unreasonable, utterly delicious creatures. After all, the Irish are the only people in the world witty and tender and inconsequent enough to own *real* fairies. Mr. Stephens's book is a fantasy, but a striking exception to the rule that fantasies are usually dull. It does n't matter what it means, or whether it means anything. It is like sunlight, ozone, and high spirits. You splash in it as in a summer sea. There is no book in the world in the least like it, and probably there will never be another, which is the best of reasons for making the acquaintance of this one before it is out of print.

Mr. Blackwood's fairyland may seem at times 'wumbled,' to use his own word, but it is finally coherent. He has dreamed a 'soft-shiny' dream of the starry, radiant power of thought, working its own miracles in the subconscious realm, where all of us spend half our time. That his dream is at least half-true is one of the things this generation is learning rapidly; that 'thinking things straight' will ever take the place of reform legislation, organized charities, women's clubs, the suffrage movement and all the rest of the tangible machinery by which we strive to put the world to rights, is highly improbable, but there will always be people who can use the thinking method more easily than the working method. Why not try both at once? Our 'wumbled' old earth needs

all the re-creating we can give it. Pending further discoveries, it is not safe to dogmatize about the limits, in either direction, of those sub-conscious powers with which Mr. Blackwood plays so prettily, yet it is certainly not unsafe to 'think starlight'—if one can! Incidentally, and seriously, it is only a generation that has relaxed its hold on the meaning of prayer to which the basic idea of 'God's Fairyland' would be novel.

It is a hopeful sign for to-morrow that to-day's interest in the immaterial world takes such a wide sweep. Mr. Blackwood's tale, with all its fantasy, is not so far removed as at first glance it seems from such forceful and serious books as *The Inside of the Cup*[1] and *V.V.'s Eyes*,[2] for he has tried to do for the soul by way of the fancy what their authors have tried to do for it by graver means.

Granted that you are a thoughtful man, it is impossible for you to go through this world without a theology as well as a religion. Whatever else life withholds from you, it gives you these. Generally you find, in the long run, that your personal experience enables you to see what St. Paul meant; more fortunately, what Christ meant; and you see that the thing they *meant*—which may not be at all what the Church has been teaching as their meaning—coincides with the uttermost truth you yourself are able to grasp. Thus, for you also, dogma becomes alive. What Winston Churchill has done for the readers of *The Inside of the Cup* is to give them his own theology as he has hewed it out of life. The greater part of it is your theology and mine. There are some points as to which we differ from him, but we may be reasonably sure that twenty or thirty years hence he will agree with us. For life treats all the open-minded very much alike. We who are no longer young agree with him that there will be no socialistic society until all men are vitally Christian, and that, when this comes to pass, any form of society will be quite good enough; we disagree with him when other utterances seem to contradict this lucid attitude and when he says that the individual is the unit of human society. The individual is the unit of the Kingdom of Heaven, assuredly, but on earth that unit necessarily will remain the family until such day as in very truth 'the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.'

Mr. Churchill believes that the hypocritical over-rich, such characters as his Eldon Parr, are the Church's great drawback to-day, and that if the clergy dealt with them as faithfully and vigorously as they should, most of the problems of the Church would be solved. One fears the matter is not quite so simple as this, but we would be glad to see the remedy tested.

What Winston Churchill has tried to do for the soul by way of the intelligence in *The Inside of the Cup*, Henry Sydnor Harrison has tried to do for the soul by way of the emotions in *V.V.'s Eyes*. The two methods are as old as Christianity and should go hand in hand. Mr. Harrison's book is, simply, the story of a very Christ-like life lived in the person of a self-effacing city doctor. It makes vivid the creative influence of such a personality upon the souls of others, actually bringing them to life, as such men do, in remote and unexpected ways. Mr. Churchill attempted the same creation in the character of Mr. Bentley, but as his constructive interest was greater in the intellectual part of his work, Mr. Bentley lacks the great appeal of V.

[1] *The Inside of the Cup*. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

[2] *V.V.'s Eyes*. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Vivian. The book is beautifully done. One yields one's self to its intention, its execution (after those first few chapters which always seem hard for Mr. Harrison!), its emotional sweep — and yet, fine as it is, and inspiring, I confess that I turned away from *Queed* with a greater, more vital desire to make life happy for my fellows. — My dear Mr. Harrison, can you, from your inside knowledge of these two books of yours, both of them so conscientious and worth while, explain this effect upon a reader who followed you willingly, surrendering himself in each instance to your spell? One confesses a desire to understand why the more powerful book affects one least, and if one, then others, of your audience.

New Leaf Mills[1] which in its objectivity and reticence is at the other pole in many ways from Mr. Churchill's book and Mr. Harrison's, is like them in this — it, too, has a very pertinent lesson for the twentieth-century spirit. Not obviously didactic, as they are, it subtly unfolds its intent. It is a book of the greatest limpidity and delicacy, something apart from the obstreperous current of our fiction. In it Mr. Howells brings old memories to light, of early days when parts of Ohio were still almost pioneer communities with a flavor at least of pioneer hardships and virtues. Against such a background he draws tenderly, with exquisite, fine touches, the character of a man of those days who might, as well, be a man of the present hour. He was so courageous that he never believed in danger, so serene that no ill-fortune daunted him. He unconsciously shed disaster by denying it, as so many in our own day are consciously fain to shed it. This was a man of large, benevolent intention, one who 'had inextinguishable faith in mankind as a race merely needing good treatment to become everything that its friends could wish.' He plans, as such temperaments are prone to do, a communistic experiment which never flowers into actuality, but comforts him with its imagined imminence, almost as natural beauty comforts him. With the lapse of years he accepts the imperfect conditions of human life, realizing that they are as the upward-striving of ages has made them, and serves men as best he can, beginning always with those of his own household. He ceases to demand a new form of society, but never relinquishes the belief that a higher type of civilization would eventuate, could all men hold a different conception of the State. In other words, he works without violence and without folly, as each man may in his own place, for the coming of a fairer day.

Put forth without accent or emphasis, this little book, to which one somehow is fain to apply the intimate adjectives gentle and loving, is not only a tribute to a type of character whose beauty becomes clearer with our increasing perception of men's limitations, but it is also the sunset-comment of one long-lived, and kind, and wise, upon the social ferment of these latter days. Each generation as it swiftly passes is prone to think itself the first that has travailed quite so earnestly to bring forth peace and righteousness for all men. This book holds a reminder that in our hopes and struggles,

> We but return upon our steps although they seem so free;
> The thing that has been is that which shall be.

To whatever is paralyzing in this thought, we have Mr. Howells's own antistrophe: —

> Dark Prophet, yes! But still somehow the round
> Is spiral, and the race's feet have found
> The paths rise under them which they have trod.
> Your facts are facts, yet somewhere there is God.

[1] *New Leaf Mills.* By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE RIDDLE OF AMERICA[1]

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

I TAKE the liberty of beginning this paper with a preface of a personal character. Seven years ago I had the honor of giving in Paris a series of lectures on the Emperor Augustus. How has it come about that after seven years the historian of Rome should write an essay on the two worlds of the present day, and discuss America as a European sees it? For this change of subject the Parisian public is in a measure responsible. The sympathy which my audience was kind enough to accord to my former studies encouraged a distinguished citizen of Argentina, M. Emilio Mitre, to invite me to Buenos Ayres. This first invitation was followed by two others: one, from the Brazilian Academy, and one from Mr. Roosevelt. Thus it came that the historian of antiquity had an opportunity to visit the wilderness of America. I say 'wilderness,' for to the eyes of the European who travels its immensities by rail, America gives the impression of a far-reaching solitude.

In Argentina there are vast and luxuriant valleys, over which the train seems to creep toward the very edge of a horizon which ever recedes as the traveler advances: from time to time, four or five red one-storied houses, clustered behind a station, recall to his mind the fact that this wilderness is actually inhabited. In Brazil, so far as the eye can see, there are ranges of mountains, shadowy even in brilliant daylight, in the midst of which one notices, from time to time, a mountain standing out more distinctly than its mates. The shadowy hills are those still covered by the primeval forest; the others, those where the timber has been burned off and replaced by coffee plantations; but even here there is no trace of human life. One must travel long hours by railroad before even catching sight of a village.

In North America, or at least in its Eastern States, there are vast and desolate tracts. From time to time a village appears, bristling with chimneys. Then the traveler slips on into the deserted country. Another village appears, disappears. Then all at once the train begins to rush through the midst of houses. On, on it goes. The houses never cease to follow it. Huge edifices rise from the midst of the little dwellings like giants in a crowd of dwarfs. Automobiles and trolley cars move through the streets. It is a great city; half a million, a million, two million men are crowded together there in the shadow of a thousand chimneys, surrounded on every side by an almost deserted country. What a strange sight are these wildernesses to a European accustomed to live in one of the crowded countries of the Old World where men have built their houses everywhere, from the shores of the sea up to the highest habitable slopes of the mountains!

[1] Copyright, 1913, by the Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights of translation and reproduction expressly reserved. Copyright also in France and Great Britain.

In observing a phenomenon so novel to himself the historian of antiquity is deeply interested; and as he studies it, like so many other Europeans in the presence of the same spectacle, he forgets his own preoccupations. The riddle of America rises before him and the desire of finding an answer to it turns him from his former studies. For America is a true riddle to Europeans. These thirty years not only the United States, but even smaller American countries like Brazil and Argentina, have impressed themselves sharply upon the attention of Europe. The Old World has been compelled to recognize that America has in her turn become a mighty historic force; and that she exercises an influence on the Old World which grows continuously greater. When one reflects that only a century and a half ago all these American states were merely poverty-stricken colonies of Europe, harshly exploited by their European masters, one cannot suppress amazement at the rapidity with which their destiny has changed.

What power is it which has worked this species of miracle? On this point it is impossible to feel any doubt: the power is riches. These plains and these mountains which look so deserted are tilled, mined, worked with intensest energy; and every year with a generosity which seems inexhaustible they yield to the men who have toiled over them prodigious quantities of cereals, tobacco, coffee, wool, gold, silver, iron, oil, — an enormous river of riches which spreads over the entire world. The great industrial cities of North America manufacture these raw materials with profits so large and swiftly won that to the Old World they seem fantastic. In these plains, in these valleys, in these mountains, in these cities, laborers receive higher wages, merchant and manufacturer make their fortunes faster, capitalists come into contact with mightier interests, landlords draw higher rents from this prosperity, — all the sources of profit are more abundant than in Europe. And these conditions have made it possible for a few of Fortune's favorites to pile up in the course of a single lifetime wealth whose vastness makes the brain swim. America has, in fact, succeeded in producing riches at a rate of speed that man has never yet attained elsewhere in the world. She has been the principal factor in the fabulous increase of the world's wealth during the last fifty years. Her riches have become one of the historic forces of our civilization, and one of the principal preoccupations of the European mind.

Whence come these vast riches and whither do they go? How is it that America can grow rich so much faster than Europe? Is it thanks to far more fortunate physical conditions which bear no relation to the deserts of man? Or is it in consequence of moral and intellectual qualities which are lacking in Europeans? And what will be the ultimate effect of this economic superiority? Riches may be the goal of an individual's efforts; for a nation they can only be a means to conquer the other good things of life which we call civilization: glory, grandeur, power, beauty, knowledge, moral refinement. Can America, and will she, make use of her riches to rob us of the intellectual and moral leadership which Europe still possesses? Or will these riches, too swiftly won, exercise an evil influence simultaneously upon Europe and America, by making both continents more grossly materialistic?

II

Such is the riddle of America which for some time past has been steadily gaining upon the attention of Europe. To reach the answer we must know

whether the too swift economic development of the New World wields a beneficent or an evil influence upon the higher activities of the mind, upon morals, upon science, art, and religion. The detractors of America — and there are many of them in Europe — affirm without hesitation that the Americans are barbarians laden with gold; that they think only of making money, and that, in consequence of their riches, they lower the level of our ancient civilization and destroy its beautiful traditions by a crass materialism. Admirers of America on the contrary — and of these there are as many in Europe as there are detractors — will tell you that the New World is giving to the old a unique example of energy, activity, intelligence, and daring. Let Old Europe then give heed: beyond the Atlantic young rivals are girding themselves with new weapons to dispute with her all the superiority of which she is so proud. What must one think of these two answers to the puzzle?

Let us begin with the reasoning of the detractors: 'Americans are barbarians laden with gold.' In order to simplify the discussion let us limit our examination to the United States, which is justly entitled to represent contemporary America with all its qualities and all its defects. It is not necessary to stay for a long time within the borders of the United States to convince one's self that the great republic is not at all a country where people think only of making money. A writer partial to paradox might well amuse himself with proving that the Americans are more idealistic than the Europeans, or even that they are a mystical people. Any one who cares to find arguments to establish this thesis may well be embarrassed by their number. For instance, would a people which despised the higher activities of the mind have been able to create the philosophical doctrine which is popularly known to us under the name of 'Pragmatism'? The pragmatist affirms that all ideas capable of rendering useful service are true. He takes utility as his standard of the measure of truth. This theory has seemed to many writers of the Old World a decisive proof of the practical mind of the American people who never forget their material interests even in metaphysical questions. But this is a mistake. Pragmatism does not propose to subordinate the ideal to practical interest. Its purpose is to reconcile opposing doctrines by proving that all ideas, even those which seem mutually exclusive, can help us to become wiser, stronger, better. What service is there then in struggling to make one idea triumph over another instead of allowing men to draw from each idea the good which each can yield? In a word, Pragmatism, as America has conceived it, is a mighty effort to give the right of expression in modern civilization to all religious and philosophical doctrines which in the past have reddened the world with their sanguinary struggles. A beautiful doctrine this, which may lend itself to many objections; but true or false, it proves that the people who have conceived it, far from despising the ideal, have such respect for all ideas and all beliefs, that they have not the courage to repel a single one. Such a people wishes to learn all and understand all.

Another proof of this same characteristic is furnished by American universities. Europeans have all heard descriptions of these great American universities, Harvard and Columbia, for example. They are true learned cities, with vast and splendid buildings, gardens, pavilions, laboratories, museums, libraries, athletic fields for physical exercises, pools where students can go to swim. They are enormously rich

and, at the same time, always in dire straits. How can that be? Because no specialty or smallest perfection is allowed to be lacking. All the languages and the literatures of the world which have reached any degree of importance, all the histories, all the philological sciences, — judicial, social, moral, physical, natural, — all mathematics and philosophies, are taught there by hundreds of professors. And private citizens of the rich classes, bankers, manufacturers, merchants, have in a great degree met from their private purses the steadily growing needs of the universities.

There is the same tendency in art. That American cities are ugly, I willingly admit. It would need much courage, no doubt, to brand this affirmation as false, but it would also be unjust to deny that America is making mighty efforts to beautify them. All the schools of architecture in Europe, especially that in Paris, are full of Americans hard at work. The sums which cities, states, banks, insurance companies, universities, railroads, have spent to beautify their magnificent edifices is fabulous. All these buildings are not masterpieces by a wide margin, but there are many which are very beautiful. America has architects of indisputable worth. In Europe, men like to repeat that Americans buy at extravagant prices objects of ancient art, or things that pass for such, not distinguishing those which are beautiful and ancient from those which are inferior and counterfeit. But those who have seen something of the houses of rich Americans know that, although there are snobs and dupes in America, as everywhere else, there are also people who know the meaning of art, who know how to buy beautiful things and who search the world over for them. You will find in the streets of New York every variety of architecture, just as you find in its libraries all the literatures of the world, and in its theatres all the music, and in its houses all the decorative arts.

'The barbarian laden with gold' is then a legendary personage, but it is not at all surprising that such a conception should exist. Modern society is organized in such fashion that it is impossible even to conceive of a people at once rich and ignorant. Industry, business, agriculture, demand nowadays very special technical knowledge, and a very complete social organization; that is to say, they imply a scientific, political, and judicial civilization of a reasonably high order. Thus America is not at all uninterested in the higher activities of the mind. It would be more just to say that as a nation, and without regard to individual instances, she interests herself in such activities less than in industry, in business and in agriculture. But is not this also the case with Europe? Who would dare affirm that the progress of the arts and sciences and letters is at this moment the principal concern of the governments and the influential classes of the Old World? We Europeans have only to listen to what people are saying round about us. Their talk is all of bringing the cultivation of the land to economic perfection, of opening coal and iron mines, of harnessing waterfalls, of developing industries, of increasing exports. Kings who rule 'by the grace of God' publicly declare that nothing interests them so much as the business of their countries!

If all this were characteristic only of American barbarism, we should be obliged to admit that Europe is Americanizing herself with disconcerting rapidity. But this economic effort of Europe in turn has nothing about it that need surprise us: like the American development, it is only the dizzy

acceleration of a vast historic movement whose beginnings go back to the far distant day when an obscure and obstinate Genoese set sail, and in the midst of the waters of the Atlantic crossed the impassable boundary of the Old World. Yes, before that day Europe had created admirable arts and literatures, profound philosophies, consoling religions, lofty morals, wise systems of justice, but — she was poor. She produced little, and produced it slowly; she had deified tradition and authority; she had fettered human energy by a multitude of laws, precepts, and prejudices. To humble men's pride she kept repeating to them that they were feeble and corrupt creatures. She taught them to use Virgil's beautiful figure that they were like 'A rower who painfully forces his boat against the current of the stream. Evil be on his head if for one instant he forgets and ceases to struggle against the current's force; in that moment he is lost, the flood sweeps away his fragile boat.'

But one fine day Europe discovered a vast continent in the midst of the ocean. Then it dawned upon her that Prometheus had been but a clumsy thief, for he had only stolen a tiny spark of fire; she discovered mines, coal, and electricity. She created the steam-engine and all the other machines which have been derived from it. She succeeded in multiplying riches with a rapidity unimagined by remoter ancestors. From that moment man no longer contented himself with dreaming of the Promised Land. He wished to go there. He destroyed all the traditions, the laws, and institutions which place limitations upon the store of human energy. He learned to work swiftly. At a single stroke he conquered liberty and riches, and he conceived the idea of progress. If America seems to-day to symbolize this movement which has turned the world topsy-turvy, the movement was derived from Europe. After having conceived the idea of such a revolution, could Europe remain untouched by it?

III

It would appear then that the riddle of America is very simple. The answer contains nothing to make us uneasy. The riches of the New World threaten no catastrophe to the noblest traditions of our civilization. For New York's wealth is only a part of the riches produced in the same economic development in the two worlds. The ultimate development of these mighty riches might be merely a general advance, both material and ideal, of Europe and America. Rich and prosperous Americans might try to assimilate the culture of Europe, and on her part Europe might seek to equal America in her effort to increase her riches. But a historian of antiquity who returns from America cannot share this optimism. In the lap of modern civilization there are twin worlds struggling with each other for leadership. But these two worlds are not, as people are apt to think, Europe and America. Their names are Quality and Quantity.

The civilizations from which our own is sprung were poor indeed. They set limits to their desires, their ambitions, their spirit of initiative, their audacity, their originality. They brought forth slowly and a little at a time, and suffered continuously from the insufficiency of their material resources. They looked upon the amassing of wealth merely as a painful necessity; but in all things they sought to attain the difficult model of perfection, whether in art, or in literature, or in the worlds of morality and religion. The aristocratic character of almost all the industries

of the past, the importance which was formerly bestowed on the decorative arts and on all questions of personal morality, ceremonial, and form, — these are all proofs of it. It was Quality not Quantity which carried our forefathers forward. All the limitations to which these civilizations were subject, so astonishing to us to-day, were only the necessary cost of these perfections which men once so ardently desired. We have turned the world our ancestors lived in upside down. We have made the multiplication of riches our goal. We have won liberty, but we have been obliged to abandon almost all the ancient ideals of perfection, sacrificing Quality in everything.

How many of the difficulties which torture this brilliant period of ours so cruelly are the result of this duel between Quality and Quantity! Look, for example, at the present crisis in the study of the classics. Why did men formerly study Homer and Cicero with passionate zeal? Because in those days the great Greek and Latin writers were the models of that literary perfection so greatly admired by the influential classes, which was not merely an ornament of the mind. The attainment of perfection often carried with it the admiration of the public, fame, sometimes even glory and high rank. But in this last century these models have lost much of their prestige, either on account of the multitude of literatures which have come to be known and liked, or because they have proved troublesome to a period compelled to write too much and too quickly. Just imagine a candidate for the presidency of the United States who should pronounce ten or fifteen long orations daily and who should in each discourse show himself the perfect orator after the rules of Cicero or Quintilian! The day in which classical culture ceased to be an official school of literary taste, on that day it was condemned to die; and scientific philology, which we have sought to set up in its place, can only serve to bury its corpse. No longer models for posterity, the ancient authors have become books like any others, less interesting for the majority of readers than the works of modern literatures.

It is the fashion nowadays to discuss the crisis which threatens all the arts. We must, however, remember to preserve a distinction. We must divide the arts into two categories: those which serve to amuse men by helping them to pass the time agreeably, like music, the theatre, and, to a certain degree, literature; and those which serve to beautify the world, like architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the decorative arts. It is patent that the crisis which we are considering is much more serious among the arts within the second category. No epoch has spent so much money to beautify the world as ours; no age has supported so formidable an army of architects, sculptors, decorators, and cabinet-makers; no age has built so many cities, palaces, monuments, bridges, plazas, and gardens. In the midst of lavish plenty, why are we so discontented with the results obtained: why have not Americans, in spite of the enormous sums which they have spent to beautify their cities, succeeded in building a St. Mark's or a Notre Dame? They have all the materials, — money, artists, the desire to create beautiful things. What then do they lack? They lack one single thing — Time.

One day in New York I was complimenting an example of American architecture to an American architect of great talent. 'Yes, yes,' he answered with a touch of satire, 'my fellow countrymen would willingly spend a hundred millions of dollars to build a church as beautiful as St. Mark's in

Venice, but they would command me, as a condition of the work, to finish it within eighteen months.'

That is a significant phrase. How is it possible to beautify a world which is incessantly in transformation, wherein nothing is stable, and which wishes to multiply everything it possesses — buildings, as it would furniture? To create beautiful palaces, to construct beautiful furniture, to attain the distant ideal of perfection, time is essential, — time and wise deliberation, reasonable limitation of the multiplicity of human demands, and a certain stability in taste. No one could have built St. Mark's or Notre Dame in eighteen months, and France could not have created her famous decorative styles of the eighteenth century if public taste had been so fickle as ours, and if everybody at that time had wished to change his furniture every ten years.

But the crisis in classical studies and that in the decorative arts are still relatively slight in comparison to the general intellectual and moral confusion wherein the doctrine of quantity has plunged men's minds, substituting a standard of amount in place of the traditional standard of quality. If my phrase is obscure, examples may possibly throw light on what I say. We all know, for instance, that in recent years the citizens of the United States have waged a bitter campaign against the trusts, the great banks, the railroads, and insurance companies; in fact, against all the vast powers of money. In newspaper articles, in public speeches, and in whole volumes filled with accusations, these trusts have been charged with being centres of corruption, instruments of a new despotism not less odious than the political despotism of old. They are decried as scandalous conspiracies to despoil honest men of the legitimate fruits of their labor. The campaign has penetrated to the very heart of the nation; but in the face of the enormous indignation of the masses, there has been marshaled both in America and Europe the Olympian calm of economists and men of great affairs who have denounced this movement of protest as a return to mediæval ideas, and who in the face of a vast outcry have paid enthusiastic homage to modern finance, its enormous enterprises, and tremendous organizations.

How can there be so vast a difference of opinion in an age so intelligent and educated as ours? Is half the world struck blind to-day, and is sight given to the other half alone? No, there is neither incurable blindness, nor is sight vouchsafed only to a few. The sole reason for the confusion is that men employ different standards in measuring the same thing, and for this reason find it impossible to understand each other. If one admits the quantitative standard, if one grants that the supreme object of life is to produce an enormous pile of riches as rapidly as possible, the economists are right. The injustices and cruelties denounced by the adversaries of high finance are merely negligible inconveniences in a régime of economic liberty of which the modern world is naturally proud, for it is to this liberty that the modern world owes most of its wealth. Yet we must remember that the idea of leaving the wages of each individual to be determined by the blind play of economic forces has been foreign to all the civilizations from which ours has sprung. They have always sought to correct the principles of business in order to keep them in accord with the principles of charity and justice. To carry out this policy they have not even hesitated to limit the development of industry and business, for example, by forbidding interest on money. Former ages have subordinated economic development to an ideal of moral perfection;

they have placed quality above quantity; but if one applies this standard of qualitative measure to the modern world, it is these detractors of high finance who have the right on their side. Many methods employed by modern finance, useful as they are from an economic point of view, are for this reason none the less repugnant to a moral and slightly sensitive conscience. Detractors and defenders may dispute to the end of time. They will never understand each other, for they start from different premises which never can be reconciled to each other.

It is this continual confusion between the standards of quantitative measures and qualitative standards which prevents the modern world from steering a true course amid the gravest moral questions. Take, for example, the question of progress. Is there an idea more popular to-day, or a word more often repeated, than 'progress'? And yet if to every person who pronounces this word we were to put the question, 'What do you mean by progress?' few indeed would be able to answer with precision. There is a thing stranger yet. In this century of progress the whole world deplores ten times a day the decadence of all things. How can we explain such confusion as this? The answer is simply that the same act may be judged as a phenomenon of progress or of decadence, according as one looks at it from the point of view of Quality or of Quantity. Set an architect and a locomotive-builder to disputing on the modern world. The first will maintain that the world is reverting to barbarism because it multiplies cities, and hastily and hideously constructed villages without being able to create a single one of those marvelous monuments which are the glory of the Middle Ages. The second will reply that the world moves forward, because the population, number, and size of the cities, the amount of cultivated land, the extension of railroads, increase without cessation. The interlocutors will never come to understand each other, just as two men who look at the world with spectacles of different colors can never agree on the color of the world. The riddle of America, which for some time past has bothered Europe so much, is merely another example of this permanent confusion of standards which characterizes the age we live in.

IV

America is neither the monstrous country where men think solely of making money, nor the country of marvels boasted by her admirers. It is the country where the principles of Quantity, become so powerful during the last one hundred and fifty years, have achieved their most extraordinary triumph. An active, energetic, vigorous nation has found itself master of an enormous territory, portions of which were very fertile and others very rich in mines and forests, at the very moment when our civilization finally invented the machine which makes possible the exploitation of vast countries and the swift creation of wealth: the steam engine.

Less cumbered by old traditions than the elder nations, and with a vast continent in front of her, America has marched along the new roads of history with a rapidity and an energy for which there is no precedent. Ten, fifteen, thirty times in a single century has she multiplied her population, her cities, and all the wealth coveted by man. She has created in careless and prodigal profusion a society which has subordinated all former ideas of perfection to a new ideal: ever building on a grander scale and ever building more swiftly. No, it is not true that America is indifferent to the higher

activities of mind, but the effort which she spends upon the arts and sciences is, and will long remain, subordinate to the great historic task of the United States, the intensive cultivation of their huge continent. Intellectual things will remain subordinate, although very many Americans of the upper classes would wish that it were otherwise.

In just the same way, it is not exact to say that, in contrast to American barbarism, Europe reaps the harvest of civilization; just as it would be unfair to say that the Old World is done for, exhausted by its petrifying, inevitable routine. The ancient societies of Europe have likewise entered into the quantitative phase of civilization. The new devil has got hold of them also. In Europe as well as in America the masses of people long for a more comfortable existence, public and private expenses pile up with bewildering speed. Thus in the Old World also the production of wealth must be increased, but this enterprise is far more difficult in Europe than in America. The population of Europe is much more dense than in the New World: a portion of its lands is exhausted: the great number of political subdivisions, and the multiplicity of tongues, increase enormously the difficulties in the way of business on a great scale. Traditions handed down from the time when men toiled to produce slowly and in small quantities things shaped toward a far-distant ideal of perfection are still strong among its people. Europe then has the advantage over America in the higher activities of the mind, but she cannot help being more timid, more slow, and more limited in her economic enterprises. America and Europe may each be judged superior or inferior to the other according as the critic takes for his standard the criteria of Quality or of Quantity. If a civilization grows toward perfection in proportion to the rapidity with which she produces riches, America is the model to be followed; if, on the contrary, perfection is expressed by the measure of the higher activities of the spirit, Europe leads the way.

V

The riddle then seems solved, but the reader may object that it is solved only by admitting that we dwell in a perpetual condition of misunderstanding; that the Modern World is a sort of Tower of Babel where men speak a tongue which others cannot understand. If it were only to bring back this agreeable news that the historian of antiquity has made two voyages to America, he might better perhaps have spared himself the trouble! Such might well be the conclusion of this long argument! Nevertheless, it is indisputable that the Modern World demands two contradictory things, speed and perfection. We wish to conquer the earth and its treasures with all possible haste. To this end we have created tremendous machinery and have uncovered new forces in nature. It is a huge task, no doubt, but to accomplish it we must renounce almost all the artistic and moral perfections which used to be at once the torment and joy and pride of our forefathers. It is a painful necessity indeed, against which our age revolts, and from which it seeks in vain every possible channel of escape.

Let us strip off the last shred of illusion. Deterioration must ever continue amongst the ideals of perfection which our ancestors worshiped, so long as population multiplies and the demands and aspirations of all classes, as well as all expenses, public and private, continue to increase on the scale and with the momentum with which they are increasing at this moment. Even if this formidable revolution

should slacken a trifle, the ideal of Quantity must spread its empire over the earth, morality and beauty must of necessity be subordinated to the prime necessities of constructing machines ever increasing in speed and power, and of expanding cultivated land, and of working new mines. Art, like industry, agriculture, like literature, will be compelled to increase their product to the continuous deterioration of their quality, and our secret discontent will grow in proportion as our triumphs increase. Unable ourselves to decide between Quality and Quantity, we shall never know whether the great drama of the world which we are looking at is a marvelous epoch of progress or a melancholy tragedy of decadence.

From this singular situation there is only one possible way of escape; a method which has no precedent in the world's history. But it is that very method which men will not hear spoken of. It would be absolutely essential to create a movement of public opinion through religious, political or moral means, which should impose upon the world a reasonable limit to its desires. To the age in which we live it seems impossible to express an idea which seems more absurd than this. The material situation of every one of us is to-day bound up with this formidable movement which drives men ceaselessly to increase the making and spending of wealth. Think what an economic crisis there would be if this movement were to slow down. All the moralities which have governed the world down to the French Revolution forced upon men the belief that they would grow more perfect as they grew simpler. When religion and custom were not sufficient to teach them to set limits to their needs and desires, then these old moralities had recourse to sumptuary laws. In direct contrast to this, the nineteenth century affirms that man grows more perfect in proportion as he produces and consumes. So confusing are the definitions of legitimate desires and vices, of reasonable expenses and inordinate luxury, that in this century it is almost impossible to tell one from the other.

A vast revolution has been brought into being, the greatest, perhaps, which history can show; but if the new principles which our century has borne to the front should be developed until they insured the ultimate and supreme triumph of quantity, would it be possible to escape what would amount to the demolition of the whole fabric of the glorious civilization bequeathed to us by the centuries: religious doctrines and the principles upon which morality is based, as well as all the traditions of the arts?

History knows better than we the dusky roads of the future, and it is idle for us to wish to see the way along them; but in spite of our ignorance of the future, we have duties toward the past and toward ourselves, and is it not one of these duties to call the attention of our generation to the possibility of this catastrophe, even if our generation likes to turn its face away from it? Very often during my travels in America I used to ask myself whether men of various intellectual interests might not find in this duty something to strengthen their conscience for the part which they must play in the world.

If we disregard medicine which aims to cure our bodily ills, those sciences which are concerned with discoveries useful to industry, and those arts which entertain the public, all other branches of intellectual activity are to-day in dire confusion. Is there a pious clergyman who has not asked himself in moments of discouragement what good it is to preach the virtues of the

Christian faith in a century whose dynamic power springs from an exaltation of pride and an emancipation of passion which amount almost to delirium? What intelligent historian is there who does not now and then ask himself why he persists in telling over again the events of the past to a generation which no longer looks ahead, and which rushes violently on the future, head down, like a bull? What philosopher is there who, as he pursues his transcendental preoccupation, does not feel himself sometimes hopelessly adrift like a being fallen from another planet upon this earth in an age which no longer is passionately interested in anything except economic reality? What artist is there who seeks not only to make money, but to reach the perfection of his ideal, who has not cursed a thousand times this frenzied hurly-burly in the midst of which we live?

From time to time, it is true, there seems to be a genuine revival of the ancient ideal; men suddenly appear who seem to interest themselves afresh in the progress of religion, in the future of morality, in the history of the past, in the problems of metaphysics, in the artistic records of civilizations long since dead. But these are only passing phenomena, and they are not enduring enough to give artists and philosophers the definite consciousness of playing a well-thought-out and useful part.

If all intellectual activities of to-day tend to become either lucrative professions or government careers, it is because nowadays such careers aim either at money or social position, and no longer find their end in the careers themselves. And yet — how many times as he traveled across the wildernesses of the two Americas watching all day fields of wheat and rye, or plantations of maize or coffee, extending to the very edge of the solitary horizon, how many times has the historian of antiquity brooded over those fragments of marble wrought by the Greeks in such perfection, which we admire in our museums, and pondered upon the fragments of the great Roman system of jurisprudence preserved in the 'Corpus juris.' Did not the Greeks and Romans succeed in reaching this marvelous perfection in the arts and laws because there came a time when they were willing to cease extending the limits of their empire over the earth and all the treasures it contains? Have we not conquered vast deserts with our railroads just because we have been able to renounce almost all the artistic and moral perfections which were the glory of the ancients?

In the light of this idea the historian felt that he had come to understand ancient civilizations and our own all the better, and that his eyes were able to pierce more deeply into the shadowy depths of human destiny. A civilization which pursues its desire for perfection beyond a certain limit ends by exhausting its energy in the pursuit of an object at once too narrow and impossible of attainment. On the other hand a civilization which allows itself to be intoxicated by the madness of mere size, by speed, by quantity, is destined to end in a new type of crass and violent barbarism. But the point where these two opposing forces of life find their most perfect equilibrium changes continually from age to age; and any epoch approaches more or less near this point according to the degree of activity of the two forces struggling within it. The artist, the priest, the historian, the philosopher, in moments of discouragement, when they feel themselves assailed by the temptation to think only of a career or of money, may well find new strength in the idea that each of them is working in his

different way to preserve an ideal of perfection in men's souls, — it may be a perfection of art or of morality of the intellect or of the spirit. Let them remember that this ideal, limited as it may seem, serves as a dyke to prevent our civilization from being engulfed in an overwhelming flood of riches and from sinking in an orgy of brutality. This task is so great and so noble that those who strive for it ought surely to feel that they do not live in vain.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

DORINDA'S JOY

'Why do you do this thing?' asked a London magistrate of a man, brought before him for wife-beating, for the fourth time.

'Ah, ye gotta biff 'em abaht,' answered the defendant, 'it mikes 'em *love* ye!'

We, Theophilus and Jane and I, were talking about the Robinsons. Theophilus and Jane are sound in Christian doctrine; they say grace before meat, have family prayers, and hold to orthodoxy as to an handmaiden of righteousness. If I had not always known them I might be a little frightened at them, because our angles of vision differ. As it is, Jane and I always agree (or at least Jane persuades me that we do), and Theophilus and I always make allowances for each other.

The Robinsons, John and Dorinda, are warm friends of Theophilus and Jane. I know them but slightly, nevertheless I shall speak with the familiarity of a closer acquaintance. John has a good business, and is doing well, although his income does not make him rich. Dorinda is rich in her own right; her income is probably thrice John's; nevertheless John maintains the family, so that Dorinda's income is set aside. This is in accord with John's wholesome view that it behooves him to care for and support his own family.

In our discussion, Theophilus said, 'Dorinda is a woman of very fine character. She has great nobility of spirit. For instance, she would like very much to have an automobile. Living where they do, it would be a great convenience to her, and we know that she wants one in the worst way. But John says, "no"; he declares that his income does not warrant the expense, and Dorinda, like the good and dutiful wife that she is, not only submits, but does it gladly. She neither complains nor protests. Of course, she herself could maintain half a dozen automobiles if she wanted to, and yet you never hear a complaint from her because she has none.'

'The incidence of comment,' I replied, 'seems to be on John rather than on Dorinda. That she meets a difficult and disagreeable situation without wincing is doubtless creditable, and it would be unfair to her to refer to her submission as a lazy way of avoiding trouble.'

Both Theophilus and Jane agreed in unison that there was nothing lazy about Dorinda.

'But, as for John,' I continued, 'there is an expression which fits him perfectly, and which is clearly indicated in the situation: John is a hog!'

By this it was evident that I had

adventured into trouble. Theophilus and Jane were unanimous in protesting that I failed entirely to understand the situation. There is, they assured me, perfect accord between John and Dorinda, and John is kindness itself. John is a splendid fellow, — generous, strong, fine, noble. The vision of John was wrapped in adjectives of praise.

I remained unconvinced; it seemed to me that it was John's pompous vanity, and that alone, which debarred his wife from the enjoyment of what was rightfully hers.

The many protests which followed made it evident that we were out of sympathy in regard to John; and Jane, who is something of a diplomat and something of a psychologist, changed the subject to the heresy trials in Atlanta, with a view to driving the thought of John out of my head by the mention of the heresy-hunters.

On the way home that evening, my thoughts reverted again to Dorinda. Never having been a woman, so far as I am aware, I cannot tell how I should have considered John, had skirts encompassed me. But it occurred to me that Dorinda may be blissfully happy in her submission. She knows that she has this strong and kindly lord who decides for her and keeps her from error; she knows that he is trustworthy, and her heart is all aflame with the feeling that he loves her. Of what use is a motor-car, save as an incidental convenience? And of what trifling value is the convenience, compared to her repose in John's judgment, and her faith in him? She enjoys restfulness of a quality such as no selfish woman can provide for herself. They have, between them, 'unity in essentials, liberty in non-essentials, and in all things charity.'

John, of course, determines the essentials, which he is quite well able to do. And Dorinda — who is nobody's fool — agrees with him. Probably she is very happy.

Nevertheless, I think John is a hog.

MUSIC EX MACHINA

Only a few years ago a piano was little more than a piece of furniture. Sometimes the daughter of the house tinkled scales upon it, or a collegian son pounded out 'Whistling Rufus' or the 'Washington Post'; but for the most part it stood silent, majestic, like an inanimate footman, testifying with polished rosewood to the opulence and taste of its possessor. That is all changed now; pianos are no longer silent; thanks to the perforated music-roll, they give tongue unceasingly. To walk down a suburban street on a summer's evening is to take an aural bath in the history of music. Through the open windows of cottage after cottage float the compositions of Bach, Sousa, Chaminade, Chopin, Moszkowski, Wagner, Puccini, Lehar, and Ethelbert Nevin, all mingling in one stunning potpourri. One cannot make a simple after-dinner call without paying tribute to the player-piano which is one's host's newest pride.

To tell the truth, where the performer has taste and is adroit with his levers and pedals, there are worse ways of passing an evening. Bridge and small-talk are both escaped; all that is necessary is to settle one's self in the easiest chair and listen to the notes of a symphony, a song, a violin concerto, or some other composition suited to the piano. The accuracy of the mechanism is marvelous; themes are brought out, the tempo is varied, the notes are all faultlessly struck. It is interesting, precise, correct; artistically it is comparable to a perfectly good modern gothic façade.

But the evening does not always go

so well; instruments vary, performers have differing ideals. Who has not suffered from the over-cautious amateur who sets the tempo-indicator rigorously at the beginning of a movement and never varies it, playing on in phraseless metronomic monotony until a printed direction authorizes a change? The performer of uncertain coördination between eye and hand plays trippingly on past the most positive of signals, collects himself, pauses in the middle of a run, and, with the accent lever always a beat ahead or behind the music, contrives the most bizarre of syncopations.

More practiced hands avoid these faults. They become absolute masters of technique and, scorning tradition, aspire to stamp their individuality on the interpretation. The result when they happen to be musical geniuses is stimulating.

The less successful innovators fall roughly into two groups. One of these is soulful, lingering softly on minor chords, listlessly dragging the sweet sad notes of a Chopin nocturne, insisting on lyric themes, hushing accompaniments to a murmur, and reducing even Liszt rhapsodies to a pensive adagio. Players of the other class are technical, fiery, 'brilliant.' They drive their instruments like racing automobiles. Subtlety of rhythm, delicacy of tone, are not for them. They 'two-step' through a Mozart quartette as if it had been written for a military band. They tear off trills with the unerring rapidity of a little boy running a stick along a picket fence.

All this is not new. In the days of hand-played pianos we knew the sentimental dilettante, the nervous beginner, the rattling virtuoso, the beautiful pianiste whose attention never shifted from the effect of her pretty arms and shoulders. But the difficulties of the instrument made such things infrequent. If we enjoyed no great plenty of good music, it was not difficult to escape the bad. And even at the worst, old-time recitals were seldom entirely without a trace of mellowness. During the long apprenticeship the pupil lived in a musical atmosphere and could hardly avoid absorbing at least some conception of musical tradition, aims, ideals.

But to-day we do not have to put every-day concerns out of our heads until the very minute we sit down to the piano; and then we confidently attempt to interpret a Bach fugue, a Verdi aria, an arabesque by Debussy, one after the other.

It may be, as optimists maintain, that all this is but the first chaotic stage in the advance to that general musical interest which our race has so conspicuously lacked; that in the listening to hundreds and hundreds of music-rolls taste will develop, critical standards will be inductively discovered, commonplace music will lose its charm. Eventually, perhaps, the extreme of culture will be something beyond our present vague pleasurable sensation at hearing good music. A newly created multitude of music-lovers will seek from musical history and theory the fine delight that comes from comparison, discrimination, understanding; an educated audience will demand nothing but the best at concerts and recitals.

Certainly the player-piano, removing as it does all manual difficulties and tirelessly willing to repeat a passage till it is fully comprehended, can be of inestimable help to the earnest student; and if we choose to subscribe to the pleasant and popular doctrine that the populace has only to become familiar with the good to acclaim it, we may believe that the future is going to be very bright indeed.

But oh, the present is hard to bear!

As I sit talking to my married sister, I hear her two little boys 'improving their taste' in the music-room. 'Now I'll play,' says Frank, 'I've got a great big fatsy one.' It proves to be the finale of *Die Walkürie*. Frank goes at it with serious purpose, announcing every change of tempo. 'Now I'm at 60 . . . now I'm at 40 . . . there was a place in it where I was up to 100.'

'There's one roll,' Buddy throws in, 'that goes up to 120. I wish I could remember which it is. Maybe it's this one.'

Buddy is wrong; the roll turns out to be the 'Funeral March' from the Eroica Symphony.

The young performers find it dull, whereupon Frank enlivens the accompaniment with a policeman's rattle, a device which succeeds so well that he goes on to improvise the noises of the menagerie at feeding-time. The yelping of the wolf-pack is imitated to the life.

At dinner the talk is all of music, but my sister and her husband do not speak with the earnest modesty of novices self-dedicated to a new research; satisfaction with the completeness of their knowledge is evident in every word. And later, when I foolishly admit an admiration for Beethoven and my brother-in-law insists on playing me the choral movement of the Ninth Symphony, his performance with its reeling bacchanalian waltz-time shows the same insensibility to musical and poetic feeling that was apparent in his conversation.

> With a great pain,
> And smiles that seem akin to tears,
> I hear the wild refrain.

'What though good may eventually come of it?' I ask myself. 'Why should I endure such things? If my brother-in-law should undertake to recite the quarrel scene from Julius Cæsar would I not fell him with his heaviest chair? Why then sit unprotesting by while he holds the noblest child of an artist's mind shrieking upon the rack? If the unenlightened majority must maul and distort masterpieces of art in order to advance, let them at least realize what they are doing, let them feel a fitting shame and practice their atrocities in solitude. For music, the surest guide to dreamland; music which transcends the senses, which transcends even the intellect; music by which the commonplace listener is fired for a little space with the artist's great soul, and loves, sorrows, aspires, conceives with a thousand times his own power; music, least earthly of the arts, deserves an acolyte with a touch of heavenly madness; she is too precious a spirit to be the plaything of every stolid Philistine.

A GERMAN SOLUTION OF THE SERVANT PROBLEM

How often may be read in American newspapers, after laments over the servant problem, a cry of envy of the German system, with its reference-books and fixed limits of time, under which the mistress can neither summarily discharge, nor the maid silently steal away.

In England, since the passing of the Insurance Act, there is more or less constant talk of following up this first imitation of German bureaucracy by its natural sequel. It is to be hoped that the undoubted blessings of the first half of the experiment may not blind the powers that be to the shadow of its other side. That is, unless all the advantages are openly intended to be presented to the maid.

Experience of the system in action would open a good many eyes to its drawbacks. When first in Germany, the confiding foreigner approaches the reference-book with a touching faith that from it she is to learn, as the Ger-

mans would say, 'Alles Wuenschenswerthe' about the maid whose name is inscribed on the back. Never is credulity more quickly punished. If the foreign woman is lucky enough to possess a German friend, she will be warned in advance that the three references demanded by the book as to honesty, decency, and diligence are always overlooked by the German house-wife as something to be taken for granted, she invariably searching for further comments by former mistresses on the capacities of the maid.

The inquiring foreigner is immediately struck by the fact that most German women, so communicative in conversation, become strangely noncommittal in writing. But her American optimism, fed by the plain testimony as to honesty, diligence, and decency, undertakes an experiment.

Alas, she finds too soon why the German hausfrau prefers not to engage a maid who has passed so triumphantly in what might be called the three R's of her business. If a mistress adds nothing more than that to the maid's 'character,' it is because there is nothing good in the way of capacity to add. Also, there may be a good deal of an unpleasant nature, for if the foreign mistress is unlucky, she may have strange experiences, which are made clear to her only when she understands a curious trait of the German mind.

This is the peculiarity of saying that a fact is not a fact unless you wish it to be. Perhaps the Germans have a talent for pragmatism. At any rate, in Germany a thief is not a thief unless he is found 'with the goods.' For instance, if a German housewife knows her maid to be guilty of theft, she may not discharge her on that account and put this damaging fact in the maid's book unless she has proved the theft by finding the stolen article in the maid's trunk, opened in the presence of an impartial witness, preferably a policeman. As she can rarely bring off this *coup de théâtre*, — the maid naturally secreting her booty outside her mistress' apartment, — the mistress waits until the fifteenth of the month, gives the maid two weeks' notice on some other pretext, and sends her off, having signed her own name to a declaration of honesty which she knows to be false; and the maid pursues her pilfering path.

But why? — asks the inquiring foreigner. Because, when a maid's book lacks the necessary adjective, she summons her mistress to write it in, in the presence of a magistrate. If the mistress be obdurate, the case is taken to court, and invariably lost by the mistress, who is compelled on pain of fine or imprisonment for libel to sign her name to a dishonest statement.

The inquiring foreigner here puts her inquiry to a lawyer, who answers her not without cynicism.

In the first place, in Southern Germany at least, a thief is not a thief if he can dispose of his spoils. In the second place, a German servant whose book lacks the necessary declaration of her honesty, could find no employment; she would become a pauper, and would fall on the hands of the State. It is all very simple. And the result is that the German housewife knows that the fundamental facts about a girl's character are never to be discovered by the one method on which German officials pride themselves most.

In one of the smaller South German cities, the housewives have discovered a means of helping themselves by doing the very thing that is forbidden by these officials. They put their telephone number beneath the name and address which garnish a too flattering character, and when mistresses who are aware of the signal read it, the

maid is not engaged. And all the mistresses are gleeful over their cleverness in circumventing a system of which all Germany is proud. Another light on the two ways to look at a fact.

In regard to giving notice to leave, again the advantage is with the maid. It is true that she must stay on for two weeks after notice has been given by either party to the contract, but can any student of human nature be in doubt as to the kind of work she will do during the armed truce of those two weeks? And although she may give notice on either the first or the fifteenth of the month, the mistress, for some occult reason, is limited to the fifteenth. Should she be carried away by disapproval of utter incapacity or lively impertinence, and send away the maid without warning, she is legally obliged to pay full wages plus board and lodging for the full time that must elapse between the maid's removal and the end of the month following whatever fifteenth is imminent. Needless to say, such extravagance is never practiced by the frugal Germans, who prefer a sulky maid in the house to a joyous maid making merry outside on the fruit of the victory won over her late mistress.

It would seem then, that in the system drawn up by the careful Germans, the care is entirely spent on safeguarding the interests of the government, which, by its method of registration, can lay hands at a moment's notice on either its soldiers or the potential mothers of soldiers, and is also freed from the expense of their support. That incidentally these pawns are benefited, is not to be wondered at, since without them the structure of the army would not stand; and what the government thinks would become of Germany without the army is made sufficiently clear by the late Army Bill.

Whatever the motive entwined in all the red tape that makes a change of servants an official ceremony, the benefits accruing to the maids are not great enough to induce, in Germany more than elsewhere, a desirable class of girls to adopt the profession. Statistics, taken with German thoroughness, show each year a greater number of the intelligent turning to factory and shop, leaving only the physically and mentally unfit to the housekeeper; one is shocked by the percentage rated as positively deficient. The philanthropists, here as elsewhere, attribute this state of things to the never-ending work, and the constant supervision on the part of the mistresses; but conversation with elderly working-women invariably brings out another explanation. The house-servant must be indoors by nine o'clock in the evening, the usual time for locking up the main entrance to the apartment house, keys to which are not given to the maids; the factory or shop-girl, after working all day may and usually does carouse all night, as long as her health allows. In a country where liberty is seen and permitted only in the guise of physical or artistic license, the choice is hardly to be wondered at.

It may of course be objected that in unbureaucratic America the most salient drawbacks to this sytem would not be felt. But without official control, carefully exercised on behalf of the servants, these would be entirely at the mercy of ill-natured or unscrupulous mistresses; and an organized official apparatus once set in motion, it is hard to say what results may occur. On the whole, a housekeeper in both countries is invariably convinced that the independence of action so necessary to the American spirit, is only to be preserved by the freedom to make experiments, however many unpleasantnesses the unsuccessful ones may entail.

FROZEN THOUGHT AND FRIGID PHRASES

Do you remember the day of the Artistic? We plumed ourselves on our artistic drawing-rooms, gowns, and modes of coiffure; plays, books, decoration were artistic or not as the case might be fancied to be. Apply the term to the bizarre and you brought it within the pales of the possible; apply it to the uncomprehended, and all was solved. When, for instance, a drama or novel ended sadly, why 't was more *artistic* so. Why not? For what is there that more appropriately can be called artistic than art?

Then came the hour of the Fascinating. We did not attend a reception or convention, or visit a seaside resort, without meeting the most fascinating people, 'my dear, simply fascinating!' That every new book should be fascinating was a foregone conclusion. One pictured the up-to-date individual held spell-bound by a snaky-eyed, hypnotic universe.

What is upon us now? Verily the era of the Interesting. Perhaps there is a subtle current of cause underlying these waves of catchwords, a change in the educational ideal, a change in the standard of criticism. It would seem as though successive decades discovered in works of art qualities of special, timely appeal, and applied to art henceforth in praise the possession merely of the particular quality. It has engaged my interest, at any rate, to ponder the appeal of the quality of interestingness. Have you heard the word uttered? It comes out with an air of high, sad finality. 'She's an interesting girl.' 'Yes, not a beautiful work, but very interesting.' That's all there is to it. The listener wriggles and murmurs. And when the adjective is intensified by the prefix *vitally* or *fundamentally*, his jaw drops.

What do we mean anyway? That that book came home to us in some way, stimulated us, challenged us, made us, in short, think — or think we think. That certainly is commendable, and therein the adjective shows the modern tendency. Art *is* challenging us; we want it to reflect our present problems, to give us life interpreted. To say then that something does that for us should constitute high praise. But I am inclined to think the pitch of the word has been lowered through unskillful use. Would you for instance think of calling Shakespeare 'interesting'? You are reminded of the Howells heroine. 'Don't you think he is fascinating?' said she. 'Yes,' said the hero, 'but I should want a good many words to say it in.' You can't dismiss greatness so summarily —you have been taught to say a great deal more about it. But if you really believe in the word, you ought to find him increasingly 'interesting' from year to year!

What is it then that we label thus? Only the newest, latest things do we favor. Genuine power of interest there is in all things for the person keyed to it. Must we wait for the newest opera or the last translated play to arouse our faculties? Sometimes I suspect that we are getting *nouveau riche* intellectually. And once aroused, are we even sure that we have n't lost and buried our impression of the passing show forever when we have labeled it *interesting* at to-morrow's dinner-party? If you were to discipline yourself for a week, would you be helpless without your talisman? You find you have really been using it as a shield to screen your thoughts unthought? It is an eminently correct judgment — so noncommital. But what do you really think of that play? Modern art is chaotic, experimental, unsifted; you know it to be not all good, are you

even sure that it's all interesting? Some day the lady on your left may turn her clear eyes upon you and say, 'But none the less, was n't it deadly dull?' It behooves you to be prepared to defend it.

It is really a question of critical responsibility. We read of authors discouraged into silence by the discriminating, genteel indifference of their audience. It is possible to live in a colony of theatre-goers without hearing a judgment passed beyond 'fairly good show,' 'interesting comedy.' Should such things be?

In moments when we are purists we rail at our reliance on slang to convey our meaning. Yet slang, as has been often asserted, is a muscular, virile, expressive medium.

Is it not rather these cultural catchwords, stiffening thought into convention, that constitute critical stagnation? Surely it is only intellectual snobs who can afford to be so haughty — and so lazy!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1913

FEMINIST INTENTIONS

BY W. L. GEORGE

[To many observers it is sufficiently obvious that woman's struggle for the Suffrage represents a skirmish in the far-spread war now waging. The following article was written in response to a request made by the *Atlantic* to Mr. George, a prominent spokesman of the Feminist movement in England, its storm-centre, to state quite clearly the terms upon which leaders of his party will be willing to negotiate for a lasting peace. It seems fair to all parties that there should be a definite understanding of the issues involved. — THE EDITORS.]

I

THE Feminist propaganda — which should not be confounded with the Suffrage agitation — rests upon a revolutionary biological principle. Substantially, the Feminists argue that there are no men and that there are no women; there are only sexual majorities. To put the matter less obscurely, the Feminists base themselves on Weininger's theory, according to which the male principle may be found in woman, and the female principle in man. It follows that they recognize no masculine or feminine '*spheres*,' and that they propose to identify absolutely the conditions of the sexes.

Now there are two kinds of people who labor under illusions as regards the Feminist movement, its opponents and its supporters: both sides tend to limit the area of its influence; in few cases does either realize the movement as revolutionary. The methods are to have revolutionary results, are destined to be revolutionary; as a convinced but cautious Feminist, I do not think it honest or advisable to conceal this fact. I have myself been charged by a very well-known English author (whose name I may not give, as the charge was contained in a private letter) with having 'let the cat out of the bag' in my little book, *Woman and To-morrow*. Well, I do not think it right that the cat should be kept in the bag. Feminists should not want to triumph by fraud. As promoters of a sex war, they should not hesitate to declare it, and I have little sympathy with the pretenses of those who contend that one may alter everything while leaving everything unaltered.

An essential difference between 'Feminism' and 'Suffragism' is that the Suffrage is but part of the greater propaganda; while Suffragism desires to remove an inequality, Feminism purports to alter radically the mental attitudes of men and women. The sexes are to be induced to recognize each other's status, and to bring this recognition to such a point that equality will not even be challenged. Thus Feminists are interested rather in ideas than in facts; if, for instance, they wish to make accessible to women the profession of

barrister, it is not because they wish women to practice as barristers, but because they want men to view without surprise the fact that women may be barristers. And they have no use for knightliness and chivalry.

Therein lies the mental revolution: while the Suffragists are content to attain immediate ends, the Feminists are aiming at ultimate ends. They contend that it is unhealthy for the race that man should not recognize woman as his equal; that this makes him intolerant, brutal, selfish, and sentimentally insincere. They believe likewise that the race suffers because women do not look upon men as their peers; that this makes them servile, untruthful, deceitful, narrow, and in every sense inferior. More particularly concerned with women, it is naturally upon them and their problems that they are bringing their first attention to bear.

The word 'inferior' at once arouses comment, for here the Feminist often distinguishes himself from the Suffragist. He frequently accepts woman's present inferiority, but he believes this inferiority to be transient, not permanent. He considers that by removing the handicaps imposed upon women, they will be able to win an adequate proportion of races. His case against the treatment of women covers every form of human relation: the arts, the home, the trades, and marriage. In every one of these directions he proposes to make revolutionary changes.

The question of the arts need not long detain us. It is perfectly clear that woman has had in the past neither the necessary artistic training, nor the necessary atmosphere of encouragement; that families have been reluctant to spend money on their daughter's music, her painting, her literary education, with the lavishness demanded of them by their son's professional or business career. Feminists believe that when men and women have been leveled, this state of things will cease to prevail.

In the trades, English Feminists resent the fact that women are excluded from the law, generally speaking, the ministry, the higher ranks of business and of the Civil Service and so forth, and practically from hospital appointments; also that women are paid low wages for work similar to that of men.

They complain too that the home demands of woman too great an expenditure of energy, too much time, too much labor; that the concentration of her mind upon the continual purchasing and cooking of food, on cleaning, on the care of the child, is unnecessarily developed; they doubt if the home can be maintained as it is if woman is to develop as a free personality.

With marriage, lastly, they are perhaps most concerned. Though they are not in the main prepared to advocate free union, they are emphatically arrayed against modern marriage, which they look upon as slave union. The somewhat ridiculous modifications of the marriage service introduced by a few couples in America and by one in England, in which the word 'obey' was deleted from the bride's pledge, can be taken as indicative of the Feminist attitude. Their grievances against the home, against the treatment of women in the trades, are closely connected with the marriage question, for they believe that the desire of man to have a housekeeper, of woman to have a protector, deeply influence the complexion of unions which they would base exclusively upon love, and it follows that they do not accept as effective marriage any union where the attitudes of love do not exist. For them who favor absolute equality, partnership, sharing of responsibilities and privileges, modern marriage repre-

sents a condition of sex-slavery into which woman is frequently compelled to enter because she needs to live, and in which she must often remain, however abominable the conditions under which the union is maintained, because man, master of the purse, is master of the woman.

Generally, then, the Feminists are in opposition to most of the world institutions. For them the universe is based upon the subjection of woman: subjection by law, and subjection by convention. Before considering what modifications the Feminists wish to introduce into the social system, a few words must be said as to this distinction between convention and the law.

II

Convention, which is nothing but petrified habit, has lain upon woman perhaps more heavily than any law, for the law can be eluded with comparative ease, and she who eludes it may very well become a heroine, merely because we are mostly anarchists and dislike the law. Every man is in himself a minority, and is opposed to the law because the law is the expression of the will of the majority, that is to say, the will of the vulgar, of the norm. But convention is far more subtle: it is the result of the *common* agreement of wills. Therefore, as it is a product of unanimity, the penalties which follow on the infractions of its behests are terrible; she who infringes it becomes, not a heroine, but an outcast. The law is, then, nothing by the side of etiquette.

Hence Feminist propaganda. While the Suffragists wish to alter the law, the Feminists wish to alter also the conventions. It may not be too much to say that they would almost be content with existing laws if they could change the point of view of man, make him take for granted that women may smoke, or ride astride, or fight; cease to be surprised because Madame Dieulafoy chooses to wear trousers; briefly, renounce the subjective fetich of sex. Still, as they realize that states become more socialistic every day, they realize also that through the law only can they hope to change manners. The mental revolution which they intend to effect must therefore be prefaced by a legal revolution.

The first Feminist intention is economic, — proceeds on two lines: —

1. They intend to open every occupation to women.

2. They intend to level the wages of women and men.

As regards the first point, they are not as a rule unreasonable. If they demand that women should practice the law as they do in France, preach the Gospel as they do in the United States of America, bear arms, as in Dahomey, it is not because they attach any great value to these occupations, but because they consider that any limitation put upon woman's activities is intrinsically degrading; so keenly do they feel this, that some serious Feminists took part some years ago in the controversy on, 'Are there female angels?'

The second point is more important. It is a well-established fact that women are paid less than men for the same work: for instance, in England, women begin at wages which are less than those of men as teachers, post-office and other civil servants. The Feminists are not prepared to agree that this condition is due to some inherent inferiority of woman: in their view her *inferiority* is transitory, is due to her *inferior* position. One Feminist, C. Gasgoigne Hartley, in *The Truth About Women*, outlines a bold hypothesis: 'What, then, is the real cause of the lowness of remuneration offered to women for

work when compared with men? Thousands of women and girls receive wages that are insufficient to support life. They do not die, they live; but how? The answer is plain. Woman possesses a marketable value attached to her personality which man has not got. The woman's sex is a saleable thing.' Briefly, if a woman works less well than a man, less fast, less continuously, it is because she is inadequately rewarded. They reverse the common position that woman is not well paid because woman is not competent, basing themselves on the parallel that liberty alone fits men for liberty. They argue that woman is not competent because she is not well paid; consequently, those Feminists who are inclined toward Radicalism in politics demand a minimum wage in all trades, which shall be the same for women and men.

The economic change will be brought about by revolutionary methods, by sex strikes and sex wars. The gaining of the vote is, in the Feminists' view, nothing but an affair of outposts. Conscious propagandists do not intend to allow the female vote to be split as it might recently have been between Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Taft. They intend to use the vote to make women vote as women, and not as citizens; that is to say, they propose to sell the female vote *en bloc* to the party that bids highest for it in the economic field. To the party that will, as a preliminary, pledge itself to level male and female wages in government employ, will be given the Feminist vote; and if no party will bid, then it is the Feminist intention to run special candidates for all offices, to split the male parties, and to involve them in consecutive disasters such as the one which befell the Republican party in the last presidential election in the United States.

Side by side with this purely political action, Feminists intend to use industrial strikes in exactly the same manner as do the Syndicalist railwaymen, miners, and postmen of Europe; well aware that they have captured a number of trades, such as millinery, domestic service, restaurant attendance, and so forth, and large portions of other trades, such as cotton-spinning in Lancashire, they propose to use as a basis the vote and the political education that follows thereon, to induce women to group themselves in women's trade-unions, by means of which they will hold up trades, and when they are strong enough, hold up society itself.

I enunciate these views with full sympathy, which can hardly be refused when one realizes that the sweated trades are almost entirely in the hands of women, — laundry, box-making, toys, artificial flowers, and the like. The fact that the underpaid trades are women's trades, and that the British Government has been compelled to institute wage-boards to bring up women's pay from four cents an hour to the imposing figure of six cents, and the recent white-slavery investigations in America, are evidence enough that public opinion should hesitate before blaming any industrial steps women may choose to take. For it should not be forgotten that woman risks more than comfort and health, and that the under-payment of her sex often forces her to degradation.

Conscious of the temporary inferiority of woman, an inferiority traceable to centuries of neglect and belittling patronage, the Feminists propose to increase woman's power by making her fitter for power. They are well aware that the enormous majority of women receive but an inferior education, that in their own homes, especially in the South of England, they are not encouraged to read the newspaper (which I believe to be a more powerful instru-

ment of intellectual development than the average serious book), and that any attempt on their part to acquire more information, to attend lectures, to join debating clubs, tends to lower their 'charm value' in the eyes of men. That point of view they are determined to alter in the male. They propose to kill the prejudice by the homœopathic method: that is to say, to educate woman more because man thinks she is already too educated. Briefly, to kill poison by more poison. For this purpose they intend to throw open education of all grades to women as well as to men, to remove such differences as exist in England, where a woman cannot obtain an Oxford or Cambridge degree. They propose to raise the school age of both sexes, and to not less than sixteen. The object of this, so far as women are concerned, is to prevent the exploitation of little girls of fourteen, notably as domestic servants.

Some Feminists favor coeducation, on the plea that it enables the sexes to understand each other, and these build principally on the success of American schools. A more violent section, however, desires to place the education of girls entirely in the hands of women, partly because they wish to enhance the sex war, and partly because they consider that continual intercourse between the sexes tends to deprive ultimate love of its mystery and its charm. But both sections fully agree that the broadest possible education must be given to every woman, so as to fit her for contest with every man.

III

So much, then, for the mental revolution and its eventual effects on the position of women in the arts, the trades, and the schools. In the industrial section, especially, we have already had an indication of the main line of the Feminist attitude, a claim to a right to choose. This right is indeed the only one for which the Feminists are struggling, and they struggle for those obscure reasons which lie at the root of our wish to live and to perpetuate the race. It is no wonder, then, that the Feminists should have designs upon the most fundamental of human institutions, marriage and motherhood.

In the main, Feminists are opposed to indissoluble Christian marriage. Some satisfaction has been given to them in a great many states by the extension of divorce facilities, but they are not content with piecemeal reform such as has been carried out in the United States, for they realize quite well that divorce cuts both ways, and that it is not satisfactory for a wife to be married in one state, and divorced under a slack law in another. Indeed I believe that one of the first Feminist demands in America would be for a federal marriage law.

But alterations in the law are minor points by the side of the emotional revolution that is to be engineered. Roughly speaking, we have to-day reasonable men and instinctive women. Such notably was Ibsen's view: 'Woman cannot escape her primitive emotions.' But he thought she should control these inevitables so far as possible: 'As soon as woman no longer dominates her passions she fails to achieve her objects.'[1] The distinction between reason and instinct, however, is not so wide as it seems; for reason is merely the conscious use of observation, while instinct is the unconscious use of the same faculty; but as the trend of Feminism is to make woman self-conscious and sex-conscious, the Feminists can be said broadly to be warring against instinct, and on the side of reason. They look upon in-

[1] *La Femme dans le Théâtre d'Ibsen*, by Friedericke Boettcher. — The Author.

stinct as indicative of a low mentality. For instance, the horse is less instinctive than the zebra, and a curious instance of this was yielded by certain horses in the South African war, which were unable to crop the grass because they had always eaten from mangers. Civilization, we may say, had caused the horses to degenerate, but nobody will contend that the horse is not more intelligent than the zebra, more capable of love, even of thought. Briefly, the horse approximates more closely to a reasonable being than does the instinctive wild beast.

The Feminists therefore propose, by training woman's reason, to place her beyond the scope of mere emotion and mere prejudice, to enable her to judge, to select a mate for herself and a father for her children, — a double and necessary process.

There is a flavor of eugenics about these ideas: the right to choose means that women wish to be placed in such a position that, being economically independent to the extent of having equal opportunities, they will not be compelled to sell themselves in marriage as they now very often do. I do not refer to entirely loveless marriages, for these are not very common in Anglo-Saxon states, but to marriages dictated by the desire of woman to escape the authority of her parents, and to gain the dignity of a wife, the possession of a home and of money to spend. In the Feminist view, these are bad unions because love does not play the major part in them, and often plays hardly any part at all. The Feminists believe that the educated woman, informed on the subject of sex-relations, able to earn her own living, to maintain a political argument, will not fall an easy prey to the offer held out to her by a man who will be her master, because he will have bought her on a truck system.

Under Feminist rule, women will be able to select, because they will be able to sweep out of their minds the monetary consideration; therefore they will love better, and unless they love, they will not marry at all. It is therefore probable that they will raise the standard of masculine attractiveness by demanding physical and mental beauty in those whom they choose; that they will apply personal eugenics. The men whom they do not choose will find themselves in exactly the same position as the old maids of modern times: that is to say, these men, if they are unwed, will be unwed because they have chosen to remain so, or because they were not sought in marriage. The eugenic characteristic appears, in that women will no longer consent to accept as husbands the old, the vicious, the unpleasant. They will tend to choose the finest of the species, and those likely to improve the race. As the Feminist revolution implies a social revolution, notably 'proper work for proper pay,' it follows that marriage will be easy, and that those women who wish to mate will not be compelled to wait indefinitely for the consummation of their loves. Incidentally also, the Feminists point out that their proposals hold forth to men a far greater chance of happiness than they have had hitherto, for they will be sure that the women who select them do so because they love them, and not because they need to be supported.

This does not mean that Feminism is entirely a creed of reason; indeed a number of militant Feminists who collected round the English paper, *The Freewoman*, have as an article of their faith that one of the chief natural needs of woman and society is not less passion, but more. If they wish to raise women's wages, to give them security, education, opportunity, it is because they want to place them beyond material temptations, to make them inde-

pendent of a protector, so that nothing may stand in the way of the passionate development of their faculties. To this effect, of course, they propose to introduce profound changes in the conception of marriage itself.

Without committing themselves to free union, the Feminists wish to loosen the marriage tie, and they might not be averse to making marriage less easy, to raising, for instance, the marriage age for both sexes; but as they are well aware that, in the present state of human passions, impediments to marriage would lead merely to an increase in irregular alliances, they lay no stress upon that point. Moreover, as they are not prepared to admit that any moral damage ensues when woman contracts more than one alliance in the course of her life, — which view is accepted very largely in the United States, and in all countries with regard to widows, — they incline rather to repair the effects of bad marriages, than to prevent their occurrence.

Plainly speaking, the Feminists desire simpler divorce. They are to a certain extent ready to surround divorce with safeguards, so as to prevent the young from rushing into matrimony; indeed they might 'steep up' the law of the 'Divorce States.' On the other hand, they would introduce new causes for divorce where they do not already exist, and they would make them the same for women and men. For instance, in Great Britain a divorce can be granted to a man on account of the infidelity of his wife, while it can be granted to a woman only if to infidelity the husband adds cruelty or desertion. Such a difference the Feminists would sweep away, and they would probably add to the existing causes certain others, such as infectious and incurable diseases, chronic drunkenness, insanity, habitual cruelty and lengthy desertion. It should be observed that the campaign is thus as favorable to men as it is to women, for many men who have now no relief would gain it under the new laws. As Feminism is international, the programme of course includes the introduction of divorce where it does not exist, — in Austria, Spain, South American states, and so forth.

What exact form the new divorce laws would take, I cannot at present say, for Feminism is as evolutionary as it is revolutionary, and Feminists are prepared to accept transitory measures of reform. Thus, in the existing circumstances, they would accept a partial extension of divorce facilities, subject to an adequate provision for all children. In the ultimate condition, to which I refer later on, this might not be necessary, but as a temporary expedient Feminists desire to protect woman while she is developing from the chattel condition to the free-woman condition. Until she is fit for her new liberty, it is necessary that she should be enabled to use this liberty without paying too heavy a price therefor. Indeed this clash between the transitory and the ultimate is one of the difficulties of Feminism. The rebels must accept situations such as the financial responsibility of man, while they struggle to make woman financially independent of man, and it is for this reason that different proposals appear in the works of Ellen Key, Rosa Mayreder, Charlotte Gilman, Olive Schreiner, and others, but these divergences need not trouble us, for Feminism is an inspiration rather than a gospel, and if it lays down a programme, it is a temporary programme.

Personally, I am inclined to believe that the ultimate aim of Feminism with regard to marriage is the practical suppression of marriage and the institution of free alliance. It may be that thus only can woman develop her own personality, but society itself must so

greatly alter, do so very much more than equalize wages and provide work for all, that these ultimate ends seem very distant. They lie beyond the decease of Capitalism itself, for they imply a change in the nature of the human being which is not impossible when we consider that man has changed a great deal since the Stone Age, but is still inconceivably radical.

Ultimate ends of Feminism will be attained only when socialization shall have been so complete that the human being will no longer require the law, but will be able to obey some obscure, but noble categorical imperative; when men and women can associate voluntarily, without thrall of the State, for the production and enjoyment of the goods of life. How this will be achieved, by what propaganda, by what struggles and by what battles, is difficult to say; but in common with many Feminists I incline to place a good deal of reliance on the ennobling of the nature of the male. That there is a sex war, and will be a sex war, I do not deny, but the entry of women into the modern world of art and business shows that an immense enlightenment has come over the male, that he no longer wishes to crush as much as he did, and therefore that he is loving better and more sanely. Therein lies a profound lesson: if men do not make war upon women, women will not make war upon men. I have spoken of sex war, but it takes two sides to make a war, and I do not see that in the event of conflict the Feminists can *alone* be guilty.

One feature manifests itself, and that is a change of attitude in woman with regard to the child. Indications in modern novels and modern conversation are not wanting to show that a type of woman is arising who believes in a new kind of matriarchate, that is to say, in a state of society where man will not figure in the life of woman except as the father of her child. Two cases have come to my knowledge where English women have been prepared to contract alliances with men with whom they did not intend to pass their lives, — this because they desired a child. They consider that the child is the expression of the feminine personality, while after the child's birth, the husband becomes a mere excrescence. They believe that the 'Wife' should die in childbirth, and the 'Mother' rise from her ashes. There is nothing utopian about this point of view, if we agree that Feminists can so rearrange society as to provide every woman with an independent living; and I do not say that this is the prevalent view. It is merely one view, and I do not believe it will be carried to the extreme, for the association of human beings in couples appears to respond to some deep need; still, it should be taken into account as an indication of sex revolt.

That part of the programme belongs to the ultimates. Among the transitory ideas, that is, the ideas which are to fit Feminism into the modern State, are the endowment of motherhood and the lien on wages. The Feminists do not commit themselves to a view on the broad social question whether it is desirable to encourage or discourage births. Taking births as they happen, they lay down that a woman being incapacitated from work for a period of weeks or months while she is giving birth to a child, her liberty can be secured only if the fact of the birth gives her a call upon the State. Failing this, she must have a male protector in whose favor she must abdicate her rights because he is her protector. As man is not handicapped in his work by becoming a father, they propose to remove the disability that lies upon woman by supplying her with the means of livelihood for a period sur-

rounding the birth, of not less than six weeks, which some place at three months. There is nothing wild in this scheme, for the British Insurance Act (1912) gives a maternity endowment of seven dollars and fifty cents whether a mother be married or single. The justice of the proposal may be doubted by some, but I do not think its expediency will be questioned. On mere grounds of humanity it is barbarous to compel a woman to labor while she is with child; on social grounds it is not advantageous for the race to allow her to do so: premature births, child-murder, child-neglect by working mothers, all these facts point to the social value of the endowment.

IV

The last of the transitory measures is the lien on wages. In the present state of things, women who work in the home depend for money on husbands or fathers. The fact of having to ask is, in the Feminists' view, a degradation. They suggest that the housekeeper should be entitled to a proportion of the man's income or salary, and one of them, Mrs. M. H. Wood, picturesquely illustrates her case by saying that she hopes to do away with 'pocket-searching' while the man is asleep. Mrs. Wood's ideas certainly deserve sympathy; though many men pay their wives a great deal more than they are worth and are shamefully exploited — a common modern position — it is also quite true that many others expect their wives to run their household on inadequate allowances, and to come to them for clothes or pleasure in a manner which establishes the man as a pacha. When women have grown economically independent, no lien on wages will be required, but meanwhile it is interesting to observe that there has recently been formed in England a society called 'The Home-makers' Trade Union,' one of whose specific objects is, 'To insist as a right on a proper proportion of men's earnings being paid to wives for the support of the home.'

Generally speaking, then, it is clear that women are greatly concerned with the race, for all these demands — support of the mother, support of the child, rights of the household — are definitely directed toward the benevolent control by the woman of her home and her child. I have alluded above to these Feminist intentions: they affect the immediate conditions as well as the ultimate.

Among the ultimates is a logical consequence of the right of woman to be represented by women. So long as Parliamentary Government endures, or any form of authority endures, the Feminists will demand a share in this authority. It has been the custom during the Suffrage campaign to pretend that women demand merely the vote. The object of this is to avoid frightening the men, and it may well be that a number of Suffragists honestly believe that they are asking for no more than the vote, while a few, who confess that they want more, add that it is not advisable to say so; they are afraid to 'let the cat out of the bag,' but they will not rest until all Parliaments, all Cabinets, all Boards are open to women, until the Presidential chair is as accessible to them as is the English throne. Already in Norway women have entered the National Assembly: they propose to do so everywhere. They will not hesitate to claim women's votes for women candidates until they have secured the representation which they think is their right, that is, one half.

These are the bases, roughly outlined, on which can be established a lasting peace.

V

I do not want to exaggerate the difficulties and perils which are bound up in this revolutionary movement, but it is abundantly clear that it presupposes profound changes in the nature of women and of men. While man will be asked for more liberalism and be expected to develop his sense of justice (which has too long lain at the mercy of his erratic and sentimental generosity), woman will have to modify her outlook. She is now too often vain, untruthful, disloyal, avaricious, vampiric; briefly she has the characteristics of the slave. She will have to slough off these characteristics while she is becoming free, she will have to justify by her mental ascent the increase in her power. Feminists are not blind to this, and that is why they lay such stress upon education and propaganda.

One of the most profound changes will, I think, appear in sex relations. The 'New Woman,' as we know her to-day, a woman who is not so new as the woman who will be born of her, is a very unpleasant product; armed with a little knowledge, she tends to be dogmatic in her views and offensive in argument. She tends to hate men, and to look upon Feminism as a revenge; she adopts mannish ways, tends to shout, to contradict, to flout principles because they are principles; also she affects a contempt for marriage which is the natural result of her hatred of man. The New Woman has not the support of the saner Feminists. Says Ellen Key, in *The Woman Movement*, 'These cerebral, amaternal women must obviously be accorded the freedom of finding the domestic life, with its limited but intensive exercise of power, meagre beside the feeling of power which they enjoy as public personalities, as consummate women of the world, as talented professionals. But they have not the right to *falsify life values* in their own favor so that they themselves shall represent the highest form of life, the "human personality," in comparison with which the "instinctive feminine" signifies a lower stage of development, a poorer type of life.' If this were the ultimate type very few men would be found in the Feminist camp, for the coming of the New Woman would mean the death of love. If the death of love had to be the price of woman's emancipation, I, for one, would support the institution of the zenana and the repression of woman by brute force; but I do not think we need be anxious.

If the New Woman is so aggressive, it is because she must be aggressive if she is to win her battle. We cannot expect people who are laboring under a sense of intolerable injury to set politely about the righting of that injury: when woman has entered her kingdom she will no longer have to resort to political nagging; her true nature will affirm itself for the first time, for it is difficult to believe that it has been able to affirm itself under the entirely artificial conditions of androcracy. Already some women to whom a profession or mental eminence has given exceptional freedom show us in society that women can be free and yet be sweet. Indeed they almost demonstrate the Feminist contention that women must be free before they are sweet, for are not these women — of whom all of us can name a few — the noblest and most desirable of their kind? The New Woman is like a freshly painted railing: whoever touches it will stain his hands, but the railing will dry in time.

There is one type of woman, however, whom I venture to call 'Old Woman,' who is probably a bitterer foe of Feminism than any man, and that is the super-feminine type, the woman for whom nothing exists except

her sex, who has no interests except the decking of her body and the quest of men. This woman, who once dominated her own species, still represents the majority of her sex. It is still true that the majority of women are concerned with little save the fashions, novels, plays, and vaudeville turns. These women want to have 'a good time' and want nothing more; they are ready to prey upon men by flattering them; they encourage their own weakness, which they call 'charm,' and generally aim at being pampered slaves, because, from their point of view, it pays better than being working partners. Evidence of this is to be found in women's shops, in the continual change in fashions, each of which is a signal to the male, and in the continual increase in the sums spent on adornment: it is not uncommon for a rich woman to spend five hundred dollars on a frock; two hundred and fifty dollars has been given for a hat; and twenty-five thousand dollars for a set of furs.

As Miss Beatrice Tina very well says, 'Woman is woman's worst enemy,' though she is not referring to this type. So long as woman maintains this attitude, compels man to forget her soul in the contemplation of her body, so long will she remain a slave, for this preoccupation goes further than clothes.

In a book recently published,[1] an account is given of the late Empress of Austria, who was evidently one of the lowest of the slave type. It is noteworthy that she had no love for her children because their coming had impaired her beauty. Now I do not suggest that Feminists are arrayed against the care of the body; far from it, for the campaign has many associates among those who support physical culture, the fresh-air movement, ancient costume revival, and the like; but Feminists are well aware that concentration on adornment diverts woman from the development of her brain and her soul, and enhances in her the characteristics of the harem favorite. One tentative suggestion is being made, and that is a uniform for women. The interested parties point out that men practically wear uniform, that there is hardly any change from year to year in their costume, and that any undue adornment of the male is looked upon as bad form. Thus, while few men can with impunity spend more than five hundred dollars a year on their clothes, many women do not consider themselves happy unless they can dispose of anything between five and twenty times that amount. This, while involving the household in difficulties, lowers the status of woman by lowering her mentality.

Feminists do not ask for sumptuary laws, having very little respect for the law, but for a new vision which is this: Man, intellectually developed, decks himself in no finery, because it is not essential to his success; woman must likewise abandon frippery if she is to have energy enough to reach his plane. They propose to attain their object by the force of their example, and I have received several letters on the subject, which show that the idea of fixing the fashions is not entirely wild, for fashion consists after all in wearing what everybody wears, and if an influential movement is started to maintain the costume of women on a very simple basis, it may very well prevail and kill much of their purely imitative vanity by showing them that undue devotion to self-adornment is very much worse than immoral: in other words, that it is in bad taste.

Incidentally the Feminists believe that the downfall of many women is procured by the offer of fine clothes. They hope, therefore, to derive some

[1] *My Past*, by Countess Marie Larisch.

side-profits from the simplification of woman's dress.

The question also arises as to whether woman can become intellectually independent, whether she does not naturally depend upon the opinion of man. It is suggested that not even rich women are actually independent, that women place marriage above their art, their work; but I do not think this is a very solid objection, for the vaunted independence of men is not so very common; they currently take many of their opinions from their reading in newspapers and books, and must often subordinate their views and their conduct to the will of their employer. The main answer to this suggestion is that we must not consider woman as she was, but woman 'as she is becoming,' as a creature of infinite potentialities, as virgin ground.

It may be *petitio principii* to say that, as woman has produced so much that is fine, she would have produced very much more if she had not been hampered by law and custom, derided by the male, but bad logic is often good sense. This should commend itself to men who are no longer willing to support the idea that women are inherently inferior to them, but who are willing to give them an opportunity to develop in every field of human activity. Thus and thus only, if man will readjust his views, expel *vir* and enthrone *homo*, can woman cease to appear before him as a rival and a foe, realize herself in her natural and predestined rôle, that of partner and mate.

[This subject will be discussed in a subsequent *Atlantic* from a widely different point of view. — The Editors.]

A CHILD-IDYL OF DONEGAL

BY AMANDA MATTHEWS

Mary Anne Duffy, aged six, trudged along a Donegal hillside, quite alone except for the cow she drove, — a curiously marked beast suggesting a black cow wearing a white blanket.

This was the proud morning for Mary Anne, since it marked her promotion from the toddling class to the herding. She held her straight little back still straighter as she realized how much older and more responsible she was than Kitty or even Pat James.

The cow half wheeled and shook her horns playfully at the new 'herd,' whose pretty pride suffered quick collapse.

'Och, the cow do be thinking I am too wee!' she whimpered, but bravely brandished her stick. The animal recognized the official baton and shambled on.

Mary Anne was sound and ruddy, though delicately formed. She had the quality of intrinsic cleanliness, as if the soil would not adhere even to her bare legs and feet. She wore a gray homespun dress of many patches and more rents. Her mother had pinned a red kerchief about her head.

The cow left the path and fell to grazing on the short, scanty, native

herbage. Mary Anne seated herself as near the creature's head as she deemed prudent; she did not want the cow commenting again on her smallness. She grasped the stick with two hands and observed fixedly every movement of her charge.

Soon she heard a mighty whooping alternated with snatches of music on a 'tromp' or jews-harp. It meant that Shane O'Donnell, a neighbor lad of eight years, was herding his father's four cows, not far away. Mary Anne dreaded Shane as a noisy, disconcerting being always overflowing with tumult. Not wishing him to spy her, she crept into a sheltered nook among the rocks. The sun was deliciously warm with one of those brief unexpected relentings which temper the rigors of Donegal. The white-blanketed cow soon wandered where she listed.

Shane O'Donnell discovered the beast when she had cleared a square yard of his father's oats, — something of a depredation in a field the size of a drawing-room. He recognized the cow and was driving her before him, expecting to have it out with one of the elder Duffys, when he came upon Mary Anne, still asleep, her head pillowed on a clump of daisies.

Shane had no weakness for little girls; he had always regarded Mary Anne as of even less consequence than Pat James; but now her exquisite helplessness made some appeal to his embryo masculinity, which he did not in the least understand, but which caused him to withdraw, taking her cow to herd with his own until she should awake.

Mary Anne came to herself in a grievous panic, and was on a rock staring about for her charge before she had finished rubbing her eyes. Poor little Irish Bo-peep! She soon discovered the cow in the possession of that monster, Shane O'Donnell. With one halting step after another, she forced herself to approach him. Her astonishment at his friendly grin was immeasurable.

'That was a fine sleep you had, Mary Anne.'

'Did — did — me cow do harm?' faltered the guilty one.

'She eat up most of me father's corn.'

'Will he — be annoyed?'

'He will that, just. He will break his legs running to t'rash you.'

'Maybe — it was some villain of another cow eat up the corn.'

'I seen your baste eating away.'

Again the domineering manhood of Shane O'Donnell succumbed, — this time to the pitiful puckers that formed about the little red mouth of Mary Anne.

'If I take the blame off you and say it was our dun cow, will you be giving me the next sweeties you get?'

'I will that, Shane. I will be giving you the next barley rock me father brings me, and come Fair Day I will give you me penny until you get some apples.'

'And I will be doing you the good turn, Mary Anne, to give you back one of the apples.'

'O Shane! I never was thinking you to be that char'table, I was not indeed!'

'Do not be revealing it on me,' he put in hastily. 'Do not be revealing me to be so grand and charitable.'

'I will not, Shane.'

'And do you not be revealing how I herded your old nuisance of a cow while you was sleeping.'

'I will not be revealing it,' promised Mary Anne in the repetitive form of answer which Donegal people carry over from their native Gaelic.

A distant church bell pealed three strokes, then three and three again, — a thrice blessed sound in that weird land where humanity feels itself the tenant-at-will of fierce elements and powers unseen. The children bowed

their heads and Shane dragged off his cap, showing his black poll very close cut except for a long fringe over his forehead. As they stood without sound or movement waiting for the last vibration to spend itself, they made a childish replica of Millet's Angelus. They were set in the characteristic Donegal landscape. Here the green mantle of Ireland has great patches of brown bogland, and is full of rents through which huge granite ledges thrust up gray knees. It is an untamable region whose sombre storm-beaten magnificence withers the heart of the stranger, but the youngsters lifted to it careless, accustomed eyes at the ceasing of the bell. Their faces, however, were still grave with an instant's prophecy of the dark seriousness of their elders. Their first shy smiles at each other with which they resumed their converse were like the glinting of the sun across brown bog pools.

'Time for noon milkin', Mary Anne. Get your cratur shingelin' on far ahead like we was not herding together.'

Thus Shane commanded and Mary Anne obeyed.

The cottages of the hillside group, toward which the boy and girl drove their cattle, were too few for a collective village name. The boreen leading up from the highway below came first to the slate-roofed abode of the O'Donnells. Shane was the youngest there. Mary Anne was the oldest of the children belonging to the low thatched Duffy cot farther up the hill. Within easy hail of the Duffys was a ruinous cabin, shaggy with grass, where dwelt old Cormac O'Brien, the piper. Nearest of all to the top of the brae stood the square stone hut of Peggy Coogan who lived there her lone.

When Mary Anne drove her cow back to the feeding ground, Shane was already there with his four. She noticed that above his ragged herding coat shone his white celluloid school collar.

'Do I look brave to you, Mary Anne?' he demanded.

'You do just.'

'Are you more content with me for the collar?'

'I am.'

'It restrains me neck like I was to be hunged.'

'It does,' she agreed sympathetically.

'It cost all of five pence.'

'Did it now!'

'Don't you be revealing I put on me collar to look brave for you.'

'I will not.'

'You being so old-fashioned and sensible,' he laughed, 'sit you here on this rock and eye all of the cows while I am constructin' you a bit house and you can be calling me if the cattle go streelin' into the crops.'

Shane wrought with diligence in a miniature glen just below Mary Anne's rock. He built the walls of stone and mud.

'Look how I bringed the full-of-me-arms of sticks from me house when me father was not noticing,' he exulted; 'and I bringed a spade.'

He laid the sticks across the top and then with the spade cut 'scraws' of grassy sod, rolling each one like a strip of carpet, and placed them across the sticks for the roof. He measured the size by his eye as he worked, comparing with Mary Anne. When finished, it was a rather close reproduction of the old piper's storm-soaked, grass-crowned habitation.

Mary Anne left her rock to dance in ecstasy about the tiny dwelling.

'Oh, the wee house! Oh, the pretty, wee house!'

'Put yourself inside.'

It was a close fit, but she could sit upright, and could have her feet within by curling them under her.

'Now stay you down there and mind

the house while I am up here herding, for you are me wee wife.'

'I am,' she assented joyously.

Her delight was purely imaginative. Shane was still young enough for the same appeal of make-believe, but he was also old enough for the delicious emotional disturbance of his first sweethearting.

Mary Anne's next impulse was the feminine one to dress the part. She took off her kerchief and, with thorns from a convenient whin-bush, she pinned it on for a matronly apron.

Then she ran about gathering pebbles to pretend they were potatoes. Shane bethought himself of the cows and returned to the rock, from which he could look down on Mary Anne's activities, as she had looked on his during the building of the house.

'It is himself will be coming home to supper and the tatties not in the kettle,' she chirruped.

'It is herself is the grand wee wife trigging up the hearth and boiling me spuds to me liking just,' he chirruped back. 'But you will not be revealing our blathers, Mary Anne?'

'I will not.'

The weather is seldom of one mind for two hours together in Donegal. Dark blue rain-clouds were gathering rapidly, and there were premonitory mutterings of the storm.

'The t'unders!' cried Shane. 'I hear the t'unders! Run for your wee house, Mary Anne! There you will be safe and dry.'

The first drops fell on Mary Anne's feet as she was crawling in.

'Be's you grand and content, Mary Anne?'

'I am that.'

'Is there any of the rain coming in on you, woman?'

'There is not.'

'Are you no glad I made you the elegant bit house?'

'I am.'

'Was you ever thinking to get a man who would be giving you such a fine place to sit down?'

'I was not. Shane, you 's terrible good!'

The clouds emptied themselves. The cattle stopped feeding and turned their backs to the storm in patient endurance. The wind drove the rain so slantingly that Shane found partial shelter in the lee of a rock-heap which formed one side of the little glen. He noted with satisfaction that Mary Anne's door opened away from the tempest.

'I mind nothing so me wee wife be's grand and content,' he shouted.

Just then he heard a soft crunching followed by a smothered wail. He knew instantly from former experiences with sod shelters what had happened, and jumped to the rescue. Fortunately, when the house collapsed, Mary Anne had instinctively thrown up her arms to shield her head, so there was an air-chamber left for her face in the general ruin which buried her out of sight except for one little white hand protruding from the wreck like a signal of distress.

Shane dug frantically with his hands until he thought of the spade. He had her out in less than two minutes, but in a most woebegone condition, mud-encrusted, bruised and terrified, with a bleeding scratch on one cheek. The furious rain sent the mud from her hair coursing down her face in thick black streams. She sobbed with childish abandon of fright and misery.

'You be's dead, Mary Anne,' mourned the contrite Shane.

'I am,' she agreed.

'Let me look. Are you much hurted?'

He gently detached her apron and, dipping it in the nearest pool, he assisted the rain in washing away the clinging mud.

When the dirt was sufficiently out of her eyes, she stopped crying to survey the ruin.

'The bit house fell itself on me,' she lamented.

'Mary Anne, take you the cow stick and give me a good t'rashing for the trouble I brought on you this day.'

'I will not. There is no blame on you and I am no hurted, and I am liking you the same as before.'

'Some day I will be building you another wee house that will no fall on you.'

'Will you be himself?'

'I will.'

'And me to be herself?'

'You shall, and no other girl whatever.'

'Shane, you's awful char'table!'

'I am. Stand you still, Mary Anne, I will be tying back your handkerchief or maybe you will be getting a dose of cold.'

Shane was fastening the sopping square beneath Mary Anne's chin, when a freckled face partly bounded by a gray cap and prominent ears came in sight over the rock from which Shane had watched the cows.

'Hullo, Mary Anne!'

Mary Anne did not answer, for the reason that while her name was used it was applied directly to Shane.

'What you doing on this height, Billy Deever?'

'Looking for me calf, Mary Anne. Will you be asking me to your wedding?'

'Big Hump and Crooked Legs!'

'What be's you getting with the girl? Her father must be equal for a cow and three couples of sheep.'

'You, black! The devil take you and your calf out of this!'

'Mary Anne
Has a man,'

chanted Billy Deever over and over until the hillside rang with it.

Shane's fists clenched, but Billy Deever was ten. The occasion called for diplomacy.

'You old tief! What must I give you not to be kilt with me companions codding me? — and no cause but your old lying chat!'

'If you gived me your tromp —'

'I will not be sparing me tromp to the likes of you.'

'Then kape it yourself, Mary Anne Duffy.'

Shane approached Billy anxiously. 'I will be giving you lashins of barley rock and the full of your two hands of apples come next Fair Day.'

With this Shane tried to slap Billy's hand as men do to seal a cattle trade, but Billy thrust his hands behind him.

'I will be having naught but the tromp that is in your pocket forninst me face,' insisted the future American alderman.

'Take it over, then, and may it put all your teef into smithereens and choke you dead, bad scran to you, Billy Deever!'

Shane flung the tromp on the grass. With a victorious whoop Billy pounced upon it and was off after his calf, which he now spied vanishing over the top of the hill. Mary Anne meanwhile had crouched patiently in the poor shelter of a rock.

'O Shane,' she mourned, 'I bringed you the bad luck to lose your tromp and you that char'table —'

'I think nothing of that, Mary Anne, so you be's not hurted. I see your mother coming yonder. Take up your cow and lep along, but do not be revealing on me.'

'I will reveal nothing,' again promised Mary Anne as she prodded the reluctant cow into action.

THE CASE FOR THE SINGLE TAX

BY F. W. GARRISON

'That the earth is the common property of all men . . . Those who make private property of the gift of God pretend in vain to be innocent. For in thus retaining the substance of the poor they are the murderers of those who die every day for the want of it.' — POPE GREGORY THE GREAT.

I

A GENERATION has now passed since Henry George infused new life into the dry bones of political economy by writings which, if slow to win acceptance in the universities, made an immediate and profound impression upon the popular mind. Whatever may be thought of the Single-Tax doctrine, — whether it be regarded as the key to industrial freedom or as the worst of heresies, — the multiplication of its adherents, and its progress in actual legislation, have removed it from the realm of questions purely academic and make pertinent a restatement of its aims and accomplishments.

Briefly stated, the Single Tax is a method of raising money for the necessary expenses of government by taking the rent, or the annual yield of land-values, alone, abolishing all other forms of taxation, direct or indirect. It may be described as government without taxation, for, if the Georgian contention is true, the rent of land belongs not to the individual who would be required to surrender it, but to the community as a whole.

On what just basis can I claim exclusive right to a part of the limited surface of the earth? 'No man made the land,' said Mill. 'It is the original inheritance of the whole species.' No matter how far we delve into the past, we can find no just title to the private ownership of land. A Vermont judge, when asked to return a fugitive slave to the man who claimed ownership, replied, 'Show me a bill of sale from the Almighty and I will deliver him.' The same reasoning may be applied to land titles with equal force. Blackstone admits that 'there is no foundation in nature, or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land.' 'Whilst another man has no land,' says Emerson, 'my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated.' And Herbert Spencer maintains that land-titles all rest on force, fraud, or cunning. When Edward I sent his commission to inquire into the existing judicial franchises in 1278, Earl Warenne flung a rusty sword on the table and cried, 'This, Sirs, is my warrant. By the sword our fathers won their lands when they came over with the Conqueror, and by the sword we will keep them.'

Man is a land animal, and access to land is essential to human life. If the earth were to be divided among all men living to-day, in shares of equal value, the next child born would have a just complaint against a bargain which ignored his inherent right to an equal share. Jefferson recognized the force of this argument when he declared that 'the earth belongs in usufruct to the living.' Land is the universal mother, capable of feeding, clothing, and sheltering all her children, but turned

by perverse human laws into an unnatural parent, absurdly indulgent to some of her offspring and merciless to others. Land is the source of all wealth; from it human labor extracts 'the sum of all things which tend to satisfy the physical, intellectual, and spiritual needs of mankind'; and being the reservoir of wealth, it must not be confounded with wealth, to which it bears the same relation that the fabled goose bore to its golden eggs. Concede the exclusive use of the land to a part of the human race, and the remainder can live only on the sufferance of the proprietors.

In the early home of the English race the free man was distinguished from the dependent by the ownership of land. But even under feudalism the possession of land was conditioned upon a return of some kind to the sovereign, as representative of the people. Personal property in England was not taxed until 1188, when Henry II levied the Saladin Tithe for a crusade fund. In the law of eminent domain we still acknowledge that the ownership of land should be conditional on the rights of society at large. Speaking in the House of Commons, Cobden described the transition by which the landlord managed to evade his just burdens. 'For a period of one hundred and fifty years after the Conquest the whole revenue of the country was derived from the land'; but it was gradually shifted until, by 1845, land contributed but one twenty-fifth. 'Thus,' he declared, 'the land, which anciently paid the whole of taxation, pays now only a fraction . . . notwithstanding the immense increase that has taken place in the value of rentals. The people fared better under the despotic monarchs than when the powers of the State had fallen into the hands of a landed oligarchy, who first exempted themselves from taxation, and next claimed compensation for themselves by a Corn Law for their heavy and peculiar burdens.'

In the early days of settlement in the United States, when land was plenty, there was little or no poverty. Despite a lack of capital, subsistence was to be won from the earth, and it was easy for the laborer, dissatisfied with his wages, to become his own employer. But this happy condition did not last. In 1873 an English observer echoed the warnings of Henry George. He called attention to the fact that the country was 'flinging to the winds its splendid patrimony and recklessly selling and alloting to railway companies or land-jobbers what might be the national revenues of the future. What repentance awaits that country,' he exclaimed, 'for having given to some of the railways grants of 25,600 acres per mile of road, and for assigning to the Northern Pacific Company alone 58,000,000 acres!' It is estimated that from 250,000,000 to 350,000,000 acres of the public domain have been 'granted to the Pacific railways or illegally appropriated by persons and corporations in conspiracy with the agents of the government.'

Repentance has been late in coming, but it has taken a secure hold on the country at last, in the conservation movement, which aims to check the prodigal waste of the natural resources of the government. We have awakened to the folly of permitting the alienation of the rich mineral deposits, the valuable forests and water-power sites which still fall within the public domain.

Well may the conservationist ask himself if the bounties of nature were stored during the ages for the special benefit of the Morgans, Rockefellers, and Carnegies, their heirs and assigns. Does their insight and financial genius sufficiently compensate us for the surrender of such a disproportionate share

of the common inheritance? And if not, do their princely charitable bequests square the account? When we look about us upon the accumulating misery which the most highly organized charity and the richest endowments have proved themselves powerless to stay, we can but ask ourselves if the doctors have correctly diagnosed the case. Charity is like a drug which, taken habitually, weakens the moral fibre. It warps the judgment of him who gives and him who receives. In the Middle Ages men bought indulgences from the Pope. To-day they buy them from their conscience with a dole to charity. It was the contemplation of such a state of things that led Maeterlinck to ask if, after all, charity were aught but the 'insolent flame of permanent injustice.'

Large sums are readily obtained to fight consumption, to build hospitals, to further temperance, to care for the victims of a city's vice. But show that consumption results from land monopoly in slum conditions, and from tariff monopoly, which makes the price of warm clothing prohibitive; point out that intemperance is largely the result of poverty and taxation; reveal the landlord (whose name may head the list of charities) drawing his rentals from resorts of vice; demand the repeal of privilege in any of its manifold forms, and its beneficiaries raise a loud cry of spoliation and declare that vested interests must not be disturbed.

The rich are slow to see that they are in truth the great recipients of charity. Blinded by custom, we detect no irony in the fact that the laboring class is synonymous with the poor, and the idle class with the rich. Yet all wealth is created by labor. Spectacular as are the gifts of the multi-millionaires, they represent but a small fraction of the contributions which unjust laws permit them to exact from the laboring masses. 'Give no bounties, make equal laws, secure life and property,' said Emerson. 'Open the doors of opportunity to talent and virtue and they will do themselves justice, and property will not be in bad hands.' It is difficult for those of us who have been born into the more or less privileged strata of society to see with the eyes of the disinherited. We are ready to accept conditions as inevitable, and to console ourselves with the belief that the poor are ordained to be always with us. We hear a great deal about the dignity of work, and are readily persuaded that poverty is the result, and not the cause, of ignorance and shiftlessness.

> The toad beneath the harrow knows
> Precisely where each sharp tooth goes;
> The butterfly upon the road
> Preaches contentment to the toad.

That whatever a man creates by his own labor belongs exclusively to him, and cannot justly be claimed by any one else, is regarded by Single-Taxers as a self-evident truth, and by its acceptance they become the champions of property in its true sense, and the implacable foes of privilege. They recognize three factors in the production of wealth: land, labor, and capital (or wealth set apart to aid in the production of more wealth); and between these three factors the product must be divided. The share of land is rent, that of labor, wages, and that of capital, interest. Confusion may arise from failure to make clear the meaning of the term rent. In common parlance no distinction is drawn between the sum paid for the use of land and that paid for the use of factories, houses, machinery, and so forth. The distinction is, however, all-important. The return received in the form of rent from all things created by labor is in reality either wages for the labor expended, or interest on the capital employed, and may be said to be

earned. But the rent arising from land, known as economic rent, can be credited to no individual effort and is in fact the measure of social activity. It exists 'wherever any particular portion of land affords superior opportunities, or advantages of fertility or situation, over that which is freely open for any one to use.'

The flood of humanity which flows and ebbs daily through a great city's thoroughfares gives to those localities exceptional opportunities in the way of trade, and men are willing to pay large sums to do business there. Imagine every building swept away by some catastrophe; so long as the population remained alive, the rental value of the land would persist. In Baltimore and San Francisco, land-values rose after fire had done its worst. It is not due to the genius or industry of the Astors or the house of Bedford that land in the heart of New York and London sells at the rate of $15,000,000 an acre. From their roots safely imbedded in the soil, they flourish like the lilies of the field, although they toil not. They need do no work nor risk a cent of capital; in other words, they need not contribute in any way to the production of wealth, and yet they have the power to use wealth in excessive abundance.

Greatly concentrated land-values are to be found in railway franchises and exclusive rights of way for telephone, telegraph, pipe-lines, and so forth, in docks, the control of water-power sites, oil, gas, and mineral deposits. The annual mineral output of the United States amounts to $2,069,289,196 according to the U.S. Geological Survey for 1908. Frederic C. Howe points out that a royalty of twenty-five per cent on this natural monopoly alone, would yield $517,322,299, or almost as much as the sum collected through the customs and internal revenue. It is estimated that the ownership and control by the railways of the anthracite coal deposits in Pennsylvania makes it possible to take from the consumer from one to two hundred million dollars a year above a reasonable cost of producing the yearly output. The stupendous income from natural monopoly, now absorbed by private interests, can be easily imagined.

As land-values fluctuate in precise agreement with social development, there are losses as well as gains to be taken into consideration. When Edward I massacred the inhabitants of Berwick, 'the greatest merchant city of northern Britain sank from that time into a petty seaport.' Every one is familiar with the ups and downs of special localities in our modern cities. But it remains true that, taking a community as a whole, so long as it is developing, and evolving a higher state of civilization, so long will the land continue to yield an increasing rent. We are not here concerned with the landlord as a laborer or capitalist. He may improve his land by building offices or factories upon it, and for their use receive what is commonly called rent, but only that part of the sum which represents desirability of situation is rent in the economic sense.

It may be urged that the returns which the landlord receives in the shape of rent are the reward of skill and foresight in investment, and that great rewards are only fair where the chances of failure are great. And we are often told that if society takes the increase of value on land, it ought to make good the decrease of value which is a kindred phenomenon. Single-Taxers believe that speculation in land is as inexcusable as speculation in air or light would be; and indeed it involves them both. Speculation will cease as soon as the landlord is obliged to turn over to the public treasury the full economic rent, a sum which will vary with the varying

fortunes of the locality. At the same time he will reap the full reward of his industry and not be mulcted by taxation as at present. Withholding land from use, in anticipation of increased values, leads to the intolerable trinity of idle land, idle rich, and idle poor.

It is a question not merely of expediency, but of life and death. 'The land question,' said Cardinal Manning, 'means hunger, thirst, nakedness, notice to quit, labor spent in vain, the toil of years seized upon, the breaking up of homes, the misery, sickness, deaths of parents, children, wives, the despair and wildness which spring up in the hearts of the poor, when legal force, like a sharp harrow, goes over the most sensitive and vital right of mankind.' Famine travels in the wake of land monopoly no less inevitably than in that of war. The difference is that while war chokes production, land monopoly snatches the food that has been produced from the hands of the starving. A witness of the Irish famine wrote from that rent-racked country: 'A calm, still horror was over the land. Go where you would, in the heart of the town or the suburb, there was the stillness and heavy, pall-like feeling of the chamber of death. You stood in the presence of a dread, silent, vast dissolution. An unseen ruin was creeping round you. Human passion there was none, but inhuman and unearthly quiet.' And yet, during that same year, over $200,000,000 worth of food was shipped out of Ireland to pay the rent which the landlords were able to exact. And during the next sixteen years the Irish emigrants to this country are estimated to have sent home not less than $65,000,000, to be absorbed in the same way. Like the Irish famine of 1847, the recurring famines of China and India are due to the grinding force of land monopoly, and not to the niggardliness of nature.

Every improvement made by a city in comfort or beauty is reflected in higher rents. 'There was a block of traffic in Oxford Street,' said Arnold Bennett. 'To avoid the block people actually began to travel under the cellars and drains, and the result was a rise of rents in Shepherd's Bush!' Every tunnel under the Hudson River, every new bridge, and all added facilities of travel, serve but to increase the revenues of the suburban land-owners and the transportation companies. Indeed land-owners frequently receive damages for public works that increase the value of their property. Fortunately this custom is coming into disrepute as light is let in upon the land question.

II

Mill gave the name of 'unearned increment' to the increase of value which normally accrues to the land in every growing community, as it is not earned by the landlords into whose pockets society permits it to be diverted. Manhattan Island was bought from the Indians for $28, and the land of New York City is now valued at more than $3,500,000,000. The phenomenal increase in land-values is daily reported in the columns of the newspapers. Mr. Joseph Fels, an ardent disciple of Henry George, offers a personal, if modest, example. A few years ago he bought eleven and one half acres of land in West Philadelphia for $37,500. The city moved in that direction and three thousand houses were built in the vicinity. As a result, and without improving his property, Mr. Fels saw its value leap in successive stages to $125,000. He does not, however, pretend that this growing value is justly his, or due to his skill or foresight. 'The unearned increment,' he says, 'in justice and right, belongs not to me, but to the community. I have done

nothing to make that value. My part has been to hold the land out of best use. Yet the profit is mine legally, and I have some consolation from the thought that I intend to expend it in such a way that conditions may be changed, to the end that neither I nor any other man shall have the power to make money out of the work and sweat of others. I shall do my part in this work by devoting money and efforts to disseminating the truth concerning what some of our opponents speak of slightingly as "the single tax," which some refer to lovingly as the economic philosophy of Henry George, and which I call plain justice.'

John Moody gives the estimated wealth of the nation in 1907 as about $120,000,000,000, and figures that about one half is what might be called created wealth. The balance he calls spontaneous wealth, or unearned increment. Here we have a social fund upon which no individual has a just claim, and amply sufficient for the needs of government. Why not use it for that purpose and remit the tribute exacted from labor and capital by taxation?

'Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sirs, no more tribute, pray you now.'

What that tribute is becomes apparent whenever we trace the action of our tax laws. Having alienated the fund for government needs which nature provides, other sources of revenue had to be found and taxes levied that would raise the most money with the least outcry. Hence arose the indirect taxation which has found its fullest flower in that luxuriant but poisonous growth — the protective tariff. The Roman taxes were farmed out to syndicates which at least paid the expenses of collection out of their spoils. But the beneficiary of the protective system absorbs his tribute without expense, shifting the heavy burden of collection upon the government, which receives but a small part of the general contribution. And from the amount collected by the government must be deducted the actual cost of custom-houses and a huge force of clerks and spies withdrawn from productive employment, to say nothing of the moral cost of creating an artificial crime and fostering international jealousies.

The well-to-do make a great outcry over double taxation, and rightly, but few concern themselves with the multiple taxation of the poor. For it is upon the poor that the bulk of taxation falls, the rich having ways of shifting a large part of the burden upon those beneath. A tax has been likened to a hot copper which is quickly passed from one hand to another until it reaches the last man in the line, who gets burned. Thomas G. Shearman estimated that 'taxes are so arranged as to take from the poorer classes 75 to 80 per cent of their annual earnings while exacting from the rich only 3 to 10 per cent.' When Mr. Rockefeller gives $10,000,000, to Chicago University he is the ostensible donor; the real contributors are the unknown thousands who must pay tribute to Mr. Rockefeller on account of his monopolies as gigantic landlord and tariff beneficiary. 'As the laws are to-day,' says Lawson Purdy, 'no wealthy man, who has legal advice, need pay any direct taxes on personal property.' Those who cannot hide or afford expert legal services must pay.

Glance at the problems which keep pace with the growth of material prosperity, the familiar picture of concentrated wealth and abject poverty side by side. We cannot see the palaces of the rich without being conscious of the neighboring slums, where human beings live crowded together in miserable

hovels, unable even to enjoy the light and air to which no man as yet claims exclusive title, and which are supplied by nature in boundless profusion. What does the slum landlord give his tenants in return for the rent he exacts for squalid buildings in surroundings that breed disease and death? He gives the privilege of occupying a site made valuable by the pressing needs of society, and increased in value artificially by land held idle for speculative gains. But if the social value were reclaimed for public purposes, idle land would be forced into use and the owners of tenements would have to offer better homes. Competition would keep rents within bounds, and laborers, released from taxation, would have more to spend on the decencies and comforts of life. And the landlord, no longer taxed on every improvement, would have some incentive to add to the attractiveness of his property.

If, by taking economic rent for public purposes, we release idle land, and at the same time encourage industry by the removal of taxes, we are respecting the rights of property with scrupulous nicety; and we shall create a demand for labor which will solve the menacing problem of unemployment. The vice and crime which spring from slums as naturally as disease, and are in fact disease, will be checked at their source. Remove from the breasts of the criminals, who prey upon society, the ever-present feeling that society is arrayed against them, and that laws are made and administered for the rich, and who can say what forces of regeneration will spring into action?

Nor is there any other solution than freedom from taxation for the bitter and wasteful struggle between labor and capital. Their needs are in fact the same, for capital has no other office than to facilitate labor in the production of added wealth. The issue is confused because the capitalist is often a monopolist as well. The common enemy of both capital and labor is monopoly, and when it is abolished, each will receive its reward in interest and wages. The increased demand for labor will make wages higher, and labor unions will be unnecessary; and the fear of deadly competition being removed, the immigration problem will cease to be a problem at all, and workers from other lands will be welcomed to aid in the production of wealth the natural limits of which have never been descried.

The abolition of tariffs and the recognition of the right to the use of the earth which all its inhabitants possess, will at last lay the spectre of war, and lead to the abandonment of an armed peace which is only less crushing and brutalizing than war itself. It will be no small gain to be rid of the military class with its 'natural drift toward lawlessness and violence.' The drones created and maintained by the army and navy establishment and the bureaucracy of tax departments will be freed for productive labor. In fact, there is no social question occupying men's minds and absorbing their energies that will not be modified by the liberation of the land. Political corruption, which usually starts from the headquarters of monopoly, will cease from lack of temptation.

The remedy is not a visionary one. Forty years ago John Macdonell, in his book on the Land Question, said: 'We vex the poor with indirect taxes, we squeeze the rich, we ransack heaven and earth to find some new impost palatable or tolerable, and all the time, these hardships going on, neglected or misapplied there have lain at our feet a multitude of resources ample enough for all just common wants, growing as they grow, and so marked out that we may say they form Nature's budget. . . . To no transcendental motives does

the project appeal. It demands no miraculous draught of administrative talents or public virtues. It is simple and intelligible. It is nothing but giving the body politic the blood which it has secreted.'

It is not uncommon to hear persons who admit the force of the abstract argument declare that private monopoly in land has been sanctioned so long by custom that to abolish it would lead to unwarranted confiscation. They point to the fact that many innocent persons have invested in land at the high prices which a monopoly system creates, and they demand compensation for the vested interest attacked. The same arguments that served in the agitation over slavery are heard again, and England's compensation of slave-owners is held up for our admiration. The fact is that in the case of land monopoly, as in that of slavery, there are conflicting demands to be settled. Nobody suggested that the slaves be compensated for their loss of wages, and no one to-day suggests that the people whose substance has flowed so long into the landlord's coffers be compensated for their arrears of tribute. But may they not as justly seek compensation as those whom it is proposed to deprive of their monopoly?

The abolition of any legalized wrong involves hardship to those who are profiting by it, and the longer it is postponed, the greater the penalty which justice exacts. To take the people's money to purchase for them something which in nature belongs to them is too absurd, and it is safe to say that it will not be attempted in this instance. The process doubtless will be to concentrate taxation gradually on land-values, relieving industry at the same time. This method, involving delay, does not mete out full justice, but it is at least in line with human progress. 'Compromise is man's law, to do right is God's.'

To those who have seen a vision of better times to come, any step in the right direction, however feeble, however hesitating, brings courage and hope. Such is the legislation embodied in the Lloyd George Budget of 1909, with its tax of a half-penny in the pound on the value of land (with some exceptions), and twenty per cent on the unearned increment. The amount of justice done is slight, but the recognition of the principle is of supreme importance, and the popular education accomplished by the political campaign has been far-reaching in its results. The potential power in the movement to free the land was thoroughly apprehended by the great land-owning class, and hence the desperate resistance made by the House of Lords (or the House of Landlords, as it has been aptly termed). The lords failed to heed Cobden's warning to land-owners against forcing the subject of taxation upon the attention of the middle or industrial classes. 'Great as I believe the grievance of the protective system,' he said, 'mighty as I consider the fraud and injustice of the Corn Laws, I verily believe you will find as black a record against the land-owners as even the Corn Law itself. I warn them against ripping up the subject of taxation.'

Whether or not it is a characteristic of human nature, it is an undoubted fact that laws are commonly made in the interests of the law-makers. Sometimes this is done crudely and openly, for the personal gain of a legislator, as in the case of much tariff legislation; more frequently it is accomplished by general legislation, unconsciously dictated by class interest. The three hundred and sixty peers who voted to reject the Lloyd George Budget own almost one seventh of the land surface of the United Kingdom, an area equal in extent to sixteen English counties.

III

Progress and Poverty was published in 1879. The author claimed no originality for the doctrines he expounded regarding the rights of land-ownership; but in exploding the commonly accepted Malthusian theory, that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence, he removed forever the stigma which rested upon political economy. The 'dismal science' was a figment of the Malthusian imagination. With the realization that a livelihood is within the reach of all who are given access to their birthright, that poverty and all its attendant evils are the results of bad laws, and not decreed by an inscrutable Providence, arose a new hope for social regeneration. We need not fear the shock of a too sudden arrival of the millenium. To a friendly critic, who accused Henry George of too expansive an optimism, he replied, 'You say you do not see in the single tax a panacea for poverty. Nor yet do I. The panacea for poverty is freedom. What I see in the single tax is the means of securing that industrial freedom which will make possible other triumphs of freedom.'

Seeing the cause of so much human misery, and believing that they are possessed of a remedy, Single-Taxers are naturally optimistic. And their optimism is strengthened when they look back over the record of a single generation. South Australia was the first to respond to the new idea, and in 1886 adopted a land-value tax which was later extended to municipalities. In Queensland the exemption of improvements from taxation was begun in 1891, and has been gradually extended, until in 1905 a Conservative government made the exemption complete. More than ten per cent of the annual value of land now goes to the community. New Zealand began to tax unimproved land-values at the same time, and nearly one half of the total taxes now come from this source. In 1896 New South Wales followed suit, and, with the coöperation of the land-owners in some instances, has gone further than any other state, at least twenty per cent of the annual land-values being taken for public uses. Western Australia imposes a tax on land-values for state purposes, besides giving rural districts power to exempt improvements. Tasmania has had a tax on the unimproved capital value of land for many years. Victoria is the only Australian state which has held back, and it has suffered in consequence, losing population to states where industry is more justly rewarded. None of the 90,500 square miles of Papua (a dependency of the Commonwealth) can be alienated, land being held on lease with periodical reassessment.

In the German Empire, Prussia was the first to give its municipalities the power to tax land-values, and most of the other states have followed suit, and the power has been widely used. There are fifteen hundred villages supported from the produce of communal lands, without taxation, and in some of them the inhabitants actually receive a dividend. The German dependency of Kiautchou in China is under the partial sway of the single tax, and the minister for the Colonies hopes to extend the system to all the other German colonies. Two Swiss cantons tax land-values for state and municipal purposes, and one of them has no other taxes. Orson, in Sweden, has no taxation, and yet provides a street railway free for all, a library, and public schools, and pays its own taxes to the central government. The money comes from a communal forest which encircles the town.

The United States has been slow to adopt the ideas which its citizens have

done so much to popularize throughout the world. *Progress and Poverty* has been translated into all the European languages. Not long before his death Tolstoï wrote, 'The injustice of the seizure of the land as property has long ago been recognized by thinking people, but only since the teaching of Henry George has it become clear by what means this injustice can be abolished. At the present time the abolition of property in land everywhere demands its solution as insistently as, fifty years ago, the problem of slavery demanded solution in Russia and in America. The supposed rights in landed property are the foundation not only of economic misery, but also of political disorder, and, above all, of the moral depravity of the people.'

In May, 1913, an international Single-Tax Congress was held at Ronda, Spain, at which were present delegates from the chief European countries as well as from the Spanish-American states, where the movement has entered the field of practical politics. But nowhere are experiments along single-tax lines more striking than in Western Canada, where the taxation of land-values is firmly established and rapidly extending. A large number of municipalities depend entirely upon this form of taxation for local revenues and the provincial governments are moving in the same direction. Under this policy the growth and prosperity of such cities as Vancouver, Edmonton, and Victoria have challenged world-wide attention and are attracting a yearly emigration from the United States of between 100,000 and 200,000 of our most industrious and wide-awake citizens. An increasing pressure is thus being exerted from across the Canadian border. The Minnesota report on taxation, issued in 1912, predicts that 'within the next ten or twenty years the Single-Tax principle will be adopted by every taxing district in Western Canada.'

The Canadian practice has been to reduce the tax-rate on personal property and improvements from year to year, increasing proportionately the rate on unimproved land-values; and the Tax Commissioner of Houston, Texas, has followed this example, without waiting for specific legal authorization. But the first state in the Union to adopt legislation of this character was Pennsylvania. The new statute, passed in May, 1913, obliges cities of the second class (Pittsburg and Scranton) to reduce the rate on buildings to ninety per cent of that on land and to continue by reductions of ten per cent every three years until a fifty per cent reduction is reached. A similar bill for New York City is pending before the legislature. It proposes to reduce the rate on buildings to one half the rate on land within five consecutive years.

It is not possible within the limits of this paper to give a complete summary of the modifications in the tax systems of the world since Henry George made his searching inquiry into the right of private property in land, but enough has been indicated to show the vitality of the issue which he raised. The moral fervor which possessed him has been communicated to his followers in an ever-widening circle, his ideas confront alike the legislator and the sociologist, and must be reckoned with.

[An argument against the Single Tax, written for the *Atlantic* by Professor Alvin S. Johnson, will appear in January. — The Editors.]

SOME ALLIES OF LOVE

BY RICHARD C. CABOT

I

It seems hardly decent to discuss so sacred a matter in the publicity of print. Dimly aware of this, we try to approach the subject delicately through such phrases as 'The Spirit of Youth' (Jane Addams) or 'The Life Force' (G. Bernard Shaw in *Man and Superman*). To free the word love from its association with boudoirs and morbid novels, we try to identify it with something genial and all-pervasive, to ally it with the great, sane forces of nature. For we believe that if these allies stimulate and reënforce personality, if they awaken and intensify our feeble energy, then they tend to ennoble our affections.

Elemental nature is such an ally. A group of people who start on a camping trip tolerably indifferent to each other, often come home bubbling over with friendliness. There may have been very little talking during the trip. What has drawn them together? Is it not the contact with elemental conditions: paddling, carrying, cooking, and sleeping by the camp-fire? To share fatigue, disappointment, surprise, hunger, and good appetite, gives us a common life. Facing nature we join hands, reinvigorated.

Friends who went through the horrors of the San Francisco earthquake in 1906 and kept their spiritual senses alert, tell me that its most poignant experience was not one of horror or of pity, but of an almost miraculous attainment of human brotherhood. Just after the disaster, when rich and poor waited in line together for their allowance of bread and milk, 'I saw,' says a friend, 'a rich woman from the St. Francis Hotel lying asleep on a doorstep with her head on a muff. A long sable coat was thrown over her and under one corner of it a young Japanese boy — a perfect stranger to her — was curled up asleep. . . . Everybody was everybody's friend, and though we were all dog-tired, there was not a word of complaint or ill-nature.' To bivouac together in the park and care for each other's babies around fires of driftwood gathered on the beach, transformed men and women into defenceless children of the earth, revealed each to each by their innate lovableness. Common danger and mutual helpfulness, common misfortune, common work, common confrontation with the elemental, swiftly achieved an almost ideal brotherhood. A crushing blow made all the world kin.

Within a few weeks, it is true, the San Franciscans forgot this beneficent revelation and slid back into their old animosities. But even that pitiful relapse serves to make my point the clearer. Affection, this time in the form of comradeship, was for a day reenforced, almost consecrated, by contact with hostile nature; then lost its sacredness again, when the bond of contact was broken and 'civilization' once more got the upper hand.

In hospital work, patients, doctors, and nurses who face terror and disease together are often knit into comrade-

ship, like soldiers on a campaign. The 'new patient' just entering a hospital is as forlorn and terror-stricken as a child lost in a forest or landed friendless in a strange country. The menace of illness, the hospital's dark and fearful suggestions, and its sights, sounds, and smells, make him so hungry for friendly guidance that it is marvelously easy to serve him as a friend in need. Through the simplest physical helpfulness or decent sympathy, one gains a foothold in friendship which could not be won in months of acquaintance outside of the hospital. Why? Because disaster and sickness have renewed the instinctive alliance of all human beings against the assault of the non-human world.

I have been speaking so far of strangers made friendly by working together against elemental nature. But nature can bring new strength not only into vague and general affections, but into all affections, even into the most sacred of human ties. On one of our rare country outings last spring, my wife and I wandered away from the violets and the apple-blossoms and came all at once upon a place where the grass was afire. Some stumps and one small cedar were also burning. It was a bit of country precious to us both; so as soon as we had explored a little and mapped out our task, we started to choke out the remnants of the fire.

Some parts we could beat out with a stick, others we smothered with damp earth. Before long each of us was possessed by that passion of accomplishment which so often carries one far beyond the original plan. We quite forgot each other, and when I at last straightened up and looked over the stump which I had been pounding, I could just see my wife far off on the brow of a hill. Her back was toward me, but I could see that she was stamping and beating out the patches of smouldering fire, quite as engrossed in her work as I had been in mine. When I joined her, her shoes were white with dust. There were flakes of ashes on her black hair. Her skirt was pinned up, and she was on the warpath, — so intent on her task that, when she raised her head, her eyes scanned me for an instant almost as if I had been a stranger. But what I felt most vividly was that we had both been down into a bath in the elemental, — 'the healthy underworld where things slumber and grow,' — and that in our very forgetfulness of each other, our love had taken up into itself some of the sweetness and patience of the earth.

We are apt to think that our contact with nature, in work or play, is good chiefly because it benefits our health or increases our knowledge. But I think we should remember and cultivate the beneficent influence of nature upon our affections. On them as well as on our muscles, nature bestows new spring, tone, and control.

Art, no less than nature, can enrich and reënforce the springs of our affection. How warmly we sometimes feel toward those with whom we have just sung a stirring chorus or a noble hymn! Have not all of us come away from some deeply moving music aware of something curiously familiar and endearing in those previously indifferent to us? Any lover of Wagner will recall for instance, the wonderful passage in the second act of *Lohengrin*, after the marriage of the hero and heroine. Their love for each other rises to a higher power when Lohengrin goes to the window and throws it open. A flood of spring moonlight and spring fragrance pours in. Permeated by the beauty of the night, spring's creative forces in their veins, they are more deeply united to each other, and every spectator who has ears to hear is also united more

sacredly with whomsoever is dear to him.

We must agree with Tolstoï that lawless art stirs up lawless love. On the other hand, to read of Stevenson's affection for Walter Ferrier,[1] or Dante's exalted passion for Beatrice, surely increases our capacity for the nobler types of love; for to appreciate is always in some measure to appropriate.

Each of love's neighbors contributes something precious toward the richness of its chords. Nature gives them a new timbre, art adds an ampler vibration. Playfulness, patriotism, loyalty to truth and to honor, buttress and strengthen them like contrapuntal melodies. Like a symphony without its mischievous scherzo, love is maimed and darkened if it cannot express itself in 'jest and sport and quip and crank.' We laugh for love as well as for joy or triumph, and smiles carry the messages of affection as often as those of fun.

By nature and art, by playfulness, patriotism, truthfulness, and all the greatest forces in our nature, love is penetrated, nourished, and supported. I marvel sometimes when I see two people marry, and then try to feed their love simply on each other. It is inconceivable that any love can live and grow unless it draws sustenance, as every soul and body must, from the world around us, from work, from play, and from all the higher loyalties that we serve.

Another ally of love comes to light when we answer the question, 'Should one ever force or impersonate affection?'

Surely not; yet love, like a musical ear, can be cultivated to some extent through knowledge. There must be something to build on, some basis of respect, or at least of compassion. But given that, we may confidently call to our aid that great master-builder of affection, knowledge. If we give a man every chance he is almost sure to disclose some lovable quality. Knowledge joined with faith is the way to give him these chances. For example, you know people better in their own homes; you have there a promising opportunity to catch a liking for them. You find out some people's strength by seeing them at play, others' by learning the structure and history of their past, others by watching them as they build up plans for the future.

Of course such fuller acquaintance may reveal not strength but weakness; we may be repelled where we hoped to be attracted through close intimacy. Yet there is no other path. We are taking the only chance, and if we persevere there are few personalities so repellant as to foil us altogether. I speak with confidence upon this point, because some of the strongest and most inspiring friendships that I have known were raised from very near the zero point of attraction to the pleasantest warmth simply by taking every opportunity for better knowledge, and by hunting for favorable points of view. The affection which gradually developed was from the first genuine and unforced, but it would never have come to anything had it not been cultivated and reënforced through every available avenue of knowledge. And after all, is it not quite natural that human affection should come to us, in part at least, through intimacy of acquaintance? One gets fond of many a city, many a landscape, many an art or science in just the same way; and most — though not all — our antipathies are to be explained, like Charles Lamb's, by our ignorance.

'A friend said to Lamb, "Come here. I want to introduce you to Mr. A."

'Lamb replied with his characteris-

[1] As suggested in the essay called 'Old Mortality.'

tic stammer and drawl, "No, thank you."

"'Why not?"

"'I don't *like* him."

"'Don't like him? You don't *know* him."

"'That's the *reason* I don't like him.'"

I do not mean to suggest that we can often win a friend merely by scraping together a fund of knowledge about him. I mean that if you are once convinced that you ought to conquer a certain dislike or acquire a certain friendliness, knowledge is one way to go at it.

The influence of elemental nature, of knowledge, beauty, playfulness, patriotism, truth-seeking, — all the reënforcements which I have been describing, are for the most part a consecration of love, often a blessing, rarely a curse. For most of the perversions and diseases of love which are just now so much in the public mind, under the false title of 'sex,' are due, as I believe, less to an excess than to a deficiency of vitality, less to lack of control, than to lack of intensity.

But not all! Swift-running streams drop out some impurities, but there are intrinsic qualities in the chemistry of the water-borne molecules, which cannot be changed from bad to good by any increase of power in the stream which surrounds them. We want a swift-flowing stream, but the internal structure of the water — its chemistry — must also be right, else the water is bad. Love also may still remain a vague, impersonal life-force unless its internal structure is right. That structure is my next topic.

II

In a happy marriage the wife's affection for her husband is often maternal as well as conjugal. She treats him like a grown-up son, looks after him and mothers him like one of her own boys. We all know this habit, and love it. We should recognize that something was missing if there were nothing *but* the maternal in a wife's attitude. But we should also recognize something missing if there were nothing but the conjugal. Moreover the pair should be good comrades as well as husband-and-wife and mother-and-son. Together these three affections make a richer love than any one of them alone.

The filial and maternal may also be united in a single relation. I know a little girl of ten, devotedly attached to her mother and fond of sleeping near her on the porch of their house. One night a storm blew in; the mother was awakened, not by the storm but by the touches and whispered words of her little daughter who was at her bedside covering her with a rainproof blanket, and (as soon as she saw that her mother had waked) pouring out a stream of such endearments as a mother uses to her child. She was mothering her own mother; yet the next morning she was as much her mother's child as any one could wish.

Extend to their limit the possibilities suggested in these examples; then all possible human affections are united in the richness of a single love. I have a brother who is good enough to make his home with me and to share with me the privilege of affectionate intimacy with his children. As I read or play with his eight-year-old daughter, I find in my love for her elements of every type of affection that I can conceive. The touch of her hand thrills me. I am equally conscious of the impulse to protect and guide her, to fight for her, to foresee and prevent the dangers that will meet her at play and in school, — in short, to be a father to her. I also want her comradeship; I want to work

and to play with her as an equal, and not merely as a hopeless 'grown-up.' And when I see how much clearer than mine is her sight for the new, how much fresher her enthusiasm, how much more beauty of speech, gesture, and mood her life contains than mine, how much more wisdom there is in her unconsciousness than in most of my thinking, I look up to her with veneration. Around and beyond all this I see that she belongs to the larger life of the world and to that Personality which envelops us all.

If I am right in the interpretation of these examples we must learn to think of personal love not so much as a single quality or impulse, but as a house of many rooms. Each room represents some type of affection: conjugal, paternal, filial, or friendly. Each room opens into those next it, so that an impulse originating in one must pass freely through all. Moreover the house is open outwardly. Through its windows there is a perpetual give-and-take between our affections and the infinite love of God. The currents of infinite love as they sweep through the universe rush through all the chambers of love's house, giving to all, receiving from each, mingling them with each other and with the divine.

What are the practical results? If each member of the family of affections possess some traits of each of the others, each is enriched without surrendering its central characteristics. We find, then, in each affection a structure something like the present elective system at Harvard and at Yale, where each student must so choose his courses that he studies a great deal of one branch and a little of all the other main branches of knowledge. His scholarship is mainly of one type, but includes a dash of the other types for better sympathy with their aims. So a father will be mainly a father to his son, but will also be something of a comrade and a brother to him, and will even look up to him in some respects as he would to a father.

A physical element should enter into all affection. Even to clasp hands should always be a pleasure. But if we feel no physical attraction for a person, the contact of hands is boresome or distasteful. In exuberant and affectionate families, especially Europeans, it is natural for men to kiss men now and then, as women so generally kiss women. This is the normal. When those of the same sex fall in love with each other it means simply an exaggeration of the normal physical attraction which should play a part in all human relationships. This is no more shocking than masculinity in women, effeminacy or 'old-womanishness' in men. The child prematurely old, the tomboy, the 'sissy,' have each of them too large a share of sympathy with types other than their own. But some such sympathy there ought to be, as a basis for affection and mutual understanding. Why should a man be all strength and no tenderness, or a woman all tenderness and no strength? Why should we not preserve as we grow up some of the child's playfulness, some of the boy's independence, and the girl's swift intuition?

As character is the richer for a mixture of many sympathies and interests under control of a single purpose, so I think love is ennobled when all types of affection are united within it, under the leadership of one. A mother's love for her son becomes too clinging and sentimental if she is only his mother and not also his comrade. As comrades respect each other, every mother must learn to respect something in her son, and to recognize somewhere in their relation his authority over her as well as hers over him. He will come to treat her paternally as he grows up.

Very early in boyhood he will have the instinct to protect her if she recognizes and responds to it.

When a man is tempted to be base in his treatment of a woman, one can sometimes appeal to him with success in the name of her weakness. Because she is weak, she needs his brotherly or fatherly protection, — his guidance, not his pursuit. He would not treat his own sister so; but she is in part his sister, because he has in him at least the germ of brotherly love for her.

All the unworthy or unhappy affections that I know of could be set right, I believe, by a greater infusion of some other type of affection. By the appeal to chivalry we can call out a romantic element latent in most men's love for women, just as we call on a boy to 'be a man' when he is babyish. He is not a man, but there are germs of manliness in him; to these we appeal.

So far, I have been maintaining that love is true and right when all its varieties (physical, paternal or maternal feeling, filial respect, comradeship, and the rest) are duly mingled with each other, or open into each other like the rooms of a house. Disasters threaten us when we close the outer doors and windows of our affection, shutting out the love of truth, the love of country, of art, of nature, and of God. Jealousy is a consumption bred within the structured house of love when all its windows are sealed. When we are jealous we try to shut ourselves up in shadowed privacy or timid miserliness. We want some one all to ourselves; we fear that if we open the doors and let in the currents of others' affection or the winds of impersonal interest, our own share of love may be swept away. A woman may be jealous not only of her husband's friends but of his work, and even of his religion. This means that she has kept her windows closed and shuttered, so that she looks always at the walls of her house of love, never through and beyond them.

Personal love is enhanced and purified by the contact with elemental nature, by the inspiration of art, play, truth-seeking, or patriotism. Floating in through the windows of love's house, these interests sweep out impurities and cleanse the air in stagnant corners. They may be imperious and insistent, but unless they are allowed to break down the partitions and monopolize the whole house, they leave it brighter and richer, never dimmer or poorer. They kill nothing but the germs of disease. Yet, if we are to persuade a conservative and timid love to open its windows, we must first convince it that a friendly and beneficent Spirit is always touching our spirits as the infinite space touches our bodies, a Spirit which pursues us like the 'Hound of Heaven.'[1]

III

Symbolism is a late and meagre growth in many of us New Englanders. As a boy I saw no sacredness in the national flag or in the symbols of religion. What others called 'enthusiasm about the flag' seemed to me a false and painful attempt to pump up emotions which could not spontaneously arise. One set of symbols, namely, words, I was even then accustomed to use. Literally a word is nothing but a grunt or a cough, a vibrating current of air in the larynx, or a series of black and white marks on paper. Yet by almost every one these literal facts are symbolically interpreted. Indeed the force of this habit is so imperious that when we wish to divest ourselves of it in reading proof-sheets, so that we can see precisely what the black and white scratches are, it is almost impossible. In this field of symbolism, then, we are

[1] In Francis Thompson's poem.

almost all of us expert; but our proficiency is very limited. Our own home or our own fireside has usually a symbolic sacredness and value. We do not stare at its walls with cold literalness; we love them, and there are a few other symbols, such as bowing, mourning, Christmas ceremonies, patriotic songs, which most of us love.

Nevertheless, the average American is stiff and awkward when he tries to use symbols. Current thought and life discourage the use of such imagination and penetrative intelligence as symbolism demands: for a symbol which does its work must awaken us to the invisible. If we love the flag, it is not merely because its image falls on the retina, but because we see in it much that is invisible. We see the history of our country as we know and love it, the beauty which we believe is characteristic of America, the national energy and inventiveness of which we are proud, the national destiny which we believe is in store for us. In moments of enthusiasm for the flag these hopes and memories surge up and rush across the surface of consciousness like the pictures in a cinematograph. It is because we see invisible facts that any symbol becomes for us pregnant with meaning.

The marriage vow is a great symbol because it calls up with marvelous swiftness and vividness wide realms of the past and future, moments which have led to the consummation of this union, happiness which we look to in the future. In this vow we call the future before us as a witness, 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health.' Before the invisible witnesses which range themselves around a man and woman at the altar, the pledge to faithfulness is taken.

Any symbolic act or phrase points beyond itself. The most sacred symbols point to the widest and most precious reaches of invisible life. The most durable and universally valid symbols are actually part of the larger life which they call up. They serve us not merely by chance association, as the post-box calls up in our mind as we pass it the thoughts with which we last posted a letter there. The best symbol gives us a sample of what it symbolizes. Words like 'thunder' and 'zigzag' portray in miniature what they symbolize. An autograph stands for its signer: but not arbitrarily, for something of his character is given you visibly in the shape and arrangement of his letters. Unless the symbol is a piece of the reality which it symbolizes, and recalls that reality as a face recalls a character, it cannot serve the needs of many persons or extend its influence through the centuries.

There are symbols that mean abnormality and weakness, not power. People who are clumsy in the use of spoken language try to make good their deficiencies by more or less grotesque gestures, emphasis, and attitudes. The symbolic act is then evidence partly of ineptitude. But on the other hand a man's acts may beautifully convey what his words are too poor to express. There are feelings so elemental yet so intense that action seems to express them more naturally than speech. When the dead are borne past us in the street, we uncover our heads because that silent act conveys our reverence better than words. What splendid fitness and fullness of expression there may be in the act of kneeling, when soldiers kneel about the grave of a dead comrade, or when a woman kneels by her child's bed!

IV

The physical symbolism of affection expresses another deep human need. The clasp of two hands is literally a

physical contact of two pieces of human flesh. Woefully secular and lifeless it can be! We all know the flabby, the clinging, the nervous, the icy hand-grasp. Yet who has not sometimes rejoiced in the grasp of a hand that conveys life and love? Two souls are here united by a physical contact that gives birth to new aspirations and new certainties. Two human beings are here linked hand to hand in mutual respect, mutual trust, and mutual encouragement.

Part of the richness and value of such experiences comes from the cloud of unseen witnesses who cluster about them. When I said good-bye to my father in 1898, going into what turned out to be a ludicrously slight danger in the Spanish War, the farewell clasp of hands joined me also to many memories. I faced uncertainties and possibilities that gave me, I suppose, the same experience that I should have had if the war had proved serious. My mind traveled back to the evenings when my father used to read to us from Emerson's Essays the passages that meant most to him, recalled the long mornings in his study among the pine woods at Beverly where he was patient with my struggle to learn German, the afternoons by his side under a sketching umbrella, — my first lessons in drawing. At partings such memories flash through one's mind and one sees as from a hilltop, in a single panoramic glance, the high points of the past. There are pledges too, in such a hand-grasp, unspoken but no less binding, that may reach across the grave; pledges of mutual faith, trust, and backing: 'My faith in your fidelity till you come back to us'; 'My love with you always.' The parting words of Pandora to Prometheus, in W. V. Moody's *Fire-Bringer*, express incomparably the spirit of such a parting, and of all parting: —

> Whither thou goest I am; there, even now
> I stand and cry thee to me.

Because we thus envisage the invisible past, the incalculable future, somewhat as God must see the whole life of the world, the physical symbols of farewell contain in their union a myriad of meanings, hopes, memories, and pledges to the unborn. Like the most intimate physical union of man and woman, the hand-grasp should set creative forces working through us and be consecrated in them. Live and ardent people always strike fire out of each other like flint and steel. Your best friend strikes thoughts and deeds out of you that you never knew were in you, and that truly were not full-formed in you till your friend woke them to life. The need of them, the whisper of their coming was there, but it took both of you fully to create them.

V

It is through the symbolism of the physical acts such as meeting, parting, or waiting upon one another's physical wants, that one understands the deeper significance of conjugal affection. Many resent the physical intimacies of love, because they take them literally, not symbolically, looking straight at them instead of through them. Nothing can bear that direct, passive stare and retain its sacredness. Viewed in hard literalness, what is more ludicrous than the ceremony of raising one's hat to a lady, what is more worthless than a dirty greenback? Yet without a moment's hesitation we go behind the surface appearance of these symbols. In them, matter and its meaning, body and spirit, are fused into harmony as they should be, and as they are in the following words written by one of my dearest friends to one of hers: —

'I want to tell you very boisterously and worshipfully how much I love you.

I also want not to tell you at all, but to do something for you with my hands and feet, to make your bed, to pick lavender pine-cones for you, to do something you would never know that I had done. For of the many ways of love, one of the dearest is to serve in silence, to celebrate and not be found out. Mothering is a great business on these lines. The babies never guess or care how many myriad thoughts of love go into bed-making or hair-brushing.'

In this letter the joy of giving expression to love in physical service is mingled with the exultant awareness of a purifying secrecy, which banishes thought of reward. But her joy in the expression of love 'with my hands and feet' is just now my special interest because it is an example of that 'unity of soul and sense' in love, which symbolism makes possible.

Though soul and sense belong together, they have a constant tendency to split apart, in work, play, and worship, as well as in love. Work splits into physical drudgery on the one side and unpractical scheming on the other. Thus we breed anæmic 'thinkers' who accomplish nothing, and submerged laborers who put no soul into their work because they get no freedom out of it.

Play and art are always in danger of suffering a similar schism; music without expression, pictures that are all technique, exemplify the fate of sense divorced from spirit in the field of art. When shapeless 'Spirit' tries to live without body, we are afflicted by the performance of amateurs who neither learn nor inherit their art, but try to sing without breathing and to draw without outlines.

In love the same split produces, as we know so well, a blind and destructive passion which burns itself out without vision of individuality. But on the other side of the chasm we find a corresponding monstrosity often mistaken for virtue, a sterile and frigid aloofness that shudders at loud-voiced enthusiasm and is insusceptible to physical charm. It is as bad to be dried up as to be burned up, but worse still is to live in perpetual winter because we were born withered. Such desolation is no ground for blame; like any other inborn deformity, it deserves only our pity. But it never deserves praise or helps us to defend a standard of noble love. For love, like all that mirrors divinity, must be incarnate.

The 'Puritanical' reticence about the body is right enough if we are equally reticent about the disembodied soul, and refuse to describe or cultivate either body or soul save in terms of the other. We are often told that we should 'teach' the sacredness of the body. Yes, but the body is most sacred when most forgotten in the absorption of hard work or keen sport, in the enthusiasm of dancing, painting, singing, oratory, love, or worship. So it is with the soul. 'Mental culture' seems to me as bad as 'physical culture,' wherewith the devilish split of body and soul has invaded the domain of education. To think about one's body or one's soul, to love with one's body or one's soul, is to paralyze the best activities of both. The foreground of consciousness should never be littered up with such fragments of a dismembered self. We want to devote the whole of ourselves to our job, to our family and friends, to nature, to play, to beauty, and to God.

In the industrial world the division of labor, and the necessity of doing one thing at a time, split us up into woefully small and centrifugal units. This we cannot altogether avoid, but we must fiercely insist that each of these units shall be a fragment of *soul-incarnate*, never an arid wisp of disembodied soul or a shapeless lump of flesh. If we can prevent that diabolic

schism, we shall never be crushed by the dead weight of literalism and drudgery, or enervated by fruitless and unchristian attempts to disembody our meanings or to realize them without the travail of incarnation.

So far as we succeed in this attempt we keep symbolism alive in every action. When we build our houses and sweep our offices, clothe and feed our children, we look through these acts to a deeper significance behind them. We do them in the name of the Highest-that-we-know, be it business, family, nation, or God. We feel a deeper respect for the material, greater willingness to study its texture and detail, because we believe that it stands for infinitely more than appears.

If I have conveyed anything of the sacredness of the physical expression of love, it will now be obvious why we shudder at its desecration. The greater the symbol the more horrible is its perversion. In *The Ring and the Book*, Browning makes us feel the snaky loathsomeness of Guido's crime because it concealed itself beneath a priestly robe. The crime was terrible enough in itself, but far more revolting because perpetrated by a priest who used the great offices of the church for mercenary and sensual ends. Was not Judas's kiss of betrayal the most awful act in history because it was through this sacred symbol of love that his treachery was consummated? So it is with that greatest disgrace in modern civilization, prostitution. It is not chiefly because of the physical miseries that may (or may not) follow in its train. It is because of the holiness of that great physical symbol which it drags in the mire, the misdirection of a world-force that ought to mean the creation or recreation of all that is best in life.

Love is consecrated not only by its purity from foreign admixtures, but by taking up into itself the best life of elemental nature, knowledge, art, play, patriotism, and the devoted search for truth. These vivid spirits permeate love and revive it by the infusion of their own virtues. When, moreover, the whole family of human affections, and the Infinite Love which contains them, is represented in each of the separate affections, then each of them is consecrated by the strength and tenderness of all. When through symbolism we 'hold infinity in the palm of our hand' (or our hand-clasp) and 'eternity in an hour,' we are at the altar of consecration.

When we make a dead failure of a living affection, we secularize it. Sometimes we begin the day with a disaster of this kind. Our 'good morning' is as secular as a snore. We come downstairs half awake, our lips so sleepy that they scarcely move, our minds still torpid and vague. We shuffle into the breakfast room and slide into a chair. Physically, mentally, spiritually, we have scarcely been penetrated by personality. Far within us its fires burn at a point near to extinction. But there is another and still worse element of secularity in our greeting. We scarcely notice who it is we greet. The personality that should exhilarate us, is for the time veiled by familiarity. So often we have greeted just this comrade at breakfast that to-day the greeting has become automatic. The spirit has gone out of it. Were a stranger at the table perhaps we might be aroused. A new personality might bring us to our senses like a dash of cold water. But as it is, our dull eyes merely record the outlines and colors of the person before us; like a savage who sees only black and white scratches in a piece of manuscript.

When we are at our best, a flood of life pours itself out in the simple old words 'Good morning,' — a flood of

meaning which strains to express itself in a thousand ways, but has to be content with verbal symbols. Our physical and vital energies, our love, our playfulness, our stores of gratitude for the world's past gifts, all that is calling us toward the future, comes rushing out in the time-mellowed greeting. The depths of us, the concentrated and imprisoned energy of our inmost life, call across the distance to the unseen depths of our fellow.

Through the external and symbolic, the invisible depths of any friend loom up, not only in moments of enthusiasm, but whenever we are clearly aware of his individuality. 'Love,' G. B. Shaw somewhere says, 'is a ridiculous exaggeration of the difference between one person and another.' Translated from pagan into Christian terms this means that in love we call out to what is unique and individual in our friend, and therefore infinitely indifferent from all other beings. His individuality is always staring us in the face, but we wake up to it only when we love him. Others may not see it. That is their misfortune.

In our use of symbols and in our effort to penetrate through them to what is lovable, we must give every one credit for his own type of symbol and his own fashion of consecrating it through affection. The railroad magnate gazing at a mountain-side blasted and seared by the clearings which his engines have found necessary, sees there the vision and symbol of the great railroad which is to be built. That is his child. He is blind to the mere external effects that to you and me are secular and shocking, the scarred and denuded hillside, the splendid trees and cliffs torn from their places. For the hopes and visions of the future, his dreams and plans of service, centre in this spot. Their light illuminates the place for him. He sees it with no such alien and disillusioned eyes as ours, and we must put ourselves in his place, even though we may think that he has chosen the object of his affection strangely.

We should be even more modest when we judge the historic symbols of the Church. If we can take the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper as an act of consecration, it is because deep calls unto deep. We bring to it our best store of thankfulness, of reminiscence, and communion with the personality of Christ. Through the symbolic elements, and in the service, we feel the light and heat of Christ's personality more vividly than at other times. Yet I remember that, looking on this ceremony as a child, I found it not only devoid of anything to excite my reverence, but prone to drag me below my normal level. Nothing can constrain us to symbolism. We may be bored or amused or even disgusted by it. Nothing can force us to find a thing sacred, just as nothing can remain secular if we determine to make it sacred.

Any unconsecrated affection, any infatuation, jealousy, or nagging habit, any horror such as prostitution or careless excess within marriage, errs through a low tone of personal energy, a feeble, drifting, slavish attitude, or, on the other hand, through an impersonal gaze. It sees a thing, a case, a machine, where it ought to see an infinitely valuable person. A symbolic deed of love is mystical, not because it is vague, but because of the richness of meaning packed into one narrow act.

THE WEDDING RING

BY ALICE BROWN

'WELL, now,' said Aunt Nabby Strong, 'to think you should ha' remembered that!'

She stood in the kitchen, in sunshine the brighter from the facets of the snow, and turned on her thin old finger a wedding ring. She was a sweet old lady, straight and tall, a complexity of kindliness and the sobriety of long experience in her withered face. Her daughter, Nancy Hart, the moral of her, so far as youth can echo age, stood by, with keen delight upon her face. Nancy still had on her outdoor things, but she had not been able to wait for more than a second after crossing the sill before she gave her mother the present she had brought.

'Yes,' said Mrs. Strong, 'I know exactly what I said, an' you took it up an' remembered it, an' now you've spent your money so's't I should have a ring. If you ain't the beater! Well, you always was, Nancy. Anybody never had to say what they wanted twice over but there 't was.'

Nancy was throwing off her enveloping shawl and the jacket underneath.

'I dunno but I ought to told Sarah,' she said, 'and let her come in on it. But I was so mean and selfish, I just would n't, that's all.'

Mrs. Strong still stood turning the ring round and round upon her finger. A little shadow lay for a moment on her face.

'No,' she said. 'I guess Sarah would n't ha' took any great int'rest. An' I'd ruther have it from you anyways.'

This last was the kind of speech Mrs. Strong never really permitted herself; but she had had rather a trying hour with Sarah that morning, and the memory of it still abode with her. 'Come. You se' down an' get het through,' said she, with the intent of dismissing Sarah from their minds.

They drew up to the stove and turned their dress skirts back from the too impetuous heat, and Nancy spoke.

'Well, mother, that ring does look kinder nice. What you s'pose Sarah'll say?'

'I dunno,' owned Mrs. Strong, on her guard now against any implication of Sarah. 'She was here anyways when I said what I did that led to 't. Lemme see. I says, "'Just to think you girls both got weddin' rings, an' my finger's bare as a bone."'

'Well, it's queer,' said Nancy, 'but I never thought of it till that minute. "Why," says I to myself, "that's so. Mother never's wore a weddin' ring."'

'Your father never thought of it, I guess,' said Mrs. Strong defensively. 'I vow I never did. You see we lived way off next door to nowhere, an' then we went out west, an' we worked so hard I guess we should n't ha' had time to concern ourselves with weddin' rings. My hands were in the dough or in the suds most o' them years, an' I guess nobody'd seen whether I had a weddin' ring or not. I guess your father'd laugh if he could know my darter had to up an' buy me one.'

They laughed together tenderly, and

then Nancy turned to what had been worrying her all that morning.

'You thought best to have Sarah go to the depot after Lyddy?' she said.

Cousin Lydia was coming that day. The visit was of more or less importance, for Lydia was going out west to work, and Aunt Nabby thought she'd better look over the two chests of her mother's things and see what she wanted to take with her, since she might not come back.

Mrs. Strong's brow was wrinkled now with a returned anxiety.

'Well, no,' she said, 'I did n't think 't was best. I wanted to send Hermie Yorke, but Sarah seemed possessed to go an' she got the better o' me. She 'peared here with the colt, an hour or more 'fore train time, an' nothin' for it but she must go herself.'

'You s'pose she'll say anything to Lyddy?' Nancy asked.

The fine lines in her mother's forehead seemed to spring out by exact duplication in her own.

'I dunno,' said Mrs. Strong. 'I talked it over with her 'fore she went. I said, "Now you might as well look it in the face. Lyddy's had a baby, an' the baby's died. An' Lyddy wa'n't married, an' the reason she wa'n't was because John Wilde was kinder crazed with all the queer meetin's he'd been to an' the books he'd read, an' he thought marryin' was beneath him."'

'I s'pose Lyddy thought so, too,' said Nancy wonderingly.

'Course she did. Course Lyddy thought so. The sun rose an' set in John Wilde, an' she believed every individual thing he told her to. "Well," says I to Sarah, "John's dead, an' the baby's dead, an' Lyddy's heart's broke. That's all there is to it. If John was alive, mebbe we could pry his eyes open some way or another, an' make him see what 't is to be a God-fearin' man that wants to live as other men do. But he's dead," I says, "an' we can't go to takin' it out o' Lyddy."'

This was a long speech for Aunt Nabby Strong, and she ended breathlessly and with appealing eyes bent on her daughter. They asked for confirmation.

'Well,' said Nancy, 'seems if you put it pretty plain. But Sarah's so high-spirited.'

'High-sperited! I guess she is,' said her mother, as if there would be a general illumination if she told all she knew. 'Sarah acts as if she was the judge of all the earth. Well, there, I did n't mean to go so fur as that, but Sarah's no compassion. She never did have, an' she ain't got any now.'

'She ain't much like you and father,' hesitated Nancy.

She was not very happy about Sarah. She was always trying to remember they were own sisters and to accept her without question on that account; but there was an unknown something in Sarah that forbade.

'Don't I hear bells?' said Mrs. Strong. 'It's early for 'em, but that colt clips it right along.'

She dropped her dress skirt and went to the window, while the bells jingled nearer.

'Well, we need n't ha' worried,' said she. Her voice bespoke the keenest disappointment. 'Lyddy ain't come, after all.'

Nancy, too, was on her feet.

'S'pose I'd better go out and help unharness?' she questioned.

'No, she's brought Hermie Yorke along. She's comin' right in.'

In a moment Sarah was stamping off the snow in the shed, and she entered with a breeze: a tall, robust woman of a bright complexion and black eyes under heavy brows. She gave a little nod to Nancy, but there were evidently things on her mind to crowd out common greetings. She threw off her well-

fitting coat, and Nancy and her mother, suddenly grown smaller by the nearness of her abundance, stood doubtfully waiting for her to speak.

'Well,' said Mrs. Strong at length, when Sarah emerged in all her matronly strength and fullness, and rubbed her hands slightly as if she scorned the enervating warmth of stoves, 'so Lyddy did n't come.'

'Oh, yes,' said Sarah, in her full voice with the metallic quality in it, sometimes scornful, sometimes only forceful in an unclassified way. 'Lyddy's come.'

'Why, where is she?' said Mrs. Strong.

'She got out at the cross-road. Said she's goin' to walk the rest o' the way.'

In spite of themselves, Nancy and her mother exchanged a quick look of understanding.

'Well,' Mrs. Strong temporized, 'seems if that was kind of a foolish thing to do when she might ha' rid to the door.'

'Oh, no,' said Sarah. She had seated herself at the table and began opening a neat roll of work. 'I had these shirts all ready to cut out, and so I thought I'd bring 'em along. Oh, no, she give the reason. 'T was just such a reason as you'd expect Lyddy to give, considerin' everything that's come and gone. She said 't was walkin' through the cross-road just such a day as this when she fust see John Wilde, and she wanted to go through it again.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Strong, inaptly, 'I should think she would, poor child!'

Sarah had a long pair of scissors in her hand. She was just rising to snip the unbleached cloth before her.

'You should think she would?' she repeated. 'And you're a respectable married woman, Mother Strong.'

'Well, I guess I be,' put in Mrs. Strong. Fire was in her eye; her soft cheek flushed. 'Nancy and I are both of us respectable, and so be you.'

'And Lyddy's done what she has, and you can say "poor child"?'

Aunt Nabby had got a grip on herself now, the grip invented for Sarah only.

'Sarah,' said she, 'sometimes it seems as if you had n't got no more compassion than if you was born yesterday.'

But Sarah did not hear. She was bending over the table, cutting the long perfectly accurate slashes that led to shirts.

'I talked to Lyddy,' said she. 'I done that before we got to the cross-road.'

A look of whimsical shrewdness ran over Aunt Nabby's face.

'Why, dear heart,' said she, 'that's why Lyddy got out. I can see it all as plain as day. Lyddy 'd bore all she could, an' the only thing she could do was to jump out an' walk along that road an' call up the image of somebody 't was kind to her.'

'And when she comes here, I want you should talk to her,' said Sarah. 'She says she sha'n't deny anything about what's happened. She says it might ha' been mistaken, but 't wa'n't wicked, and as for John Wilde, he's one o' the saints o' the earth. Mebbe she'll hear to you, but she won't to me. I've said my say.'

'That's right, Sarah,' said Aunt Nabby quietly. 'Don't you say no more.'

And then the door opened, and Lyddy came in. Lyddy was young and fresh and gentle, but the red of the cold was in her cheeks, and a spark of some rebellion in her eyes. At sight of her with that surface brilliancy overspread upon her face, Aunt Nabby was vaguely startled and drew near her in a mute questioning. Not this was the Lyddy she had known, in the wistful

gentlehood of her youth; and the Lyddy she had imagined, in the shadow of the tree of grief, had been a bowed and sunken creature. This girl held her head high and looked at even Aunt Nabby with a defiant questioning. 'How are you going to receive me?' said the look. 'Then I will tell you what manner I shall wear.'

But when Aunt Nabby had kissed her, and ventured something about the cold, and Nancy had taken her coat and hat away from her and brought a chair to the fire with more murmurous sympathy, the ice that seemed to have formed over her look and manner melted, and they saw Lyddy as she used to be. But her reddened hands were scarcely warm before she asked abruptly, —

'Where's mother's things?'

There were two hair trunks by the dresser. Aunt Nabby indicated them with a nod.

'I had 'em brought down here,' she said. 'I did n't want you to go up in that cold chamber such a day as this.'

Lyddy seemed to have fallen into a musing, — this at the mention of her mother's name.

'I don't know's I can take many of the things with me,' she said. 'You see I don't know yet whether I shall suit.'

'Why, you leave 'em long as ever you like,' said Aunt Nabby. 'Only I thought you'd mebbe want to go over 'em an' see if there wa'n't suthin' 't would be a comfort to you.'

Sarah was still taking her long relentless slashes where every one told. Now she sat down and, gathering the cloth toward her, began to baste.

'You'll have to be pretty careful, Lyddy,' she said, 'goin' off on such a jaunt, to fall in with the right kind o' folks.'

Lyddy turned upon her the hostile gaze Sarah was always awakening in her kind.

'I'm goin' with Miss Peterson,' she said.

There was a cold hostility in her tone, and Aunt Nabby glanced at her out of a sorrowful surprise. Again she did not seem the same Lyddy at all. But suddenly Aunt Nabby smiled a little. This was Sarah's Lyddy, she remembered. Their own Lyddy would n't have a chance to show herself while Sarah was in hail.

'I guess folks that are good enough for Miss Peterson to know are good enough for me.'

'Now jest what be you goin' to do out there?' asked Aunt Nabby comfortably. 'Nancy understood from your letter 't was a kind of a housekeeper's place.'

'Miss Peterson's sister's got a sanitarium where folks go when they're gettin' well,' said Lyddy. There was an eagerness of interest in her air. She seemed to have forgotten Sarah. 'I'm goin' to fill in chinks and do anything I'm told, and if they think it's worth while, I'm goin' to take a course and be a nurse.'

This she said with pride.

'You never'd get your diploma,' said Sarah. 'You might as well face that at the start 'fore you set your heart on it.'

'I don't know why I could n't be a nurse,' said Lyddy. She seemed unable now to summon up the defiance that was Sarah's due. 'I'm young and I'm strong, and mother used to say I took the best care of her of anybody, 'cept Aunt Nabby, maybe.'

'I was n't referrin' to that,' said Sarah. 'If you force me to say it, I can't do no less than tell you nurses have to be of good character. They look 'em up.'

'Sarah! Sarah!' said Aunt Nabby. Her cheeks were very pink, but she spoke with a careful calm. 'You don't want to say nothin' you'll be sorry for.'

'I am of good character,' said Lyddy. She held her head up and looked at Sarah with anger in her glance and beating through her voice. 'There can't nobody make me feel I ain't. I s'pose if anybody could, you could, Sarah Bell, because you'd rake and scrape till you found somethin' against me, if there was anything. But I'm as good a woman as you are, and I'm as good as Nancy. I ain't so good as Aunt Nabby is, because there never's anybody as good as she is, 'cept mother. She was.'

Sarah pressed her lips together until they made a line of white.

'Who is Miss Peterson?' she said, 'when it comes to that?'

'Miss Peterson is the lady that come into the hospital after the baby was born,' said Lyddy passionately. 'And the baby died, and John was dead, and they made her tell me. And she did. And I guess if anybody else had told me I'd died, too. But she just made me live.'

'That's right,' said Aunt Nabby. She put up a thin forefinger and poked a tear away from under each glass of her spectacles. What her gentle approval was meant to touch, whether it was right that Miss Peterson should tell Lyddy or right that Lyddy should not die, no one could say. Nor could Aunt Nabby have said. She was only conscious of a heartache over the woe of her world.

Sarah, needle poised in air, was looking at her.

'There, mother,' said she, 'what'd I tell you? That's exactly it. Lyddy just as soon speak of that man as eat, and it's a shame and disgrace.'

Lyddy was sobbing now and talking wildly in between.

'I don't know why I can't speak of John Wilde right here 'mongst my own folks,' she said. 'He was a good man, Sarah Bell. He was as good as your own husband, and better, because he spent his life tryin' to make things right for the down-trodden and poor. And he'd have been alive this day if he had n't been tryin' to save a strike-breaker and got the brick himself.'

Sarah was quivering now to the tips of her capable fingers.

'That's what you believe in, is it?' she inquired. 'You believe in a man that goes round ruinin' young girls and breakin' up the home.'

Lyddy started to her feet.

'Don't you say such a thing as that, Sarah Bell!' she cried with passion. 'He stood by what he believed, and I stood by it with him, and Miss Peterson says 't was wrong, and maybe I shall come to think so, and maybe John would if he'd lived; but he did n't live, and now I've got nothin' but his darlin' memory, and you let it be, Sarah Bell; you let it be.'

She was sobbing bitterly, her poor uncovered face quite blurred with tears. Aunt Nabby came and laid a hand on her shoulder.

'There, dear heart,' she said. 'There! there! We're goin' to have Indian puddin' for dinner, everything you like.'

Lyddy wiped her face off recklessly with a sweep of the hand.

'I don't want any dinner, Aunt Nabby,' said she. 'I ain't goin' to stay.'

'You ain't goin' to stay?' All three women exclaimed it in different keys.

'No,' said Lyddy. 'That's what I got out and went through the cross-road for, to tell the Peltons I wanted they should carry me back to the twelve o'clock train. I did want to walk over the ground John and I used to walk together; but that wa'n't all. When I found Sarah was here, and when I see she was goin' to take it out of me every word she spoke, I says to myself, "I'll get away quick as I can."'

'Sarah ain't goin' to take it out of you,' said Aunt Nabby. She had

steadied her voice and her glance to the subduing of them both, as if it were a childish quarrel and demanded the reserves of motherly sagacity. 'Sarah's goin' to be a good girl an' so be you, too. Mother's ashamed o' you, Sarah. I never knew you to act quite so bad as you've acted this day.'

Sarah had flushed a deep sullen red. She was rolling up her work.

'I guess,' said she, 'if I've made so much trouble, I might as well go home and let you all eat your Indian pudding' in peace.'

'O Sarah!' said Nancy.

'You need n't trouble yourself,' said Lyddy, wiping her blurred face again. 'In an hour and a half I shall be gone. I guess 't won't hurt anybody to live in the same house with me till then.'

'Sarah!' said Aunt Nabby. She spoke with a dignity none of her children had ever been able to withstand. 'I want you should run over to Mis' Lamson's an' see if you can borrer me a cup o' cream. I ain't got hardly enough for dinner. You put my plaid shawl over your head an' clip it right along. You take this cup.'

Sarah hesitated for a moment. Then she put the shawl about her without a word, and took the cup and went out of the kitchen door and down the path. Sarah needed intervals for thinking things over. Aunt Nabby had been used to giving them to her ever since she was a little girl and had had tantrums.

'Now,' said Aunt Nabby, 'le's pull out the chists an' git at 'em. Nancy, you take hold.'

Nancy and Lyddy pulled out the two hair trunks, and Lyddy knelt before the first and opened it. She had done crying now, but her face was deeply sad in a way that touched Nancy to the soul. Nancy was very fond of Lyddy. It had meant enduring grief to her to see her little playmate, whose visits were unbroken pleasure, turn into a sad woman, a victim of disgrace. Lyddy was lifting the garments before her, in a sorrowful tenderness and then, in an indeterminate way, laying them down again. At last she leaned back and looked at Aunt Nabby, pottering about the kitchen under a pretence of work, to leave her free for the sadness of her task.

'Aunt Nabby,' said she, 'I could n't any more tell what to do with mother's clo'es — I just can't do it. You could n't make 'em over for you and Nancy, could you?'

'Mebbe I could,' said Aunt Nabby, encouragingly. She knew everything was too short and too small, but that was neither here nor there when Lyddy's feelings were concerned. 'You could let me go over 'em when you're gone, if you felt to, an' I'd do what I thought was best.'

Lyddy shut the chest.

'That's it,' said she. 'You see to it. You're always seein' to things, Aunt Nabby, when our courage gives out. I guess we just lay down on you.'

Then she opened the other chest. Here were a few pictures and the precious among the books. The rest had gone to Uncle Dill, who was a minister.

'It's no use for me to pretend I can pick over mother's things and say which shall be used and which be thrown away,' said Lyddy. 'I've got as much courage as most folks, but when it comes to that — why, seems if I was throwin' away mother when I spec'late over her things.'

Nancy looked at her a moment where she sat, slight and pale in her black dress, taking up the books with fumbling hands. Nancy, as she told Aunt Nabby afterward, could have cried, and out of a quick impulse to seem to help, she dropped on the floor at Lyddy's side, and began to open books.

'Were n't you cunnin' to save these,

Aunt Nabby?' Lyddy said. 'Here's my reader, and here's my spellin' book. Can't I just see myself standin' up there in the middle o' the class with my plaid dress on and spellin' "separate"? Well, I guess I can.'

'I kinder thought you'd like your school-books,' said Aunt Nabby primly. She was beginning to be happy. From time to time, in the midst of her tasks, she made an errand to the window and stood there for a moment turning about the shining ring. 'I did n't s'pose you'd want to take the school-books with ye, but I thought mebbe you'd kind o' like to look 'em over.'

'No,' said Lyddy, 'I could n't take 'em with me, but I'm glad I know where they be. You'll keep 'em, won't you? even if I don't ever have a roof to cover me, so't I could take 'em away.'

'Law, yes,' said Aunt Nabby. 'I'll shove 'em right in under the eaves an' they can stay as long as I do, an' long's Nancy does, I guess. The old Bible's in there som'er's.'

Lyddy had her hand on it. She was dragging it out from underneath.

'If I wa'n't a happy girl when I could sit down Sunday afternoon and turn over the pictures,' said she, 'then I guess there never was one.'

She had it in her lap now, and Nancy's head was close to hers. First there was the Madonna of the Chair.

'I always thought that baby was the cunnin'est,' said Lyddy.

Two tears ran down her cheeks and splashed the page. She looked up quickly, not minding the tears. They were always coming now.

'Aunt Nabby,' said she, 'there's somethin' I'd like to do. Now I've thought of it I want to do it so't seems if I could n't wait a minute.'

'Well,' said Aunt Nabby, 'if it's anything 't 'll give you pleasure, you do it. You ain't had none too much pleasure in this world, so fur.'

Lyddy was drawing uneven breath, and now she put her hand to her lips, as if for a moment she must keep in the daring words.

'But I would n't do it unless you owned 't was right,' she said then, with unconscious passion in her voice. 'Only, now I've thought of it, seems if I'd got to do it.'

Aunt Nabby's hand, the wedding ring on it, was on Lyddy's shoulder. Aunt Nabby, as she spoke, could not help looking at the ring. It made her feel so soft and young and pitiful toward everything; and yet Aunt Nabby had not needed reminders to be pitiful.

'You tell what 't is, dear,' said she. 'If I can get it for ye, I will. Or so'd Nancy, far as that goes. You tell.'

'It's this,' said Lyddy. She moistened her dry lips. 'Aunt Nabby, we're all down here in the Bible, when we're born and — marriages, and deaths.'

'Yes,' said Aunt Nabby, 'I s'pose so. I've kep' our records pretty careful an I s'pose your mother did. I don't know's ever I looked over hers.'

'Oh, they're all there,' said Lyddy, 'mother's marriage, and my birth, and your marriage — oh, yes, they're all there. I can see just how they look on the page. Mother was so afraid she would n't write 'em nice she used to rule the lines with a pin. Aunt Nabby, my baby' — She stopped and her hot eyes were on Aunt Nabby's face.

'Yes, dear heart,' said Aunt Nabby, as if she were putting a child to sleep. 'There! there!'

'My baby ain't got any place in this world. And you'll say he's dead and so he don't need any.'

'No, no,' said Aunt Nabby hotly. 'I guess I should n't say such a thing as that.'

'Well, some would. But I named him. I named him John Wilde. And, Aunt Nabby, this is what I want. I

want to put his name down here in the Bible with all the rest.'

Her voice had sunk, and even although it was only Aunt Nabby, she looked at her in terror. But Aunt Nabby stayed not an instant.

'Set right still,' said she. 'I'll bring the pen an' ink an' put 'em on a chair.'

Lyddy gave a little cry of happiness. She turned the leaves to the middle of the book, and Nancy's head was close to hers.

'Here 't is,' said she. 'Here's mother. Here's Charlie that died. Here's me. Here's you, Nancy. Why, mercy sakes, what's this?'

'I can't hardly read it,' said Nancy. 'Seems if your mother must have wrote it after she had her shock.'

'What is 't?' said Aunt Nabby. She was waiting with the pen and ink.

'Why,' said Lyddy, in a low tone of wonderment. ' "Sarah adopted 1870." Aunt Nabby, what's that mean?'

Aunt Nabby carried the pen and ink to the window-sill and put them down with care. Then she seated herself by the table and began softly drumming on it, and mechanically she watched the shining of her ring.

'Aunt Nabby,' said Lyddy again, 'what'd mother mean by writing such a thing as that? What'd she mean?'

Nancy came to her feet and went over to stand by Aunt Nabby's chair. She saw how pale her mother was, and it troubled her.

'Perhaps she did n't mean anything,' said Nancy. 'You know your mother wa'n't quite herself them last days.'

'No,' said Aunt Nabby, in a tired voice. 'Your mother wa'n't herself. That's why she passed over what we vowed we never'd speak about. I guess her mind kinder went back into the past, an' dwelt on it.'

'But that was the year she was out west with you,' said Lyddy. 'Why, 't was before I was born.'

'Yes,' said Aunt Nabby, in a dull way, ''t was the year before you're born.'

'And 't was the year I was born, mother,' said Nancy, joining the train of reason. 'What'd she mean by it, mother, writin' down a thing like that?'

'I guess you better not try to spec'-late on 't,' said Aunt Nabby. 'Makes me kinder faint.'

'Why,' said Nancy suddenly, in a loud voice, 'Sarah ain't my sister. You adopted her.'

'Why, no,' said Lyddy, in a tone of certainty, 'of course Sarah ain't your sister. Anybody'd know that, anybody that knew Aunt Nabby. Why, Aunt Nabby, course she ain't your daughter.'

Aunt Nabby gave a sigh.

'Oh, my!' said she. 'Poor Sarah!'

Lyddy had an answer for that. She tore out the leaf with a quick passion and rent it in four pieces.

'Here, Nancy,' said she, 'you do the rest.'

And Nancy took the pieces and thrust them into the kitchen stove and set the cover noisily.

'There, mother,' said she, 'Sarah's just as well off as she was before. Do you s'pose we'd tell? Why, I would n't even tell Edward, not if I was to be skinned for it.'

Aunt Nabby still sat there regarding her wedding ring.

'Aunt Ellen knew it,' she said to Nancy. 'She an' your father. They're the only ones.'

'Who was she, mother?' Nancy asked. It was in a low tone as if, after all, she were a little frightened.

'Why,' said Aunt Nabby, 'she was a poor little waif an' stray. Her mother was a kind of a gay Biddy amongst the miners, an' they left the little creatur' round on doorsteps. An' when she come to me, I took her in.'

''Course you did,' said Nancy. 'My!

I guess if Sarah knew that she'd lay right down and die.'

'Well, she never'll know it from us,' said Lyddy. She shut the book and put it soberly back among the rest.

'Here,' said Aunt Nabby, 'you forgot to write your line. Here's the ink.'

But Lyddy was closing down the lid.

'I guess I won't do it,' she said.

'Won't do it?' said Nancy. 'Why won't you?'

'I don't know,' said Lyddy. 'I don't seem to want to. Nothin' seems so big as it did, and nothin' seems so little, come to that.'

Sarah was opening the kitchen door. The plaid shawl hung from her shoulders, for she was never really cold, and in her hand was the cup of cream.

'Well, Lyddy,' said she, 'I've been over to Pelton's and told 'em you would n't go till the three. I can harness up myself, and I'll be off, if you're goin' to get rid o' me.'

Lyddy laughed a little, as if she did it to show how kind she felt.

'I'll stay and be glad to,' she said, 'if you'll stay, too. I guess three womenfolks don't need to wrangle and fall out.'

'You set the table, Sarah,' said Aunt Nabby. 'Lyddy, why don't you an' Nancy go out an' give the colt a pail o' water an' then a mou'ful o' hay. You used to admire to play together in the barn.'

After they had gone, arms about each other's waists like children, Aunt Nabby asked Sarah whether she'd like sugar barberry or the other, and gradually she drew her into talk about domestic things. Sarah went soberly about, working with her swift precision. She looked a shade paler and her voice was low. Aunt Nabby knew this mood in her. After Sarah had had a tantrum she usually went away and had a crying fit, and for a week after she spoke in a softer key.

Then Nancy and Lyddy came back from the barn, and the three talked together about the happenings of the house and farm, and Sarah was the gentlest of them all.

When young Pelton came for Lyddy to take her to the three o'clock, Aunt Nabby's heart swelled within her, and overflowed, Lyddy looked to her so unfriended and so small. Lyddy had reached up to kiss Sarah good-bye and she had put her arms about Nancy and laid her head for a minute on Aunt Nabby's shoulder. Then she was in the sleigh, white, Aunt Nabby said afterward, as the drifted snow. Young Pelton had gone to the horse's head to put down the check for Footloose Hill, and then Aunt Nabby said something to Nancy, and Nancy said, 'yes,' as well as she could for tears.

'Truly?' said Aunt Nabby, and Nancy told her 'yes' again, and Aunt Nabby ran out again to the sleigh.

'Here, Lyddy,' said she, 'you take your glove off. No, not that hand. T'other. You put this on your finger an' you wear it, an' it'll make you think o' your mother an' Nancy an' me — an' Sarah — yes, you think o' Sarah, too. An' the baby,' she whispered, for young Pelton had the check looped up, 'an' them that's dead an' loved ye.'

And then Lyddy, at the touch on her finger, gave a little crying breath, but there was light in her eyes, and color in her cheeks.

'O Aunt Nabby,' said she, 'did you get this for me?'

But young Pelton had stepped in and the horse threw up his head and started bravely. And Aunt Nabby looked down at her bare finger a little ruefully and then at Nancy, and through their tears they laughed.

'Anyhow, I've had all day to wear it,' said Aunt Nabby. 'It seems wonderful — a weddin' ring.'

SECRET ANNALS OF THE MANCHU COURT

II. THE SACK OF YANG CHOU-FU

BY E. BACKHOUSE AND J. O. P. BLAND

THE history of China, ancient and modern, is an eternal series of paroxysms; its keynote is bloodshed and famine, with periods of peace and prosperity purchased by the slaughter of countless innocents. Its splendid civilization, based on an unassailable moral philosophy and the canons of the Sages, has ever proved powerless against the inexorable laws of nature, the pitiless cruelty of the struggle for life, intensified by a social system which inculcates procreative recklessness and passive fatalism. Under Mongols, Mings, and Manchus the stern retributive law and its fulfillment have ever been the same, — history persistently repeating itself, at the passing of dynasties, with fearful monotony of wholesale massacres.

The following narrative of the sack of Yang Chou-fu by the Manchus, in 1645, was written by one (his name is unknown) who was himself a victim and an eye-witness of those fearful days of slaughter, — of events which may be taken as normal at times of conquest and civil strife in Oriental lands. The blood-lust of the victorious Manchus was no more fierce than that of the Mongols before them, or for that matter, of the Chinese of to-day. Throughout all the recorded history of the Empire, these wholesale massacres of non-combatants have been an accepted feature of the sorry scheme of things; a deliberate, cold-blooded, almost instinctive fulfillment of the law which prescribes the survival of the fittest among a people with whom the problem of daily bread is ever insistently insoluble. Compared with the most merciless butcheries of ancient and modern times in Europe, with the worst excesses of 'Kirke's lambs' or Alva's butchers, the slaughter of Orientals by Orientals lacks those factors of religious and political hatred which often explain the extermination of whole communities. Yet another feature common to these records of Chinese cities left desolate, is the complete lack of resistance on the part of their inhabitants — a few thousands of savage soldiery, let loose without discipline or military cohesion on a walled city of a million inhabitants, will convert it, almost methodically, into a shambles, their terror-stricken victims awaiting death with pitiful helplessness.

Yang Chou-fu,[1] on the Grand Canal in Kiangsu, has always been an important city. Strategically, before the days of railways, it was the gate of the southern capital, Nanking, for invaders from the north. Its ancient walls are some four miles in circumference, and in olden days, when the Grand Canal was the great artery of trade between the Yangtsze and North China, it boasted great wealth and a large population. Before the Manchu invasion it

[1] In 1282 Kublai Khan conferred upon Marco Polo the governorship of the city.

had suffered, as all Central China had suffered, from the disorders of rebellion and from the general unrest brought about by the chaotic condition of affairs in Peking; but until 1644 the tide of civil war had flowed northward, and though the cities of the plain had paid for it in silver, there had been but little bloodshed in their streets. After the fall of Peking and the collapse of the Mings before the rebel forces of Li Tzû-ch'eng, came the swift turning of the tide: Li's great army, routed by Wu San-kuei and the Manchus, fled southward and west, while the fugitive Mings established their court at Nanking, and gathered together their shattered forces to prevent the Manchus from crossing the Yangtsze.

In 1644, when the Manchu armies began their invasion and subjugation of the south, the population of Yang Chou-fu was estimated at over a million. Lying on the direct route of the invaders to Nanking, it was held for the Mings by their ablest general, Shih K'o-fa, and garrisoned with an army of about 40,000 men. If Prince Fu, heir to the throne of the Mings, had not been hopelessly dissolute and incapable, if he and his advisers at the court of Nanking had given General Shih the loyal support he deserved, the Manchus would probably never have reached the Yangtsze. But the court was wholly engrossed in licentious pleasures, its scanty revenues were wasted in wine-bibbing and play-acting, its forces in the field unprovided with the necessaries of life and materials of war.

Shih K'o-fa had been obliged to detach part of the garrison of Yang Chou-fu, at a most critical moment, to protect a store of munitions and equipment which he had been compelled to leave behind him on his forced march from Soochow. Even so, he might have destroyed the army of the invaders before the investment of the city, had he been willing to cut the banks of the Huai River and flood the country. But Shih was a scholar and a humane man, and preferred the risks of war to the infliction of enduring misery on vast numbers of his fellow countrymen. He might have saved himself, his army, and the city, had he been willing to entertain the advances made to him by the Manchu Regent and forsake the cause of the Mings. But hoping against hope for reinforcements, he met with a dignified refusal the Regent's offers to confer wealth and honor upon him as the price of disloyalty. He took a terrible responsibility, and he paid the price of high failure; and with him, more than half a million men, women, and children 'went to their graves like beds.'

The diary from which the following narrative is taken is dated the fourth Moon of the 'Yi Yu' year (1645).

On the fourteenth day of the Yi Yu year, it was reported to General Shih K'o-fa, the commander-in-chief, by his staff, that Yang Ho (on the Huai River) had fallen, and our garrison prepared for a siege. Soldiers were quartered in every house; a certain Colonel Yang and his men were billeted on me. Their discipline was very bad: we had to supply them with everything and their keep cost us several strings of cash per day. As their demands became ever more importunate, I invited Colonel Yang to a banquet and seized the opportunity to beg him to keep his men in better order. After this we were somewhat less disturbed. The colonel enjoyed listening to the flute, and we called in some singing girls to entertain his men.

There was fierce fighting on the walls and around the city for ten days and nights [1] and we all hoped that the gar-

[1] Other chronicles say that the siege lasted seven days.

rison would repel the enemy. But one evening, while we were having quite a lively party at our house, orders from the commander-in-chief were suddenly brought to Colonel Yang. He read the note, turned deathly pale, and hurried out on the city wall. Our party broke up, every one wondering what evil tidings were in store for us. Next morning all the walls of the city were placarded with a proclamation from General Shih K'o-fa, saying, 'I alone will bear the brunt; none of you blameless people shall pay the penalty.'

I felt quite reassured and touched by these good words. Later in the day every one's spirits rose, for news came in that our men had been victorious in a heavy skirmish outside the city. That afternoon, my married cousin came in from Kua-chou in order to escape from the lawlessness of General Li's dispersed troops. My wife was delighted to see her, and the two women were chatting away, when suddenly rumors began to circulate that the Manchus were in the city. I made immediate inquiries and at first came to the conclusion that the troops who had come in were those of the Marquis Huang Te-kung, one of our own generals, the more so as our guards on the city wall showed no signs of panic. On reaching the main street, however, I met crowds of men, women, and children, many of them barefooted and half naked, all rushing wildly along. To my inquiries they could make no clear replies, all muttering and gibbering incoherently. Next, I observed a small party of horsemen desperately galloping toward the south gate of the city. They passed like a torrent in flood, but I had time to notice that the person they were escorting was none other than General Shih K'o-fa himself. They had tried to leave by the east gate, but finding that the Manchus held it already outside, were hoping to escape by the south. The general was wounded [1] and had been forced by his bodyguard to leave.

Next I saw another of the Ming generals riding northward, evidently intending to surrender to the enemy. His face wore a look of misery such as I never wish to behold again. By this time, the troops on the wall had begun to throw away their weapons and were tearing off the badges from their uniforms. Many of them were severely hurt in the crush and confusion as they rushed from the wall; soon the section adjoining my house was quite deserted. General Shih had erected gun-platforms on a level with the wall, because it was too narrow for artillery purposes; these platforms were reached from the roofs below by a sloping gangway of planks lashed together. The Manchus gained the wall near the north gate, and came rushing along it, sword in hand, driving our men before them. On reaching the gun-platform adjoining my house, crowds of them, pursuers and pursued, came down it helter-skelter; the gangway collapsed beneath them and a score or more were killed. Those who succeeded in reaching the roofs engaged in fierce hand-to-hand fighting, making a din most terrifying to the occupants of the house cowering in the rooms beneath. My courtyard was filled with routed soldiery and panic-stricken refugees, who listened in terror to the fierce yells of the Manchus. I had no means of preventing these fugitives from entering my house; even the womens' quarters were full.

From a window at the back I observed a body of troops marching toward the southwest of the city. They seemed well disciplined, and at first I hoped they were some of our own men. At this moment there came a sound of knocking at my gate. A few

[1] He had endeavored to commit suicide by cutting his throat.

neighbors had come to suggest that we should join them in preparing a welcome to the Manchu invaders and that we should burn incense in token of allegiance to our new Emperor. As matters stood, I dared not refuse to join in these preparations, so we hurriedly put on our ceremonial robes and shaved our heads in the Manchu fashion. This done, we waited a long while, but no Manchu prince put in an appearance. The fight in my courtyard was now over, and about a dozen soldiers lay dead. The Manchus had passed on to other parts of the city.

As I looked out from my window, I saw a few soldiers coming and going; in a little while there came a troop of them escorting a bevy of gaudily clad women, — women belonging to this city, of evil repute. At the spectacle, a sudden thought struck me, and I went to my women-folk and said, 'The city has fallen; you must be ready to commit suicide and thus escape outrage.' They all agreed and handed me their ornaments and their money, saying, 'Keep them; we don't expect to live more than a few hours at most.'

Next I saw a small party of horsemen riding slowly from the north; every person whom they met they stopped, demanding money. These men were not extravagant in their demands, and if they were refused, they would prod their captive with swords, but not so as to hurt him seriously. (I heard afterwards that a Yang Chou man had treacherously conducted this party to the house of a rich merchant, who had paid ten thousand taels as ransom; nevertheless he had been murdered.)

When they came near to my house one of the horsemen pointed to me (I had come out and was standing in the court). 'Search that fellow in the blue gown,' he shouted to one of his comrades, who at once dismounted; but I was too quick for him and rushed inside. The men rode away laughing. I wondered why they should wish to search me, as I was clad in the garments of a rustic. At this moment my two brothers came up and, discussing the point, we concluded that as this part of the city was chiefly inhabited by wealthy merchants, they had suspected my disguise. I therefore decided to remove all the family from my house and take refuge in that of my second eldest brother. My two brothers and the women all made the best of their way thither by unfrequented alleys. Just at the back of my brother's house were some of the slums of the city, a quarter known as the 'Graveyard of the Ho family.' Meanwhile I remained behind in my own house to see what would happen. All of a sudden my eldest brother came running back to tell me that the main street was running with blood, and that if I stayed where I was, I should surely be murdered. 'Come with us; we can at least all die together in our brother's house.' At that, I took the ancestral tablets from their shrine and went with my brother. We were altogether in his house a party of ten: four of us brothers (two older and one younger than myself), my wife and little son, my sister-in-law, my nephew, and my wife's brother and sister.

As evening drew on, we could hear more and more clearly the shouts of the Manchus at their hellish work of butchery. It was pouring with rain but that did not stop them. Hoping to escape detection, we all lay out on the flat roof of an outhouse under the heavy rain, covered with a large felt plaid, which soon became soaked. The death-cries of wounded and dying men, of women and children, rang in our ears and made our blood run cold. Not till midnight did we dare to come from our hiding-place and make for the kitchen, where we managed to kindle a fire and boil a little rice. By this time flames

were bursting out all over the city; several of our neighbors' houses had been burned to the ground; the total number thus destroyed must have run into thousands. The night was as light as day; the tumult and the shouting were incessant. Every now and then we could hear curses in Manchu, blended with some woman's frantic appeal for mercy. We tried to eat, but our chopsticks refused to carry the food to our mouths. We could think of no way of escape; my wife took some ingots of silver and divided them amongst us four brothers. We hid them in our topknots, in our boots and loin-cloths. My wife also found for me an old robe and a pair of frayed shoes, which she bade me wear.

All night we sat desperate, awaiting the end, and dared not close our eyes. A bird in the room sang without ceasing; its notes sounded like a clarion. Close at hand I heard a child sobbing, but could not place it. As dawn broke, the conflagrations seemed to die down. I mounted a ladder and concealed myself in the loft. We all crouched on some boards by the ceiling, when suddenly, from the eastern side, a man's head appeared. He climbed in by one ladder and rushed down another, but the Manchu trooper who followed him paused when he saw us and gave over his pursuit, coming toward me instead. In my terror I too rushed down the ladder and out into the street, followed by my two brothers. We ran at least a hundred yards, but stopped on finding that we were not pursued. For the time being I lost sight of my wife and knew not whether she lived or died.

The cruel Manchus, to save themselves the trouble of hunting for their victims, posted notices, telling the people that if they surrendered they would be given badges guaranteeing them their lives, but if they hid themselves and were caught they would be killed. Many people gave themselves up in consequence. As my brother and I were standing in the street, we saw a group of fifty or sixty persons, half of them women, a little farther on, and my brother said, 'If we hide and are discovered we shall certainly be killed. We are only four helpless men, so we had better surrender and join that group over there. By so doing we may possibly find a means of escape, and if not, at least we shall have the satisfaction of perishing in a general massacre.'

I was far too terrified to suggest any better course, so we went and joined the group, expecting to receive our badges of safety. The Manchus searched my brothers and took away all their money, but oddly enough they left me alone. At this moment some women came up, and one of them spoke to me. I recognized her at once, — the second concubine of my old friend Chu Shu, — but I begged her not to draw attention to me. She was in a pitiable condition, her hair all disheveled, her bosom exposed, and her legs besmeared to the knees with mud. Another concubine had a girl baby in her arms, but the troops first flogged her, then threw her down in the mud. Then some more soldiers came up, collected the women, and began tying them together at the knees, like a string of pearls.

We were then marched off in a body, one man with a sword leading the way, and another on either side to prevent anyone escaping, just as if they were driving sheep to market. At every step we took we saw dead bodies lying in agonized attitudes, — babies who had been crushed to shapelessness beneath the hoofs of horses, women with their new-born babes by the roadside all beaten to a pulp. The streets reeked like a shambles; here and there one heard the groans of a few dying wretches. Arms and legs protruded from every ditch, inextricably mingled.

We were taken to the house of Colonel Yao Yung-yen, entering it by the back door. Every room that I saw was full of corpses, and I said to myself that mine would surely be added to their number. However, there were no Manchu butchers at work there for the time being, and after passing through several courtyards we were brought out through the front of the building. Thence we were led to the house of a Shansi merchant, one Ch'iao Cheng-wang, the headquarters of the men who were our captors. As we entered, I noticed a soldier mounting guard over three comely females. The floor was strewn deep with valuable silks and furs. Our three guards laughed loudly at the sight, and then drove us, a party of fifty, into the back room, while they placed the women in an inner apartment. In the room into which we were driven, three seamstresses were sitting at work. One of them was about thirty-five and very smartly dressed. She was a native of Yang Chou, and seemed perfectly happy, chaffing the soldiers merrily. Her behavior was wanton in the extreme; as I watched her making eyes at the men, I heard one of the Manchus say, 'During the Corean campaign, hardly a woman bought her life at the price of her virtue. Who would have believed that the inhabitants of this great Empire of China could be as shameless as this wench?'

Next, one of the Manchus began brandishing his sword and shouted, 'Come here, you Chinese savages.' They then bound with cords all of us who were in the front row, including my eldest brother. My second brother called out to me, 'It's all up with us: what's the use of talking?' He seized my hand and led me forward; my younger brother followed. We were all bound, some fifty of us in all, and the Manchus led us out into the courtyard, yelling like savages. Then the butchery began: every one was struck dumb with terror, and I stood there and watched it for a few moments, awaiting my turn. At first I looked forward to death calmly enough, but suddenly I felt as if aid had been vouchsafed to me from some supernatural power. Bound as I was, I managed to creep away unnoticed, and reached one of the back rooms of the house, and found myself in the women's quarters, where there were still some of the older women who had been unable to escape.

At the back of this part of the house the Manchu horses and pack-camels were stabled, completely blocking all chance of egress. Creeping on hands and knees, I managed to crawl under the beasts, any one of which might have trampled me to a jelly. After getting past them, I found the walls too high for escape in that direction, but to my left there was a passage leading to a postern door. This door — half way down the passage — was nailed securely, so I went some distance up the passage, where I could distinctly hear the groans of my dying comrades and the shouts of their executioners. Passing the kitchen, I saw four men at work there. They had been pressed into the job by the Manchus, and I implored them to let me join them as hewer of wood or drawer of water. They angrily refused, saying, 'We four have been specially assigned to this duty; if the Manchus find an extra hand here, they will suspect us of conspiracy, and we shall all be killed.' As I continued to beseech them, they pushed me out, driving me forth with a carving-knife.

I then rushed back to the door leading out of the passage, and pulled at it with all my might. I seized the support, in the socket of which the door was inserted, and with a stupendous effort, managed to pull it out. With

bleeding fingers I tried to push the door open, but it was still effectually closed from the outside by a heavy beam. The long spell of wet weather had caused it to stick fast in its socket and I could not move it. But as I pushed and pulled, by great good luck the top hinge of the door gave way, and it fell outwards with a heavy crash.

Again some unseen power seemed to aid me, and I was through the postern door in a flash. The spot at which I emerged was at the foot of the city wall, and there some sentries made signs to me to advance no farther, so I made my way into a house just beyond the one I had left. Every room in it was full of refugees in hiding, except the gate-house, which looked out on the main street, and was so often visited by soldiers that no one had ventured to go there.

There was a corner in this gate-house behind a very high cupboard, into which I managed to climb. As I waited, scarcely daring to breathe, I heard an agonized voice which I recognized all too well, the voice of my younger brother, begging for mercy. A sound of blows followed and then I heard my second eldest brother cry, 'I have money buried in my cellar at home. Let me go, and I will bring it to you.' After that all was silence, and my heart seemed to cease beating. I felt as if my brain were on fire; the tears refused to well from my eyes, and my bowels were rent asunder. My tongue clove to my mouth and I think I lost consciousness. Shortly afterwards a soldier came in, dragging a woman with him, and abusing her fearfully.

My own position was now one of extreme peril. Seizing the first opportunity, I managed to climb from the cupboard, which was open at the top, onto the cross-beam of the loft above. It was as black as pitch up there; and every now and then soldiers, passing by, would look in, and prod the loft matting above their heads with their long spears. Hearing no sound, they concluded it was empty. I lay up there all that day; during that time, about a score of persons were murdered in the room beneath me. Out in the street I could hear sounds of horsemen riding by, with shrieking women in their train. There was no rain that day, but the sky was overcast.

As the day drew to its close, there were fewer soldiers about, but the wailing of homeless refugees served to remind me of my two brothers' pitiful deaths. I wondered if my wife and son still lived and if so, where they might be hiding. As the night fell, I crept down from my loft and went out into the street. The road was full of people crouching in attitudes of despair, some stooping over corpses and calling them by name. Seeing torches moving toward me, I hurriedly made down a side lane toward the city wall. Here the piles of corpses made progress difficult, and I stumbled over them again and again. It took me three hours, from eight o'clock to eleven, to reach my eldest brother's house. He, with my wife and child, was there before me; I could not bear to tell them of the death of our two brothers. . . .

I then told them my experiences. While I was speaking, Mrs. Hung came in and brought some rice, but none of us could eat. Fires were again breaking out all over the city; by their light one could see a long distance. At the back of the Ho family's graveyard there were groups of people lying about under the trees, and the sound of wailing mothers and children was most pitiful to hear. My wife said she wished to kill herself; we talked together all through the night, and I dissuaded her for the present. In the morning she led me to the end of a winding passage, where there was a room full of coffins

awaiting burial. Here I crouched down in some straw and hid, after placing the child on one of the coffins and covering him with matting. My wife concealed herself in front. I dared not move hand or foot, and soon my limbs were completely numbed. All day we could hear the voices of soldiers cursing, and the pitiful entreaties of their victims. A southerner before a Manchu was like a sheep in the hands of the butcher; hardly any attempted even to escape. Toward evening I peeped out and counted over a hundred dead bodies in that one courtyard.

Little Peng'rh slept on the top of the coffin right through that terrible day, and never stirred but once, when I wetted his lips with water which I brought in a hollow tile from the ditch outside. As evening came on, Mrs. Hung came again, and with her we returned to the room in which we had passed the night. She told me that my sister-in-law had been carried off, together with my little nephew, an infant in arms. We counted them both for dead, which made four deaths in my family in two days.

I tried to procure a little rice, but without success. My brother and I talked together all that night. Thrice my wife attempted suicide, but each time Mrs. Hung prevented her. Then my brother said, 'We are not all likely to survive another day. I am still unhurt. Give me the child now and let me try to escape with him.' I agreed, and my brother left us.

Mrs. Hung advised my wife to hide in her cupboard, proposing to change places with her. However, we went back to our coffin room. A party of Manchu soldiers entered the house shortly afterwards, and discovering Mrs. Hung's hiding-place, beat her cruelly; but she told them nothing of our whereabouts, thereby earning my undying gratitude. Then more troops appeared on the scene, but when they saw the coffins, came no farther in our direction. At last a party of ten ruffianly-looking Manchus entered the room, and one of them seized a pole and began poking at my feet. I rose and showed myself. Their guide was a Yang Chou man whom I knew by sight, and I begged him to ask them to spare me. They asked for money, and I gave them some. One of the soldiers shouted, 'Let's spare this fellow's life for the present'; and they all went away.

Then a young fellow in red clothes with a long sword entered, and began brandishing it in my direction. He too wanted money, and I gave him some. He was not satisfied and pointed at my wife. She was expecting her confinement very shortly, and now lay motionless on the ground. I deceived him by telling him that she had been injured. 'My wife is near her time,' I said, 'and yesterday she fell from a roof and injured herself. She cannot sit up and has to remain lying down.' The red-clothed man did not believe me at first; but he noticed that her lower garments were caked in blood (she had previously daubed it on) and so believed my story. He had with him a young woman and two little children; one of them, a boy, cried to his mother for food. This enraged the soldier who brained the poor child on the stone floor. He then departed with the mother and her little girl.

After this, I made for a neighbor's house, and implored him to let us take shelter there. He said he had no room. My wife again begged to commit suicide, and as I felt there was no longer any hope, I agreed: so we both proceeded to hang ourselves with one rope to the rafter. But the noose had been clumsily adjusted, and we fell with a crash to the ground. More soldiers entered the premises, but they marched

straight through and went their ways. My wife rushed out from the chamber into an outhouse, which was full of straw; here there were a number of countrywomen, who allowed her to enter, but they had no room for me. I ran as quickly as I could toward some straw which was piled in a heap in the southern corner, climbed up to the top of the stack, and covered myself completely with the straw. I thought I should be safe there, but in a little while there came a soldier who jumped up and began poking about with a long spear. I came forth from the straw and offered him money to spare my life. He searched about and discovered several other refugees, who all escaped by likewise tendering him silver.

After he had withdrawn, we all crept back into our hiding-place. Down in the middle of the straw I noticed a couple of long tables, which seemed to offer an excellent refuge for several persons. Unfortunately for my idea, part of the adjoining wall had collapsed, and there was a wide chink through which our movements could be seen from without. I had not noticed this and had just lain down, when a soldier began prodding at me with a spear; he succeeded in wounding me and my companions in misery. The lower part of my back received a nasty gash. We all scrambled out as best we could, and again I went to my wife's new quarters. All the women there were crouching on piles of firewood; they had smeared their faces and hair with blood and mud and cinders, so that they looked more like demons than women, and I only recognized my wife by her voice.

I implored them to allow me to get in among them, and they managed to find me a place right at the bottom of the straw, with the women all lying on top of me. I was nearly stifled, but my wife procured a long hollow bamboo, which I placed in my mouth, and through it inhaled a little fresh air from above. A soldier came to the door, murdered two women whom he had dragged thither, and then went off.

The day wore on; it grew dark and the women got up. I then came out of my hiding-place, soaking with perspiration, and my wife and I went back to the Hungs' house, where we found not only Mrs. Hung and her husband, but also my brother and little Peng'rh. He said he had been forced by some Manchus to load carts all day, but they had been kind to little Peng'rh. They had given him a string of cash at the end of his day's work besides a safe-conduct flag. The streets were piled high with corpses, and all the ditches choked with blood. A report was current that a certain Colonel Wang Shao-yang, on good terms with the Manchus, was providing relief for the homeless and destitute, and that his intercession had saved many from being murdered. In spite of all our misery I slept soundly that night; when morning broke we had entered upon our ninth day of tribulation.

So far we had marvelously escaped, but rumors were being noised abroad that all the survivors were to be massacred that day, so that many, at the risk of their lives, fled from the city by means of ropes let down from the wall. Meanwhile outlaws and cutthroats from the country had begun to make their way into the city, plundering whatever was left, or else, lying in wait outside, they would intercept the escaping town-people and despoil them. Under these circumstances I dared not make the attempt to quit Yang Chou, and my brother was unwilling to start forth alone; so that evening I concealed myself again under some straw; my wife and the child lay on top.

Many times did my wife owe her safety to her advanced pregnancy. Sol-

diers often came in, but we were able to buy them off with bribes. Finally a wolf-eyed, lantern-faced Manchu entered and glared at my wife ferociously. He pulled her about violently, but she lay still, and told him the same story about having fallen from a height. He did not believe her and compelled her to rise. She sank again immediately, whereupon the soldier took his sword and cut at her back, blood gushing from each stroke. My wife had previously begged me not to betray my presence, even to save her life, as there was a chance of their sparing the child, even if they killed her, and if I discovered myself the child would surely starve, for both its parents would be dead. So I remained hidden in the straw, and said nothing, expecting that each moment would be her last. The soldier finally caught her by the hair, twisted her long tresses round his arm and brutally pulled her along, belaboring her all the while. He dragged her from the pile of straw down the street for about fifty yards, pausing after every few paces to slash at her with his sword. At this moment a party of cavalry came up, and one of the horsemen spoke to the soldier in Manchu. He at once desisted and left my wife, who managed to crawl back, bleeding in seven or eight places, and covered with the marks of her terrible ill-treatment. She continued moaning all the rest of that day.

Toward dawn we crept out and lay awhile at the back of a grave-mound. We were caked all over with mud and filth and looked like anything but human beings. A fire close by spread to the trees by the graveside, and what with the roaring of the flames and the howling of the wind, we felt as if we were already in the infernal regions. Ghastly was the spectacle as the dawn broke, and a pallid sun appeared. On all sides we beheld gaunt fleeting spectres of men and women, our fellow countrymen, while the Manchus, like so many Rakchas,[1] chased them up and down, as if they were already denizens of the nethermost hell. If we closed our eyes, our fevered brains conjured up visions of tortures worse than those we had already undergone.

Suddenly I heard the sound of rushing feet. Looking up, I was horrified to see that my brother had been seized by a Manchu soldier and was making desperate efforts to escape from his hold. At last he broke away, but the soldier was after him. For a few breathless moments, I gazed in horror; in the end my brother came tottering back, stark naked and with disheveled hair, in the firm grasp of the Manchu. He implored me to offer the man money to save his life. I had only one silver ingot left and this I offered to the man, but he furiously seized his sword and stabbed my brother in the neck. He fell to earth, blood gushing from his wounds. Poor little Peng'rh (aged five years) seized the soldier's knees and begged him with tears to spare his uncle's life. The soldier calmly wiped his blade on Peng'rh's coat and then stabbed my brother again, this time in the head, and as it seemed to me, mortally. Then he caught me by the hair and demanded money, belaboring me with the blunt side of his sword.

I told him that my money was all gone, but offered to get him other articles. So he dragged me to the Hungs' house, where I showed him my wife's silk clothes and jewelry which we had hidden in two water-jars. Everything was turned out on the doorstep, and he helped himself to whatever took his fancy. He removed all the pearls and gold ornaments, made a selection of the best clothes, and observing that little Peng'rh had a silver locket round

[1] Demons of the Buddhist inferno, which devour men.

his neck, wrenched it off with his knife. Then he turned to me and said, 'I won't kill you, but don't rejoice too soon. Others will kill you before very long.' This showed me that a general massacre was afoot, and I felt that our last hour had come. But my wife and I hurried back to see how it fared with our brother. The wound in his neck was fearful, — a gaping hole, several inches deep, — and from the gash in his head a portion of the brain was protruding. He had also a terrible wound in the breast. We took him to the Hungs' house and asked how he felt. 'No pain,' he replied, 'just drowsy. I want to sleep.' He was only half-conscious when we left him there, to go and hide ourselves close to a neighbor's house amidst a pile of corpses. As we lay there, suddenly we heard a voice cry, 'The general massacre is fixed for to-morrow. All who can escape had better do so.'

My wife urged me to fly the city, but I reflected that my brother was desperately wounded and could not find it in my heart to leave him. Besides, we had now no money left and if we left the city we should only be facing the certainty of death from starvation. We discussed our position miserably for a long time; by this time the fires had burned themselves out, and we could hear the booming of distant guns. There were not so many soldiers about, so I moved with my wife and child to an outhouse in which dry dung was kept. Mrs. Hung soon joined us.

A little later a young man of about thirty, wearing a Manchu hat, clad in red clothes and wearing black satin boots, came riding by. He had a breastplate of the finest mail; his steed was beautifully caparisoned, and he was attended by a large suite. His features, though Tartar, were exceedingly handsome: he had a long protruding chin and a lofty forehead. Amongst his retinue there were many Yang Chou people. This was Prince Yü, the Manchu commander-in-chief and uncle of their Emperor.

He looked closely at me, saying, 'You don't look like a common person: who and what are you?' I reflected that some of our people had escaped by saying that they were scholars by profession, while others of the *literati* had been murdered on suspicion of anti-Manchu proclivities. I did not therefore reveal my identity, but concocted a plausible story. Then he asked about my wife and I told him the truth. He then said, 'I have given orders that all killing shall cease from to-morrow, so you will be quite safe.' He bade some of his retinue give me clothes and an ingot of silver. 'How long,' he asked, 'is it since you have had a good meal?' I answered, 'Five days.' He commanded us to follow him. My wife and I dared not disobey, though suspicious of his intentions.

We reached a mansion where preparations for a banquet were laid out on a most lavish scale. Victuals of all kinds were there in abundance. He called a woman, saying, 'Treat these people well,' and then departed. It was now twilight. My wife's younger brother had been carried off and we knew nothing of his fate; my wife was very sad at his loss. The woman soon came out with bowls of fish and rice, and as this mansion was quite near to the Hungs' house, I carried some food to my brother, but he could not eat it. I combed his hair and washed away the blood from his face, feeling all the time as though a sword were at my own heart. People's minds were more composed on hearing that massacres were to cease.

Next day was the first of the fifth moon; although the situation was much improved, looting and murder did not

cease entirely. All the well-to-do families had been stripped bare of everything; hardly any females over ten years of age had escaped outrage. To-day one of the Manchu generals, the Earl of Established Peace, rëentered Yang Chou and distributed some food to the people, over which they fought like ravenous tigers. On the second day proclamations were issued that the Manchus had established local officials in Yang Chou and the surrounding districts. The magistrates were sending out runners to tranquillize the people. The Buddhist temples received orders to burn all corpses: there were still many women hiding in their shrines, and many had died there of starvation. According to the official records of bodies found, the total number of persons who perished during these days was eight hundred thousand, but this does not include those who perished in the flames or who drowned themselves in the river.

On the third day a notice was circulated that relief offices were distributing grain and rice. I went with Mrs. Hung to the place, which was the former commissariat department of General Shih K'o-fa. There were tons of rice and grain stored in bins, but in a very short space of time the whole of it had been distributed to the famishing crowd. They presented a pitiful spectacle, most of them with maimed limbs and broken heads, and all in filthy apparel. But when the grain was distributed, each and all fought like wolves: children even forgot to consider their parents, and struggled only for themselves. Many aged and infirm persons waited all day without securing a mouthful.

On the fourth day, the sky cleared and the heat of the sun was great. The stench of the corpses was overpowering, and thousands were burned during the day. A mighty smoke was raised and the smell of the burning bodies filled the air, tainting it for miles around. I burned some cotton-wool and human bone, and with the calcined ashes prepared ointment for my brother's wounds. He accepted it gratefully but could not utter a word.

On the fifth day, many people who had remained in hiding began to come forth; people's hearts were too full for speech. We five, including the Hungs, were still alive, but as yet we did not dare to spend the day in our own house. After breakfast we went out and sat by the roadside. No one dared to wash or dress his hair, for there were still robbers about, but these were only common footpads. They had no swords, only cudgels, with which they frightened people into giving them money. But even so they beat several people to death. We could not tell if these wretches were Manchus or Chinese soldiers, or merely local ruffians. To-day my brother died of his grievous wounds, which had mortified. My loss is not to be described. At the beginning of the trouble we were a party of eight brothers and sisters and their issue; now only three remained, I, my wife, and Peng'rh.

In all I have described the events of ten days, from the twenty-fifth of the fourth to the fifth of the fifth moon. I have only told of my own experiences and the things of which I have been an eye-witness. In all my story there is not one word of hearsay or rumor, and I have avoided all mention of events which did not come under my own observation. Hence I know that this record is true. Perchance, posterity, born in a happier age, may be interested in perusing this diary, and it may serve to point a moral for the unreflecting. It may even cause vindictive and cruel-minded men to reflect on the error of their ways, and thus be of some value, as a solemn warning.

. . . . . .

Thus it was in China in the year 1645. Thereafter, for 265 years, the Manchus ruled over the Empire which they had won by the sword. Under the wise government of their earlier emperors the country rapidly recovered, as it always does, from the abomination of desolation wrought, first, by Li Tzû-ch'eng's rebellion, and then by the Manchus' ruthless war of conquest. New cities sprang up where not one stone had been left upon another to tell the story of the dead; once more the wilderness was made to blossom as the rose, until, in the fullness of time, the Manchus' course of empire was run and, as they lost their prestige as rulers, rebellion and anarchy once more laid waste the land.

In the events which have marked the passing of this once Imperial race, none display more vividly the pitiless irony of Fate and the innate savagery of Orientals, than the slaughter of the Manchu garrisons at cities like Sianfu in the recent revolution. Describing the sack of the Tartar quarter in that city in October, 1911, one who passed through it shortly afterwards wrote:[1]

'Once the Chinese set about this business of destruction, the lust of blood, the madness of killing, possessed them. Old and young, men and women, little children, were alike butchered. The Tartar general, old, hopeless, cut off from his people at the critical moment, was unable to face the situation. The safety he had won for the moment, he felt not worth the keeping; he ended his life by throwing himself down a well. Houses were plundered and then burnt; those who would fain have lain hidden till the storm was past, were forced to come out into the open. The revolutionaries, protected by a parapet of the wall, poured a heavy, unceasing, relentless fire into the doomed Tartar city. Those who tried to escape thence into the Chinese city were cut down as they emerged from the gates. At the western gates the Mohammedans cynically received them for their own purpose.

'In the darkness some managed to scale the city wall, descend the other side, wade through the moat, and escape to the open country. But not all who attempted this succeeded. The wall is thirty-six feet in height and at the top is some sixteen yards wide, and on it at various points clustered the Chinese soldiers. The fugitives, to escape, had to slip between these, avoid the flashing lanterns and find a means of affixing their ropes safely before descending. Some possibly escaped by venturing to leap from the height.

'In despair, many Manchus themselves set fire to their houses; at least they might cheat their murderers of the loot they sought. Into the English Hospital, days afterwards, when the first fury was passed, men were brought in a shocking condition — men who had attempted to cut their throats. Asked why they had done so, they answered simply, "The wells were full." And the Shensi wells are not the shallow ones of some parts of China; they are thirty-six feet deep. There is such a man in that hospital to-day. All his family, wife, daughters, sons, were slain or destroyed themselves, and he failed in his attempt to end his life by other means.

'There were many Manchus in the Chinese city at the time of the outbreak. Some escaped for the moment through taking shelter with friends. But even twenty days after the outbreak a Manchu detected on the street would be dragged off to instant execution. Hundreds were thus hunted through the streets and lanes of the city. They were known by their cloth-

[1] See *The Passing of the Dragon*, by J. C. Keyte. Hodder and Stoughton. 1913.

ing, by their cast of countenance, by their speech. . . .

'When the Manchus found that further resistance was useless, they in many cases knelt on the ground, laying down their weapons, and begged the soldiers for life. They were shot as they knelt. Sometimes there was a whole line of them. In one doorway a group of between ten and twenty was thus killed in cold blood.

'A girl came down the street; a girl of twenty, with hands bound. She had been hastily dragged before the "judges" in the Magazine, temporary headquarters of the Revolution, and was now being taken out a hundred yards or so to be beheaded. And in her face was that which once seen — by one passer-by at least — was never to be forgotten. It was not despair; ah, no! That anodyne had had no time in which to reach her. It was the full young life cheated of its days, going out into the dark, the path before her littered by fearful reminders of the fate in front. From the pallid lips no sound issued; they were held, as the girl's whole being was held, by utter terror. The shaking limbs, the stumbling gait, proclaimed it; but more than all, the awful haunting eyes.

'Along the route where the reek of blood made the very air bitter, acrid in the brilliant sunshine, where curses and sobs mingled with groans, and derisive raucous cries rent the air, they went. A woman, a very girl, caught within the enemy's gates, not dying with her own people, not able to save herself with them if only in a death she saw and chose: but hurried along thus, as to a shambles. And her crime? Her birth: a Manchu. The soldier muttered impatiently. He had other affairs to attend to when this was over. Time meant money, — meant sport, — in those days. He stalked along behind her with naked sword held up. "Hurry," he snarled, "hurry."

'Days after the outbreak, an Englishman, passing down a side street, heard groans, heard the cry of pain, coming up with hollow sound from the depths. At the mouth of a well stood some Chinese. It was their day. The pitiful cries went on, the feeble moaning, varied with the sharp cries. A Manchu who had thrown himself, or been thrown down this well, lay there with broken limbs; lay there in agony, appealing almost unconsciously for pity.

'The men at the well-mouth picked up lumps of earth, stones, picked up what came to hand. There came up from the well's depths the thud of missiles on human flesh.'

And so the whirligig of Time brings on its merciless revenges; the butchers of to-day become the victims of to-morrow. Europe, with its reserves of inherited wealth, with outlets over-seas for its surplus millions, its organized philanthropy and scientific economics, has no conception of the realities of life in farthest Asia, the same now as they were in the days when 'The Lord commanded Moses to war against the Midianites, and they slew all the males, and burnt all their cities wherein they dwelt.' It is not possible for us, in our well-ordered materialism, to sympathize with the forces of atavism, the instinctive terrors and cruelties, that dwell forever deep-rooted in the soul of this people. The sack of Yang Chou-fu, and that of the Tartar city in Sian-fu, are in reality only typical and insignificant incidents, normal features in the life-history of a race which, since the beginning of recorded time, has learned 'to eat its bread with quaking and to drink its water with trembling.'

IN BELSHAZZAR COURT

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

Our apartment house has all-night elevator service. We have grown accustomed to being awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of violent hammering on the iron door of the elevator shaft, the object of which is to attract the attention of the operator, who is in the habit of running up his car to the top floor and going to sleep in the hall, being roused only with the greatest difficulty. Tenants have complained of the inconvenience; especially when one comes home late from an after-theatre supper at a Broadway hotel. In deference to such complaints our elevator boys are constantly being discharged, but the tradition of going to sleep on the top floor seems to be continuous.

One of the reasons for this, I imagine, is that our landlord underpays his help and is consequently in no position to enforce discipline. However, I speak almost entirely on information and belief, my personal experience with the all-night elevator having been confined to a single instance. That was when we came back from our vacation last summer at an early hour in the morning and rang the bell without eliciting any response. Inasmuch as we live only two flights up, we walked up the stairs, I carrying a suit-case, a hand-bag and the baby, and Emmeline carrying another suit-case and leading by the hand our boy Harold, who was fast asleep.

During the day our elevator is frequently out of order. The trouble, I believe, is with the brake, which every little while fails to catch, so that the car slides down a floor or two and sticks. It is quite probable that if our elevator boys remained long enough to become acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of the machinery in Belshazzar Court such stoppages would come less often. But no serious accidents have ever occurred, to my knowledge, and personally, as I have said, I suffer little inconvenience, since it is no trouble at all to walk up two flights of stairs.

But it is different with Emmeline, who worries over the children. She will not allow the baby to be taken into the car. Instead, she makes the nurse ride up or down with the carriage, then has her fetch the baby by the stairs. Emmeline complains that in cold weather this necessitates her own going downstairs to tuck the child into her cart, a duty which cannot possibly be delegated. It also exposes the baby to draughts while she is being taken out of the cart in the hall, preparatory to being carried upstairs. But Emmeline would rather take that chance than have the elevator drop with baby, as happened twice during the first week after we moved in. I have sometimes argued with her on the subject, maintaining that there cannot be any real danger when the safety of the elevator is guaranteed by no less than three casualty companies; but Emmeline says that is a detached point of view which she cannot share. Our boy Harold is under strict injunctions to walk. He finds it a deprivation, after having twice tasted the joy of being marooned

between floors, whence he was rescued by means of a ladder.

It is on account of the large bedrooms that we selected this particular apartment house and cling to it in spite of certain obvious disadvantages. That is, there is really one bedroom only which can be called very large, but it has a fair amount of sunlight and it faces on an open court. Harold has the music-room, which landlords formerly used to call the back parlor. It faces on the avenue and makes an excellent sleeping-room and play-room for the boy. Such rooms are almost impossible to find in a tolerable neighborhood for the really moderate rent we pay; that is, my rent is just a little more than I can afford. Nevertheless you would think it reasonable if you saw what a fine appearance our apartment house makes. It has a façade in Flemish brick, with bay windows belted by handsome railings of wrought iron upon narrow stone balconies. It also has a mansard cornice painted a dull green, which is visible several blocks away over the roofs of the old-fashioned flats by which our house is surrounded.

Our friends, when they come to see us for the first time, are impressed with Belshazzar Court. You pass through heavy grilled doors into a marble-lined vestibule which is separated by a second pair of massive doors from the spacious main hall. This hall is gay with an astonishingly large number of handsome electroliers in imitation cut glass. There is also a magnificent marble fireplace in which the effect of a wood fire is simulated by electric bulbs under a sheet of red-colored isinglass. The heat is furnished by a steam radiator close by. The floor has two large Oriental rugs of domestic manufacture. There is a big leather couch in front of the fire-place. Everywhere are large, comfortable arm-chairs in which I have often thought it would be pleasant to lounge and smoke, but I have never had the time. On a mahogany table, in the centre, the day's mail is displayed. I have sometimes glanced over the letters in idle curiosity and found that they consist largely of circulars from clothing firms and dyeing establishments. The chandeliers usually have a number of the crystal prisms broken or missing. The rugs are fairly worn, but doubtless the casual visitor does not notice that. The general effect of our main hall is, as I have said, imposing. Sunday afternoons there are several motor cars lined up in front of the house.

The number of young children in our apartment house is not large, a dozen or fifteen, perhaps. The house has six stories and there are nine apartments to the floor, so you can figure out for yourself the rate of increase for the population of Belshazzar Court. My own contribution to the infant statistics of our apartment house is apparently between one sixth and one eighth of the total number. Moreover, if you calculate not by mere number but by the amount of vital energy liberated, my own share is still larger. For there is no denying the justice of the hall boys' complaint that our Harold creates more disturbance in the house than any other three children. The missing prisms in the hall chandeliers are in considerable degree to be attributed to Harold. Not that he has a predilection for electroliers. He is just as hard on shoes and stockings. The former he destroys in a peculiar manner. As he walks upstairs, he carefully adjusts the upper of his shoe, just over the arch, to the edge of each step, and scrapes it toward the toe slowly but firmly. When in good form he can shave the toes from a new pair of shoes in a single afternoon, and I have known him to reduce his foot-

gear, within a week, to a semblance of degraded destitution that is the despair and mortification of his mother.

However, it must not be supposed that Harold is unpopular with the working staff of Belshazzar Court. The only apparent exception is the house superintendent, who is held responsible for all damages accruing to halls and stairways. His point of view is therefore quite comprehensible. But even the bitter protests of the house superintendent are not, I imagine, a true index to his permanent state of feeling with regard to Harold. At least I know that after the superintendent has called up Emmeline on the telephone to complain of Harold's fondness for tracing patterns on the mahogany hall table with a wire nail, the boy has been found in the cellar watching the stoking of the furnace with bated breath, a privilege conferred on but few. The superintendent has also given Harold the run of a great pile of cinders and ashes which occasionally accumulates near the furnace doors. From such excursions the boy returns with the knees of his stockings entirely gone, and only the blue of his eyes discernible through a layer of coal dust which lends him an aspect of extraordinary ferocity.

And yet I believe it is Harold's clamorous career through life that is the secret of his popularity with the people in our house. When he walks down the stairs it sounds like a catastrophe. He engages in furious wrestling bouts with the hall boys, whose life he threatens to take in the most fiendishly cruel manner. His ability to 'lick' the elevator boy and the telephone operator single-handed is an open secret to any one who has ever met Harold. But as I have said, there are very few children in the house, and I imagine that the sound of him engaging in mortal combat with the elevator boy, and the clatter of his progress down the stairs, echo rather gratefully at times through the long, sombre hallways.

I am an eye-witness of Harold's popularity on Sunday mornings when Emmeline and I, with both the children, ride down in the elevator for our weekly stroll along the Boulevard. My bodily presence on Sunday so far removes my wife's apprehensions with regard to the elevator that she will consent to take the baby down in the car. On such occasions I have observed that our neighbors invariably smile at Harold. Sometimes they will ask him how soon and in just what way he intends to destroy the new hall boy, or they will reach out a hand and pluck at his ear. The women in the car content themselves with smiling at him.

Harold's friends, who thus salute him on Sunday morning, usually carry or lead a small dog or two which they are taking out for the daily exercise. There are a large number of small dogs in our apartment house. I don't pretend to know the different breeds, but they are nearly all of them winsome little beasts, with long, silky pelts, retroussé noses, and eyes that blink fiercely at you. Their masters are as a rule big, thick-set men, well advanced toward middle age, faultlessly dressed, and shaven to the quick. Or else the small dogs repose in the arms of tall, heavy women, who go mercilessly corseted and pay full tribute to modern requirements in facial decoration. They seem to lay great store by their pets, but they also find a kind glance for Harold. Sometimes I imagine it is a different glance which they turn from their little dogs to Harold, — a softer look, with the suggestion of wonder in it. From Harold and the baby they usually glance at Emmeline. I pass virtually unnoticed.

I have mentioned the baby. When

she is with us, Harold does not monopolize our neighbors' attention. It would be odd if it were otherwise. I am not so partisan as Emmeline in this matter, but I am inclined to think she is right when she says that our baby's eyes, of a liquid grayish-blue, staring in fascination out of the soft, pink swell of her cheeks, cannot help going straight to the heart of every normally constituted bystander. The women with small dogs in their arms smile at Harold, but they will bend down to the baby and hold out a finger to her and ask her name. Under such circumstances the behavior of Emmeline is rather difficult to explain. She is proud and resentful at the same time. Her moral judgments are apt to be swift and sharp, and when we are alone she has often characterized these neighbors of ours — the women I mean — in pretty definite terms. Her opinion of women whose interests are satisfied by a husband and a toy dog would please Mr. Roosevelt, I imagine. Yet she never fails to tell me of the extraordinary charm our baby exerts on these very people whose outlook upon life and æsthetic standards she thoroughly despises.

I have a confession to make. Sometimes, during our encounters in the elevator with our close-shaven, frock-coated neighbors and their fashionably dressed wives, I have looked at Emmeline's clothes and made comparisons not to her discredit but to my own. I should like Emmeline to cut as fine a figure as her neighbors, occasionally. Our neighbors' wives on a Sunday are dazzling in velvets and furs and plumes, whereas Emmeline has a natural disinclination for ostrich feathers even if we could afford to go in for such things. Her furs are not bad, but they are not new. They have worn well during the four years she has had them; nevertheless they are not new.

I am not hinting at shabbiness. That is the last thing you would think of if you saw Emmeline. An exquisite cleanliness of figure, a fine animation in the eyes and the cut of her lips, an electric youthfulness of gesture — I know that clothes are vanity, but sometimes, on Sundays, I am seized with an extraordinary desire for velvets and feathers and furs. I feel that there must be a certain, spiritual tonic in the knowledge of being splendidly overdressed. It is a plunge into outlawry which has its temptations to quiet people like myself who would never dare to put on a red tie. I sometimes wonder if the ancient Greeks, with all their inborn taste for simplicity in line and color, did not occasionally go in for a sartorial spree. I really do not regret the fact that I cannot afford to give Emmeline a sealskin coat and a hat with aigrettes. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred I should feel uneasy to see her thus arrayed. But occasionally, yes, occasionally, I should like it.

Frequently I catch myself wondering how the others can afford it. I take it that even when you make due allowance for the New York temperament it is fairly safe to assume that people living in the same apartment house occupy the same economic level. There are exceptions, of course. Tucked away in some rear-court apartment you will find people whose bank accounts would amaze their neighbors. But these are precisely the ones who make the least display. They are maiden ladies of native American descent and the last of their line; or the widows of Tammany contractors and office-holders who divide their time between works of piety and a cat; or prolific German families of the second generation living after the sober traditions of the race. Still, I feel sure that the majority of our neighbors in Belshazzar Court are in the same income class with myself.

How, then, can they afford it all — velvets, furs, the Sunday afternoon motor-car in front of the door? I put aside the obvious explanation, that there are no children. That would make a very considerable difference, but still — motor-cars, bridge three times a week for very considerable stakes, tables reserved at Shanley's for Election night and New Year's Eve —

'They *have* to afford it,' says Emmeline, with that incisive justice of hers in which I should sometimes like to see a deeper tincture of mercy. 'When you come to think of it, a little pink-nosed dog cannot fill up a woman's life. There must be other interests.'

'In other words, they can't afford it. Do these people pay their bills?'

We used to call this a rhetorical question at college. My information on the subject is probably as good as Emmeline's. Five minutes of pleasant gossip with one's newsdealer is illuminating. Not that I am given to hanging over shop-counters, or that my newsdealer would be reckless enough to mention names. But since we are by way of being in the same line of business, I writing for the newspapers while he sells them, — and incidentally makes the better income of the two, — we do pass the time of day whenever I drop in for cigars or stationery. On such occasions, without quoting names, he will state it as a regrettable economic puzzle that so many people who ride in motor-cars should find it hard to pay their newspaper bills. There was one account, running up to something over eight dollars, he told me, that he was finally compelled to write down to profit and loss. The figures are instructive. Eleven cents a week — for it is an odd fact that people who ride in motor-cars read only the penny papers — makes forty-four cents a month. Throw in an occasional ten-cent magazine and you have a total expenditure of say seventy or eighty cents a month. An unpaid newspaper bill of eight dollars would therefore argue a condition of acute financial embarrassment extending over a period of nearly a year.

My newsdealer's explanation was that garage bills must be paid with fair promptness and dinners at Shanley's must be paid for in cash, seeing that the demand is always greater than the supply. Whereas the competition among newsdealers is so sharp, and literature is on the whole a luxury so easily dispensed with, that the newsvendor must be content to wait for his bill or lose his customer. And he went on to say that there is serious talk among men in his line of business of organizing a newsdealers' benevolent and protective association for the enforcement of collections from customers living in elevator apartments.

'And then again,' says Emmeline, 'why should n't they be able to afford it? They don't eat.'

She goes on to show that inevitably a house with no children in it is a house with very little good food in it. Emmeline has made a study of eugenics, and she has come to the conclusion that the purest milk and a lot of it, the juiciest steaks, and the freshest vegetables constitute the best preventive of a neurotic citizenship in the future. It is a principle which she lives up to so resolutely that our food bills would strike many people as staggering. Now appetite, Emmeline argues, is very susceptible to suggestion. People learn to eat by watching their young. It 's like caviare. But where there are no children life may easily be sustained on soda crackers and a glass of milk.

And it is something more than that. (I am still paraphrasing Emmeline's views). A dining-room table with children's eager, hungry faces around it ceases to be a mere dining-room table

and becomes an altar. Dinner is not a mere replenishing of the physiological furnaces; it partakes of the nature of a sacrament, with the mother as the high priestess, and the father, — well, let us call him the tithe-gatherer. Eating in common is a form of primitive nature-worship which the purest religions have taken over and sanctified. To break bread together — well, all this is quite obvious. But now try to think of a sacrament as being administered with a can-opener and a chafing-dish.

'That is what they live on,' says Emmeline, 'things that come out of tins and paper boxes. At the end of a year it means a fur coat.' Which is n't really very convincing. A single after-theatre supper on Broadway will easily swallow up a week's frying-pan economies. But as an index of the attitude of those women who cook for their children to those women who have no children to cook for, Emmeline's opinion has its value. I admit that, being a woman, she is prejudiced, my own prejudices being to a very great extent the reflection of hers.

Emmeline has a hatred for gossip that is quite extraordinary in one who is so closely confined to her home by household duties. Hence you will wonder where she obtains her information, sometimes so startlingly intimate, regarding our neighbors' habits. Well, in the first place, Belshazzar Court is very much like those Russian prisons you read about, which hum and echo with news flashing along mysterious channels. The prison walls resound to ghostly taps in the still of the night. The water-pipes beat out their message. A handkerchief is waved at a window. A convict's shackled feet, dragging along the corridor, send out the Morse code of the cell. So it requires no special gift of imagination to sit in one's apartment and reconstruct the main outlines of the life about you. The mechanical piano downstairs has its say. There is a scamper of young feet in the hallway above. A voice of exasperation rasps its way down the dumb-waiter. A sewing machine whirs its short half hour and is silent. Little yelping volleys announce meal-time for the silken-haired Pekinese. As night comes on, the lights begin to flash up, revealing momentary silhouettes, groups, bits of still life. The alarm clock in the morning and the heavy, thoughtful tread at midnight bespeak different habits and occupations. It is a world built up out of sounds.

There are the servants. They are the telegraph wires of apartment-house life. Like a good many telegraph wires in the great world outside, they are sadly overburdened with trivialities. Yet a healthy cook or nurse-maid will pick up during a ten minutes' excursion to the roof an amazing mass of miscellaneous information. This information she insists upon imparting to you. At first Emmeline would refuse to listen, protesting that she did not care to be burdened with other people's affairs. But we soon learned that the one form of class-distinction which domestic help will not tolerate is a refusal to meet them on the common level of gossip. What makes the problem all the more difficult is that as a rule the best servants have the keenest appetite for petty scandal. Presumably a robust interest in one's own duties goes hand in hand with a healthy interest in the way other people are living up to their duty. Elizabeth, the only cook we have ever had who will not create a scene when somebody drops in unexpectedly for dinner, simply oozes information. When I think of the secrets into which Elizabeth has initiated us with regard to our neighbors whom we have never met, I feel an embarrassment which is only relieved by the thought that these neighbors

must be quite as well informed about ourselves.

Perhaps I should know more of our neighbors if the electric lights in our stately hallways did not burn so dimly. I have mentioned the handsome glass chandeliers in our main hall and vestibule. Unfortunately they give forth a faint, sepulchral light. Our elevator car, a massive cage of iron and copper, is quite dark. It may be that our landlord has artistic leanings and is trying to impart a subdued, studio atmosphere to his halls; very dim illumination being, I understand, the proper thing in advanced circles. Incidentally there must be a saving in electricity bills. At any rate if you will take into consideration the fact that I have a habit of staring at people, even in broad daylight, without recognizing them, and if you will add to that the fact that a day's fussing over proofs and exchanges in the office is followed by an hour in the Subway over the evening papers, it is quite plain why I have difficulty in remembering the faces of neighbors whom I occasionally run across.

Most of the neighbors are very much the same way. An hour in the dead atmosphere of the Subway wilts the social virtues out of a man. We manage to make our way listlessly into the upper air. We trudge wearily through the handsome iron doors of our apartment house. We take our places in opposite corners of the elevator car and stare up at the roof of the cage or count the floors as we pass. Three or four of us leave at the same floor and go our several ways, I to number 43 on the right, one man to number 42 straight ahead, one to the left, and so forth. As I have said, there are nine apartments to the floor.

Emmeline insists that I should not read in the Subway. She says I ought to lean back and close my eyes and rest. But she forgets that the man you lean back upon is sure to protest. Lateral pressure enforces an attitude of extreme rigidity during the rush hour, and to stand up straight with one's eyes closed tight is obviously ridiculous. Even when I find a seat, I do not like to close my eyes. It gives people the impression that I am pretending to be asleep in order to avoid giving up my seat to a woman, and on that subject I have the courage of my convictions. An hour in the Subway can be made endurable only by some such narcotic as the evening papers afford; and when you have read through three or four papers, your eyes naturally show the strain.

Of course, if we stay long enough in Belshazzar Court, we shall make acquaintances. Accident will bring that about. For instance, there are a number of men in my line of work and the allied professions who meet every now and then in a little German café on the East side in the 'Eighties. It is not a club, since there are neither members nor bye-laws nor initiation fees, nor, worst of all abominations, a set subject for papers and discussion. People simply drift in and out. We keep late hours, and it is a well-known fact that in the early hours of the morning friendships are rather easily formed. That was the way I met Brewster.

Brewster (I don't know his first name) is a tall, thin, sallow-faced man of thirty-five who looks the Middle West he comes from. I had seen him at two of our meetings before we fell into talk. He spoke sparingly, not because he was shy, but because as a rule he had trouble in finding the right phrase. It was not until we were walking across town toward the Subway one night that I found out that Brewster is associate professor of mathematics at my old university. But he has ideas outside of Euclid. He is a Radical, he

detests New York, and he is looking forward to the time when he can get away. But I imagine that he is not looking forward very eagerly. Your Radical loves the city while he curses it. At any rate, the Subway trains make speed at night and I was at my station before I knew it. Had he passed his own? No, it appeared that this was his station, too. That was pleasant, I said. Living in the same neighborhood I hoped we would see more of each other in the future. He said it would be pleasant indeed; his own address was Belshazzar Court. He had been there more than two years now. He lived on the third floor, in 47.

'That would be directly across the court from 43?'

He thought it was.

That was two weeks ago. We have not yet found the time to drop in on Brewster. But sometimes I catch a glimpse of him through the window-curtains of his dining-room. Of course I had seen his figure pass across the window before, but naturally had never looked long enough to fix his face in my memory. He has his two children and his unmarried sister in the apartment with him. The mother of the children is dead. The elder is a boy of seven, and I think he must be the pleasant-faced lad who on several occasions has rung our bell and complained that our Harold has robbed him of various bits of personal property — a toy pistol, a clay pipe, and several college emblems of the kind that come in cigarette boxes.

That is all I know of Brewster directly. Emmeline knows a little more. She has it from our cook, who has it from Brewster's cook. He goes out very rarely. In the morning he escorts the little boy to a private school half a mile away. This he does on his way to the university. He comes home a little earlier than I do, usually with a grip full of books. Our cook says that Brewster is invariably present when his sister gives the little girl her bath before putting her to bed; the child is only two years old. The boy has his supper with his father and aunt, and it is Brewster himself who superintends his going to bed. This process is extremely involved and is marked by a great deal of rough-and-tumble hilarity. Late at night, as I sit reading or writing, I catch a glimpse of him over his work at the big dining-room table, correcting examination papers, I suppose, though I believe he does some actuarial work for an insurance company. He will get up occasionally for a turn or two about the room, or to fill his pipe, or to fetch from the kitchen a cup of tea which he drinks cold. I see him at work long after midnight.

Have I gone into all this detail concerning Brewster merely because he happens to live in 47, which is just across the court from 43, or because our habits and our interests really do touch at so many points? If Brewster were writing down his impressions of Belshazzar Court at midnight, with myself as the central figure, his story would be very much like mine. A glimpse into the windows of our dining-room would show me, too, in a clutter of papers, rustling through my exchange clippings, dipping into a volume of 'Pickwick' for a moment's rest, striking innumerable matches to keep a reluctant pipe a-going, and drinking cold tea, — too much cold tea, I am afraid.

Yes, Brewster and I have something in common. But then I wonder, if I were living one floor above, in 53, and chance had made me acquainted with Smith who lives across the court in 57, would Smith and I discover that there are human ties between us other than our dependence on the same central

heating plant? For one thing, I know that the Smiths have a baby which frequently cries at night in unison with our own. Sometimes the Smith baby wakes up ours. Sometimes the initiative comes from our own side.

Because I drink so much cold tea before going to bed, I find it difficult to fall asleep. I lie awake and think of Belshazzar Court with a fondness that I cannot muster at any other time. The house offers me an extraordinary sense of security; not for myself, but for those who belong to me. It is a comfort to have one's wife and children snugly tucked away in one's own particular cluster of cells at the end of one's own obscure little passageway, where an enemy would need Ariadne's guiding thread to find them. The cave man must have felt some such satisfaction when he had stored his young and their mother into some peculiarly inacessible rock cleft.

I suppose the dark is a favorable time for the recurrence of such primordial feelings. In the dark the need for human fellowship wells up to the surface. Athwart the partitions of lath and mortar, we of Belshazzar Court experience the warm, protective sensation which comes from huddling together against the invisible menaces of the night.

Decidedly, I must give up drinking so much cold tea. My eyes to-morrow will show the strain. But it is wonderful, too, this lying awake and feeling that you can almost catch the heartthrob of hundreds, above you, below you, on both sides. My neighbors undergo a magic transformation. Deprived of individuality, — viewed, so to speak, under their eternal aspect, — they grow lovable. Belshazzar Court is transformed. In the day it is a barracks. At night it becomes a walled refuge, a tabernacle almost. The pulse of life beats through its halls with just enough momentum to make a solemn music which gradually overcomes the effects of the cold tea. Intermittent noises twist themselves into vague fugues and arabesques. Somewhere on the floor above, heavy footsteps go back and forth in leisurely preparation for bed. Somewhere across the court, people have returned from the theatre. Evidently they are still under the exhilaration of the lights and the crowd. They pass judgment on the play and their voices are thoughtlessly fresh and animated, considering how late it is; but somehow you are not disturbed. With utter lack of interest you hear a child's wail break out — it is the Smith baby — and you hear the mother's 'hush, hush,' falling into a somnolent, crooning chant. Outside, a motor-car starts into life with a grinding and a whir and a sputter, and you set yourself to follow its receding hum, which becomes a drone and then a murmur and then silence, but you are not sure whether it is yet silence. As you are still wondering there comes the end of things, except that now and then you stir to the clamor of the elevator bell, ringing indignantly for the boy who has run the car up to the top floor and gone to sleep in the hall.

PANAMA HYMN

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

We join to-day the east and west,
  The stormy and the tranquil seas.
O Father, be the bridal blest!
  The earth is on her knees.

Thou, Thou didst give our hand the might
  To hew the hemisphere in twain
And level for these waters bright
  The mountain with the main:

In freedom let the great ships go
  On freedom's errand, sea to sea, —
The oceans rise, the hills bend low,
  Servants of liberty.

The nations here shall flash through foam
  And paint their pennons with the sun
Till every harbor is a home
  And all the flags are one.

We join to-day the east and west,
  The stormy and the tranquil seas.
O Father, be the bridal blest!
  Earth waits it on her knees.

Features No. 1:

AT THE FEET OF MY TEACHERS[1]

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

I

My intellectual history began in the school of my uncle, my mother's first and favorite cousin, Priest Michael, of the Holy and Apostolic Greek Orthodox Church. I could not have been much more than three years old when my mother led me to sit at the feet of the priest of my people and receive instruction. The 'Child Mind,' 'School Age,' 'Adolescence,' and the many other psychological zones were unknown to my people. I could say 'papa' and 'mamma,' and many other words at the age of three, and according to my parents' ideas I might just as well be saying the letters of the alphabet.

At that time the men who could read and write in El-Shweir were extremely few. Certain parish priests established what might be called reading circles for the purpose of fitting some of the youth of the parish with sufficient knowledge of reading to assist the priest at the mass. The course consisted of the alphabet, the Book of Psalms, writing, and a short exercise in mental arithmetic.

My recollections of my uncle's school are dim and meagre. His house consisted of two rooms, one of which was the schoolroom. Besides the door this room had one window, which had wooden shutters and no glass. It was opened when the weather permitted.

The pupils, who numbered about twenty-five, sat on the straw mats on the floor with their legs crossed under them. In compliance with good manners, we took our shoes from off our feet upon entering the room, just outside the threshold in summer and just inside in winter. In the days of Moses that was done as a sign of reverence for holy places, as he did it before the 'burning bush'; and, as in ancient Syria every family had a household god, the shoes had to be removed from the feet upon entering the house in deference to the family god. The habit survives in the land 'unto this day' as a social grace.

But in my uncle's schoolroom another enterprise went hand in hand with education. Oriental parish priests, of whatever communion, marry, as did the priests of Israel. My uncle had a large family and a small income. Therefore, in order to keep the wolf from the door he betook himself to weaving cloth, on a hand-loom which stood in the schoolroom. The clerical weaver, with flowing hair, luxurious beard, and ample black garb, sat on the edge of the 'loom-pit,' dug in the floor to accommodate the treadles. He devoted his feet to the treadles, his hands to the shuttle, his eyes to the web, and his ears and tongue to the pupils. At significant moments he would come into living touch with his disciples through a long stick which lay conveniently near his hand.

The only reliable memory I have of my student life in my uncle's school is that he was more interesting to me as

[1] An account of the author's earlier years appeared in the November *Atlantic*.

a weaver than as an educator. When he was not looking at me, I was looking at him. That is all.

The second year of my school life found me in more auspicious circumstances. The foreign mission schools were far better equipped than the priests' schools. Therefore, as soon as the English missionaries opened a school in our part of the town, my uncle was compelled to give up his vocation as an educator and devote all his time to his loom and his clerical duties.

The new *Angleez* — English — school held out for me many compelling charms. I was told that there were benches in the schoolroom, a table that had a drawer in it, an iron stove, and a 'striking' clock! The teacher built fire *inside* the stove, and a long pipe carried the smoke out of the room. The clock 'told' the time. At two o'clock it struck two; at three, three, and so on. The reputation of the teacher was very satisfactory to the parents. He was a severe disciplinarian. 'He made the hairs of the pupils' heads stand on end from fear.' In a country where the authority of both Church and State inspired fear rather than confidence, this qualification won for the teacher the profound confidence of the people.

At about the age of four I was sent to the Angleez school. It was situated in one of the best residences in the town. The schoolroom was large and had two windows. The inventive genius of the English taught the native teacher in charge to put white muslin screens in the windows during the winter season, as substitutes for glass. Each boy had to bring a piece of wood or charcoal every morning to feed the wondrous stove. The clock — a world of mysteries beyond mysteries — told the time. The drawer in the teacher's table seemed an inexhaustible source of dazzling wonders. Fancy pencils, glossy writing paper, chalks, new, clean little books — all from Beyrout — issued forth from it and enchanted my vision. A large Bible, the first I had seen, rested on the table. There were benches for the older pupils to sit not *on*, but *at*. They sat on the floor and rested their books and elbows on the benches. We, the little ones, had no supports for either our backs, books, or elbows. In a little corner close by the teacher stood an assortment of sticks — light, medium, and extra heavy — which he used with discrimination, according to the ages of the pupils, excepting when in a fit of anger he applied the wrong stick to the right boy. Girls also were permitted to come to the school, but only a few of them attended.

My first and second year in this school carried me through a small primer, a book of Bible stories called *The Bright Light for the Little Boy*, a few memory lessons in the Presbyterian catechism, and introduced me to the art of writing. The deepest impression which my teacher made upon me in those days, as a teacher and not as a disciplinarian, was through his conducting of the devotional service which took place at the beginning of every school day. I loved to hear and see him read the Scripture lesson. I felt his prayers reverently. It was inspiring to me to hear his opening sentence; one which he very frequently used was, 'O Thou Lord God Almighty, who art over all!' The impression made upon me at those services must have been strong and pleasant, because the whole scene remains with me a clear and delightful memory. I really longed to be like my teacher: to read the Bible with such power and dignity, and to address God in prayer.

That was the first touch of idealism my soul ever felt — the first incentive

to aspiration, the first glimpse I had of my higher self as reflected in the strong man who stood before me in the attitude of prayer.

The clearest and most unpleasant memory I have of that teacher, as a disciplinarian, is of a punishment he inflicted upon me which almost proved fatal to both of us. From my present point of view I consider that act to have been most cruel. I do not remember the offense for which my teacher decreed that I be locked up in the schoolroom alone, all night — a child not yet six. The pupils filed out of the room; the teacher, casting a last grim look at me, locked the door and departed. Horrible silence, disturbed only by the now oppressive ticking of the clock, filled the entire building. The shadows began to deepen. My eyes were fastened upon the clock, when an ugly, hairy, black spider sallied forth from some unknown crack, crawled up to the clock, encircled it a few times and retired behind it. I was rigid with fear. I had not enough life to cry. It grew dark; the shadows of death engulfed my soul. Presently I heard steps outside and the voice of my mother. Wondering why I had not come home when it was so late, she had gone out to seek me. Having learned of my plight from the other children, she went to the teacher and asked him to go down to the school without a moment's delay and release me. In what manner she addressed him I was not in a position to know. He instantly obeyed, and I was given my freedom. The next day I fell ill. My father was not at home. My cousins and uncles and second cousins heard of what had happened. Their boy was seriously ill, and the teacher was the cause. If the boy should die, then *life for life!* The teacher must die also. So was the teacher told by one of my uncles who spoke in clear accents. Poor teacher! Twice a day did he visit me during that illness, bringing me many presents of things he knew I most longed to have. His gifts and caresses restored me to health, and, consequently, assured him of peace and length of days for himself.

The last event I remember of my school career in El-Shweir was the coming of the English missionary — the *khawaja* himself — to inspect our school. This was a gala day. The khawaja was to give prizes to deserving pupils. My teacher, partly because I was a 'bright boy' and partly because of my recent illness, which he was supposed to have caused, had taught me the Beatitudes by heart that I might repeat them on that occasion and perchance get a prize. The khawaja was the first man I had seen dressed in *effrenjee* — European costume. The native dress for men was the *shirwal* — ample bloomers — and the man in pantaloons was a great curiosity. I repeated the Beatitudes in the august presence of the khawaja and many of the parents and the school, and to my unspeakable delight received a penknife for a prize.

II

About this time, when I was six years old, my parents decided to move from El-Shweir to a town called Betater, situated about thirty miles to the south on the western slopes of Mount Lebanon. My father had been in charge for some years of all the building operations of a Frenchman who had a large silk-spinning factory in that town, and it was natural for him to desire to have his family with him.

To depart from one's kindred in Syria has always been a painful operation, from the time of the patriarch Abraham. The thought of being buried 'in the land of the stranger' is to a

Syrian especially hard to bear. But if the sepulchre of our fathers was not in Betater, our church — the Greek Orthodox — was there to give us spiritual kinsmen, and to give our bodies burial in its consecrated ground.

On a bright spring morning, late in April, I was awakened from sleep at early dawn. Coming out to the yard, I saw three mules and a donkey standing on the east side of the house. Two of the mules were heavily laden with our clothes-chests, bedding, and other movable furniture. The third mule was made ready for my mother and my baby sister to ride on, and the donkey was likewise fitted for my sister, next older, and my brother, next younger than myself, and me.

Was it possible that I was to have such a long donkey-ride? The very earth under my feet vibrated with joy. It was not at all painful to leave one's kindred if by so doing one might have such a ride!

Neighbors and friends stood around weeping and lamenting our departure. My mother, with streaming eyes, assured them that our sojourn in the 'strange country' would be short, and that by Allah's[1] will our return to our kindred was assured. Presently our neighbor's wife, casting a bewildered look skyward above the oak trees, crossed herself and in solemn accents said, 'God cast thee off, you evil presence! Off at the beginning of this momentous day!' She spat in the direction of the evil object; so did all those present, making the sign of the cross. It was a crow! The black navigator of the air was very gay on that spring morning, regardless of all solemn abjuration and vigorous spitting. But he was, nevertheless, a decidedly evil omen at the beginning of a journey. This had been proved a thousand times. Presently one of the men said, 'I see another!' 'Kheir, kheir!' (good, good!) exclaimed the others. The crows, when traveling in pairs, brought no evil on those who saw them. They neutralized each other.

During all that time, however, my eyes were fixed on the donkey. His charms were enough to neutralize the evil of a thousand and one crows. Every movement of his ears carved a line in my heart. Life certainly became worth the living when my cousin turned around and said, 'Abraham, come; come on the donkey's back.' I do not believe I weighed more than ten ounces when I was being transferred from the ground to the cushioned back of the donkey. I floated in the ether. Amidst sobs and tears and 'Ma'essalamy' (go in safety), 'Allah be with you,' 'May no evil touch you,' 'Send back good news with the muleteer,' and so forth, the muleteer, after invoking the Holy Name, called, 'Dah, dah!' The mules, tossing their heads in the air, proceeded on their way; so did my donkey, to whose back I was tied with a rope to keep me from falling when he went up and down hills.

Miles of pine trees stretched along our way. Rough, rocky roads followed the slopes of the hills, dipping into deep valleys and climbing again to high summits. The world appeared to me delightfully new and immeasurably large. We arrived at our destination about dusk. The rope with which I had been tied to the donkey's back had entered into such intimate relations with my legs that when I dismounted I found them utterly unavailable for use. I was carried into the house, most deservedly.

Betater was inhabited by Christians and Druses, who were in the majority and the ruling class, and some Mohammedans. The Christians repre-

[1] Allah, the familiar designation for the Deity in the Arabic language, is used by Christians as well as by Mohammedans. — THE AUTHOR.

sented the Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholic, and Maronite churches. As usual, they lived at war with one another and united as 'Christians' only when attacked by the Druses. The clannish feuds also existed within the various sects. We, however, were 'strangers,' and, having no clan of our own in the town, were immune from attacks by any and all of the clans because of our weakness. 'Thou shalt not oppress a stranger' is a command which is universally observed in Syria. However, we were free to side with our fellow Greek Orthodox, as they were expected to defend us. My father, however, would participate in no fight. But in Betater we had a clan of Druse Shiekhs who were the noblemen and rulers of the community. The common people 'belonged' to the Shiekhs. Each Shiekh was the 'lord protector' of a certain number of families. As in El-Shweir we had no aristocracy of any kind, it was very strange to me that our family should 'belong' to a superior personage.

My father was known in the community as the Master (builder). Our family was designated as the Master's family, and I was addressed as 'Abraham, the Master's son,' just as 'Joshua' had been known as 'the son of Nun.' We were often called 'shweiriah,' from our birthplace, and in accordance with the ancient Syrian custom, as, 'David, son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite.'

The Shiekhs were to me a new human species. Their costly garments of choice Oriental fabrics, their richly inlaid swords and thoroughbred Arabian horses, were the visions of a new world for me.

I was carefully taught the etiquette of life among such dignitaries. When saluting a Shiekh I was to kiss his hand and call him 'My Lord.' I was not to engage in conversation in the presence of a Shiekh without first having his permission. Coming into an assembly where a Shiekh was, I could not sit down until he had commanded me to do so. To these and other social graces I applied myself diligently.

It was among those Shiekhs that I first heard men swear by their heads. Swearing by one's head is an ancient Oriental custom, peculiar to aristocrats and inappropriately imitated at times by the common people. It always betrays such arrogance and haughtiness as to show why Jesus said, 'Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.' There also I first arrived at the realization that the priest was holier than myself; the Shiekh nobler. Why? It was a holy mystery. The priest explained it to me a few times thus: The Gospel said, 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers — the powers that be are ordained of God.' So the priests and aristocrats were those 'higher powers.' The explanation always seemed to me to be simple, authoritative, and fully satisfactory.

In the absence of a foreign school in Betater I resumed my studies under the Maronite priest. Our own priest kept no school. But my mother disliked the Maronites very much. Her reason for this was that they did not baptize in the right way; that in making the sign of the cross they touched the left shoulder before the right, and were the slaves of the Pope of Rome who shaved all his face.[1] Therefore

[1] The reader must remember that the Maronite priests who are subject to Rome cut the hair of their heads but not their beards, but the Greek Orthodox pride themselves on the fact that, after consecration, their priests never shave or cut the hair of their heads, thus conforming strictly to the law of the 'Nazirite,' or as Scripture has it, 'separated unto God.' Thus when Hannah, the mother of Samuel, asked a 'man child' of the Lord she vowed, saying, 'Then I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life, and there shall no razor come upon his head.' 1 Sam. 1 : 11. See also Num. 6 : 5.

when, the second year after our arrival in Betater, an American mission school was opened in the town, I was immediately transferred to it.

Both Protestants and Maronites were in error, but the Protestants were better teachers. In this school I stayed two years. I read a large part of the Bible, advanced in arithmetic up to 'long division,' had a few lessons in geography, and was supposed to have become efficient enough to write a letter. This, however, I always dreaded when called upon to do it by my father. It was not the business part of the letter which I dreaded, because that was dictated to me; but I had to write the 'preface,' a chapter of fulsome salaams and laudatory phrases, extolling the recipient, without which a letter was little short of an insult. Again, I had to ascertain 'the day of the month' which, in the entire absence of calendars, was known only to a few select minds. When the question, 'How much of the month is it?' was put to me, my face reddened with incredible swiftness. And when I was ridiculed by the men present for my inexcusable ignorance, being a 'schoolboy,' my mother would come to the rescue by telling those men that they themselves did not know how much of the month it was, and they were of much larger dimensions than I was. I was often sent to the priest to ask him what day of the month it was. He usually counted on his fingers from the last saint's day, according to the Eastern calendar, and I ran home with the information lest I should forget it on the way.

When I was nine years old, it happened one day that my teacher punished me rather severely. I grabbed my books and ran to where my father was working, crying bitterly. Of course I told my father that the teacher was absolutely merciless. He seemed very much distressed and concluded that I had had enough schooling anyway, and that it was time that I exchanged books for tools and began learning my father's trade. It was so ordered, and at the age of nine I began my career as a stone-mason.

III

Let now the story of my industrial evolution bide its time. The story of my earliest religious faith and life should have precedence.

In the absence of anything to the contrary, I have a reason to assume that my first Christian ancestors were among the converts of Paul and Barnabas in the ancient see of Antioch, and that a Christian ancestry spanning nineteen centuries lies behind me. Within the fold of the ancient Greek Orthodox Church I first learned to lisp the names of God, Christ, the Church, and the Gospel. Mary, the 'Mother of God,' and a host of saints also claimed my affectionate reverence. I was taught by my parents, more by example than precept, and most conscientiously, to observe the ordinances of my church.

And here I wish to speak of the church of my fathers and my childhood and youth, not according to my present knowledge of it as a student of church history, but as I knew it as a common worshiper, and as it is known to the large majority of its adherents all over the world.

To go to mass and to believe that my church was the one and only true church were my first lessons in the faith. No pews are allowed in the Eastern churches. The people stand with folded arms during the entire service. Two small groups of readers or singers, one to the right, the other to the left of the altar, assist the priest at the mass. When at church I always stood by the reading desk, where I had

a good view of the priest. At one time I was accorded the honor of reading the Epistle, which preceded the reading of the Gospel at the mass. I could not have been much more than eight years old at the time. One of the good old men taught me for about two weeks how to intone the Apostolic lines. The Epistle was from St. Paul and began with the word, 'Brethren.' When the solemn moment arrived, I was beckoned to stand before the anastasis — a partition which screens the altar from the congregation — immediately in front of the Royal Gate, through which only the priest is permitted to pass. My normal consciousness lasted until I reached the appointed spot and uttered the word, 'Brethren.' Then all was darkness. I could hear a hollow, sepulchral voice issuing from somewhere. I woke up again by the reader's desk. My father reached down and kissed me. The singer put his hand on my head and whispered, 'Bright boy!' That restored my soul.

An event which occurred about this time and which burned itself deeply into my memory, was a fight which took place in the church during mass. It is the custom in the Greek Church for a layman to lead the congregation in the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. An elderly man of a certain clan had been in the habit of leading in the Lord's Prayer for years. Certain men of another clan thought that old Sallume had enjoyed that honor long enough and concluded to wrest it from him. On one Sunday morning, as Sallume began to repeat the Lord's Prayer, a man of the opposing clan began to repeat the same at the reading desk on the left.

Sallume was greatly exasperated. Addressing both the Almighty and his saucy opponent, Sallume's wrathful version of the Prayer was thus: 'Our Father' — ('Hush up, you wretch') — 'Hallowed be' — ('It is my heritage from my fathers, you dog') — 'thy name.' ('I will tread on your neck. Curse your entire clan,' and so on). The other man was no milder in his devotional language, and they met in combat in front of the Royal Gate. The men of their respective clans rushed forward from all parts of the church, and the fight became general. It was at that point of the mass when the priest was repeating what are called 'the mystic words,' and, according to his holy orders, he could not look back upon the congregation, even though the church were deluged with blood. But soon after he was done with the mystic rite, he pulled off his sacred robes from him, grabbed a heavy staff[1] and cleared the church. The fighting continued outside the building until the Turkish soldiers arrived.

The feasts and festivals of the Greek church filled my boyish heart with delight, so spectacular and so full of mystery were they. The Syrian churches do not make much of Christmas because originally it was not an Oriental holiday. New Year's, or 'Good-Morning Day,' as the Syrians call it, was the day when we exchanged presents and indulged in much gayety. But what was of absorbing interest to me as a boy, aside from the few coppers and sugar-plums that I got for presents, was the offering I carried to the fountain, early on New Year's morning. My older sisters went with their jars to carry water for the household, and I went with them. We brought with us a few handfuls of wheat and cereals and cast them reverently into the water, saying 'Good-morning, fountain! Bless and increase our grain!'

[1] In the absence of seats in the Greek churches, long T-shaped staves are provided for elderly men, on which they lean forward during mass.

So did we ignorantly practice the modes of worship of our remote Oriental ancestors, who poured their gifts to Astarte into the streams of Syria ages before Christianity was born. And who are you, child of but yesterday, to say it was all empty superstition?

But what was all that compared to the feast of Epiphany, which we celebrated in commemoration of the baptism of Jesus in the river Jordan, twelve days after Christmas? It is known to the people as *El-Gitas* — dipping in water. I was taught to believe, and most joyously did believe, that the rivers and fountains of the entire world became suddenly holy about sunset on the eve of Epiphany. Wild beasts left not their dens the entire night, and were all rendered harmless as doves, because the Christ was on his way to the Jordan. The trees 'knelt' before the passing Saviour, with the exception of the mulberry and the fig, which saucily remained standing. It was explained to me in this connection that the mulberry tree was too proud to kneel because it produced silk, and the fig tree had a grudge against the Master because he once cursed it. And how I would go out on that blessed night and peer into the darkness to see a 'kneeling' tree! But I was always told that only a saint could see such things.

'Baptizing' the sacred yeast was a delight to me. At every baking the Syrian housewife saves out a small lump of dough for a 'leaven' for the next baking. But at the last baking before Epiphany no leaven is saved. A new leaven, miraculously raised at this time, provided the yeast for the coming year. My mother would mix a small quantity of dough, just in cold water, and no yeast whatever, tie it up in a piece of white cloth and give it to me to hang up in a tree that 'knelt.' For three mornings I carried the yeast to the fountain, immersed it three times, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, repeating the chant of my church: —

'By Thy baptism, O Lord, in the river Jordan was made clear the adoration of the Holy Trinity. The voice of the Father witnessed to Thee, calling Thee the beloved Son. And the Spirit in the form of a dove also witnessed to Thee. O Thou who hast appeared and enlightened the world, Thou Christ-God, glory be to Thee!'

The yeast hung in the tree for three days, then was taken into the house, and behold a miracle! The dough was raised without yeast! Did not my remote un-Christian ancestors so manifest their devotion when their sacred trees hung with votive gifts?

The Easter festival stands greatest among the festivals of the Greek church. Our priest often said that the picture of the Virgin looked very sad on Good Friday and smiled on Easter. On Good Friday I flew over the hills to gather wild flowers with which the cross was covered in a little coffin, in commemoration of the burial of Jesus. Soon after midnight, on Saturday, the church-bell pealed the glorious message of the Resurrection. I woke with the words, 'Christ is risen!' on my lips. 'Indeed he is risen!' was the answer. I kissed my parents' hands, and we all proceeded to the church to enjoy the glorious Easter ritual.

The supreme moment for me during the Easter mass came when Satan was vanquished by Christ. The entire congregation, following the priest, marched three times around the church, each carrying a lighted taper. Then all marched out of the church, only one man, who represented Satan, remaining inside. He closed the church door and stood close behind it, to prevent the risen Lord from entering into heaven.

The priest who represented Christ approached the door with the multitude behind him and in a most solemn voice chanted the words of the psalmist: 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!' The man inside said in a sneering tone, 'Who is this King of Glory?' 'The Lord of Hosts,' said the priest, 'he is the King of Glory!' Thrice was the chant repeated; then the hindering Satan, vanquished, barked like a dog, and the priest forced the door open and marched in with the multitude, chanting, 'Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered!'

In those days my mother church was all-sufficient for me. The so-called 'period of storm and stress' in religion is unknown to sacramental worship. I was born into my faith; and my faith was ready-made for me. The confessional, fasts, and sacraments of the church met my every need. Reasoning about religion was never known to my forefathers, and I was not supposed to go so far as to indulge in it. But I did, and that early in my youth. Early in my youth I felt the inward urgency to reason, not only *within* the tenets of my faith, but *about* and *beyond* them. But the atmosphere of my early life was not favorable to such modes of thinking. Therefore, my battling with the issues of religion had to be postponed to a later time.

IV

When I was taken out of school, at the age of nine, and put to work with my father, he was at the height of his prosperity. He employed from thirty to fifty men, and was sought from far and near as a builder. The men under his control were classified on religious lines, following the Syrian custom from time immemorial. They numbered so many Druses, so many Greek Orthodox, so many Maronites, and so forth. The common laborer received five piastres (20 cents) a day, and the master mason from twelve to fifteen piastres. My social environment as an industrial worker afforded no strong incentives to progress. From the days of the Pyramids and the Hanging Gardens of Babylon to this day no spark has ever disturbed the clod of the laboring masses of the East. Their lot gave no play to the imagination. They knew no common interest, no collective action, no citizenship, no political rights. Their day's work began at dawn and ended at dusk. The moral atmosphere I breathed among those men did not really blossom with lofty ideals. Owing to the complete segregation of the sexes in the Orient and the absence of education, male society is by no means 'holy in all manner of conversation.'

Of the hardships of my environment I also had my full share as a boy. The entire lack of machinery doubled the hardships of our work. The long hours of labor and the bad sanitation were a constant menace to both the soul and the body. When our work took us away from our home town, we generally traveled by night, 'to save time' and to escape the heat of the day. Sometimes we would travel all night, afoot, carrying our tools and other belongings on our backs. As the Master's son I was often relieved of carrying tools by the men, but it was hard enough for a tender youth to undergo even the ordinary hardships of such a life.

V

But my industrial career had a brighter side. As the Master's son I enjoyed privileges which seldom fall to an apprentice. I was second in command over the men, after my father, and for that reason they accorded me

the respect which my years did not really merit. The master masons under my father gave me every advantage to learn the trade. At the early age of fourteen I was allowed to 'mount the wall,'—to do actual building,—and, at the age of sixteen, I was classed and paid wages as a 'master.' I was very thorough, very conscientious in my work, and was, therefore, in great demand. My father was very much pleased with my progress and had no doubt but that I would continue the traditions of the family as a stone-mason. But the mysteries of life are so deep and so numerous that, even in a static society such as that into which I was born, no one could tell which direction the current of destiny might take.

Already at the age of fourteen I had become mysteriously discontented with my lot. I had begun to dream, in a very vague way, to be sure, of better things. I distinctly remember that the thought of being a stone-mason all my life, oppressed me at that early age. 'Am I to be only a toiler all my life?' was a question which often pressed in my mind for an answer. Life under such conditions seemed to me to possess no permanent significance. My restlessness greatly disturbed my father. To him it was the result of pride and vanity, and nothing else.

It was about this time, I believe, that I first heard of America. The news of that remote and strange country came to me simply as a bit of indifferent knowledge. Some Syrians had gone to America and returned with much money. Money in America was of very little value. But the country was so far away, so difficult of access, that those who reached it must have done so by accident. The American missionaries were known to us as English.

But at the age of fourteen something of much greater significance came into my life. I made the acquaintance of a boy of about my age who was attending an American boarding-school, about ten miles away from our town. Iskander was the only boy of our town who had ever been sent to such a school, and was therefore very conspicuous in the community for his dignity and 'learning.'

How I became acquainted with Iskander and how he allowed himself to become the most intimate friend of such a boy as I was, I cannot tell. It was simply destiny. Iskander was a fine penman. He knew much poetry, arithmetic, geography, and English, many things about the Bible, and many other mysteries. He knew a great deal about America, and much about other countries. When he came home for his summer vacation of three months, we practically lived together. Iskander would read poetry to me and teach me words in the classical Arabic. Our conversations covered every phase of thought in which he was interested, and brought me treasures of knowledge. Not infrequently we would stay up the whole night, engaged in such conversations. Here certainly a revolution came into my life. I loved knowledge and craved more of its higher pleasures. Of a truth, as it seemed to me, I was never made to be an ignorant toiler. I was an idealist. But such a life as that of my friend Iskander seemed far beyond me. I never could hope to become so learned as he, and never had the remotest idea of going to school.

My father was glad that the 'learned' Iskander was my friend, but he had no patience with 'the frills of poetry' for a stone-mason. 'There is no bread in the foolishness of poetry; tools, tools only can feed our hunger,' was one of his answers to my pretentious remarks. My good father was right, inasmuch as he knew only of

one hunger to feed. At the age of sixteen I became decidedly averse to working at the mason's trade. My discontent began to beget wickedness in my mind. In the absence of my friend Iskander, at school, I fell into the company of certain idlers who were no more or less than highway robbers. The stories of their adventures greatly fascinated me, and I was in great danger of taking the wrong course in life. My parents were greatly alarmed at this, and strained every effort to ease my difficulties and lead me in the way in which I should go. But the pitiable fact was that neither they nor I had any definite object in view. It was discontent on my part and anxiety on their part, and little or nothing else.

One day one of the wise men of the town, who knew of our predicament, said to my father, 'Your son is the intimate friend of the "school-boy" Iskander, and I feel certain that if you offered to send your son to the same school which his friend attends, he would go. Try it.' My father came home, and, in a half-hearted manner, made the suggestion, and, for the moment, we all laughed. School? For me? My mother, who was somewhat more in sympathy with my aspirations, spoke more seriously of the proposition, and I became interested in it. The moment was of supreme importance. It was one of those moments in which there is much more of God than in the ordinary particles of time. It was the gate-way of my destiny, and, most unexpectedly to my parents as to myself, I faced my father and said, 'I will go to school.'

My decision brought great relief to the whole family, and we all concluded that it was God's will. But when some of our fellow Greek Orthodox heard of it they urged my father to send me to the clerical school of our bishop and have me fitted for the priesthood, instead of sending me to the heretical Protestant school. That suggestion, of course, proved much more agreeable to my parents. A representative of the bishop resided in the same town, Suk-el-Gharb, in which the American school was situated, and, since it was necessary for us to go to Suk-el-Gharb early in the summer and make arrangements for my entering one of the two schools, my father decided that we should interview the representative of the bishop; which we did. My father was very favorably impressed by what he told us about the school. The 'holiness of the priestly office' and the spiritual security and certainty of salvation which 'the Holy Church of our Fathers' insured to us weighed very greatly with my father, but not so greatly with me. My friend Iskander was a Protestant, and I could not think that he would be damned for it. Besides, he knew a great deal more than our parish priest did. Of course, I had no thought of becoming a Protestant myself, but I craved more learning than the clerical school of our bishop could give.

Upon leaving the representative of the bishop, I decided that I would not go to the clerical school. Its twenty students looked to me 'as tame as girls' — Syrian girls. We proceeded to the home of the American missionary, discussed the matter with him, and, finding that I would be accepted as a student if I came in the autumn, I decided to enter the American school.

When it became known in Betater that I was to forsake my father's trade and become a 'scholar,' the news created a sensation among all classes. It was the 'talk of the town' for several days. 'Just think of it, Abraham, the Master's son, is going to school, at the advanced age of seventeen!'

(To be continued.)

NAIVE PSYCHOLOGY

BY HUGO MÜNSTERBERG

I

THE scientific psychologists started on a new road yesterday. For a long time their chief interest was to study the laws of the mind. The final goal was a textbook which would contain a system of laws to which every human mind is subjected. But in recent times a change has set in. The trend of much of the best work nowadays is toward the study of individual differences.

The insight into individual personalities was indeed curiously neglected in modern psychology. This does not mean that the declaration of psychological independence insisted that all men are born equal, nor did any psychologist fancy that education or social surroundings could form all men in equal moulds. But as scientists they felt no particular interest in the richness of colors and tints. They intentionally neglected the question how men differ, because they were absorbed by the study of the underlying laws which must hold for every one.

It is hardly surprising that the psychologists chose this somewhat barren way: it was a kind of reaction against the fantastic flights of the psychology of olden times. Speculations about the soul had served for centuries. Metaphysics had reigned, and the observation of the real facts of life and experience had been disregarded. When the new time came, in which the psychologists were fascinated by the spirit of scientific method and exact study of actual facts, the safest way was for them to imitate the well-tested and triumphant procedures of natural science. The physicist and the chemist seek the laws of the physical universe, and the psychologist tried to act like them, to study the elements of which the psychical universe is composed and to find the laws which control them.

But while it was wise to make the first forward march in this one direction, the psychologist finally had to acknowledge that a no less important interest must push him on an opposite way. The human mind is not important to us only as a type. Every practical aim reminds us that we must understand the individual personality. If we deal with children in the classroom or with criminals in the courtroom, with customers in the market or with patients in the hospital, we need not only to know what is true of every human being; we must above all discover how the particular individual is disposed and composed, or what is characteristic of special groups, nations, races, sexes, and ages. It is clear that new methods were needed to approach these younger problems of scientific psychology, but the scientists have eagerly turned with concerted efforts toward this unexplored region and have devoted the methods of test experiments, of statistics, and of laboratory measurements to the examination of such differences between various individuals and groups.

But in all these new efforts the psychologist meets a certain public re-

sistance, or at least a certain disregard, which he is not accustomed to find in his routine endeavors. As long as he was simply studying the laws of the mind, he enjoyed the approval of the wider public. His work was appreciated, as is that of the biologist and the chemist. But when it became his aim to discover mental features of the individual and to foresee what he can expect from the particular groups of men, every layman told him condescendingly that it was a superfluous task, as instinct and intuition and the naïve psychology of the street would be more successful than any measurements with chronoscopes and kymographs. Do we not know how the skillful politician or the efficient manager looks through the mind of a man at the first glance? The life-insurance agent has hardly entered the door before he knows how this particular mind must be handled. Every commercial traveler knows more than any psychologist can tell him, and even the waiter in the restaurant foresees when the guest sits down how large a tip he can expect from him.

In itself it would hardly be convincing to claim that scientific efforts to bring a process down to exact principles are unnecessary because the process can be performed by instinct. We all can walk without needing a knowledge of the muscles which are used, and can find nourishment without knowing the physiology of nutrition. Yet the physiologist has not only brought to light the principles according to which we actually eat, but he has been able to make significant suggestions for improved diet, and in not a few cases his knowledge can render services which no instinctive appetite could replace. The psychological study of human traits, too, may not only find out the principles underlying the ordinary knowledge of men, but may discover means for an insight which goes as far beyond the instinctive understanding of man, as the scientific diet prescribed by a physician goes beyond the fancies of a cook. The manager may believe that he can recognize at the first glance for which kind of work the laborer is fit; and yet psychological analysis by the methods of exact experiments may easily demonstrate that his judgment is entirely mistaken. Moreover, although such practical psychologists of the street or of the office may develop a certain art of recognizing particular features in the individual, they cannot formulate the laws and cannot lay down those permanent relations from which others may learn.

Yet even this claim of the psychological scholar seems idle pride. Had the world really to wait for his exact statistics and his formulæ of the correlation of mental traits in order to get general statements and definite descriptions of the human types and of the mental diversities? Are not the writings of the wise men of all times full of such psychological observations? Has not the consciousness of the nations expressed itself in an abundance of sayings and songs, of proverbs and philosophic words, which contain this naïve psychological insight into the characters and temperaments of the human mind? We may go back thousands of years to the contemplation of Oriental wisdom; we may read the poets of classic antiquity, or Shakespeare, or Goethe; we may study what the great religious leaders and statesmen, the historians and the jurists, have said about man and his behavior; and we find a superabundance of wonderful sayings with which no textbooks of psychology can be compared.

This is all true. And yet, is it not perhaps all entirely false? Can this naïve psychology of the ages, to which

the impressionism and the wisdom of the finest minds have so amply contributed, really make superfluous the scientific efforts for the psychology of groups and correlations and individual traits? It seems almost surprising that this overwhelmingly rich harvest of pre-scientific psychology has never been examined from the standpoint of scientific psychology, and that no one has sifted the wheat from the chaff. The very best would be not only to gather such material but to combine the sayings of the naïve psychologists in a rounded system of psychology. In all ages they surely must have been among the best observers of mankind, as even what is not connected with the name of an individual author, but is found in proverbs or in the folk-epics of the nations, must have originated in the minds of individual leaders. My aim here is more modest; I have made my little pilgrimage through literature to find out in a tentative fashion whether the supply of psychology, outside of science, is really so rich and valuable as is usually believed. What I wish to offer, therefore, is only a first collection of psychological statements, which the pre-scientific psychologists have proclaimed, such as they surely will go on proclaiming and ought to go on proclaiming, — as they do it so beautifully, — where we scientists have nothing but tiresome formulæ.

II

Let us begin at the beginning. There has never been a nation whose contemplation was richer in wisdom, whose view of man was subtler and more suggestive, than old India. The sayings of its philosophers and poets and thinkers have often been gathered in large volumes of aphorisms. How many of these fine-cut remarks about man contain real psychology?

The largest collection which I could discover is that of Boehtlinck, who translated seventy-five hundred Indian sayings into German. Not a few of them refer to things of the outer world, but by far the greater number of them speak of man and of man's feeling and doing. But here in India came my first disappointment, a disappointment which repeated itself in every corner of the globe. After carefully going through those thousands of general remarks, I could not find more than a hundred and nine in which the observation took a psychological turn. All those other thousands of reflections on men were either metaphors and comparisons of distinctly æsthetic intent, or rules of practical behavior, with a social or moral or religious purpose. Yet even if we turn to this one and a half per cent which have a psychological flavor, we soon discover that among those hundred and nine, more than half are simply definitions of the type of this: 'Foolish are they who trust women or good luck, as both like a young serpent creep hither and thither'; or this, 'Men, who are rich are like those who are drunk; in walking they are helped by others, they stagger on smooth roads and talk confusedly.' It cannot be said that any psychological observations of the fool's or of the rich man's mind are recorded here.

If I sift these maxims more carefully, I cannot find more than two score which, stripped of their picturesque phrasing, could really enter into that world-system of naïve psychology. And yet even this figure is still too high. Of these forty, most are after all epigrams, generalizations of some chance cases, exaggerations of a bit of truth, or expressions of a mood of anger, of love, of class spirit, or of male haughtiness. The analysis of woman's mind is typical. 'Inclination to

lies, falsehood, foolishness, greediness, hastiness, uncleanliness, and cruelty, are inborn faults of the woman'; or, 'Water never remains in an unbaked vessel, flour in a sieve, or news in the mind of women'; or, 'The mind of a woman is less stable than the ear of an elephant or the flash of lightning.' On the other hand we read, 'True women have twice as much love, four times as much endurance, and eight times as much modesty as men'; or, 'The appetite of women is twice as large, their understanding four times as large, their spirit of enterprise six times as large, and their longing for love eight times as large, as that of men.' Again we read, 'The character of women is as changeable as a wave of the sea, their affection, like the rosy tint of a cloud in the evening sky, lasts just for a moment'; or, 'When women have a man's money, they let him go, as he is no longer of any use to them.' The same one-sidedness and epigrammatic exaggeration can always be felt where whole groups are to be characterized. 'The faults of the dwarf are sixty, of the red-haired man eighty, of the humpback a hundred, and of the one-eyed man innumerable.'

But let us rather turn to certain sayings in which the subtlety of psychological observation deserves admiration. 'The drunkard, the careless, the insane, the fatigued, the angry, the hungry, the greedy, the timid, the hasty, and the lover, know no law.' 'If a man commit a crime, his voice and the color of his face become changed, his look becomes furtive, and the fire is gone from his eye.' 'The best remedy for a pain is no longer to think of it; if you think of it, the pain will increase.' 'A greedy man can be won by money, an angry man by folding the hands, a fool by doing his will, and an educated man by speaking the truth.' 'The wise man can recognize the inner thoughts of another from the color of his face, from his look, from the sound of his words, from his walk, from the reflections in his eyes, and from the form of his mouth.' 'The good and bad thoughts, however much they are hidden, can be discovered from a man, when he talks in his sleep or in his drunkenness.' 'The ignorant can be satisfied easily, and still more easily the well educated, but a man who has become confused by a little knowledge cannot be won over even by Brahma.'

'Good people are pacified by fair treatment, even if they have been very angry, but not common people; gold, though it is hard, can be melted, but not grass.' 'By too great familiarity we produce low esteem, by too frequent visits, indifference: in the Malayan mountains a beggar woman uses the sandalwood tree for firewood.' 'The silly man steps in without being invited, talks much without being questioned, and trusts him who does not deserve confidence.' 'New knowledge does not last in the mind of the uneducated any more than a string of pearls about the neck of a monkey.' 'The inner power of great men becomes more evident in their misfortune than in their fortune; the fine perfume of aloes wood is strongest when it falls into the fire.' 'The anger of the best man lasts an instant, of the mediocre man six hours, of the common man a day and a night, and the rascal will never get rid of it.' 'The scholar laughs with his eyes, mediocre people show their teeth when they laugh, common people roar, and true men of wisdom never laugh.' 'Truthfulness and cleverness can be found out in the course of a conversation, but modesty and restraint are visible at the first glance.' 'Grief destroys wisdom, grief destroys scholarship, grief destroys endurance; there is no perturbation of the mind like grief.'

Often we hardly know whether a psychological observation or a metaphor is given to us. In any case we may appreciate the fineness of a saying like this: 'Even as a most translucent, beautiful, perfectly round and charming pearl can be strung on a thread as soon as it has been pierced; so a mind which longs for salvation, perfectly pure, free from quarrel with any one and full of goodness, will nevertheless be bound down to the earthly life as soon as it quarrels with itself.' On the borderland of psychology, we may find sayings like these: 'As a tailor's needle fastens the thread in the garment, so the thread of our earthly life becomes fastened by the needle of our desires.' 'An elephant kills us, if he touches us, a snake even if he smells us, a prince even if he smiles on us, and a scoundrel even if he adores us.' But there is one saying which the most modern psychologist would accept, as it might just as well be a quotation from a report of the latest exact statistics. The Indian maxim says, 'There is truth in the claim that the minds of the sons resemble more the minds of the fathers, those of the daughters most those of the mothers.'

III

We may leave the banks of the Ganges and listen to the wisdom of Europe. Antiquity readily trusted the wonderful knowledge of men which Homer displays. He has instinctively delineated the characters with the inner truth of life. How far was this art of the creative poet accompanied by the power of psychological abstraction? I do not think that we can find in the forty-eight books of Homer even a dozen contributions to our unwritten system of the naïve psychology of the nations. To be sure we ought not to omit in such a system the following reflections from the Odyssey. 'Wine leads to folly, making even the wise to love immoderately, to dance, and to utter what had better have been kept silent'; or, 'Too much rest itself becomes a pain'; or still better, 'The steel blade itself often incites to deeds of violence.' We may have more doubt whether it is psychologically true, when we read, 'Few sons are equal to their sires, most of them are less worthy, only a few are superior to their fathers'; or, 'Though thou lovest thy wife, tell not everything which thou knowest to her, but unfold some trifle, while thou concealest the rest.'

From the Iliad we may quote: 'Thou knowest the over-eager vehemence of youth, quick in temper but weak in judgment'; or, 'Noblest minds are easiest bent'; or, 'With everything man is satiated, sleep, sweet singing, and the joyous dance; of all these man gets sooner tired than of war.' Some may even doubt whether Homer's psychology is right when he claims, 'Even though a man by himself may discover the best course, yet his judgment is slower and his resolution less firm than when two go together.' And in the alcohol question he leaves us a choice: 'Wine gives much strength to wearied men'; or, if we prefer, 'Bring me no luscious wines, lest they unnerve my limbs and make me lose my wonted powers and strength.'

It is not surprising that the theoretical psychology of the Bible is no less meagre. Almost every word which deals with man's mind reflects the moral and religious values, and is thus removed from pure psychology into ethics. Or we find comparisons which suggestively illuminate the working of the mind without amplifying our psychological understanding. We approach empirical psychology most nearly in verses like these: 'Foolishness is bound in the heart of the child, but

the word of correction should drive it far from him'; or, 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much'; or, 'Stolen waters are sweet and bread eaten in secret is pleasant'; or, 'The full soul loatheth an honeycomb, but to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet'; or, 'For if any man be a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like a man beholding his natural face in a glass, for he beholdeth himself and goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was'; or, 'Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.' But here we have almost overstepped the limits of real psychology; we are moving toward ethics. Nor can we call metaphors like this, psychology: 'He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls.'

Let us turn for a moment to the greatest knower of men in mediæval days, to Dante. How deeply his poetic eye looked into the hearts of men, how living are the characters in his Divine Comedy; and yet he left us hardly any psychological observations. Some psychology may be acknowledged in words like these: 'The man in whose bosom thought on thought awakes is always disappointed in his object, for the strength of the one weakens the other.' 'When we are wholly absorbed by feelings of delight or of grief, our soul yields itself to this one object, and we are no longer able to direct our thoughts elsewhere.' 'There is no greater grief than to remember our happy time in misery.' It is hardly psychology if we hear, 'The bad workman finds fault with his tools'; or, 'Likeness ever gives birth to love'; or, 'The wisest are the most annoyed to lose time.'

From Dante we naturally turn to Shakespeare. We have so often heard that he is the greatest psychologist, and yet we ought not to forget that such a popular classification does not in itself really mean that Shakespeare undertakes the work of the psychologist. It does mean that he creates figures with the temperament, character, thought, and will so similar to life, and so full of inner mental truth, that the psychologist might take the persons of the poet's imagination as material for his psychological studies. But this by no means suggests that Shakespeare phrased abstract judgments about mental life; and as we seek his wisdom in his dramatic plays, it may be taken for granted that, in this technical sense, he must be a poor psychologist, because he is a great dramatist. Does not the drama demand that every word spoken be spoken not from the author's standpoint, but from the particular angle of the person in the play? And this means that every word is embedded in the individual mood and emotion, thought and sentiment, of the speaker. A truly psychological statement must be general, and cannot be one thing for Hamlet and another for Ophelia. The dramatist's psychological sayings serve his art, unfolding before us the psychological individuality of the speaker, but they do not contribute to the textbooks of psychology, which should be independent of personal standpoints. And yet what a stream of verses flows down to us, which have the movement of true psychology!

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such sharp fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Never anger made good guard for itself.

Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way
Self-mettle tires him.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Strong reasons make strong actions.

The whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs.

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius; he reads much;
He is a great observer.

And so on. We all know it, and we know it so well and feel so much with Cæsar or with Lear or with Othello or with Macbeth, that we instinctively take it all for true psychology, while it after all covers just the exceptional cases of the dramatic situation.

No! If we are to seek real generalities, we must not consult the playwright. Perhaps we may find the best conditions for general statement where we do not even have to deal with an individual, but can listen to the mind of the race and can absorb its wisdom from its proverbs. Let us take the word proverb in its widest sense, including popular sayings which have not really the stamp of the proverb. There is surely no lack of sharply coined psychology. This is true of all countries. I find the harvest richest in the German field, but almost as many proverbs in the field of the English; and a large number of sayings are common to the two countries. Very characteristic psychological remarks can be found among the Russian proverbs, and not a few among those in Yiddish. But this type of psychology is sufficiently characterized, if we confine ourselves here to the English proverbial phrases. Often they need a commentary in order to be understood in their psychological truth. We hear in almost all countries, 'Children and fools speak the truth.' As a matter of fact, we all know that their chance of speaking the objective truth is very small. What is psychologically tenable is only that they are unable to hide the subjective truth. Many such phrases are simply epigrams where the pleasure in the play of words must be a substitute for the psychological truth, — for instance, 'Long hair and short wit.'

Not a few contradict one another, and yet there is not a little wisdom in sayings like these: 'Beware of a silent dog and still water.' 'Misery loves company.' 'Hasty love is soon hot and soon cold.' 'Dogs that put up many hares kill none.' 'He that will steal an egg, will steal an ox.' 'Idle folks have the least leisure.' 'Maids say no and take.' 'A boaster and a liar are cousins german.' 'A young twig is easier twisted than an old tree.' 'Imitation is the sincerest flattery.' 'Pride joined with many virtues chokes them all.' 'Offenders never pardon.' 'The more wit the less courage.' 'We are more mindful of injuries than of benefits.' 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' 'An idle brain is the devil's workshop.' 'Anger and haste hinder good counsel.' 'Wise men change their minds, fools never.' 'Sudden joy kills sooner than excessive grief.' 'Lazy folks

take the most pains.' 'Nature passes nurture.' 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' 'We are apt to believe what we wish for.' 'Where your will is ready, your foot is light.'

All these proverbs and the maxims of other nations may be true, but can we deny that they are on the whole so trivial that a psychologist would rather hesitate to proclaim them as parts of his scientific results? So far as they are true, they are vague and hardly worth mentioning; and where they are definite and remarkable, they are hardly true. We shall, after all, have to consult the individual authors to gather the subtler observations on man's behavior, even though they furnish only semi-naïve psychology. But the English contributions are so familiar to every reader that it may be more interesting to listen to foreigners.

Every nation has its thinkers who have the reputation of being especially fine knowers of men. The French turn most readily to La Rochefoucauld, and the Germans to Lichtenberg. Certainly a word of La Rochefoucauld beside the psychologizing proverb looks like the scintillating, well-cut diamond beside a moonstone. 'We imitate good actions through emulation, and bad ones through a malignity in our nature which shame concealed and example sets at liberty.' 'It is much easier to suppress a first desire than to satisfy those that follow.' 'While the heart is still agitated by the remains of a passion, it is more susceptible to a new one than when entirely at rest.' 'Women in love more easily forgive great indiscretions than small infidelities.' 'The reason we are not often wholly possessed by a single vice is that we are distracted by several.' But is this not ultimately some degrees too witty to be true, and has our system of prescientific psychology the right to open the door to such glittering epigrams, uttered simply to tickle or to whip the vanity of man?

Or what psychologist would believe Lichtenberg when he claims that, 'All men are equal in their mental aptitudes, and only their surroundings are responsible for their differences'? He observes better when he says, 'An insolent man can look modest when he will, but a modest man can never make himself look insolent'; or when he remarks, 'Nothing makes a man old more quickly than the thought that he is growing older'; or, 'Men do not think so differently about life as they talk about it'; or, 'I have always found that intense ambition and suspicion go together'; or, 'I am convinced that we not only love ourselves in loving others, but that we also hate ourselves in hating others.' Often his captivating psychological words are spoiled by an ethical trend. For instance, he has hardly the right to say, 'In the character of every man is something which cannot be broken: it is the skeleton of his character.' But he balances such psychological rashness by fine observations like these: 'The character of a man can be recognized by nothing more surely than by the joke he takes amiss'; and, 'I believe that we get pale from fright also in darkness, but I do not think that we would turn red from shame in the dark, because we are pale on our own account, but we blush on account of others as well as on account of ourselves.' And we are in the midst of the up-to-date psychology when we read what he said a hundred years ago: 'From the dreams of a man, if he report them accurately enough, we might trace much of his character, but one single dream is not sufficient; we must have a large number for that.'

I add a few characteristic words of distinctly psychological temper from the great non-psychological authors of modern times.

Lessing says, 'The superstition in which we have grown up does not lose its power over us when we see through it; not all who laugh about their chains are free'; or, again, 'We are soon indifferent to the good and even to the best, when it becomes regular.' 'The genius loves simplicity, while the wit prefers complexity.' 'The characteristic of a great man is that he treats the small things as small and the important things as important.' 'Whoever loses his mind from love would have lost it sooner or later in any case.' But on the whole Lessing was too much of a fighter to be truly an objective psychologist.

We may put more confidence in Goethe's psychology. 'Where the interest fades away, the memory soon fails, too.' 'The history of man is his character.' 'From nature we have no fault which may not become a virtue, and no virtue which may not become a fault.' 'A quiet, serious woman feels uncomfortable with a jolly man, but not a serious man with a jolly woman.' 'Whatever we feel too intensely, we cannot feel very long.' 'It is easy to be obedient to a master who convinces when he commands.' 'Nobody can wander beneath palms without punishment; all the sentiments must change in a land where elephants and tigers are at home.' 'A man does not become really happy until his absolute longing has determined its own limits.' 'Hate is an active displeasure, envy a passive one, and it is therefore not surprising that envy so easily turns into hate.' 'No one can produce anything important, unless he isolates himself.' 'However we may strive for the general, we always remain individuals whose nature necessarily excludes certain characteristics, while it possesses certain others.' 'The only help against the great merits of another is love.' 'Man longs for freedom, woman for tradition.' 'A talent forms itself in solitude, a character in the stream of the world.' 'The miracle is the dearest child of belief.' 'It is not difficult to be brilliant, if one has no respect for anything.'

Whoever falls into the habit of looking for psychologizing maxims in his daily reading will easily bring home something which he picks up in strolling through the gardens of literature. Only we must always be on our guard lest the beautifully colored and fragrant flowers that we pluck are poisonous. Is it really good psychology when Vauvenargues writes, 'All men are born sincere and die impostors'? or when Brillat-Savarin insists: 'Tell me what you eat and I shall tell you who you are'? Or can we really trust Mirabeau: 'Kill your conscience, as it is the most savage enemy of every one who wants success'? or Klopstock: 'Happiness is only in the mind of one who neither fears nor hopes'? or Gellert: 'He who loves one vice, loves all the vices'? Can we believe Chamfort: 'Ambition more easily takes hold of small souls than great ones, just as a fire catches the straw roofs of the huts more easily than the palaces'? or Pascal: 'In a great soul, everything is great'? or the poet Bodenstedt when he sings: 'A gray eye is a sly eye, a brown eye is roguish and capricious, but a blue eye shows loyalty'? And too often we must be satisfied with opposites. Lessing tells us: 'All great men are modest'; Goethe, 'Only rascals are modest.' The psychology of modesty is probably more neatly expressed in the saying of Jean Paul: 'Modest is he who remains modest not when he is praised, but when he is blamed'; and Ebner-Eschenbach adds, 'Modesty which comes to consciousness, comes to an end.'

But in our system of naïve psychology, we ought not to omit such distinctly true remarks as Rabelais's much

quoted words: 'The appetite comes during the eating'; or Fox's words: 'Example will avail ten times more than precept'; or Moltke's: 'Uncertainty in commanding produces uncertainty in obedience'; or Luther's: 'Nothing is forgotten more slowly than an insult, and nothing more quickly than a benefaction.' It is Fichte who first said, 'Education is based on the self-activity of the mind.' Napoleon coins the good metaphor, 'A mind without memory is a fortress without garrison.' Buffon said what professional psychologists have repeated after him: 'Genius is nothing but an especial talent for patience.' Schumann claims that, 'The talent works, the genius creates.' We may quote from Jean Paul: 'Nobody in the world, not even women and princes, is so easily deceived as our own conscience'; or from Pascal: 'Habit is a second nature which destroys the original one.' Nietzsche says, 'Many do not find their heart, until they have lost their head'; Voltaire, 'The secret of *ennui* is to have said everything'; Jean Paul, 'Sorrows are like the clouds in a thunderstorm; they look black in the distance, but over us hardly gray.' Once more I quote Nietzsche: 'The same emotions are different in their rhythm for men and women; therefore men and women never cease to misunderstand each other.'

IV

This leads us to the one topic to which perhaps more naïve psychology has been devoted than to any other psychological problem, the mental difference between men and women. Volumes could be filled — and I think volumes have been filled — with quotations about this eternal source of happiness and grief. But if we look into those hundreds of thousands of crisp sayings and wise maxims, we find in the material of modern times just what we recognized in the wisdom of India. Almost all is metaphor and comparison, or is practical advice and warning, or is enthusiastic praise, or is maliciousness; but among a hundred, hardly one contains psychology. And if we really bring together such psychologizing observations, we should hardly dare to acknowledge that they deserve that right of generality by merit of which they might be welcomed to our psychological system.

Bruyère insists: 'Women are extreme: they are better or worse than men'; and the same idea is formulated by Kotzebue: 'When women are good they stand between men and angels, when they are bad, they stand between men and devils.' Rousseau remarks, 'Woman has more *esprit* and man more genius; the woman observes, and the man reasons.' Jean Paul expresses the contrast in this way: 'No woman can love her child and the four quarters of the globe at the same time, but a man can do it.' Crabbe thinks: 'Man looks widely, woman deeply; for man the world is the heart, for woman the heart is the world.' Schiller declares, 'Women constantly return to their first word, even if reason has spoken for hours.' Karl Julius Weber, to whom German literature has to credit not a few psychological observations, says, 'Women are greater in misfortune than men, on account of the chief female virtue, patience; but they are smaller in good fortune than men, on account of the chief female fault, vanity.' Yet as to patience, a German writer of the seventeenth century, Christophe Lehmann, says, 'Obedience and patience do not like to grow in the garden of the women.'

But I am anxious to close with a more polite German observation. Seume holds: 'I cannot decide whether the women have as much reason as the

men, but I am perfectly sure that they have not so much unreason.' And yet, 'How hard it is for women to keep counsel,' and how many writers since Shakespeare have said this in their own words. The poets, to be sure, feel certain that in spite of all these inner contradictions, they know better than the psychologists, and where their knowledge falls short, they at least assure the psychologist that he could not do better. Paul Heyse in his booklet of epigrammatic stanzas writes a neat verse which, in clumsy prose, says, 'Whoever studies the secrets of the soul may bring to light many a hidden treasure, but which man fits which woman, no psychologist will ever discover.' To be sure, as excuse for his low opinion of us psychologists, it may be said that when he wrote it in Munich thirty years ago there was no psychological laboratory in the university of his jolly town and there were only two or three in the world. But to-day we have more than a hundred big laboratories in all countries, and even Munich has its share, so that Heyse may have improved on his opinion since then.

But in any case we psychologists do not take our revenge by thinking badly of the naïve psychology of the poets and of the man in the street. Yet we have seen that their so-called psychology is made up essentially of picturesque metaphors, or of moral advice, of love and malice, and that we have to sift big volumes before we strike a bit of psychological truth; even then, how often it has shown itself haphazard and accidental, vague and distorted!

The mathematical statistics of the professional students of the mind, and their test experiments in the laboratories, are certainly less picturesque, but they have the one advantage that the results are true. Mankind has no right to deceive itself with the half-true naïve psychology of the amateur, when our world is so full of social problems which will be solved only if the aptitudes and the workings of the mind are clearly recognized and traced. The naïve psychology is sometimes stimulating and usually delightful, but if reliable psychology is wanted, it seems after all that only one way is open — to consult the psychologists.

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE GREEN TIE

BY LUCY PRATT

Ezekiel, with Archelus on his right and Tiberius and William Henry on his left, stood outside the big Assembly Hall and watched a mysterious, swaying conclave of people pour in.

'It's de confe'nce,' he explained briefly. 'It's de confe'nce where's 'bout de culled people.'

'W'at yer mean, 'bout de culled people?' questioned Archelus irritably. 'W'at yer mean, it's de confe'nce, anyway?'

'W'y, it's where dey all *talks* 'bout 'em. Doan't yer know, it's where dey talks 'bout uplif'in' de culled people, 'n' 'bout how dey's gwine help

'em.' Ain't yer nuver hyeah 'bout it?'

'Shuh! Ain' dey talk 'bout nuth'n' 'cep' de culled people?' demanded Archelus with a certain fine scorn, unquestionably effective. 'Doan' look like it's sense ter talk 'bout 'em *all* time, is it?'

'I doan' know ef it's sense or not,' ruminated Ezekiel dryly, 'but it's de onlies' thing dey does, anyway.'

'Ain' dey say nuth'n' 'bout de w'ite people?' ventured Tiberius politely.

'W'y, no, dey ain' tekken no time fer de w'ite people, cuz ef dey given *all* dey time ter de culled people, w'y, co'se 't ain' *no time* lef' fer nuth'n' else, is dey?'

Archelus looked decidedly gloomy over the situation.

'Well, look ter me like dey oughter tekken *some* time fer 'em, anyway,' he muttered.

'Look so, too,' agreed Ezekiel broadly.

'I s'pose *some*body tekken de time fer 'em, doan' dey?'

'I ain't r'ally sho' ef dey is or not. Trouble is, look like de w'ite people is all time thinkin' 'bout uplif'in' de culled people — 'n' de culled people —'

Archelus appeared to be waiting in something like suspense.

'Well, de culled people ain' thinkin' 'bout nuth'n'.'

All three listeners glanced about in brief concern.

'Cert'nly is true,' continued Ezekiel, 'sometime look like dey doan' do nuth'n' but trifle. W'y, yer ain' nuver seen 'em start no confe'nce ter talk 'bout uplif'in' de w'ite people or nuth'n else, is yer?'

They all appeared to be searching their memories diligently.

'Well, I doan' reckon yer is, anyway. 'N' trouble is dey's ser *triflin'* dey doan' wanter was'e dey time on it.'

''T ain' right fer 'em ter be like dat, anyway,' ventured Tiberius once more.

'No, 't ain' right fer 'em, 'n' co'se ef dey stop 'n' putten dey mines on it dey kin see 't ain' right. 'N' yit dey'll se' down on a cheer, 'n' 't ain' nary one uv 'em where's gwine was'e no time uplif'in' nuth'n'.'

Archelus hardly seemed to feel in sympathy with the subject from any standpoint.

'Well, ef yer *is* gotten de time fer it, w'at yer gwine do 'bout it, anyway?' he inquired somewhat testily.

'Well, I doan' know —' Ezekiel pondered. 'Co'se yer wanter think all time 'bout w'at yer *kin* do — 'n' mos' eve'y time yer see anybody comin' 'long, yer wanter stop 'n' putten yer mines on 'em, 'n' ef it's any way dey *is* need uplif'in', w'y, dey's mos' sho' ter show it right off.'

'W'at yer mean, dey's mos' sho' ter show it right off?' put in William Henry, who, up to this point, had been but a modest listener.

Ezekiel glanced out into the broad walk where two belated persons approached the conference hall with rapid steps.

'Well, jes' looker de gen'leman wid de green tie, where's comin' 'long wid de lady right now,' he suggested easily. He gave a second glance at the door leading into the hall. 'Ef dey eider one uv 'em needs uplif'in', w'y, dey's mos' sho' ter show it 'fo' dey gits ter dat do' yonder.'

Every eye fixed itself conscientiously on the two in question, and the pair came bravely on, quite unconscious of the ordeal to be passed or the judgment to be meted out.

'We're late, you see,' began the man irritably, 'it's ridiculous to go in at this hour.'

The little woman at his side hurried on with an anxious face.

'I'm afraid so,' she agreed timidly,

'but I had to get the things into the suit-case. We shan't have much more than time to get the boat, as it is.'

The man pulled out his watch.

'Half-past three,' he mumbled. 'I'm supposed to address this meeting.'

'It's too bad,' apologized the other, her nervous glance hovering uneasily on his face, 'but you were n't waiting for me, were you? You did n't seem to have finished dinner.'

'Please don't talk to me, Harriet!' snapped the man, the ugly line between his eyes deepening visibly; 'I've got enough on my mind, without listening to you.'

The other murmured something indistinctly, and they both walked up the steps and into the hall of the conference.

The corps of judges glanced briefly at each other for a moment, without comment. Then Archelus disburdened himself briefly.

'Shuh! Dat ain' no way ter speak.'

'Look like he ain' spoke ve'y nice to 'er, anyway,' agreed Tiberius unreservedly.

'Ain' I tole yer so?' broke out Ezekiel, conscious of a certain triumph, perhaps difficult to define. 'I reckon fum de way he spoke she's de lady where's ma'ied to 'im,' he added philosophically.

They strolled in silence across the grass and stopped again under one of the big wings of the same far-reaching building.

'Yer kin see fer yerselfs he ain' spoke to 'er jes' right,' continued Ezekiel, ''n' it's jes' ez I tole yer. Ef anybody needs uplif'in', w'y, dey's mos' sho' ter show it.'

'W'at yer gwine do wid 'im?' questioned Archelus gloomily.

His entire effect bespoke unquestionable extermination of some sort. It was apparently only a question of the most desirable method.

'I dunno w'at yer *is* gwine do wid 'im,' pondered Ezekiel. 'Look ter me like oughter somebody git talkin' wid 'im.'

'Shuh! I ain' gwine git talkin' wid 'im!' objected Archelus, in something like wrathful panic at the notion.

'Well, I ain' say yer is. But I s'pose ef he spoke ter yer 'n' ax yer '*pin*ion on de subjic', w'y, I s'pose yer kin *an*swer 'im, cyan't yer?'

The possibility of such a request had evidently not occurred to Archelus.

'Well, w'at's I gwine answer 'im ef he *is* ax me?' he demanded, his jaw dropping weakly with fear alone.

'Ef he *is* ax yer — ' Ezekiel paused thoughtfully. The subject was certainly worthy of consideration. 'Ef he *is* — w'y, 't ain' nuth'n' ter be skyeered 'bout, is it? Jes' 'splain' to 'im yer seen 'im w'en he spoke de way he did, 'n' co'se 't wan' a ve'y nice way ter speak, 'n' yer's s'prise ter see he done it. 'N' den co'se ef he ax yer w'at he *is* oughter say, well — w'at's yer gwine answer 'im den?'

'*I* dunno,' replied Archelus feebly.

'Well, I s'pose yer wanter given 'im a good answer den, anyhow, doan't yer?'

Archelus appeared either unable or unwilling to respond. Ezekiel looked plainly worried.

'Look ter me like yer ain' tekken no int'res',' he commented. 'But ef yer'll stan' up dere jes' a minute — 'n' mek b'lieve yer's de gen'leman wid de green tie, w'y, I'll 'splain to yer de way yer oughter answer a lady w'en she speak to yer.'

Archelus, standing to impersonate the gentleman with the green tie, looked so inadequate to the part that Ezekiel's anxiety increased.

'Seem like p'raps I kin tell yer better ef I'se de gen'leman wid de green tie, myself,' he declared finally.

Archelus merely nodded assent.

'Well, dat's w'at I is, anyway. G'long now, you kin ax me a question, Archelus.'

And chosen, apparently, for the difficult and delicate rôle of the helpmate of the gentleman in question, Archelus rose with sudden brilliancy to the emergency.

'I s'pose we's late,' he hinted politely, 'but yer's eatin' yer dinner, ain't yer?'

Ezekiel regarded him with a rare, tolerant smile.

'W'y, I s'pose we *is* late, Ha'iet, ef yer ax me,' he agreed, 'but 't ain' nuth'n' wuth mentionin', is it? 'N' mo'n all dat, ef yer's ter given me my choice, I mos' gen'ly rudder be late, anyway.'

The impersonator of Harriet sat down comfortably and looked at the view.

'Yer ain't rudder be late ter school, is yer?' put in William Henry, not entirely grasping the situation. 'Miss No'th's gwine git after yer ef yer is.'

'Hush yer noise, William Henry,' admonished the acting gentleman with the green tie. His eye fixed itself on the seated Harriet again.

'I tole yer 't ain' nuth'n' ter wo'y 'bout, Ha'iet,' he repeated pleasantly, ''n' mo'n all dat, ef yer gitten anywhere right on time, w'y, p'raps it's gwine mek trouble, too. Yer cyan' be r'ally sho' 'bout it. Anyway, it's a gen'leman I hyeah 'bout once where start out to a confe'nce, 'n' he say he ain' gwine be late nudder. But trouble wuz he gotten dere *too* early. W'y, he gotten dere ser early, he se' down on de steps ter wait, 'n' he set dere waitin' ser long he gotten feelin' kine o' po'ly. 'N' time de res' come dey seen he feel ser po'ly he ain' sca'cely know 'em by sight.

'"W'at mek yer come ser early?" dey say.

'"*I* dunno," he answer 'em, "I wisht I ain't."

''N' he spoken de trufe, cuz he ain't nuver feel de same sence it happen.

''N' it's a lady I hyeah 'bout once where start out to a confe'nce, 'n' she gotten dere right on time, too. Only she trip ez she's gwine up de steps, 'n' reach out ter cetch 'erself, 'n' twis' 'er wris' a li'l', so it r'ally disable 'er fer mos' all summer.

''N' it's anudder lady I hyeah 'bout where start out to a confe'nce, 'n' she gotten dere *jes'* on time. Only she slip ez she's openin' de do', 'n' stump 'er toe, so she's 'blige walk lame fer mo'n fo' five weeks.

''N' it's anudder gen'leman I hyeah 'bout where start out to a confe'nce, 'n' he gotten der jes' *zack*ly on time. Only he wrench 'is knee ez he's a-*shettin'* de do', so it r'ally cripple 'im twell 'bout Chris'mas time.'

'Ain' dey nobuddy gotten fru de do' 'thout gittin' injure'?' put in Tiberius anxiously.

'W'y, ya'as, Tibe'ius, I tole yer de gen'leman wrench 'is knee jes' ez he's a-*shettin'* de do'. But he stay ter de confe'nce jes' same, only he limp ez he's gwine up de aisle.'

Ezekiel paused.

'Well, co'se yer kin see,' he continued, 'it's better ef de gen'leman wid de green tie's spoke some sech a way's *dat*, w'en de lady ax 'im ef dey ain't late. He oughter 'a' 'splain it to 'er like dat. 'N' den co'se w'en she kin see 't ain' r'ally safe ter git nowhere *right* on time, w'y, co'se she's gwine feel better 'bout it. But ef she *ain't*, w'y, I s'pose he kin tell 'bout how he knowed 'bout a confe'nce once, 'n' dey *all* uv 'em gotten dere on time, 'n' dey come up a kine o' rough sto'm 'n' blown 'em all ter pieces. 'N' ef *dat* ain' 'nough fer 'er, w'y, he better change de subjic' 'n' talk 'bout sump'n' else.'

The seated Harriet was looking up at him with something like real admiration.

'How yer mean change de subjic'?' she inquired with interest.

'Well, sump'n' like dis.'

Ezekiel glanced about till his eye chanced to fall on a small, brown sparrow, perched on a bush opposite. Then he looked down benignantly.

'Yer see dat spa', I s'pose, Ha'iet?' he suggested politely.

Harriet grunted a meek affirmative.

'Well, she ain' *set* ve'y strong on dat branch anyhow, is she?'

'I ain' see but she set strong enough,' mumbled Harriet, with an evident effort after the truth.

'No, she ain't,' came the cheerful objection, 'she ain' set strong — or easy nudder, 'n' reason is she's 'fraid de branch ain' gwine hole 'er.'

Harriet, and all the others, in fact, made a hasty examination of the sitting attitude of the small, brown bird on the branch.

'Oh, she ain' no cause fer wo'y,' put in Tiberius; ''t ain' nuth'n' de matter wid dat branch.'

'Mebbe 't ain', Tibe'ius, but she's a-wo'yin' 'bout it jes' same. Look ter me like she's 'fraid ter set dere, 'n' she's 'fraid ter fly erway. Cuz ef she set dere she know de branch 's gwine bus' 'n' let 'er down — 'n' ef she fly erway, w'y, prob'ly somebody's gwine shoot 'er.'

Beset by danger upon every side, however, the unfortunate bird still retained her hold upon the branch.

'Is yer like birds, Ha'iet?' came the graceful query.

Harriet nodded.

'I s'pose yer ain't like 'em well 'nough ter let 'em peck yer eyes out, is yer?'

Harriet was evidently weighing the arguments both for and against such a possibility.

'I s'pose ef yer like 'em well 'nough, yer would n' cyare. Somebody hyeah 'bout a boy once where like 'em ser well he 'low 'em ter peck bofe 'is eyes out.'

'Look ter me like he ain' shown sense,' put in Tiberius smoothly.

But at just this point, the harrowed bird on the branch, apparently considering anything better than a tormenting uncertainty of fate, had to all appearances decided to choose the lesser of two evils. At any rate she feebly cocked her eye and flapped her wing, and then she deliberately left her uncertain perch for dangers new. They watched her as she circled bravely up into the air and disappeared from view.

'I jes' spoke 'bout 'er,' concluded Ezekiel easily, 'ter show 't ain' de leas' trouble ter change de subjic'.'

But the voice of William Henry broke warmly on the stillness.

'Look! Dey's comin' outen de confe'nce!' he cried. 'Jes' look at 'em all a-comin'!'

Archelus rose hastily from the ground, and Ezekiel advanced a step toward the rapidly increasing company which poured out through the big door. Hurriedly they were striking off in different directions, the majority coming on, their eyes fixed on the wharf, which showed just beyond the long stretch of grass. The small group under the wing of the big building looked up, hardly noticed, and regarded the hurrying, passing faces.

'Looker where's comin'!' whispered Tiberius excitedly. 'Looker de gen'leman wid de green tie!'

Archelus retreated rapidly into the shadow of the building, his threatening task of uplifting the white race looming large before him.

'Oh, w'at yer skyeered 'bout, Archelus?' mumbled Ezekiel. 'He ain' got no time fer askin' nuth'n'.'

He came striding on and passed

them, while the little, nervous woman still hurried by his side. Suddenly she stopped. He glanced over his shoulder irritably.

'Go on, go right on to the boat,' she urged, with an effort at great cheerfulness. 'I'll be with you in a minute.'

'You have n't much time to lose,' he returned quickly, and strode ahead while she stood there looking about her with the distressed, glancing eyes.

'I — forgot — to *leave word* about the suit-case!' she whispered mechanically to his retreating figure. 'It won't be at the wharf!'

She turned and moved swiftly out into the broad road, looking like a small, hunted thing which only sought escape.

'She fergot it, 'n' she's 'fraid he's gwine kill 'er, I reckon,' announced Archelus pleasantly; 'look ter me like he oughter 'ten' to it 'isself, anyway.'

Ezekiel balanced uncertainly for a moment, his eyes moving rapidly from the wharf and the bright, trembling water, in the distance, to the little retreating figure flitting along in just the opposite direction in the broad road. Then he slowly followed her.

'Yer cyan't cetch 'er,' declared Archelus easily, and Ezekiel broke into a comfortable run.

As the little person in the road heard the steps behind her, she turned and her glancing, nervous eyes looked down at him.

'Oh, I wonder if you could help me!' she began. It was the faint cry of hopelessness reaching out for anything.

Ezekiel looked back with slow, steady eyes.

'Yas'm — I'll help yer,' he declared in protecting tones, 'I'll help yer!' he assured soothingly. 'I'll — git yer bag fer yer!'

She glanced down at a small watch.

'The boat goes in eight minutes,' she whispered, 'and it's more than half a mile just to get there.' She pointed to a high, familiar roof, showing dimly in the distance. 'I — could n't possibly do it. My heart — is n't very strong. There could n't anybody do it!'

Ezekiel looked up, his breath coming with soft, rapid sounds.

'I know where 't is!' he broke in, ''n' I — I'll git it fer yer!'

She put something into his outstretched hand. 'They'll understand. It's my card.'

Then she put her hands lightly up before her face. 'But you could n't possibly do it!' she broke out. 'Oh, it was *so* careless of me!'

'I tell yer I'll git it fer yer!' persisted Ezekiel, his eyes damp and eager, 'yer jes' go back ter de boat now — 'n' I'll — *git it fer yer!*'

He swung suddenly away from her, and as her hands came down from her face, she gazed after him for a moment disconsolately. Then she turned and moved slowly back again toward the wharf and the bright, trembling water.

She was still moving slowly, her feet hardly lifting themselves from the ground. The boat was coming. Her eyes rested on it almost passively. It was sweeping majestically on, white and clean. In two minutes more it would have swept up to the little wharf and stopped there for a moment. Her tired eyes turned backwards again. But there was no one to be seen in the broad road.

'I told him he could n't,' she murmured, 'I shall have — to go on — and tell Edgar. I don't really see — how I could have forgotten — anything like that!' Then suddenly she walked straight on with firm steps.

The boat was pointing its clean, white prow toward the little wharf and the waiting crowd — about to dock. She turned just once more, and her breath came faintly in her throat. That small, bending thing off there —

just swinging round the corner of the big road — what was it?

'Oh! If he could only — *only* get here!' she choked weakly.

She ran down to the wharf with confused steps, and then she ran back to the grass, waving her thin, little arms excitedly. The people stepping on the boat turned and looked back at her curiously, and a man with a green tie stepped back on the grass.

'Come, come, Harriet,' he commanded, 'what are you *waiting* for? You're going to be left!'

But the crowd still poured on to the rocking boat, and she hardly looked at him.

'*Don't you see!*' she whispered, 'I — I *forgot* about it — are they *going to wait?*'

The man gave one swift look across the long, green stretches of grass, and then he darted back to the wharf with quick, loud tones of explanation and command.

And still the white boat rocked on the water and the small, bending figure, staggering wildly under its load, came lurching on.

On the decks, people leaned over and gazed curiously — while once again a man with a green tie dashed across the gang-plank to the grass.

'Wait — *jes'* *a* — *minute!*' came a faint, hoarse cry.

Then there was one final, reckless spurt of desperation across the last green stretch, — and he was there, dropping with a dull thud to the grass, while his burden was snatched swiftly from his hands and there were rapid footsteps rattling on the wharf.

'Oh — it's killed you! It's killed you!' came a faint sob in his ear.

He looked up dully. 'Yer'll miss — yer boat — doan't yer — cry, — ' he whispered confusedly.

He half heard the little sob again — and the footsteps once more — and then the boat swung round with a long, slow swish. He looked up. It was a hushed, intent line of faces that leaned over the deck; there was one small and haggard one, with tears still upon it — but it tried to smile, and a handkerchief waved down to him. Then — was it a whole line of handkerchiefs? And did he hear something else — like cheering? But he was only looking at the small, haggard face, and with his eyes never moving, he struggled slowly to his feet, and with a wan but determined smile, he waved his hand.

'Doan't — yer — cry,—' he was whispering mechanically.

But something dropped from his hand. He looked down with puzzled eyes at a large and shining piece of silver on the grass. Then he seemed to remember.

'He given it ter me — w'en he tukken de bag,' he mumbled weakly. 'I s'pose — he given it ter me cuz — he's tryin' ter — uplif' — de culled people.'

He stopped, still looking down uncertainly at the shining piece of silver.

'Shuh! *He* ain' fit ter uplif' nuth'n'!'

He raised his head, and his eyes rested on the retreating boat. Then the smile crept back to his face again, and with a brave, almost gay, little gesture, he once more waved his hand.

MARGARITA SINGING BALLADS

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Dark her eyes of tranquil wonder;
  Dark her smoothly banded hair;
Broad and calm her brow and bosom
  Rising white in shadow where
Tall she stands by the valley window
  Singing soft to the evening air.

Hush! 't is the tune of sweet *Ben Lomond,*
  Poignant sweet and timbrel clear.
Now when falls her wistful cadence,
  O that forest and field could hear!
Thrilling rise and tender cadence,
  Low and long in the dreaming ear.

Pause not yet: the sands are fleeting;
  Fast, too fast, the moments run.
Lo the strains of *Allan Water;*
  (Amber tears in April sun.)
She breathes; and sings *The Bailiff's Daughter,*
  The wayside lover of Islington.

Yield the charm, melodious hour!
  Distant valley chimes, forbear!
Hark the rainbow shower of grace-notes,
  Fall of sounds how light, how fair!
Is it a voice of earth or elf-land
  Singing *The Lass with the Delicate Air?*

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER[1]

III. THE STORY OF CORA BELLE

BURNT FORK, WYOMING, *April* 15.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

. . . Grandma Edmonson's birthday is the thirtieth of May, and Mrs. O' Shaughnessy suggested that we give her a party. I had never seen Grandma, but because of something that happened in her family years ago which a few narrow-heads whom it did n't concern in the least cannot forgive or forget, I had heard much of her. The family consists of Grandma, Grandpa, and little Cora Belle, who is the sweetest little bud that ever bloomed upon the twigs of folly.

The Edmonsons had only one child, a daughter, who was to have married a man whom her parents objected to solely because he was a sheep-man, while their sympathies were with the cattle-men, although they owned only a small bunch. To gain their consent the young man closed out his interest in sheep, at a loss, filed on a splendid piece of land near them, and built a little home for the girl he loved. Before they could get to town to be married Grandpa was stricken with rheumatism. Grandma was already almost past going on with it, so they postponed the marriage, and as that winter was particularly severe, the young man took charge of the Edmonson stock and kept them from starving. As soon as he was able he went for the license.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and a neighbor were hunting some cattle that had wandered away and found the poor fellow shot in the back. He was not yet dead and told them it was urgently necessary for them to hurry him to the Edmonsons' and to get some one to perform the marriage ceremony as quickly as possible for he could not live long. They told him such haste meant quicker death because he would bleed more; but he insisted, so they got a wagon and hurried all they could. But they could not out-run death. When he knew he could not live to reach home he asked them to witness all he said. Everything he possessed he left to the girl he was to have married, and said he was the father of the little child that was to come. He begged them to befriend the poor girl he had to leave in such a condition, and to take the marriage license as evidence that he had tried to do right. The wagon was stopped so the jolting would not make death any harder, and there in the shadow of the great twin buttes he died.

They took the body to the little home he had made, and Mrs. O' Shaughnessy went to the Edmonsons' to do what she could there. Poor Cora Jane did n't know how terrible a thing wounded pride is. She told her parents her misdeeds. They could n't see that they were in any way to blame. They seemed to care nothing for her terrible sorrow nor for her weakened condition. All they could think of was that the child they had almost wor-

[1] These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story. Earlier adventures of the writer, with some account of her antecedents, will be found in the October and November numbers. — THE EDITORS.

shiped had disgraced them; so they told her to go.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy took her to the home that had been prepared for her, where the poor body lay. Some way they got through those dark days, and then began the waiting for the little one to come. Poor Cora Jane said she would die then, and that she wanted to die, but she wanted the baby to know it was loved, — she wanted to leave something that should speak of that love when the child should come to understanding. So Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said they would make all its little clothes with every care, and they should tell of the love. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is the daintiest needleworker I have ever seen; she was taught by the nuns at St. Catherine's in the 'ould country.' She was all patience with poor, unskilled Cora Jane, and the little outfit that was finally finished was dainty enough for a fairy. Little Cora Belle is so proud of it.

At last the time came and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went after the parents. Long before, they had repented and were only too glad to go. The poor mother lived one day and night after the baby came. She laid the tiny thing in her mother's arms and told them to call her Cora Belle. She told them she gave them a pure little daughter in place of the sinful one they had lost.

That was almost twelve years ago, and the Edmonsons have lived in the new house all this time. The deed to the place was made out to Cora Belle, and her grandfather is her guardian. . . .

If you traveled due north from my home, after about nine hours' ride you would come into an open space in the butte lands, and away between two buttes you would see the glimmer of blue water. As you drew nearer you would be able to see the fringe of willows around the lake, and presently a low, red-roofed house with corrals and stables. You would see long lines of 'buck' fence, a flock of sheep near by, and cattle scattered about feeding. This is Cora Belle's home. On the long, low porch you would see two old folks rocking. The man is small, and has rheumatism in his legs and feet so badly that he can barely hobble. The old lady is large and fat, and is also afflicted with rheumatism, but has it in her arms and shoulders. They are both cheerful and hopeful, and you would get a cordial welcome. . . .

When you saw Cora Belle you would see a stout, square-built little figure with long flaxen braids, a pair of beautiful brown eyes and the longest and whitest lashes you ever saw, a straight nose, a short upper lip, a broad, full forehead, — the whole face, neither pretty nor ugly, plentifully sown with the brownest freckles. She is very truly the head of the family, doing all the housework and looking after the stock, winter and summer, entirely by herself. Three years ago she took things into her own hands, and since that time has managed altogether. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, however, tells her what to do.

The sheep, forty in number, are the result of her individual efforts. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy told her there was more money in raising lambs than in raising chickens, so she quit the chickens as a business and went to some of the big sheep men and got permission to take the 'dogie' lambs, which they are glad to give away. She had plenty of cows, so she milked cows and fed lambs all day long all last year. This year she has forty head of nice sheep worth four dollars each, and she does n't have to feed them the year round as she would chickens, and the wolves are no worse to kill sheep than they are to kill chickens. When shearing time came she went to a sheep man and told him she would help cook for his men one week if he would have her sheep

sheared with his. She said her work was worth three dollars, that is what one man would get a day shearing, and he could easily shear her sheep in one day. That is how she got her sheep sheared. The man had her wool hauled to town with his, sold it for her, and it brought sixty dollars. She took her money to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. She wanted some supplies ordered before she went home, because, as she gravely said, 'the rheumatiz would get all the money she had left when she got home,' — meaning that her grandparents would spend what remained for medicine.

The poor old grandparents read all the time of wonderful cures that different dopes accomplish, and they spend every nickel they can get their hands on for nostrums. They try everything they read of, and have to buy it by the case, — horrid patent stuff! They have rolls of testimonials and believe every word, so they keep on trying and hoping. When there is any money they each order whatever medicine they want to try. If Mrs. Edmonson's does n't seem to help her, Grandpa takes it and she takes his, — that is their idea of economy. They would spend hours telling you about their different remedies and would offer you spoonful after spoonful of vile-looking liquid, and be mildly grieved when you refused to take it. Grandma's hands are so bent and twisted that she can't sew, so dear old Grandpa tries to do it.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy told me that she helped out when she could. Three years ago she made them all a complete outfit, but the 'rheumatiz' has been getting all the spare money since then, so there has been nothing to sew. A peddler sold them a piece of gingham which they made up for Cora Belle. It was broad pink and white stripes and they wanted some style to 'Cory's' clothes, so they cut a gored skirt. But they had no pattern and made the gores by folding a width of the goods biasly and cutting it that way. It was put together with no regard to matching the stripes, and a bias seam came in the centre behind, but they put no stay in the seam and the result was the most outrageous affair imaginable.

Well, we had a large room almost empty and Mr. Stewart liked the idea of a party, so Mrs. Louderer, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and myself planned for the event. It was to be a sewing bee, a few good neighbors invited, and all to sew for Grandma. . . . So Mrs. O'Shaughnessy went to Grandma's and got all the material she had to make up. I had saved some sugar-bags and some flour-bags. I knew Cora Belle needed underwear, so I made her some little petticoats of the larger bags and some drawers of the smaller. I had a small piece of white lawn that I had no use for, and of that I made a dear little sunbonnet with a narrow edging of lace around, and also made a gingham bonnet for her. Two days before the time, came Mrs. Louderer, laden with bundles, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, also laden. We had all been thinking of Cora Belle. Mr. Stewart had sent by mail for her a pair of sandals for every-day wear and a nice pair of shoes, also some stockings. Mrs. Louderer brought cloth for three dresses of heavy Dutch calico, and gingham for three aprons. She made them herself and she sews so carefully. She had bought patterns and the little dresses were stylishly made, as well as well made. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy brought a piece of crossbar with a tiny forget-me-not polka dot, and also had goods and embroidery for a suit of underwear. My own poor efforts were already completed when the rest came, so I was free to help them.

Late in the afternoon of the twenty-ninth a funny something showed up.

Fancy a squeaky, rickety old wagon without a vestige of paint. The tires had come off and had been 'set' at home. That is done by heating the tires red-hot and having the rims of the wheels covered with several layers of burlap, or other old rags, well wet. Then the red-hot tire is put on and water hurriedly poured on to shrink the iron and to keep the burlap from blazing. Well, whoever had set Cora Belle's tires had forgotten to cut away the surplus burlap, so all the ragtags were merrily waving in the breeze.

Cora Belle's team would bring a smile to the soberest face alive. Sheba is a tall, lanky old mare. Once she was bay in color, but the years have added gray hair until now she is roan. Being so long-legged she strides along at an amazing pace which her mate, Balaam, a little donkey, finds it hard to keep up with. Balaam, like Sheba, is full of years. Once his glossy brown coat was the pride of some Mexican's heart, but time has added to his color also, and now he is blue. His eyes are sunken and dim, his ears no longer stand up in true donkey style, but droop dejectedly. He has to trot his best to keep up with Sheba's slowest stride. About every three miles he balks, but little Cora Belle does n't call it balking, she says Balaam has stopped to rest, and they sit and wait till he is ready to trot along again. That is the kind of lay-out which drew up before our door that evening. Cora Belle was driving and she wore her wonderful pink dress which hung down in a peak behind, fully six inches longer than anywhere else. The poor child had no shoes. The winter had tried the last pair to their utmost endurance and the 'rheumatiz' had long since got the last dollar, so she came with her chubby little sunburned legs bare. Her poor little scarred feet were clean, her toe-nails full of nicks almost into the quick, broken against rocks when she had been herding her sheep. In the back of the wagon, flat on the bottom, sat Grandma and Grandpa, such bundles of coats and blankets I can't describe. After a great deal of trouble we got them unloaded and into the house. Then Mrs. Louderer entertained them while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I prepared supper and got a bath ready for Cora Belle. We had a T-bone steak, mashed potatoes, hominy, hot biscuits and butter, and stewed prunes. Their long ride had made them hungry and I know they enjoyed their meal.

After supper Cora Belle and I washed the dishes while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy laid out the little clothes. Cora Belle's clothes were to be a surprise. The postmistress here also keeps a small store and has ribbon, and when she heard of our plans from Mr. Stewart she sent up a couple of pairs of hair-ribbon for Cora Belle. Soon Mrs. O'Shaughnessy called us, and Cora Belle and I went into the bedroom where she was. I wish you could have seen that child! Poor little neglected thing, she began to cry. She said, 'They ain't for me, I know they ain't. Why, it ain't my birthday, it's Granny's.' Nevertheless, she had her arms full of them and was clutching them so tightly with her work-worn little hands that we could-n't get them. She sobbed so deeply that Grandma heard her and became alarmed. She hobbled to the door and pounded with her poor twisted hands, calling all the while, 'Cory, Cory Belle, what ails you?' She got so excited that I opened the door, but Cora Belle told her to go away. She said, 'They ain't for you, Granny, and they ain't for me either.' . . .

People here observe Decoration Day faithfully, and Cora Belle had brought half a wagon-load of iris which grows wild here. Next morning we were all up early, but Cora Belle's flowers had

wilted and she had to gather more, but we all hurried and helped. She said as she was going to see her mother she wanted to wear her prettiest dress, so Gale and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy helped her to get ready. The cemetery is only about two miles away, so we were all down quite early. We were obliged to hurry because others were coming to help sew. Cora Belle went at once to the graves where her parents lie side by side, and began talking to her mother just as though she saw her. 'You did n't know me, did you, Mother, with my pretty new things? But I am your little girl, Mama. I am your little Cora Belle.' After she had talked and had turned every way like a proud little bird, she went to work. And, oh, how fast she worked! Both graves were first completely covered with pine boughs. It looked like sod, so closely were the little twigs laid. Next she broke the stems off the iris and scattered the blossoms over, and the effect was very beautiful. Then we hurried home and everybody got busy. The men took Grandpa off to another part of the ranch where they were fanning oats to plant, and kept him all day. That was good for him because then he could be with the men all day and he so seldom has a chance to be with men. Several ladies came and they all made themselves at home and worked like beavers, and we all had a fine time. . . .

Sedalia was present and almost caused a riot. She says she likes unusual words because they lend distinction to conversation. Well, they do — sometimes. There was another lady present whose children are very gifted musically, but who have the bad name of taking what they want without asking. The mother can neither read nor write, and she is very sensitive about the bad name her children have. While we were all busy some one made a remark about how smart these children were. Sedalia thought that a good time to get in a big word so she said, 'Yes, I have always said May was a progeny.' Mrs. McCarty did n't know what she meant and thought that she was casting reflections on her child's honesty, so with her face scarlet and her eyes blazing she said, 'Sedalia Lane, I won't allow you nor nobody else to say my child is a progeny. You can take that back or I will slap you peaked.' Sedalia took it back in a hurry, so I guess little May McCarty is not a progeny.

Every one left about four except Gale, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Louderer and the Edmonsons. They had farthest to go so they stayed over night again. We worked until ten o'clock that night over Grandma's clothes, but everything was thoroughly finished. Every button was on, every thread end knotted and clipped, and some tired workers lay down to rest, as did a very happy child and a very thankful old lady.

Every one got away by ten o'clock the next morning. The last I saw of little Cora Belle was when they had reached the top of a long slope and Balaam had 'stopped to rest.' The breeze from the south was playfully fluttering the rags on the wheels. Presently I heard a long 'hee-haw, hee-haw,' and I knew Balaam had rested and had started.

I have been a very busy woman since I began this letter to you several days ago. A dear little child has joined the angels. I dressed him and helped to make his casket. There is no minister in this whole country and I could not bear the little broken lily-bud to be just carted away and buried, so I arranged the funeral and conducted the services. I know I am unworthy and in no way fitted for such a mission,

but I did my poor best, and if no one else is comforted, I am. I know the message of God's love and care has been told once, anyway, to people who have learned to believe more strongly in Hell than in Heaven.

Dear friend, I do hope that this New Year will bring you and yours fuller joys than you have ever known. If I had all the good gifts in my hands you should certainly be blessed.

Your sincere friend,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

BURNT FORK, WYO., *Dec.* 28.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, — Our Thanksgiving affair was the most enjoyable happening I can remember for a long time. Zebulon Pike[1] came, but I had as a bait for him two fat letters from home. As soon as I came back from his place I wrote to Mrs. Carter and trusted to luck for my letter to reach her. I told her all I could about her brother and how seldom he left his mountain home. I asked her to write him all she could in one letter as the trips between our place and his were so few and far between. So when she received my letter she wrote all she could think of, and then sent her letter and mine to Mothie and Phœbe, who are widows living in the old home. They each took turns writing, so their letters are a complete record of the years 'Zebbie' has been gone. The letters were addressed to me along with a cordial letter from Mrs. Carter asking me to see that he got them and to use my judgment in the delivering. I could n't go myself but I wanted to read the letters to him and to write the answers, so I selected one piece of news I felt would bring him to hear the rest without his knowing how much there was for him.

[1] The writer's introduction to Zebulon Pike Parker was described in the October installment of these letters. — THE EDITORS.

Well, the boys brought him, and a more delighted little man I am sure never lived. I read the letters over and over, and answers were hurried off. He was dreadfully homesick but could n't figure on how he could leave the 'critters,' or how he could trust himself on a train. Mr. Stewart became interested, and he is a very resourceful man, so an old Frenchman was found who had no home and wanted a place to stay so he could trap. He was installed at Zebulon Pike's with full instructions as to each 'critter's' peculiarities and needs. Then one of the boys who was going home for Christmas to Memphis was induced to wait for Mr. Parker and to see him safe to Little Rock. His money was banked for him and Mr. Stewart saw that he was properly clothed and made comfortable for the trip. Then he sent a telegram to Judge Carter who met Zebulon Pike at Little Rock and they had a family reunion in Yell County. I have had some charming letters from there, but that only proves what I have always said, that I am the luckiest woman in finding really lovely people and having really happy experiences. Good things are constantly happening to me. I wish I could tell you about my happy Christmas, but one of my New Year's resolutions was to stop loading you down with two-thousand-word letters.

From something you wrote I think I must have written boastingly to you at some time. I have certainly not intended to, and you must please forgive me and remember how ignorant I am and how hard it is for me to express myself properly. I felt after I had written to Mr. Parker's people that I had taken a liberty, but luckily it was not thought of in that way by them. If you only knew how far short I fall of my own hopes you would know I could *never* boast. Why, it keeps me busy making over mistakes just like some

one using old clothes. I get myself all ready to enjoy a success and find that I have to fit a failure. But one consolation is that I generally have plenty of material to cut generously, and many of my failures have proven to be real blessings.

I do hope this New Year may bring to you the desire of your heart and all that those who love you best most wish for you.

With lots and lots of love from baby and myself,

Your ex-Washlady,

ELINORE STEWART.

[Undated.]

It was just a few days after the birthday party and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was with me again. We were down at the barn looking at some new pigs, when we heard the big corral gates swing shut, so we hastened out to see who it could be so late in the day.

It was 'Zebbie.' He had come on the stage to Burnt Fork and the driver had brought him on here. . . . There was so much to tell, and he whispered he had something to tell me privately but that he was too tired then; so after supper I hustled him off to bed. . . .

Next morning . . . the men went off to their work and Zebbie and I were left to tell secrets. When he was sure we were alone he took from his trunk a long, flat box. Inside was the most wonderful shirt I have ever seen; it looked like a cross between a night-shirt and a shirt waist. It was of home-spun linen. The bosom was ruffled and tucked, all done by hand, — such tiny stitches, such patience and skill. Then he handed me an old daguerreotype. I unfastened the little golden hook and inside was a face good to see and to remember. It was dim, yet clear in outline, just as if she were looking out from the mellow twilight of long ago. The sweet, elusive smile, — I could n't tell where it was, whether it was the mouth or the beautiful eyes that were smiling. All that was visible of her dress was the Dutch collar, just like what is being worn now. It was pinned with an ugly old brooch which Zebbie said was a 'breast-pin' he had given her. Under the glass on the other side was a strand of faded hair and a slip of paper. The writing on the paper was so faded it was scarcely readable, but it said: 'Pauline Gorley, age 22, 1860.'

Next he showed me a note written by Pauline, simply worded, but it held a world of meaning for Zebbie. It said, 'I spun and wove this cloth at Adeline's, enough for me a dress and you a shirt, which I made. It is for the wedding, else to be buried in. Yours, Pauline.' The shirt, the picture, and the note had waited for him all these years in Mothie's care. And now I will tell you the story.

Long, long ago some one did something to some one else and started a feud. Unfortunately the Gorleys were on one side and the Parkers on the other. That it all happened before either Zebbie or Pauline was born made no difference. A Gorley must hate a Parker always, as also a Parker must hate a Gorley. Pauline was the only girl, and she had a regiment of big brothers who gloried in the warfare and wanted only the slightest pretext to shoot a Parker. So they grew up, and Zebbie often met Pauline at the quiltings and other gatherings at the homes of non-partisans. He remembers her so perfectly and describes her so plainly that I can picture her easily. She had brown eyes and hair. She used to ride about on her sorrel palfrey with her 'nigger' boy Cæsar on behind to open and shut plantation gates. She wore a pink calico sunbonnet and Zebbie says, 'she was just like the pink hollyhocks that grew by mother's window.' Is n't that a sweet picture?

Her mother and father were both dead, and she and her brothers lived on their plantation. Zebbie had never dared speak to her until one day he had driven over with his mother and sisters to a dinner given on a neighboring plantation. He was standing outside near the wall when some one dropped a spray of apple blossoms down upon him from an upper window. He looked up and Pauline was leaning out smiling at him. After that he made it a point to frequent places where he might expect her, and things went so well that presently Cæsar was left at home lest he should tell the brothers. She was a loyal little soul and would not desert although he urged her to, even promising to go away, 'plumb away, clean to Scott County if she would go.' She told him that her brothers would go even as far as that to kill him, so that they must wait and hope. Finally Zebbie got tired of waiting and one day he boldly rode up to the Gorley home and formally asked for Pauline's hand. The bullet he got for his presumption kept him from going to war with his father and brother when they marched away.

Some time later George Gorley was shot and killed from ambush, and although Zebbie had not yet left his bed the Gorleys believed he did it, and one night Pauline came through a heavy rain-storm, with only Cæsar, to warn Zebbie and to beg him, for her sake, to get away as fast as he could that night. She pleaded that she could not live if he were killed and could never marry him if he killed her brothers, so she persuaded him to go while they were all innocent.

Well, he did as she wished and they never saw each other again. He never went home again until last Thanksgiving, and dear little Pauline had been dead for years. She, herself, had taken her little gifts for Zebbie to Mothie to keep for him. Some years later she died and was buried in the dress she mentioned. It was woven at Adeline Carter's, one of the bitterest enemies of the Gorleys, but the sacrifice of her pride did her no good because she was long at rest before Zebbie knew. He had been greatly grieved because no stone marked her grave, only a tangle of rose-briers. So he bought a stone, and in the night before Decoration Day he and two of Unc Buck's grandsons went to the Gorley burying ground and raised it to the memory of sweet Pauline. Some of the Gorleys still live there, so he came home at once, fearing if they should find out who placed the stone above their sister they would take vengeance on his poor, frail body.

After he had finished telling me his story I felt just as I used to when Grandmother opened the 'big chist' to air her wedding clothes and the dress each of her babies wore when baptized. It seemed almost like smelling the lavender and rose-leaves, and it was with reverent fingers that I folded the shirt, the work of love, yellow with age, and laid it in the box. . . .

Well, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy returned, and early one morning we started with a wagon and a bulging mess-box for Zebbie's home. We were going a new and longer route in order to take the wagon. Dandelions spread a carpet of gold. Larkspur grew waist-high with its long spikes of blue. The service bushes and the wild cherries were a mass of white beauty. Meadow larks and robins and bluebirds twittered and sang from every branch, it almost seemed. A sky of tenderest blue bent over us and fleecy little clouds drifted lazily across. . . . Soon we came to the pineries, where we traveled up deep gorges and cañons. The sun shot arrows of gold through the pines down upon us and we gathered our arms full of columbines. The little black squir-

rels barked and chattered saucily as we passed along, and we were all children together. We forgot all about feuds and partings, death and hard times. All we remembered was that God is good and the world is wide and beautiful. We plodded along all day. Next morning there was a blue haze that Zebbie said meant there would be a high wind, so we hurried to reach his home that evening.

The sun was hanging like a great, red ball in the smoky haze when we entered the long cañon in which is Zebbie's cabin. Already it was dusky in the cañons below, but not a breath of air stirred. A more delighted man than Zebbie I never saw when we finally drove up to his low, comfortable cabin. Smoke was slowly rising from the chimney, and Gavotte, the man in charge, rushed out and the hounds set up a joyful barking. Gavotte is a Frenchman, and he was all smiles and gesticulations as he said, 'Welcome, welcome! To-day I am rejoice you have come. Yesterday I am despair if you have come because I am scrub, but to-day, behold, I am delight.'

I have heard of clean people, but Gavotte is the cleanest man I ever saw. The cabin floor was so white I hated to step upon it. The windows shone, and at each there was a calico curtain, blue and white check, unironed but newly washed. In one window was an old brown pitcher, cracked and nicked, filled with thistles. I never thought them pretty before, but the pearly pink and the silvery green were so pretty and looked so clean that they had a new beauty. Above the fireplace was a great black eagle which Gavotte had killed, the wings outspread and a bunch of arrows in the claws. In one corner near the fire was a wash-stand, and behind it hung the fishing tackle. Above one door was a gun-rack on which lay the rifle and shotgun, and over the other door was a pair of deer antlers. In the centre of the room stood the square, home-made table, every inch scrubbed. In the side room, which is the bedroom, was a wide bunk made of pine plank that had also been scrubbed, then filled with fresh, sweet pine boughs, and over them was spread a piece of canvas that had once been a wagon sheet, but Gavotte had washed it and boiled and pounded it until it was clean and sweet. That served for a sheet.

Zebbie was beside himself with joy. The hounds sprang upon him and expressed their joy unmistakably. He went at once to the corrals to see the 'critters,' and every one of them was safely penned for the night. 'Old Sime,' an old ram (goodness knows *how* old!), promptly butted him over, but he just beamed with pleasure. 'Sime knows me, dinged if he don't!' was his happy exclamation. We went into the cabin and left him fondling the 'critters.'

Gavotte did himself proud getting supper. We had trout and the most delicious biscuit. Each of us had a crisp, tender head of lettuce with a spoonful of potato salad in the centre. We had preserves made from canned peaches, and the firmest yellow butter. Soon it was quite dark and we had a tiny brass lamp which gave but a feeble light, but it was quite cool so we had a blazing fire which made it light enough.

When supper was over Zebbie called us out and asked us if we could hear anything. We could hear the most peculiar, long-drawn, sighing wail that steadily grew louder and nearer. I was really frightened, but he said it was the forerunner of the wind-storm that would soon strike us. He said it was wind coming down Crag cañon, and in just a few minutes it struck us like a cold wave and rustled, sighing,

on down the cañon. We could hear it after it had passed us, and it was perfectly still around the cabin. Soon we heard the deep roaring of the coming storm and Zebbie called the hounds in and secured the door. The sparks began to fly up the chimney. Jerrine lay on a bear-skin before the fire, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and I sat on the old blue 'settle' at one side. Gavotte lay on the other side of the fire on the floor, his hands under his head. Zebbie got out his beloved old fiddle, tuned up and began playing. Outside the storm was raging, growing worse all the time. Zebbie played and played. The worse the tumult, the harder the storm, the harder he played. I remember I was holding my breath, expecting the house to be blown away every moment, and Zebbie was playing what he called 'Bonaparte's Retreat.' It all seemed to flash before me — I could see those poor, suffering soldiers staggering along in the snow, sacrifices to one man's unholy ambition. I verily believe we were all bewitched. I should n't have been surprised to have seen witches and gnomes come tumbling down the chimney or flying in at the door, riding on the crest of the storm. I glanced at Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. She sat with her chin in her hand, gazing with unseeing eyes into the fire. Zebbie seemed possessed, he could n't tire.

It seemed like hours had passed and the tumult had not diminished. I felt like shrieking, but I gathered Jerrine up into my arms and carried her in to bed. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came with us. She touched my elbow and said, 'Child, don't look toward the window, the banshees are out to-night.' We knelt together beside the bed and said our beads; then, without undressing save pulling off our shoes, we crawled under our blankets and lay on the sweet, clean pine. We were both perfectly worn out but we could not sleep. There seemed to be hundreds of different noises of the storm, for there are so many cañons, so many crooks and turns, and the great forest too. The wind was shrieking, howling, and roaring all at once. A deep boom announced the fall of some giant of the forest. I finally dozed off even in that terrible din, but Zebbie was not so frenzied as he had been. He was playing 'Annie Laurie,' and that song has always been a favorite of mine. The storm began gradually to die away and 'Annie Laurie' sounded so beautiful. I was thinking of Pauline and, I know, to Zebbie, Annie Laurie and Pauline Gorley are one and the same.

I knew no more until I heard Zebbie call out, 'Ho, you sleepy heads, it's day.' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy turned over and said she was still sleepy. My former visit had taught me what beauty the early morning would spread before me, so I dressed hastily and went outdoors. Zebbie called me to go for a little walk. The amber light of the new day was chasing the violet and amethyst shadows down the cañons. It was all more beautiful than I can tell you. On one side the cañon walls were almost straight up. It looked as if we might step off into a very world of mountains. Soon Old Baldy wore a crown of gleaming gold. The sun was up. We walked on and soon came to a brook. We were washing our faces in its icy waters when we heard twigs breaking, so we stood perfectly still. From out the undergrowth of birch and willows came a deer with two fawns. They stopped to drink, and nibbled the bushes. But soon they scented strangers, and looking about with their beautiful, startled eyes, they saw us and away they went like the wind. We saw many great trees uptorn by the storm. High up on the cliffs Zebbie showed me where the eagles built every year. . . .

We turned homeward and sat down upon the trunk of a fallen pine to rest and take another look at the magnificent view. Zebbie was silent, but presently he threw a handful of pebbles down the cañon wall. 'I am not sorry Pauline is dead. I have never shed a tear. I know you think that is odd, but I have never wanted to mourn. I am glad that it is as it is. I am happy and at peace because I know she is mine. The little breeze is Pauline's own voice; she had a little caressing way just like the gentlest breeze when it stirs your hair. There is something in everything that brings back Pauline: the beauty of the morning, the song of a bird or the flash of its wings. The flowers look like she did. So I have not lost her, she is mine more than ever. I have always felt so, but was never quite sure until I went back and saw where they laid her. I know people think I am crazy, but I don't care for that. I shall not hate to die. When you get to be as old as I am, child, everything will have a new meaning to you.'

At last we slowly walked back to the cabin, and at breakfast Zebbie told of the damage the storm had done. He was so commonplace that no one ever would have guessed his strange fancy. . . .

I shall never forget Zebbie as I last saw him. It was the morning we started home. After we left the bench that Zebbie lives on, our road wound down into a deeper cañon. Zebbie had followed us to where a turn in the cañon should hide us from view. I looked back and saw him standing on the cliffs, high above us, the early morning sun turning his snowy hair to gold, the breeze-fingers of Pauline tossing the scanty locks. I shall always remember him so, a living monument to a dead past.

ELINORE STEWART.

(*To be continued.*)

A VISION OF THINGS TO COME

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

CURIOUSLY enough, when I think of Bombay, there is one picture which always comes first and most vividly to my memory. It is not a Parsee palace amid flowering gardens. It is not a Hindu temple with mysterious Yogees meditating in secluded shrines. It is no monument of British valor or of Asian art. Nor is it the ceaseless surge of the many-colored, bright-turbaned multitude along the bazaars and through picturesque native streets. It is not the awed, remote resting-place of the towers of silence. My preferred memory is something far simpler, more primitive than any of these, an old-world idyl of uncorrupted life.

An early-morning stroll had brought us, Mem-Sahib in a white felt helmet, and the recorder of these things similarly crowned, to an open space not far from our hotel, a reach of red earth and

pebbles shaded by groups of trees with wide green leaves, which made ample isles of purple coolness in the golden welter of heat. In one of these pools of shade lay half a dozen buffaloes, blue-black huge antediluvian bodies, big awkward heads, with recurved corrugated horns and small eyes full of immense aboriginal peace.

Had these blinking, sniffing buffaloes not been so full of unashamed, unperturbed laziness, I should have fancied that they ruminated thus: 'We know nothing of the ancient *Vedas* and the *Upanishads;* we are far older than they; we were old before they were invented. We cared nothing for them then. We care nothing for them now. We never shall care for them. We know nothing of Rama and the *Mahabharata* heroes, though they all knew us. Had we known them, it would not have mattered. Moslem conquerors, Arab, Persian, Mongol, are nothing to us. We dislike the British, and all foreign barbarians, but not enough to disturb our own repose. In fact, we are deeply happy, the one thing inviolably serene in this historic land, and we do not care for anything at all, except to lie here in the shadow, blinking our little eyes, snuffing the dust, and ruminating slowly, sleepily, in the rapture of supreme laziness.'

They lie there, basking in my memory, a wordless rebuke to human fever and fret, large, undisturbed, of tranquil spirit, the very Nirvana of four-footed things. But we were not destined, on that day at least, to share their restfulness, for good friends of ours, Tookaram Tatya, Rustumji the Parsee, Bhavani Rao the young Brahman from the north, and others of their company, had hospitably planned to carry us across the blue waters, to visit the antique caverns of Elephanta. They had chartered a curtained launch, and loaded her with many-colored exotic fruits: little cream bananas no larger than one's finger, custard-apples, papaws, green and red and yellow mangoes, and I know not what else; and presently we were puffing and bubbling through the shipping of the harbor, passing junks more ancient than Noah, then skimming alongside an English liner, then twisting through a group of fishing-craft with strong-smelling tarry rigging and strange gear piled in the bows.

Tookaram Tatya was far the most notable of the company, — a Hindu, but of no high caste, close to the soil, as his rugged dark face showed. He was all in white, with a turban, as I remember, altogether too small for him. Mr. Tookaram, as Rustumji, our Parsee fellow voyager, called him, was a merchant, active, skilled, successful, but with a dream in his heart that flamed out over the sordid matters of his trade. He spoke of it even then, as we skimmed across the blue, sparkling waters.

'India is needed,' he said, in that deep, intense voice of his, which so perfectly answered to the fire of his eyes. 'The whole world needs India, though the world does not know it. What has India to give? Commerce, inexhaustible raw materials, finer things like silk and enamel and bronze? Or temples and palaces and shrines? Or armies that shall go forth and win new lands? No; none of these things, I think. India has been the mother of nations and armies and wealth and arts, but far more was she the mother of inspiration, of the things that dwell in the light of the soul. You have forgotten the soul, you of the Western world, and we ourselves have almost forgotten. But the soul does not forget us or you. Even now, I think, the great spiritual powers are watching, waiting for the hour to strike, when once more the things of the soul shall be remembered and known.

'I have read of your Western world, your anxious, feverish struggle, your toiling millions, your immense fear of death. Why are you gathered in struggling throngs, battening on the fat things of the world, flying from death, feverishly seeking sensations, filling your hearts and thoughts with excitement? Why do you so dread inevitable death? Because you have forgotten the soul. Why are your lives so small and mean and feverish, no larger than a coffin even while you are alive, finally ending in the coffin, when death takes you? Because you have no vision of real life, of the great wide reaches of spiritual power and light and life that encompass you about. It is as if we, on this launch, could not see the bright waters around us, and drove through darkness, hemmed about, shut in, beclouded, rushing forward, we know not whither. What a bewildering fever that would be! And life for most of you, in your western lands, is a bewilderment and a fever. You would cry out in terror, were you not so drugged by your dreams. You would see the darkness that encompasses you, and from very fear of it, you would seek the light. But your mirages fill your eyes, and you dream on, through the fretful fever you call life. It is no life, but a nightmare of fears and wild desires; while all about you are the great, luminous spaces of divine peace.'

'But, Mr. Tookaram,' objected Mem-Sahib, a little startled at the old man's impetuous ardor, 'I don't think India is so much better off, at least what I have seen of it. Take the workers in the spinning-mills that Mr. Rustumji showed us yesterday: surely they toil as hard as our western workers, and I suppose even then they are far poorer and have fewer of the good things of life. And everybody has heard of the famines of India.'

'Ah, that was not so in the olden time,' interjected the young Brahman, Bhavani Rao, whose clear, handsome face and large, dark eyes contrasted so markedly with Tookaram Tatya's dusky, rugged features. 'It is because India is under foreign conquerors, because we have had century after century of invaders from the mountains, from the sea, from Central Asia; that is why we have famines and pestilences. That is why India has fallen!'

'No, no, no!' Tookaram's deep voice replied, slowly. 'Let us speak the truth. India has had invaders and conquerors because she had already fallen. And she fell because her leaders lost their faith. We had our old, ideal realm, Brahman and Kshattriya, Vaishya and Shudra. The Brahmans were the priests and lawgivers; the Kshattriyas were the princes and warriors; the Vaishyas were the bulk of the people, farmers and merchants; the Shudras were the serfs, but well-guarded, well-tended serfs. And, while each caste held its ideal, all went well. Those were born into each caste whose souls needed that experience, and by rightly fulfilling his caste-work, each could gain salvation, each could find his own soul. The Brahman was to be a true Brahman, wise, pure, unworldly, seeking to preserve the spiritual science, working for the welfare of all, seeing beyond the barrier of death into the still, sunlit sea of everlasting life. The Kshattriya was to be brave, valorous, generous, a fearless soldier and king, all his life devoted to the good of the people, a giver of gifts, a just judge, a ruler of armies. The Vaishya should be honest, sober, clean, busy about his tasks, contributing food for the other castes. The Shudra, limited in thought, in imagination, in capacity, learned by serving the others, who had these things, and in the fullness of time he, too, was born into a share of them.'

'But,' again objected Mem-Sahib,

'do you really mean that such a wonderful condition of things actually existed in India?'

'The ideal was everywhere,' answered Mr. Tookaram. 'The approach to the ideal, the effort to reach it, was everywhere. And all men and women, forgetting themselves, lived for their souls, the body of to-day being but the serf, the Shudra, as it were, or the food-providing Vaishya, for the enduring man within, who was the Brahman, the Kshattriya, the priest and king of spiritual life. But faith waned and India fell. And indeed, I think,' Tookaram went on, fixing his keen eyes on Bhavani Rao's bright, intelligent face, 'I think that you, the Brahmans, are most greatly to be blamed. You should have been a spiritual caste, dwelling in the unseen, leading others thither, living already in the immortal, conquerors over this world; you fell from purity, and became a priestcraft, greedy for presents, telling fortunes for hire!'

Bhavani Rao flushed deeply under his golden-brown skin, and, for a moment, his eyes grew dark with anger and a sharp retort was on his lips. But he loved the elder man, and had within himself also the hidden monitor of justice, who adjured him that the old man spoke truth.

'You are not offended, I hope?' Tookaram said, gently smiling at Bhavani Rao. 'It is the loss of all of us, and you know well that I believe you will rise again; that India will once more live, that the light will shine as of old.'

What might have grown to a dispute was checked, perforce, as we were slowing down now, at the landing on Elephanta Island. The hood of the launch had hidden our approach, and the eager old man's words had absorbed our thoughts, but now, looking forth, we saw the huge green pyramid rising from the waves, a pointed hill heavily draped with leafy greenery, from which rose date-palms, like red pillars crowned with green, and waving ferns. An ancient pathway of red stone led up the hillside from the landing, and, struggling ashore from the launch, we began to toil upward in the sunshine, whose fervor was but slightly mitigated by the cotton umbrellas of our hosts.

Here again, by the caprice of memory, what remains most vividly in my thought is not the splendid old temple carved from the living rock, but a little detail of the journey, quite detached and unimportant. As we began to climb the long, abrupt pathway up the hill, Mem-Sahib going ahead with Rustumji, and Tookaram accompanying the recorder of these doings, we were suddenly beset by a swarm of small boys, magnificently dight in polished brown skins to which the scant added loin-cloth seemed a mere impertinent adjunct, and with shiny eyes and teeth. Chattering like monkeys, they struggled round us, exhibiting to us the most wonderful golden beetles, scarab-shaped and gleaming like golden bronze. Others were variations on the theme of the Spanish fly from which, they say, our hair-washes are compounded, — emerald-coated fellows, newly burnished; yet others — and these both Mem-Sahib and I particularly gloated over — were exactly like crawling little golden tortoises, the size of one's thumb-nail.

The small, brown, chattering monkeys who swarmed about us, and who were the owners, probably the collectors, of all this living jewelry, burned with zeal to transfer their property in it to our humble, barbarian selves, for the merest dross of small silver or even copper coins; and it seemed to me a hardship, when the old prophet of India's regeneration began to poke

them in the ribs with his green cotton umbrella, and to command them, as I suppose, in fluent Gujerati, to carry their wares to other markets. Nevertheless Mem-Sahib and I purchased some beetles. Later, in Madras, we saw the wings of these same insect-jewels made into embroidery, stitched on black veiling set off with gold thread; very frail, but very beautiful.

This, then, remains the outstanding picture, as foreground for the great, reverent caves. I overheard Rustumji telling Mem-Sahib about his master, Sir Dinshaw Petit, whose mills we had visited under Rustumji's tutelage, and whose palace on Malabar hill we were to see on the morrow: a notable, benignant old man, with a face carved of ivory and eyes like black opals. Like all the Parsees, he wore a shiny black mitre, that gave him something the air of a bishop at chess; but there was no mistaking his power, his keenness, his benevolence.

'Sir Dinshaw Petit,' Rustumji was saying, 'built his great fortune on the ruins of Manchester, when the American Civil War stopped the export of cotton from the Southern States. He sent quickly to England, bought machinery at a bargain, drew on the great cotton fields of the Dekkan and the cheap labor market of Bombay, and within a few years his fortune was made. I have been told,' went on Rustumji, with deep pride in the munificent head of the Parsee community, 'that Sir Dinshaw Petit has given in charity, for hospitals and good works, not less than five million pounds sterling.'

On the morrow, we had the pleasure of calling on Sir Dinshaw. The two curios of his house were a fine alabaster model of the Taj Mahal, and his little grandson, a living porcelain baby, preternaturally dainty and grave, with a crimson cap woven in the famous mills, and having, as pattern, the name Petit endlessly repeated. I never saw children so charming as these little Parsee babies: Dresden china figures, in Oriental drapery. One longed, then and there, to make a collection of them, as one might collect old vases from Japan. It is inconceivable to me that they should ever pout or howl.

By this time, we had mounted the long stairway to the caves, halfway up the big pyramid hill. Part of the portico, as I suppose one must call it, has been chipped and broken away by vandals, but one can clearly perceive the magnificence of the whole design: a bold attempt to carve, in the red volcanic rock, an exact model of one of the great Indian temples, with hall after hall entering the one into the other. The figures in high relief are admirable, very Egyptian in form and feature, as it seemed to me, the red rock increasing the resemblance.

At this point there was a diversion. From a kind of cottage or hut entered, to the company already enumerated, a Kala Sahib, which is the satirical native appellation for a Eurasian. It is as who should say, 'A black European, a black gentleman of Europe.' This particular Kala Sahib was dusky yellow rather than black, and I apprehend that he was the offspring of a cockney soldier and some enamored sweeping-woman of the barracks. He had something of the air of both. His suppositious parent, or some one else, had had influence enough to get him the position of curator-in-ordinary of the Elephanta caves and expositor of their mythological significance; the which significance, with a jaunty swagger, and aided in his demonstrations by a natty little cane, he proceeded to set forth in some such fashion as this.

'Look 'ere, lydies and gentlemen!'

he said, waving his cane at a fine relief carving of the Ramayana heroes, 'this 'ere is Rammer and Seater; the lydy is Seater, you understand. And this 'ere is Ravanner; 'e was a terror, 'e was! Oh, my eye!' And here he leered understandingly at us, as if to intimate that he himself, the Kala Sahib, was something of a terror, too. 'This 'ere joker, Ravanner, an' a bloomin' good name for 'im, too, cast 'is heye on Seater . . .'

I looked round at our native friends. Bhavani Rao's handsome face was dark with suppressed indignation. Rustumji was visibly perturbed. But Tookaram Tatya, the sturdy old Mahratta, rose instantly to the occasion.

'Look here, my man,' he said, adding financial doings to his little speech, 'we know all about these things. It is too hot for you here. Go home, and rest in the shade! Go!' And he waved the formidable green umbrella at the Kala Sahib with such good effect that we were presently left alone. Yet there was a certain wild charm about the Kala Sahib's extempore translations from Valmiki.

In one of the cool cavern halls, there is a notable group of figures carved in high relief on the red rock wall. It represents the Hindu Trinity, the Tri-murti, to use the Sanskrit name — the three forms of the one Divinity. Bhavani Rao, who was a fine Sanskrit scholar, and, like so many Brahmans, knew all his sacred books by heart, undertook to set forth for us the significance of the great triune figure.

'Brahman, the unmanifest Deity,' he said, 'is held to be embodied in a three-fold form, Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Shiva the destroyer-regenerator. Brahma the creator is the God of beginnings, the Father; Vishnu the preserver is the God of the present manifest world, he who watches over all mankind, he who sends his spirit forth, in divine incarnations, Avatars, like Rama and Krishna and Buddha, who live and suffer for mankind.'

'What is the exact meaning of Avatar?' queried Mem-Sahib.

'In ancient times,' answered Bhavani Rao, 'we had few or no bridges over our great rivers, and those who would cross had to seek a ford —'

'Like Oxford and Wallingford, on the Thames,' interposed Mr. Tookaram, who was a great student of Western things.

'And the word for fording the river is the root *tar*. From the same root comes *tirtha*, a shrine at a ford. With the prefix, Ava-tar means one who, having already forded the great river, the river of death, crosses back again through the flood, to take others by the hand, to lead them also through. That is what Krishna did, and Buddha, and so many others. That is what the great Masters of Compassion forever do.'

'A wonderful word, and a wonderful thought, but you were telling us about the Tri-murti.'

Bhavani Rao continued: —

'Yes. There is a passage in the *Harivansha*'; and he began to intone Sanskrit verses in his fine, resonant voice: —

'Yo vai Vishnuh sa vai Rudro, yo Rudrah sa Pitamahah
Eka murtis trayo devah Rudra-Vishnu-Pitamah.

'It is where Brahma, the great Father, finding Shiva in contest with Krishna, who is Vishnu, reproves the God, telling him that he is fighting against himself: "When thou showest me this auspicious vision, I perceive thereby no difference between Shiva who exists in the form of Vishnu, and Vishnu who exists in the form of Shiva. I shall declare to thee that

form composed of Vishnu and Shiva combined, which is without beginning or middle or end, imperishable, that passes not away. He who is Vishnu is Shiva; he who is Shiva is Brahma, the Father; the substance is one, the Gods are three, Shiva, Vishnu, and Brahma, the great Father. Vishnu, the highest manifestation of Shiva, and Shiva, the highest manifestation of Vishnu, this God, one only, though divided into twain, moves continually in the world. Vishnu exists not without Shiva, nor Shiva without Vishnu, hence these two Gods, Shiva and Vishnu, dwell in oneness."'

Bhavani Rao became silent, evidently pondering over the great triune mystery. Then, after a time, he spoke again: —

'There is another passage in the *Mahabharata*, which exactly describes this statue here: "This is the glorious God, the beginning of all existences, imperishable, who knows the formation of all principles, who is the Supreme Spirit; who (the Lord) created Brahma from his right side, originator of all worlds, and from his left side Vishnu, preserver of the universe, and, when the end of the age had come, that mighty Lord created Shiva destroyer and regenerator." In our scriptures,' he went on, his face glowing with the high inspiration of those old days, 'all things teach of the great divine Unity. It is the same in the *Bhagavad Gita*, the sermon of God Krishna, just before the battle of the Great War. The war is life, the great struggle for the soul, for immortality. Krishna is the Higher Self, Arjuna is the personal self, the mortal man, struggling under the burden of the immortal. The two are one. "Arjuna is the soul of Krishna, and Krishna is the soul of Arjuna." And again, "This Narayana is Krishna, and Nara, Man, is called Arjuna. Narayana and Nara are one being, divided into twain. They are born at different places, at the time of the great battle, again and again."'

We stood there, in the entrance of the great, sacred cave-temple, a place of pilgrimage for one knows not how many ages. Behind us was cool shadow, gathering into darkness in the receding temple-chambers of the venerable cave. Before us was the glistering sunshine, with green undergrowth and date-palms, pillar-like, in the foreground; and, behind and below them, the hillside falling away in terraces of descending greenery to the sparkling turquoise of the sea. Above all was the sky, too radiant, too fervent, too brilliant for our eyes to bear, shining like the glory of the soul over this our human life.

'"They are born again, at the time of the great battle,"' repeated Tookaram, taking up the young Brahman's words. 'The mystery is not in the past alone, but in the future also. Behind us, shadows; but before us, light. So will India be born again, rising, after many days, in a new vigor and youth, for the inspiring of the nations; bringing the superb spiritual light that shines over life and death alike, in serene splendor, hallowing, blessing, sanctifying all mortal things; illumining all, and showing all as the handiwork of the great Father, for the training and teaching of our souls. India will rise again, in the fullness of time, for the whole world needs India and the luminous, age-old lore of our divinity.'

ENGLAND AND IRELAND

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

THE following is an extract from a letter I recently received from an American friend: —

'It is a curious phenomenon, and a phenomenon I believe to be based on fact, that Americans are a more law-abiding people than the English. This never seemed to me possible till Mafeking night. Since that memorable ebullition there have been numerous indications of an excitability of English character which seems to me to transcend the unsteadiness of my own people. It is profoundly difficult for Americans to understand the Ulster difficulty. That *impasse* stands to us as a negation of all principles of popular government.'

Now, although I have chosen this American criticism as a text for my article it must not be supposed that we have not seen much the same phenomena ourselves. The increasing impatience of English people under law, evidenced in many ways and culminating in this threat of a rebellion in Ulster, has been clear to us for some time. It has been remarked upon frequently. It has been called a sign of degeneration in our people, it has been deplored, and heads have been shaken over it. But there has been no attempt so far as I know to analyze it, to get down to the deep-seated causes of the general discontent that is visible in England. It has simply been recognized, wept over, and accepted. No one has cared to make a diagnosis.

Yet no one will doubt that if possible a diagnosis should be made. When the people of a country show an increasing impatience of law, an increasing contempt for the governments which pass and enforce this law, it is a very dangerous symptom. Nothing could be more significant and more dangerous than that a great nation should look on with hardly concealed approval at preparations for armed rebellion against a government presumably representative of that nation at large. Yet that is what is happening now about Ulster. There is something very wrong somewhere, something that has its roots much deeper than the Irish question. There is some great fault somewhere, it may be in the people or it may be in the government, or it may be in both. In any case it urgently calls for explanation.

And in the first place let me explain my own attitude of mind, not only toward the Ulster question, but toward the whole state of England; for circumstances have made it an unusual state, and it must be understood so as to make clear what I have to say.

I lived in Ireland and England for the first twenty years of my life; then I was in India and elsewhere for twenty-six years, broken by visits to England on leave, so that I never lost touch; and now I have been back seven years. Thus the contrast between the England of the sixties and seventies and the England of to-day is to me far more vivid than to those who have lived in England all the time. I can recall the England of forty years ago quite clearly. I have not been accus-

tomed slowly to the changes; they have been sprung upon me.

Again, I have no inclination toward any party. The influences which oblige most residents in England to identify themselves with one party or another have not existed for me. Further, I have been accustomed to watch the signs of discontent in peoples, and to try to analyze their causes, and humanity in essentials is always the same.

The changes in England in the last forty years or so are twofold, social and political. They are indeed very closely connected, but in this article I have no room for more than a few words on the social side of the question. I must almost entirely omit it and keep to the political.

The social England I knew as a boy was still in that darkness that spread over us as a reaction against the French Revolution. In dress, in literature, in art, in social matters, we suffered from an exaggerated Puritanism and despair of life. Our principal literature consisted of sermons, and to doubt that Jonah was really swallowed by a whale rendered you unfit for society. A girl might not appear in the streets alone, and if a man wanted to smoke he had to do it in seclusion. Well, in such matters we are gradually working ourselves free.

Where the municipality or the individual has liberty, we have obtained more light. But politically the reverse is true. In those days Parliament still commanded a great deal of respect. To be a Member of the House of Commons was considered a high honor, and it presupposed a certain ability and personality in the holder. Although of course there were many exceptions, a candidate was usually a man well known in his constituency, a man of standing, elected because he was trusted. Such an one I remember well was Joseph Cowen, of Newcastle. They might be party men, but they were more than that. They had a certain power and independence because they were men of affairs, not mere talkers, and because they had their towns or counties behind them. Therefore ministers were still afraid of Parliament.

And ministers themselves were in even a greater degree well-known and trusted men. Gladstone and Bright and Cobden, Lords Salisbury, Hartington, Carnarvon, Derby, and many others, were known and respected as men, not merely as speakers. They had dignity and personality, and inspired even in opponents a strong respect. Debates in Parliament were still widely read because of their educative value and their high level. There had been a fall from twenty or thirty years before, but England was proud of its public institutions and of its public men.

Now I find all this altered.

In the first place there are no more real constituencies. The towns and counties have been split up. A parliamentary division now exists simply *ad hoc*. It has no life of its own, no individuality, no will, no purpose. It is really only an amorphous herd of voters.

Members are frequently not local men at all, but in any case they are elected not on their merits, but because the party machine nominates and gets them elected. They are mainly lawyers and talkers. Their duties are to record their votes, to keep the party in power, and nothing else. They have no independence and no personality. No one cares anything about them. They are generally despised. And this feeling is not confined to the middle or upper classes. It is in fact stronger, I think, in the lower strata of voters. Here is a story in illustration.

A candidate was trying to ingratiate himself with some workingmen, chat-

ting to them about various matters, and one said to him, 'Now, Mr. Dash,' — and was interrupted.

'Call me Charlie,' said the candidate.

The man did n't, he kept silent, and when Mr. Dash was gone he said to the others, 'Call *'im* Charlie, indeed. 'Im a pal of mine! Either he's a gentleman and deserves the Mr. or he's nothing. Yah!'

And the others agreed with him.

Yet Mr. Dash was elected — by the machine.

And a large proportion of members representing English constituencies in the House of Commons consists of lawyers, Jews, and Scotch. Now in England we do not care for any of these classes to represent us.

Members are now paid, whereas in the old days it would have been held as a truism that men who have so failed in their own walk of life that they could not afford to be members, were not suitable representatives of able, industrious, and wealthy constituencies. If this be so with the rank and file of the House of Commons, it is even more so in regard to ministers. Again we have lawyers, Scotchmen, and Jews on both sides, and men who are for the most part 'on the make.' They are able talkers, they are able managers of the party machine, but they are not men of character and experience and judgment. Their own personalities seem submerged, and they do things that no former leaders would have done. Take for instance the two party leaders.

The one who is now in power is opposed to woman suffrage. He has declared that it would, in his opinion, mean disaster. He knows that the whole mass of the people, men and women, are opposed to it. He knows that the present House of Commons was elected by the machine on totally other grounds. Yet he declared himself ready to use all the power his sovereign had entrusted him with, to bring into law a woman's franchise bill if the House of Commons passed it by no matter what majority — and so bring what he was convinced was irretrievable disaster on his country.

The leader of the other party not long ago made a decisive speech on a most important point of policy — and ate his words a few days later.

What respect have men generally for ministers of this sort? There is but one opinion in every smoking-room, in every railway carriage, in every village public-house, and the reader can judge what that is.

Nor is even this the worst.

It has long been growing increasingly evident that neither ministers nor Parliament are the real government of the country. It would be something if even such men as they are were really responsible: the country would know whom to approach, whom to try to persuade, whom to hold responsible. At least we should be in the open. But it is not so.

The country is becoming increasingly conscious that both ministers and members on both sides are puppets of a secret caucus, which determines policies, rejects candidates, arranges their election, and appoints ministers. We are governed by a Star Chamber whichever party is in.

Now we have never liked Star Chambers. Neither do we like the laws better than their makers. A man may respect a law for either or both of two reasons: because it is composed by men whom he knows and trusts as men of understanding; or because he may be able to understand that it is necessary and good.

Neither reason has obtained in England for many years now. The first condition I have already dealt with. I will now briefly deal with the second.

The last forty years has been a period of very active social legislation. Hardly any department of life has escaped. The Education acts, the Liquor legislation, the 'Social Evil' legislation, have been rendered increasingly stringent. That the Education machine does more harm than good has been evident to all classes for long, and its tyranny has become insufferable. We are a cheerful people who like a glass of beer in due season, and we like it under comfortable and reasonable conditions which are not now possible. And the 'Social Evil' legislation is in its Pharisaism, its cruelty, its utter wickedness and folly, revolting to every one who sees it in its working. It makes men's blood boil to see the things they see.

Then there are the Workmen's Compensation acts, the Insurance acts, and others.

Moreover, there is the increasing tyranny of castes, of creeds, of lawyers, of doctors, of trade-unions, both to the public and to their members, which the government is utterly unable to control. On the contrary, they influence and control the government openly or secretly.

There are monopolies, — as, for instance, of all the roads of the country by the motor-using class, — which exasperate.

Thus the average Englishman now, rich or poor, is bound hand and foot in a maze of laws and prohibitions. He is preyed upon by government officials innumerable, and by powerful secret organizations. His house used to be his castle once, his private life was his own, but he is now the inmate of a vast reformatory and his house is but a cell in it.

We don't like this. To us in all our history the first necessity has been personal liberty, not merely liberty to do right, but liberty within certain limits to do wrong and if necessary pay for it, and so learn wisdom. We have never believed in machine-made men or machine-made moralities. We would, for instance, rather be free and drunk than slave and sober. Temperance that comes from self-control is good, most excellent, but temperance that comes from prohibition is degrading, — have they not such temperance in jails?

Therefore there is now throughout *all* classes in England a feeling of restiveness and rebellion. Life under present conditions is daily becoming less worth living because its freedom has departed. There is a dejection and a pessimism evident on all sides. And we see no way to mend it. An independent candidate has no chance at the polls against the organism of parties. Were he by chance elected he would not even be allowed to speak in the House. Parliament does not represent us. Government is a secret tyranny no matter which party is in, and that it masquerades as popular government only makes the mockery worse. We see quite clearly that popular election does not in the least result in popular representation.

Now, if you clearly understand all this explanation, several matters before obscure become apparent.

Mafeking night was an outburst and a protest against the stringent social prohibitions that bind us on all sides. It was not a seemly exhibition, but freedom when pent up too much is violent in its revolt. The same argument applies in many ways.

And now take Ulster.

Into the merits of the question I cannot enter. I left Ireland as a child, and I have no first-hand knowledge. I have heard a great deal on both sides, but on hearsay only I would never form an opinion on any matter. I have a strong sympathy with people wishing to be free because I believe in freedom

as the only eventual cure for all ills, but I do not know whether an Irish parliament would mean freedom for Ireland, even for the South. It might or might not; I cannot assume either. Neither can I absolutely assume that the Irish members really represent Ireland. They may or may not. I know the English members do not represent England, for all the apparent freedom of election.

The question of Ireland and Ulster then resolves itself for me, as for the great bulk of Englishmen, into the following: —

We cannot ourselves decide on the merits of the question.

The very object of having members at all and ministers is to have men to decide such questions for us. That is what they are there for. We do not keep dogs to bark and then do the barking ourselves. We expect ministers to keep our interests in view and do the best they can. Did we believe they did that, we should back them up through thick and thin.

But the whole of my preceding argument is to show that we do not believe that ministers do anything of the sort. They do not represent us, they do not understand us, they do not consider our interests. They are swayed by secret councils and consider themselves alone. We are in fact sick of Government. It is our enemy, not our friend. Therefore about Ulster we say this. We do not know if Ulster be right or wrong. But we see quite clearly that Ulster believes sincerely and truly that it will be deeply wronged by being handed over to a Nationalist government in Dublin. It feels this so strongly that it will fight sooner than submit. It has no other way of influencing Government and saving itself. Ulster's appeals to Government have been useless simply because Government has pledged itself to the Nationalists. It cannot listen to any reason. It has beforehand debarred itself from this possibility.

Ulster cannot appeal to England because England has no voice. Even a general election would not decide the matter. The English voter would cast his vote, not according to whether Ulster should be under Nationalist government or not, because he neither knows nor cares anything about it, but according to bribes offered him by the parties, or according to pressure brought upon him in one way or another.

Therefore if Ulster has made up her mind that to be under a Nationalist parliament would be slavery, she has no alternative but to fight. And we in England generally are in sympathy with such an attitude. We do not in the least consider that Ulster is flouting the English nation, but only a secret caucus. And we like men who are ready to fight for freedom. We have done so too often not to admire it. We are disillusioned as to election meaning representation, and we are ourselves all more or less 'agin the government.'

That is, I think, more or less the general attitude. It is not of course what men actually admit at once. In England it has become the custom to have fixed opinions about everything, and the less you know about a subject the more fixed your opinions should be. This is inculcated by our systems of education and politics. Therefore you will generally get at first a violent denunciation of either Dublin or Belfast. But, after all, these opinions are only clothes men wear to hide their nakedness of knowledge, and presently they will admit about what I have written above, — that they really know nothing as to the rights of the case, but that if Ulster feels that she is going to be made a slave of, she is right to fight.

That is the state of affairs now as I

write. But if actual fighting begins, of course this attitude of mind will change. Then it will be necessary to take sides effectually, still not from any knowledge of the Irish question, but either to support Government because it is Government, or to destroy it for having brought on a revolution and therefore being unfit to govern.

What will be the result no one knows.

Therefore are we in England now becoming restive under law as we have done often before in our history. We are beginning to be quite sure that the tyranny of caucus-made majorities may be as unendurable as that of tyrants, and even more dangerous to freedom. We do not approve either our lawgivers or the laws they make. And this unrest is universal. It is not confined to a class or classes; it is strongest, I think, among the working people, because they suffer more than those above them. Whether, as my correspondent suggests, we are less law-abiding than the American people, I cannot say. I have never been in America, and all I know of her is from friends and books and papers. But there are certain laws I have read, both of Congress and of States, that I do not think any English ministry would try to pass and enforce in England. Or if they did, they would within six months be running for their lives.

What is real representation? That is the question.

THE CONTENTED HEART

BY LUCY ELLIOTT KEELER

Cœur Content, grand Talent, runs the motto of one of my friends; which early led me to dub her, Contented Heart. Is it not human nature, such easy assumption of an interesting aspiration as a fact to be posted? As logical as to expect Mr. Short to check his stature at five feet two; as humanly contrary as for the Blacks to name their girls, Lily, Blanche, and Pearl. They usually do. I remember a Bermudian rector, leaning down to inquire the name of the black baby to be christened, suddenly quickened into audibility by the mother's reply: 'Keren-Happuck, sir, yes, sir, one of the Miss Jobs, sir.' Now Job's daughters were fairest among the daughters of men.

Contented Heart has obsessed my mind of late. I like to take the other side: everybody does. Does like to and does; and because the air to-day is redolent of unrest and discontent, I put in the assertion that, nevertheless, the great majority of my acquaintances possess that great talent, — translate it knack, or translate it acquirement, — a contented heart. I seldom talk intimately with anybody but I hear something like this: —

'I have been visiting at the X's. What a superb place! but I do not envy them. Think of the care and expense and the servant question. Simple as my cot is, I honestly prefer it.' Or, 'What a fortune the H's appear to

have. It would be comfortable to get what one wants and go where one wishes; not to worry at tax-paying time and new-suit time. Still I doubt if they get half the enjoyment from their acquisitions that we do who have to save and plan for ours.' Or, 'You do not use eye-glasses? How fortunate! they are such a nuisance. But hush — such a boon. I should be helpless without them. I am not sure but it is even a good thing to be born with them on, so to speak. My contemporaries who are beginning to use them are most unhappy, while glasses are just a part of my face.' Or, 'It is a great affliction to be deaf in even one ear. The person on that one side of you thinks you prefer the conversation of the person on the other side. Yet, as my brother said when he saw me struggling to make out a dull speaker's words, "Why abuse your natural advantage?"'

How do people with two good ears sleep? They cannot bury them both in the pillow. Suppose our ears were so sensitive that we noticed every footstep on the street! Being deaf is merely to enjoy some of the advantages that the society to prevent unnecessary noises seeks to confer on a normal public. We admire a beautiful face and then add, 'But how she must hate to grow old; a tragedy of the mirror that we homely souls are spared.' All my life I envied persons with straight noses till I began to observe that with age the straight nose droops into a beak, whereas the youthful tip-tilt and concavity kind straightens its end to a fair classicism. Thus others than the Vicar of Wakefield draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

Of course content is dilemma enough to have its two horns: the double peaks of taking life too easily, and of taking it too hard. In his statue of Christ, Thorvaldsen expressed his conviction that he had reached his culminating point, — since he had never been so satisfied with any work before, — and was 'alarmed that I *am* satisfied.' That 'the people ask nothing better' is the slogan of the grafter. No reform comes without its preceding period of discontent; dissatisfaction is the price to be paid for better things; a revolutionary attitude must be maintained. Stevenson knew a Welsh blacksmith who at twenty-five could neither read nor write, at which time he heard a chapter of *Robinson Crusoe* read aloud in a farm kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance; but he left the kitchen another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy, only one in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length with entire delight read *Robinson*.

As there is a noble way of being discontented, so there is an ignoble content. The Contented Heart is not a phrase to soothe us, but a power to work results. It must constantly emerge upon a higher plane, or it will fall. Few of us would be willing to retain just the personal habits that we have now. Sir Gilbert Elliot drove his sister out of her literary inertia when he bet gloves to ribbons that she could not write a modern ballad on the *Flowers of the Forest*. The result is one of the most popular songs of Scotland. There is also a sham content whose practitioners often get their 'cum-uppances' as effectively as did Thomas Raikes. The Duchess of York led him about her garden, where was a menagerie crowded with eagles and some favorite macaws. A herd of kangaroos and ostriches appeared and a troop of

monkeys. Next morning a kangaroo and a macaw strolled into Raikes's bedroom. He was too much of a courtier to tell his terror. At breakfast he said, 'If I like one creature more than another it is a kangaroo, while there is nothing so good for a bedroom sentinel as a strong-legged macaw.' The good Duchess smiled pleasantly and put Raikes down in her will for two macaws.

A certain kind of content enlivens us with the bliss of others' ignorance. Tacitus was one of the first historians in our modern sense, yet he described a motionless frozen sea in the north from which a hiss is heard as the sun plunges down into it at night; and Pliny noted that the reflection of mirrors is due to the percussion of the air thrown back upon the eyes. Kipling laughed slyly at the traveler in India who spent his time gazing at the names of the railway stations in Baedeker. When the train rushed through a station he would draw a line through the name and say, 'I've done that.' Satisfaction with our learning is confined to no age or nation. Two Frenchmen in a restaurant showing off their English opined, 'It deed rain to-morrow.' 'Yes, it was.' Satisfaction with virtue was rebuked by Francis de Sales when he told the nuns, who asked to go barefoot, to keep their shoes and change their brains. Satisfaction with our importance recalls Harlequin, who when asked what he was doing on his paper throne replied that he was reigning. Satisfaction with our future is the satisfaction of the eighth square of the chessboard where we shall all be queens together, and it's all feasting and fun.

I would not, as advocate of the Contented Heart, go so far as Walt Whitman when he said that whoever was without his volume of poems should be assassinated; but his remark suggests that extreme measures are frequently curative. Stanislaus of Poland did not hesitate to recall to his daughter the bad days they had undergone. 'See, Marie, how Providence cares for good people: you had not even a chemise in 1725, and now you are Queen of France.' To take up Dante and read about devils boiled in pitch must by comparison cheer morbid humans. The spectacle of tragedy in the lives of kings and favorites of the gods such as the Greek stage presented was believed to be wholesome because beholders thereby faced a scale of misfortune so much exceeding anything in their own lives that their mishaps appeared of slight importance in comparison. I know that after seeing *Œdipus Rex* given by the three Salvinis and others in the old amphitheatre in Fiesole, I went off murmuring, 'What does it matter if my trunk is lost!' a state of mind to which no slighter argument had sufficed to bring me. Surely life is too interesting to spend it all knocking off its pretty scallops by aimless exaggeration of small troubles, or hanging out our large ones to flap the passer-by. Besides which, we get no more sympathy from the passer-by than did Giant Despair who sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits.

Captivating as a 'born,' a fortuitous, untrained content may be, trained content is of a finer type. One is quantity content, the other quality content. Not to smash things up and make them over just as we want them, which we should like to do but cannot; not to waste our time fighting against conditions, but to take up those conditions, that environment, and out of them forge the *æs triplex* of a contented heart — that, I take it, is to be an adept in the fine art of living, and I for one am votary.

That the most restless heart can train itself to find content in simple, com-

monplace things, like work, nature, health, books, meditation, and friends, — illustrations are bewilderingly abundant. Burne-Jones said he would like to stay right in his own house for numberless years, the hope of getting on with his painting was happiness enough. Macaulay would 'rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading'; and King James said that if he were not a king he would be a university man, and if it were so that he must be a prisoner he would desire no other durance than to be chained in the Bodleian Library with so many noble authors. Carlyle's chief luxury was 'to think and smoke tobacco, with a new clay pipe every day, put on the doorstep at night for any poor brother-smoker or souvenir-hunter to carry away.'

All Diogenes wanted was that Alexander and his men should stand from between him and the sun. Goethe found content in Nature and earnest activity; and the happy Turk told Candide that he had twenty acres of land which he cultivated with his children, work which put them far from great evils: ennui, vice, and need, — 'Il faut cultiver notre jardin.' Diocletian, one of the cleverest of the Roman emperors, reigned twenty-two years and then retired to private life in Dalmatia, building, planting, and gardening. Solicited by Maximian to resume the imperial purple, he replied that if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands he would no longer be urged to relinquish his enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power. Fanny Kemble lived all summer in the Alps, the guides describing her exquisitely as the lady who goes singing over the mountains. Pedaretus, being left out of the election of the three hundred, went home merry, saying that it did him good to find there were three hundred better than himself in the city. St. Augustine on his thirty-third birthday gave his friends a moderate feast followed by a three days' discussion of the Happy Life. Bunyan wrote *The Pilgrim's Progress* not to please his neighbors, but his own self to satisfy; in prison, too.

Catherine of Siena, whatever her sufferings, was always jocund, 'ever laughing in the Lord.' The blind Madame du Deffand rejoiced that her affliction was not rheumatism; Spurgeon's receipt for contentment was never to chew pills, but to swallow the disagreeable and have done with it; Darwin's comfort was that he had never consciously done anything to gain applause; and Jefferson never ceased affirming his belief in the satisfying power of common daylight, common pleasures, and all the common relations of life. Essipoff, when commiserated on the smallness of her hands, insisted that longer ones would be cumbersome. Robert Schauffler's specific for a blue Monday is to whistle all the Brahms tunes he can remember. Dr. Cuyler, when very ill, replied to a relative's suggestion of the glorious company waiting him above, 'I've got all eternity to visit with those old fellows; I am in no hurry to go'; and old Aunt Mandy, when asked why she was so constantly cheerful, replied, 'Lor', chile, I jes' wear this world like a loose garment.'

Acts, all these, the flinging out of hand or tongue against adverse fortune. The brain can do it, too. One of the most remarkable statements I ever heard is Mary Antin's that she never had a dull hour in her life. Now, outside things, doings, could not so have thrilled her days. Her spirit kept dullness distant. On the rafters of Montaigne's tower-room was written in Greek, 'It is not so much things that

torment man as the opinion that he has of things.' Our opinions then make the contented or the discontented heart. Coleridge affirmed the shaping power of imagination to be so vitally human that the joy of life consists in it. Haydon's chief pleasure was 'feeding on his own thoughts.' 'Make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts,' Ruskin urged. 'Whether God gave the Venetians St. Mark's bones does not matter,' he says elsewhere, 'but he gave them real joy and peace in their imagined treasure, more than we have in our real ones.' Lord Rosebery urges people to garden in winter in the imagination. Stevenson writes of the ease and pleasure of travels in the calendar and a voyage in the atlas; and Keats thought that a man might pass a very pleasant life by reading certain pages of poetry and wandering with them and musing and dreaming upon them.

It is the mood that makes the contented heart, just as the eye makes the horizon, and we ourselves make the light that we see things by. Clothes warm us only by keeping our own heat in. 'Everyone is well or ill at ease,' says Epictetus, 'according as he finds himself; not he whom the world believes but himself believes to be so is content.' To be concrete, take riches. 'Greedy fools,' sings the modern poet,

> 'Measure themselves by poor men never;
> Their standard being still richer men
> Makes them poor ever.'

The rich man is merely one who has something to spare; and the really poor one he who has nothing over. If you can give anything you are rich. Try it. An old man tells me how Mark Hopkins used to examine the boys in the Westminster Catechism: 'What is the chief end of man?' 'To glorify God and enjoy him forever.' 'Well,' he burst forth, 'why don't you do it then?' It is not conceit, but hygiene of the soul, to 'enjoy one's self,' taking the conventional phrase literally. The trick of happiness, says Walt Whitman, is to tone down your wants and tastes low enough; and Stevenson puts in his say that the true measure of success is appreciation: 'I stand more in need of a deeper sense of contentment with life than of knowledge of the Bulgarian tongue.' What would the possession of a thousand a year avail, asks Thackeray, to one who was allowed to enjoy it only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails in it?

Take knowledge, not to be confounded with wisdom, — 'I have none,' sang Keats's thrush, 'and yet the evening listens.' It did not hurt Horace

> if others be
> More rich or better read than me,
> Each has his place.

Montaigne would rather be more content and less knowing; and there is Lessing's great confession of faith: that if God in his right hand held all truth, and in his left the striving for truth, 'if he should say to me, "Choose," I would say, "Father, give me this striving, pure truth is for thee alone."'

Take work. Do you complain of it? Try doing more, of a productive sort. An engine-builder received complaint that his engine burned too much coal. 'How many cars on the train?' was the telegraphed query, with the reply, 'Four.' 'Try twelve,' went the prescription, and the train drew twelve with economy of fuel. 'Your brain tired?' William James echoed a student. 'Never mind, work straight on and your brain will get its second wind.' I myself do not know of any anodyne surer and quicker than that found in the garden. When all the world is askew, dibbling in seedlings in straight rows is a wonderful solace. Why do so many women treat domesticity as drudgery? Its infinite variety, so unlike the monotonous tasks of men,

often wearies the mind, but like Chesterton I do not see how it can narrow it. And socialism, with its cry of arm-chairs for workingmen! Arm-chairs, as Creighton nobly says, will bring no lasting happiness; but to quicken a human being, even one's self, into a sense of the meaning of his life and destiny, that is a real happiness.

Take sorrow. Is it not infinitely better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all? Are there not many good moments in life which outweigh its greatest sorrows?

Take overpressure. Luther advised Melanchthon to stop managing the universe and let the Almighty do it; and Dr. Trumbull preached 'the duty of refusing to do good.'

Take the grief caused by others. One of the bravest women I know used in times of anxiety to gather her little children about her and say gayly, 'Now I will make some graham gems, and open some marmalade, and we will take a little comfort.' Solomon or Aristotle could have done no more.

Take, for a smile's sake, the weather. It may be bad, but as we cannot change it, the thing is our attitude toward it; and as dark enshrouds us, 'The sun is set,' said Mr. Inglesant, cheerfully; 'but it will rise again. Let us go home.'

In such ways as these the right-minded person will meet his discontents face to face, and one by one eliminate them. He will also take stock of his assets. St. Teresa said that by thinking of heaven for a quarter of an hour every day one might hope to deserve it. Why do we not deliberately devote some minutes each day to saying to ourselves, 'I am tolerably well; I have food and shelter; everybody so far as I know respects me, and a few persons love me truly. I have books and a garden, the stars and the sea. I enjoy this and that, and before long the other. The thing so long dreaded has never come to pass. I will embark at any rate for the land of the Contented Heart.' Would not such a conscious recapitulation be an actual force building up this thing of which we talk?

Can content be conveyed? Can it be passed from one who has it to one who has it not — as one lamp lights another nor grows less? I wonder what would be the effect of a group of young women, lately conning over in college class —

> With what I most enjoy contented least —

if they should resolve to stop all that, and, undeterred by others' estimate of values, be trustees of their own content, not suffering it to be contingent upon the manners and conduct of others? I believe that it would act like the magnet, which not only attracts the needle but infuses it with the power of drawing others. Greatheart so inspired the travelers that Christiana seized her viol and Mercy her lute, and, as they made sweet music, Ready-to-Halt took Despondency's daughter, Mrs. Much-Afraid, by the hand and together they went dancing down the road.

Which is apropos of my contention that the Contented Heart is not so rare!

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

BY GEORGE A. GORDON

I

THE emotional value of Christmas may be said to be universally felt. Something happens at Christmas that, if only for a day or two, does the whole world good. What that something is remains for many a mystery. A number of persons who feel the renewing impulse are like Faust when the notes of the Easter song arrest his suicidal intent; they take and enjoy the moment's deliverance and continue to regard the source of the boon as nothing more than mythology made potent through human associations. Others are moved through superstitious fears; they approach the great season with consciences crowded with uncomfortable memories; Marley's Ghost is after them, but, unlike Scrooge, their new heart is only for Christmas week. Another group simply fall in with an ancient custom, and are surprised, and indeed pleased, when the dry bones of their unbelieving minds come together, take on flesh, and begin to live. A vast multitude meet the great day with buoyant expectation, take with thanks its new happiness, return to their work in this exalted mood, and ask no questions about cause and effect. A few philosophize on the phenomenon, and they are willing to stake their lives on the substantial truth of their insight. In behalf of this elect company I venture to write, not without considerable experience of the risk run by the prophet when he assumes to be representative.

Once more, let us say, we are under the spell of Christmas. We cannot be sour or irritable or pessimistic, do our utmost. We have been subjected to a shower-bath of gladness; kind thoughts are circulating with fullness and vigor through all the avenues of the mind; we are elated, even jubilant, ready for laughter and tears, sympathetic with the children in their glee, tender toward the poor and forlorn, strangely accessible to life's best memories, reverent toward religious faith, and almost willing to go to church. All this may seem to our pagan mind as foolish as a revival of religion, something inconsistent with proper economic austerity, a senseless revel of humanity at the expense of the moods, habits, and rules of solid business. Nevertheless here we are, pounded into submission and sympathy, overcome for a few hours or days by the tides of an ideal existence.

What does this strange recurring experience mean? Is there anything in it substantial and reasonable, or is it merely a sweet and expensive delusion? Is it cloud or solid land? Perhaps it may prove to be both. Often one will see the cloud on the mountain take the shape of the summit it conceals; the Matterhorn in cloud is moulded by the Matterhorn in adamant.

It would seem that something of this kind might be true of the Christmas emotion; it may be that it is shaped by a hidden everlasting reality; when the emotion passes into understanding we may be able to see the sublime source of our enchantment.

II

In the intellectual life of the race, the true order would seem to be reality, feeling, reason. The infinite thing is the universal reality. We touch this reality first of all in feeling. The feeling is indeed penetrated with intelligence; still it remains feeling. It rises in the forms of interest, curiosity, surprise, desire, expectation, confidence, and the spirit of prophecy. From this psychic confusion of great riches, issue clear conceptions, valid insight, sure knowledge. Reason is the latest born in the psychic family, and it remains forever overshadowed in life by its elder brothers — feeling, and the reality of which feeling is the witness.

That we are in a real universe is an assumption upon which we live; that we feel this real universe before we are able to think it, is an obvious fact in our experience; that we think, even at our best, something not only immeasurably smaller than the total reality, but also something that is nothing more than a fraction of the content of feeling, is a statement too plain to call for argument about it. When one sees a child playing on the lawn in front of its home in the sunshine, as the days lengthen into its second summer in the world, three things are clear. There is the enfolding sunshine; there is the sense of life heightened by the sunshine; there is some dim consciousness of the relation of cause and effect between the sunshine and the experience of exhilaration. We have here, one may presume, a hint of man's life as a spiritual being. There is the divine reality; there is its effect upon feeling; there is the account of the connection between these two. The contention is that the divine environment is the ultimate and infinite wonder; close to this stands feeling truly inexhaustible in its content; last of all comes reason, inevitable in the mature human being, and inevitably behind in its work.

Originality would seem to begin in feeling. Copernicus has a feeling that the Ptolemaic system is all wrong; Newton that there must be some bond of union among all worlds; Berkeley that Locke's idea of matter is an absurdity; Kant that a true psychology should consider the action of the mind upon its object no less than the action of the object upon the mind; Darwin that life must have a history, that it must be an ascent. Feeling is the first sign of genius; to feeling in men of great genius we are indebted for the beginnings of the achievements that have made their names illustrious. The feeling for nature has given us our greatest scientists; the feeling for man our supreme poets; the feeling for God several of our weightiest philosophers and all our highest prophets.

When Jonathan Edwards contended that genuine religion consists largely in the affections, he did not mean to confine religion to a mere subjective circle. For him, as for every other wise man, the heart is not a possession out of all relation to universal Being; it is the organ of closest contact with universal Being; of intuitive intercourse with it or him; of response to immediate impact; it is the organ of a storehouse of intimations, appeals, and gifts. The subtlest forms of mind work here, and they bring into the spirit of man experiences, assurances, and hopes of a transcendent character. From this world of religious feeling, reason elaborates its world of meanings, concepts, beliefs; still the primary world of religious feeling remains unsearchable in its richness, unfathomable in its depth.

III

Christmas has its chief meaning here. It is one of the Christian forms

of appeal for the benignity of the universe. The encompassing Infinite is austere; all religions recognize that fact. The ultimate reality, whatever it may be, is hard upon human beings; no wise man can avoid that conclusion. Sometimes we are almost driven to the bitter belief that the universe is against us; that our lives are a pitiful and foredoomed failure in the heart of infinite unconcern, perhaps of infinite disdain. The pessimism in books is first of all written with the pen of fateful experience on the tablets of the heart. There are many points at which the black antipathies of the universe toward human beings gather and pour in upon us in floods. Here is the birth and cradle of vital pessimism.

There are other points at which we become conscious of the supporting sympathy of the encasing Mystery. There are times and seasons when we cannot doubt that the stars in their courses are fighting our battles. There are in our inmost soul at such times assurances of the benignity of the Eternal. For this benignity there are many forms of appeal in our family, social, and political life; we come to the greater forms in the higher religions of the world. In one way or another all these carry to the weary and heavy-laden a benediction from the Soul of the universe. Commotions follow in man's heart; high moods of moral conquest and peace, the play and interplay of relieving human sympathies; these, however, are but effects, the supreme cause is out beyond in the benignity toward men at the centre of all being.

Christmas is, as I have said, one of the forms in the Christian religion for this benignity. Love, marriage, parenthood, childhood, friendship, and all the greater forms of humanity, are strangely affected and exalted at the Christmas season. What means this overflow of human kindness and hope? The birth of Jesus has seemed to the wisest men the most significant token of sympathy for man, at the centre of all reality. When the flood-tide of Christmas is upon us it is hard to remain unbelievers. We rejoice; we do more than rejoice; we know that we are glad, and why. Life is enfolded in the universal sympathy, and on this account we are justified not only in our momentary exaltation but also in our permanent working faith.

Christmas comes burdened with a profound and cheering philosophy of history. The philosophic background of the advent of Jesus is in these words: 'And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest . . . as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' The meagre character takes refuge in the ampler; the child hides in the greatness of the parent's life; the pupil in the shadow of the teacher's strength; the average man in the community in the commanding nature of his leader. Thus we rise till we come to those few highest minds which are, in Burke's fine words, 'the refuge of afflicted nations.' History is changed not by ideas alone, but by ideas as expressed in the supreme personality. The world we live in has been made for us; the source of this world-making power is the idea in action; the idea in action is the mind of the great man at work. We are everlasting debtors to the great men who have preceded us; they have become our refuge and strength and without them we should be homeless and impotent.

Thus the idyl of the advent of Jesus becomes the epic of the ideal human career. The Apostle to the nations knew the meaning of the manger in Bethlehem, and the emotions that Bethlehem and its manger have always stirred, when he said, 'We have the mind of

Christ.' That mind has been a world-home for countless human beings; and this world-home has been built upon the Infinite benignity of the universe. Thus the Christian philosophy of history breaks in upon us at Christmas and carries us away like a flood. Then it is easy to chant with Milton, 'Till one greater man restore us'; to sing with Tennyson, 'On God and Godlike men we build our trust'; and to give thanks with the Evangelist for the 'Life that was the Light of men.'

Our human world has gone wrong. A shallow evolutionism constructs a theory of progress that goes in straight lines; a profounder evolutionism questions the facts and reads an advance of another sort. We are impatient to-day with legends of the fall; the impatience is not without excuse, and yet it is by no means wise. Legends often carry in imaginative form the wisdom and sorrow of a race; those who have an eye for the wisdom, and a heart for the sorrow, will ponder the legend; they will not laugh it to scorn.

When we refrain in the first instance from generalizations and confine attention to individuals, the grounds of dispute vanish. It is not difficult to see, indeed it is impossible to avoid seeing, that multitudes of men and women go wrong. For them existence has become bitter and almost hopeless. They have sinned; they have been sinned against; they are suffering Ishmaelites whose hand is against every man, against whom is the hand of society. Now let us generalize from those who have gone wrong under our eyes to the millions that have gone wrong under the eyes of God. Then imagine what Christmas brings to many of them; what it is capable of bringing to all of them. On them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death a great light has shined. Christmas proclaims the mighty Gospel that human beings live in a redemptive universe. Comfortable persons who live on the moral income of an heroic past may sneer at this; the multitudes whose work keeps the world alive and who are noble enough to know that they have gone wrong will greet this Gospel, as of old, with a Gloria in Excelsis.

Custom may harden or it may renew and deepen human nature. Upon a hollow-hearted scoundrel playing the rôle of a pious man custom acts as time acts on a cooling planet; it makes the crust harder and deepens it till it is dust and ashes to the core. The action of custom upon a sincere mind that would pay all its dues is of a different order. In this case custom brightens to the infinite heights the sky overhead; it brings morning up out of night; it renews the power of the ideal; on each recurrence it initiates a profounder movement of spirit in the presence of life's best hopes.

Periodicity in sin is a tragic fact; it is the succession of snares set for the foolish man who on each recoil from his shameful act just committed thinks of himself as cured of his passion. The rhythm of passion returns; the intervals are like the lulls between the great breakers when the tide is rolling in; they are delusive. Vivid as the bitter fact are Shakespeare's words, 'That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat.' Periodicity in dishonor lies upon men with the weight of the world; indeed it wears down and out the moral purpose and swamps multitudes in cynicism.

There is a periodicity that runs counter to this work of the devil. Custom here renews the mind in the possession of its best judgments; supports these judgments with freshened feelings; recovers to the faded resolution its native hue. Custom in this case is like a man standing on firm ground pulling his friend out of a bog: every return is another pull, another emancipation, another prophecy

that ultimate freedom is sure. Periodicity in religion is the law of the spirit of life in an imperfect world; it is a kind of Santa Scala whose steps lead to ever happier reconciliations between the actual and ideal in man.

Here is part of the Christmas magic. The world is on the whole sincere, and when the Christmas sunburst of benignity strikes it, this Memnon's statue sings again. The Christmas season is an indefinable compound of thoughts and feelings; hints and suggestions local and universal; richest memories and sincerest hopes; movements of heart confined to the family circle and again going forth over the whole diameter of humanity. Instincts and sympathies are here that concern man in his fortune in this world and that reach to the Eternal and rest there. Utterly beyond exhaustive analysis is the heart of a representative human being under the Christmas enchantment. What does it all mean? As I have said, there are in fact many answers; to the writer the only answer with sure reason in it is that which sees in the Christmas gladness a fresh invasion of the Infinite benignity, a new assurance through a recurrent form of the coming of the Kingdom of God.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HAND-MADE POETRY

I HAVE lost fifteen pounds. This is lamentable, as I was already incredibly thin. My nature cries for expression of this elemental sorrow, — the sorrow felt at the loss of sinew and substance by one already sufficiently lean and spare. I search the poets for a sympathetic voicing of my thought, and I find that upon this one subject they are silent. Can I believe that they were all abundantly rotund? Or did they regard their fluctuations in weight merely as physiological phenomena? To me, the disappearance — not condensation, but absolute evanishment — of hoarded ounces represents a mystic problem. Just whither have they flown, those atoms of mine, which, by laws of conservation, must now be reassembling themselves in some form: as dew, or dust, or flame, or ash, or ghostly vapor? And shall I claim no property right? Shall I feel no yearning for chance tidings of how they fare? A fruitful thought, in sooth. And because no poet has tuned his lute for me, I must construct my poems by hand. Laborious, to be sure, but the easier for the careful following of masters.

Fancy an emaciated Browning poised upon his trusty scales, reading with stricken eyes the loss of so considerable an amount. How would he grasp his fiery pen and set himself in this wise to write: —

Gone then! Enough good flesh and solid bone
To make a hand. Nay, two the heft of mine.
What does a hand weigh? Fifteen honest pounds
Should make at least a head — a head, say, and a hand.
Think! Had I lost my head and my right hand
I'd weep to find them gone. Why then not grieve
At loss of valued flesh, equivalent weight,
Gone, — God knows where.

As usual, R. B. is exclamatory, fragmentary. But no definite solution of the puzzle offers, not even the visionary gleam of a surmise. I bethink me of the infinite range of possibilities, —

the utter certainty that somewhere my atoms are abroad in the land. Is their secret hiding-place in the vague drifting of summer rain; or the throbbing red of the hawthorn blossoms; or the faint humming of whitened clover fields? It soothes me to reflect upon Swinburne's mad revelry in extravagant detail; give him but his six-stressed line, and the ends of the world for his cæsura, and hear the sweeping echo of his fantasy:

Sunset has kindled its flame, and its cloud is the
wraith of my soul,
Quivering there in the glow of the wind and the
rose in the west,
Fragments that linger at last in the dream-
haunted vapors that roll
Tranquil as incense that floats from the silver-
swung censer of rest.
Oh, that I wholly were vanished, to follow the
part that has gone —
Feeling the pulse of the light in the far-lying
path of a star,
Fainting in fragrance of dusk as I steal down the
shadows alone —
Dim-flying forms of the elves a-glimpse in the
stillness afar.

But Swinburne, as usual, cannot be trusted to the finish. What assurance have I heard from any newsy herald that my atoms have solved themselves in evening mist and twilight fragrances? He is too remote, is Swinburne. As I ponder introspectively upon the tendency of such substance as remains to me, I find that its stirrings are mainly commonplace; that it thrills to a flower rather than to a fragrance, — at a touch more delicately than at a thought. And I cast about for a quiet singer who fain would forsake the Milky Way to haunt a garden path; who would rather dwell in a sea-pool with the gray barnacles and the companionable urchins, and the sensitive, frayed anemones, than upon the ragged crest of windy storm-clouds. Oh, for a dainty, lovesome triolet written by Austin Dobson's gentle shade! How would he trim his lantern and dip his quill and order his rhyme-scheme! And how clumsily, in contrast, we rustle our way about his quaint Provençal garden close. Still — there is yet to be phrased the song of our own atoms, lately lost.

Do they dance in the dew
In the heart of the pansies?
Oh — I think that a few
Must have danced in the dew,
And that some of them flew
To make spice for the tansies,
Ere they danced in the dew
In the heart of the pansies!

And still my thought is a mere problem. Still there is no ultimate conviction as to the whereabouts of my errant self. I ponder the advisability of seeking more ripe and elderly sympathy from Chaucer. But I am sure that he would light his Chaucerean candle and proceed forthwith, not to enlighten me, but, shrewd eyes a-twinkle, diabolically to describe me! And just that I could not bear. 'Lene as is a rake,' — I find that I rather shrink from the cheerful Dan. And, besides, he is so traditionally and unalterably portly. I must forego the hope of tracing my molecules to his daisy fields. After all, as in every strait, we were wise to go at once to the mighty Elizabethan. In his great hand, the vexed thought should mould itself to quiet and measured lines. And how I warm to his graceful flattery, his broad latitude as to mathematical accuracy. Sir Francis, now, would have scanned my meagre proportions, divided his too prudent reckoning by fifteen, and begun his poem with a different fraction, — a seventh, perchance, or a sixth. Not so our Shakespeare, with his round and gracious numbers!

A tenth of me. Insensate, lifeless, nil.
Matter sans spirit, late a part of me,
Shocked by my pain, warm with my ecstasies,
Bathed in the vital flow of very life, —
And viewless now mid incorporeal air,
My lost, invisible, and evaporate self.
If physical fractions are so easy spared,
Who fears the last dim hour of mortal change
When soul from flesh eternally shall part?

Ah well! The sacred names rebuke this irreverent trifling. Let me no more profane the eternal verities with goopish verse. But often, sleepily, when the moonlight stirs on the pear-leaves outside my window and a cricket is singing in the quiet of 'the longe night,' I shall put my hands over my dream-filled eyes and ponder somewhat sadly about those atoms.

THE HERO OF MY DREAMS

All the beautiful red and yellow and blue best-sellers had been swept away before I got to the library. Even the best-sellers-before-last, dully rebound but still re-readable, were gone, for it was Saturday afternoon, and our town was laying in its supply of Sunday reading. So I took home three slim, dingy volumes standing neglectedly on a shelf, lettered, '*The Head of the Family*, By Miss Mulock,' and proceeded to investigate them.

The woodcuts were hoopskirted or bearded. The chapter-headings were long quotations, mostly from Shakespeare. Every one, even the villain, went to church twice on Sunday and held Family Prayers in the front parlor during the week: and I curled down on a couch with a feeling as of rest after toyle, port after stormie seas. I knew I was on the track of one loved and long-lost. Presently I found him. 'He turned aside in stern self-mastery,' said the first line on page 73 — and I sighed happily. He was come back to me — the Lover of the English lady-novelist of the sixties and seventies!

His particular avatar in *The Head of the Family* was named Ninian Græme, and for the whole three volumes did he continue to fight his emotions sternly down. I did n't like him as well as John Halifax or Eugen Courvoisier, because he had long, loop-shaped whiskers. But ah, the heart that beat beneath those whiskers! His life was one long, eager self-immolation. He immolated himself for his sweetheart — or, rather, the Object of his Affections; he paid his wayward brother's debts whenever he could most ill afford it; he kept the villain's secrets, and succored the same villain's insane victim, who afterwards made a hit on the stage; he got the Object's trying father out of debtors' prison, managing meanwhile to bring up strictly six half-brothers and sisters, and keep his office-hours intact — he was a Writer to the Signet and worked hard.

Everything he did was done well and thoroughly; still, one could scarcely wonder that at thirty-eight he explained to the drooping heroine, too well brought up by himself to contradict him, that he was too old and worn to think of love or marriage more. A life like his would fatigue the keeper of the Fountain of Youth.

Yet it was not an unusually strenuous life for his class and time. Others did as much, or more, and throve on it. John Halifax worked quite as hard, and had greater calls on his emotions. And Eugen Courvoisier, the beloved First Violin of our teens, *he* supported not only himself and his son, but a load of unmerited obloquy. Will there ever be another hero as winning as Eugen? He was a widower with a child, and — as we and the heroine discovered with the same shock of horror — he won his bread by performing in a small orchestra, whereas we had thought him a count at least! But when he did turn out to be a count after all, and not to have forged the check, though he had always insisted he did, and not to have cared a bit about his first wife — will there ever be joy like that joy?

Jean Ingelow had some pleasant heroes, too. The one in *Off the Skelligs* was a trifle given to hobbies, and once in a while came dangerously near fail-

ing. He wrote a book, for instance, which was not a success; something no hero should do. But he let his younger brother have his sweetheart in the approved manner, and succored the widow and the orphan whenever they came his way. Also, he married the heroine in the end, and kept several entirely unnecessary secrets. He was very satisfactory, on the whole, if he *did* make small jokes.

Miss Braddon was a producer of heroes not to be despised. They were silent, purposeful gentlemen, not as religious as some of their confrères, but to the full as iron-virtued and tender-hearted. Sometimes they combined the business of hero and villain in one person. Their wickedness was wicked then, and no mistake! But it had this saving grace, that they never forgot it, nor allowed you to. Nowadays villains have a trying trait in common with mere human beings — they consider themselves, on the whole, admirable and virtuous persons. Not so in Miss Braddon's day. No well-regulated villain ever allowed the fire of remorse to die in his seared bosom. It glowed to the end of his days, regardless of how long he had been a philanthropist. And when, thirty-eight years after its commission, his sin found him out, he was unaffectedly pleased to have it off his mind, and owned up handsomely. Yes, he *had* made away with his aged grand-aunt and interred her privately beneath the cellar floor. He had regretted it ever since, but at the time his debts pressed — and, with several anguished expressions of repentance, and the assurance that this was the happiest day he had known since the grand-aunt's burial, he would help them find the skeleton. He might even throw in details about outlying victims at rest under apple trees and hen-coops, whom no one had been so rude as to think of laying at his door. Then he killed himself, always with the sincerity, and belief in himself and a personal devil, which had characterized him straight through. Ah, villains were villains in those days! They believed it and so did their friends, and there was nobody to undeceive them.

It was, also, quite easy to pass yourself off as a villain, to the trusting public of that day, on ridiculously insufficient evidence. Many a spotless hero brightened a life of monotonous virtue and adulation by such a course. Eugen Courvoisier did it to admiration. Ouida's guardsmen, too, were greatly given to the practice. They were generally stately gentlemen of title, whose brocaded sofas and unusual muscle, coupled with wonderful impassivity, superior intellect, and great beauty, made them well known and much admired. But his furniture and personal attractions were only a passing trifle to the Guardsman — a mere bagatelle, as he was in the habit of saying recklessly. What his heart really yearned after was a chance to sacrifice all his home comforts, including his hitherto stainless honor, for any worthless male connection. The more undeserving, the better. Like the Duke in *Patience*, he was so tired of adulation that a little hearty contempt cheered him up immensely. He never could be brought to admit his guiltlessness till the very last page, and then it was reluctantly. As he did own up — it was generally in the heroine's expensive boudoir, on a sofa such as he had been used to in his better days — he always dashed away a silent tear to the memory of some poor girl who had vainly loved him. Yes, indeed, he was made of the same manly yet melting stuff as John Halifax, scratch him deep enough. Though none would have dared to scratch, even ever so lightly, a Ouida guardsman.

He had his drawbacks, the Mid-

Victorian Hero — for it was indeed he. He wept on all the available articles of furniture when his manly heart was wrung. He was certain to observe a noble silence at exactly the wrong time, enabling the gay and glittering gentleman who was more than suspected of being an Atheist to get the girl. He was cross once in a while, when he was keeping Another's secret at the expense of his own character, and somebody took him at his word.

But oh, how dependable he was! How sure to meet a train, or make an excellent omelet if the fragile heroine had mislaid the cook-book! How strong he was, and how fond of carrying people upstairs! How well he brought up his first wife's children, if he was a widower, or the heroine, if he was her guardian!

He will not come again — not he nor such as he. He has passed, always with a certain dignity, his heroine's drooping curls brushing his protecting arm, into the country of last year's snow, and year-before-last's presidential candidate, and all forgotten, irrecoverable things. And, as his favorite author, the Swan of Avon, said, We shall not gaze upon his like again. He is gone — the Mid-Victorian Hero is gone, and none so poor to do him reverence. His position is filled by a set of sunny, irresponsible young gentlemen who have to be coaxed and mothered by the stalwart, all-sufficing young women of to-day's fiction — young gentlemen who would have had short shrift as Wayward Younger Brothers, or Awful Examples, how few brief years ago! They are doubtless easier to entertain, and pleasanter around the house. And John Halifax and Ann Veronica would lead but a sad, cat-and-dog life.

But I am sentimental, and I have ideals. I want the old hero back. Thinking of him, I brush away the silent tear.

'LITTLE THINGS'

It is not the arguments and persuasions of the well-meaning that most often send the prodigal on his way back to the fatted calf and the robe and the ring of civilized life. It is much more frequently the haphazard vision of a stranger's lamp-lit hall, the glow of a kitchen fire seen through an area railing, that wakes the unbearable homesickness, and suddenly renders the swine and the husks detestable.

Those who have experienced great sorrow or great pain know that the sharpness of the first hideous impression soon blurs, gradually becomes vaguer and vaguer, and, when time has passed, it is one of the hardest sensations possible to re-create in the memory. Great sorrow and great joy transcend the ordinary events of life too much to have an abiding place in a thing so small as a brain, — unless, of course, they obsess it to the exclusion of everything else. More often, however, the large experiences become anchored to the brain — or the heart, or the soul, or wherever the individual prefers to locate his emotions — by means of the small details attendant upon them. A man does not remember exactly how he felt when the news of a disaster came and overwhelmed him; but he is not likely to forget the gesture and expression of the messenger who came to tell him about it, or the first terrible words with which the news was broken; and whenever he hears and sees them repeated in other circumstances, he will feel the same sick dread creep over him which he felt for the first time when the news was fresh.

It is in such cases as this that one feels the peculiar significance of the remark — 'little things are the devil,' though the truth of it is not a whole truth, for there are some little things which are very far removed from the

devil, indeed. The things that are dear to us, for instance, — we nearly always call them 'little,' however unsuitable the epithet. One of the broadest and most unproportionately broad Airedale terriers of my acquaintance is frequently addressed as 'little dog,' while the gaunt and not altogether prepossessing lady of the Charlie's Aunt type is the 'dear child' of the man whose bride she was some forty years ago.

We love little things, we hate little things, we fear little things; our lives are knit up with little things from the time we are born to the day we die.

Big things draw us up to Heaven or crush us down to Hell. Little things live beside us on the earth, eat and sleep with us, laugh and grumble with us, catch the early train with us, or make us miss it, irritate and appease us, — never let us alone for a minute.

That is why they are so much more important than the big things — the things that come only once in a way, at long intervals, and even then are nearly always the result of a hundred and one little things combined.

To be crushed by a large misadventure is natural, but to fall a victim to a series of petty misfortunes is humiliating. There are many who would prefer to break their necks once for all by falling off a mountain, rather than bruise their whole bodies and dislocate their tempers by the daily stumbling over a mole-hill. It is the little things that count, — the satisfaction of climbing Mount Olympus is a poor sort of attainment if the scores and scores of pleasant details which wait upon success be absent.

It is the fringe of a foam-flecked wave rippling through the edge of a sea-fog that sets us longing for the open sea. It is the sharp scent of azalea, sold in the street, that makes us wild for a game of pirates in the garden where we were children. It is the big things that blur and fade. It is the little things that bite their way into the memory as a red-hot needle bites its way into wood.

And that, perhaps, is the whole secret of the love and the hate we bear them, — these same insidious little things which so often pretend to hide themselves away in the background, when in reality they are the most important part of the whole picture.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

I HAVE just hunted up an old Reader. It was Cleo's story that prompted it. Cleo is thirteen, and has taken her pen in hand to compose a romance which she has brought to me for criticism.

It is a sad story, naturally, for light-hearted youth loves tears. A young girl, betrothed to one of her own age, is compelled by her cruel parents to wed an old man for his gold. She consents, and the young man, starting in search of a career to fill the aching void in his heart, sees through his tears, held back with difficulty, the old man, wrinkled, gray-bearded, tottering up the steps to greet his bride-to-be.

Two years pass, and the youth has won fame and fortune abroad in Art (kind not specified) and sails for home. On landing, a newspaper is brought him in which he reads of the death of his beloved's husband. 'Died, on November 12, B. B., at the age of forty-two.'

Forty-two! And two years before, gray-bearded and tottering, he had wedded the young girl.

I am forty-five, quite sprightly, and with no trace of gray hair. This was what sent me to the old Reader, the one that immediately succeeded McGuffey's in the schools of our middle-western state. I had a dim recollection of a poem which I used to read, illustrated by a picture I much admired, just thirty-five years ago. A feeble

gray-bearded man was seated on the river-bank, under a willow tree; there was a churchyard in the distance, and near by, a village green on which school boys were playing. The lines were headed, 'Twenty Years Ago,' and in them, the graybeard was apostrophizing an absent school friend named Tom, —

> I 've wandered to the village, Tom,
> I 've sat beneath the tree.

He goes on to recount how he had visited the village green on which the youngsters were playing; the old schoolhouse, sadly changed now, with its new benches; the spring, bubbling from beneath the elm; and the river bank, overshadowed by the willows. They were all there, but alas! gone was almost all the band of merry youngsters who had gamboled on the green, coasted on the hillside, swung in the grapevine swing, and played the game —

> I have forgot the name just now;
> You 've played the same with me —
> 'T was played with knives by throwing — so
> and so.

Not gone from this place to some other, in search of a career, but dead, and dead from old age, presumably, since there is no mention of a plague having swept through the village. Almost all the 'band' 'were in the churchyard laid,' though 'some sleep beneath the sea; but few are left of our old class excepting you and me.' The graybeard's lids have long been dry, he says, but he confesses that they were filled with tears as he rose feebly and tottered to the churchyard to strew flowers upon the graves of those he had loved some twenty years ago.

Judging from internal evidence, the sports in which he and Tom were engaged, — barefoot boys, remember! — mumble-peg (hypocrite! I could never believe he had really forgotten the name!), coasting, tree-carving, and so forth, they must have been at that time some twelve or fifteen years old, and therefore, at the time of his visit, twenty years later, he and the decrepit Tom must have been all of thirty-two or thirty-five years of age, as were also those companions so untimely sleeping in the churchyard or beneath the sea!

It is all very funny, now, and I was glad, as I re-read it, that I had preserved the old Reader along with my mother's Mitchell's Geography and Kirkham's Grammar. But when I read it in school it was my favorite selection, I being at that time, as Cleo is now, a sentimentalist; and never a thought of its absurdity entered my mind, any more than the absurdity of having a hero old enough to die at forty-two has entered the mind of Cleo. Indeed, I could picture myself returning some twenty years hence, feeble and gray-haired, to sit under the beech trees of our school grounds, trying to recall the names of our old games, bean-bag and hop-scotch and skip-the-rope — hop-scotch I loved so passionately that I knew I should never forget it. And our teacher! She was a young girl, probably not yet twenty, and I remember well with what feeling her voice dwelt on the lines as she read them first to show us where 'to lay the stress' and what 'pitch of voice' to take, according to the instructions in the notes. The editor, too, must have been young, for while he diligently put in all the acute and grave accents in the first stanzas, that we might know where to lift our voices up and where to bring them down (they were mostly downs in this), — 'It 's music just the same, dear Tom,' — he was evidently so overcome by the sadness of the last three stanzas, where the speaker's long-dry lids moistened as he visited the churchyard, that he omitted them altogether.

I shall not call Cleo's attention to it, after all. It might lead to some troublesome questions, and twenty years from now she will need no explanations.